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ILLUSTRATED

1882

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MISS FRANCES HARRIS.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME IX.

PART I.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

NO. I.

[Copyright, 1881, by THE CENTURY CO.]

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

DEAR BOY AND GIRL who were the first to read the very first number of ST. NICHOLAS, where are you to-day? Right here, we hope, looking at this page; and with you, thousands upon thousands of others. You have grown older,—several years older, but not too old to play with us, though we are only eight to-day. Yes, you have grown older; and of the rest, some who were babies then are reading over your shoulders now; and some who were big brothers and sisters at that time are perhaps showing the pictures to their own little ones who were nowhere at all when this magazine ^{first} came into life.

Well, have we not all, first and last, had good times together? And do we not all know more, feel more, and enjoy more, because of each other? Certainly we do. And most certainly in the full, busy years to come the friendly, beautiful crowd shall grow larger and larger, wiser and wiser, happier and happier! ST. NICHOLAS says so. And whatever ST. NICHOLAS prophesies must come to pass, because he has a special understanding with the boys and girls.

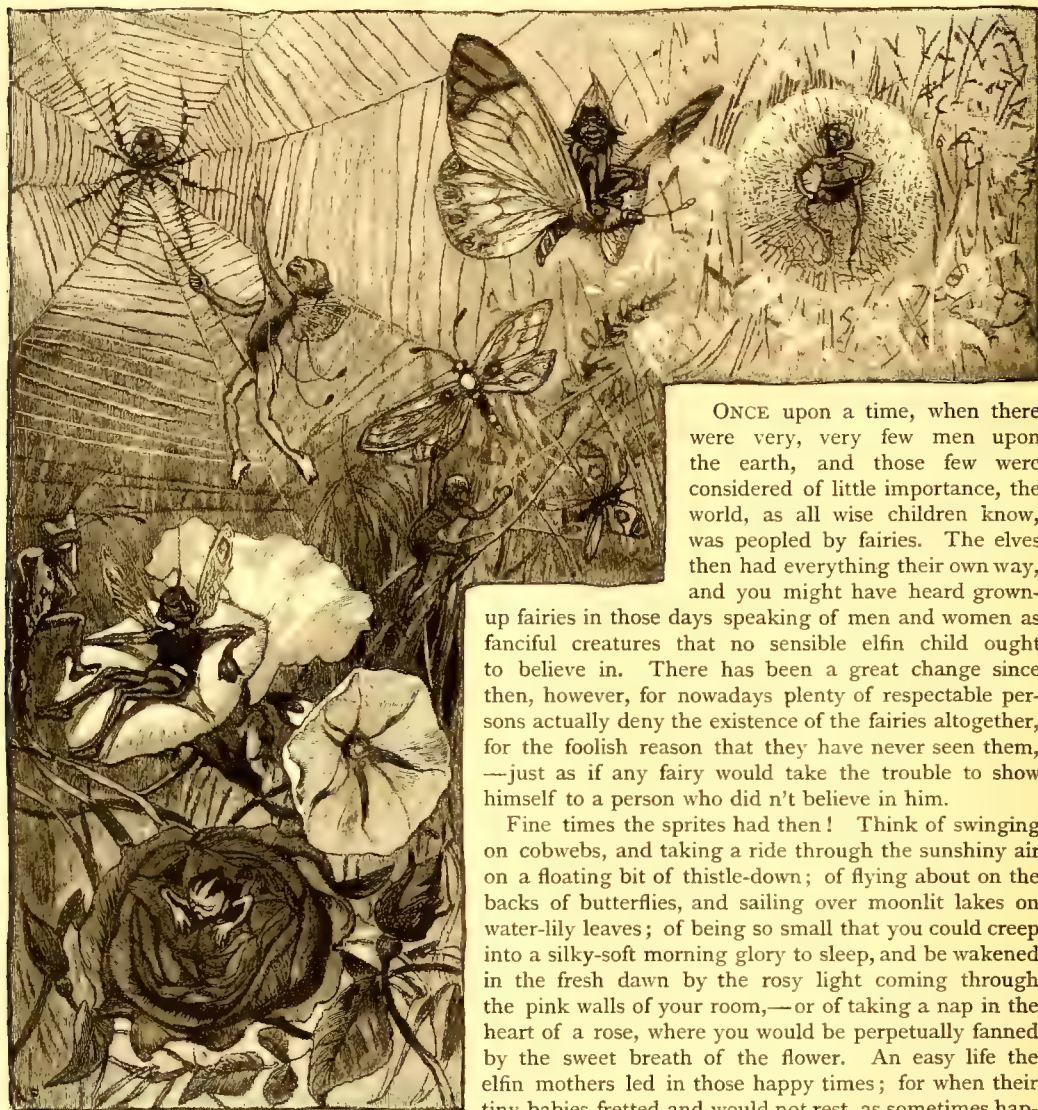
Now, on his ninth birthday, snugly settled in his new head-quarters on Union Square, overlooking half his native city, he naturally forms brave resolutions, and thinking over the past and the future, is sure of some day becoming "the very model of a modern" periodical.

Is he joking? No. Or boasting? No, indeed. The fact is, he can not tell exactly all he feels as his ninth Christmas draws near,—that is, not word by word, any more than you know all that you mean when you cry "Hurrah!" on a happy day. He is only crying "Hurrah!"

So, dear boys and girls, near and far, on the land, on the ocean, in cities, on the mountains, wherever, and whoever, you may be, so that you bear the colors of youth, ST. NICHOLAS greets you,—and wishes you many happy returns!

SPIDEREE.

BY Z. D. UNDERHILL.



ONCE upon a time, when there were very, very few men upon the earth, and those few were considered of little importance, the world, as all wise children know, was peopled by fairies. The elves then had everything their own way, and you might have heard grown-

up fairies in those days speaking of men and women as fanciful creatures that no sensible elfin child ought to believe in. There has been a great change since then, however, for nowadays plenty of respectable persons actually deny the existence of the fairies altogether, for the foolish reason that they have never seen them,—just as if any fairy would take the trouble to show himself to a person who did n't believe in him.

Fine times the sprites had then! Think of swinging on cobwebs, and taking a ride through the sunshiny air on a floating bit of thistle-down; of flying about on the backs of butterflies, and sailing over moonlit lakes on water-lily leaves; of being so small that you could creep into a silky-soft morning glory to sleep, and be wakened in the fresh dawn by the rosy light coming through the pink walls of your room,—or of taking a nap in the heart of a rose, where you would be perpetually fanned by the sweet breath of the flower. An easy life the elfin mothers led in those happy times; for when their tiny babies fretted and would not rest, as sometimes hap-

pened, they had only to hang them up in hare-bells and columbines, and let the wind rock them to sleep.

Old and young spent their time in merry dancing, and in frolicking, for they were a mischievous race, and loved to play all sorts of queer tricks on one another and on the animals that lived with them in the woods and meadows. They would pull the bushy tails of the gray squirrels, and then hide in the ragged bark of a tree, to watch them stare and hunt vainly about for their tormentors. They would knock the nut out of a chipmunk's paws, just as he was going to put it in his mouth, and hop about and giggle with delight, to see the angry little fellow sit up on his haunches and scold

till his voice could be heard all over the woods. They used to peep over the edges of the nests, and make faces at the young birds, until the poor featherless babies screamed harder than ever for their mothers to come home and protect them from these naughty elves. They took the bees' honey from the holes in the hollow trees where it had been so carefully stored by its busy makers; they used no end of wasps'-nests for paper on which to write notes to one another; and they stole the spiders' webs for ropes.

But, in spite of all these freaks, they were kind-hearted, and would not for the world do any real harm to any living creature. Indeed, when there was no rain, and the delicate plants were fainting for want of moisture, troops of fairies would often work hard for hours, bringing moss-cups full of water from the brook to refresh the drooping flowers; and more than one nestful of young birds who had lost their mother were brought up by the kind elves, who gave up their play to search for seeds and worms for the helpless orphans. And the squirrels and snakes, wasps, bees, and spiders, all knew that much as the fairies might love to tease them, there was no danger of their really hurting them. So, in spite of a few quarrels and scoldings, on occasions when the little people were really too troublesome, they were all good friends, and very merry and happy together.

I say that they were very happy, and so they were, but there was one thing which kept the fairies from being perfectly contented, and made them, even in the midst of their wildest gayety, keep an uneasy lookout for the danger which might be lurking near. At that time there lived another race of beings, who were no bigger than mortal children of two or three years, but who to the fairies were terrible giants. These were the goblins; and instead of playing about in moonshine and sunshine, and giving all their thought to merry tricks and little acts of kindness, they were of a cross and gloomy disposition, and spent their whole time in accumulating great heaps of gold and silver and precious stones. They thought this the only thing worth living for, and as fairy fingers were much finer than their own, and could do far more delicate work, it was the dearest desire of every goblin to catch a fairy, and set him to polishing the hard bits of shiny stone which were the pride of the goblin heart. Many and many an unhappy sprite had been snatched from his dance on the soft green moss carpet, and carried off to this hateful slavery.



Where the bad race of goblins lived, to what far off and horrible caverns their unfortunate play-mates were carried, the fays and elves had never been able to discover; but that it was a long and terrible journey, and that the end of it was weary labor



"PULLING THE SQUIRREL'S TAIL AND MAKING FACES AT THE YOUNG BIRDS."

under pitiless masters,—this at least they had succeeded in finding out.

Now, at this time, in one of the greenest and prettiest of dells, decked with ferns, and shadowed by tall forest-trees, lived, among many others, three young sprites. The oldest, who was named Spiderree, was very kind to his sister Violet, and together they both took care of their little sister Moonbeam, who was still so young and flighty that it was often a hard task to keep her out of serious mischief.

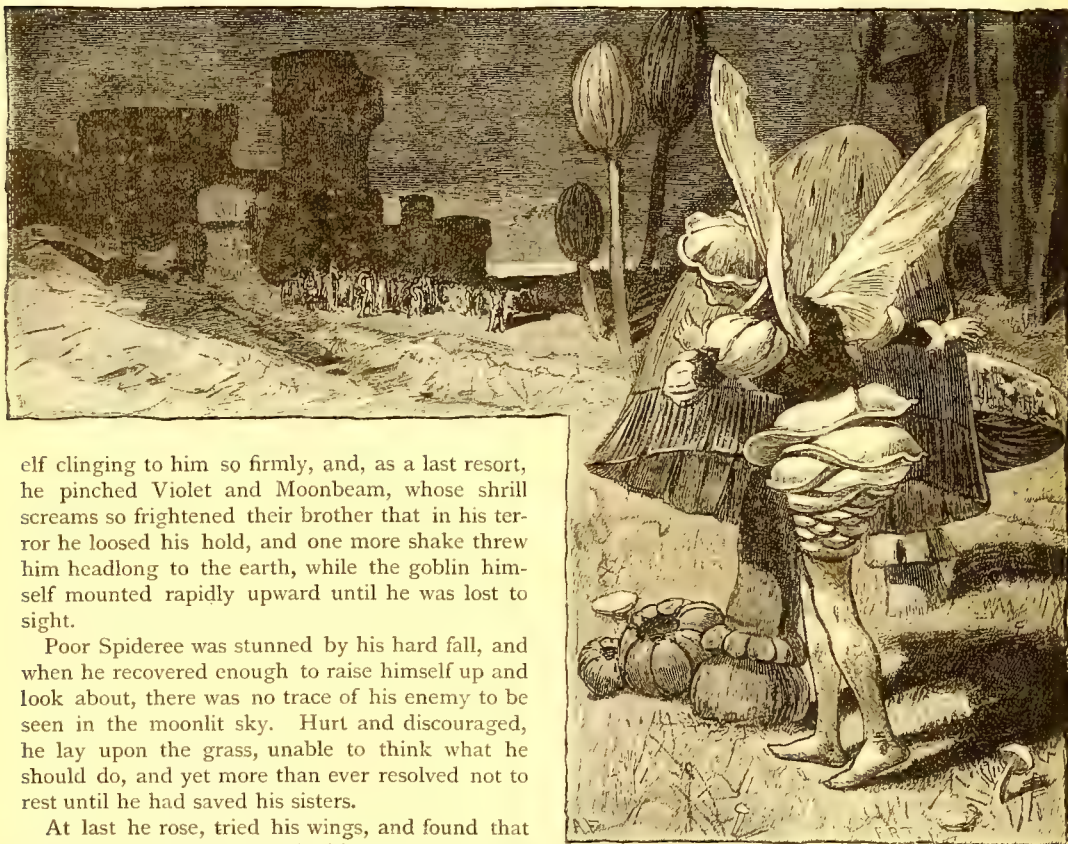
One evening, when the little people were all out enjoying the light of the full moon, which looked down with pleasure at their pretty antics, and when no one of them had any thought of danger, a dark shadow suddenly fell upon them, and the King of the Goblins, clad in strange flying-gear, swooped down like a bird of prey, and seizing Violet and Moonbeam, one in each hand, flew swiftly away with them. The shout of the whole troop of fairies, when they saw their two companions snatched away, was no louder than your faintest whisper, yet to Spiderree, who was standing a little distance off, it sounded like a deafening outcry, and he looked around, just as the goblin was

starting upward. Quicker than thought, he threw himself on the foot of the foe, grasped it tightly, and in spite of all efforts to throw him off, clung fast as they all rose together toward the sky.

On and on flew the goblin, shaking himself angrily every now and then, to get rid of Spiderree, who still hung on bravely, determined not to let go until he had found where his sisters were being taken, and in what way he could best go to work to save them from their sad fate. But the goblin was getting impatient at having this troublesome

lin-letter cut on one of the sides. This discovery delighted him greatly, for he now felt assured that the diamond must be the property of the goblin, who had dropped it in his flight, and who must have passed over the very spot where the diamond was lying. Much relieved to think he now knew in which direction to fly, he started off rapidly, and flew until he was exhausted.

For some hours he rested in the warm coils of a woolly young fern, and then he started again on his wearisome journey. Many times in his flight he



elf clinging to him so firmly, and, as a last resort, he pinched Violet and Moonbeam, whose shrill screams so frightened their brother that in his terror he loosed his hold, and one more shake threw him headlong to the earth, while the goblin himself mounted rapidly upward until he was lost to sight.

Poor Spiderree was stunned by his hard fall, and when he recovered enough to raise himself up and look about, there was no trace of his enemy to be seen in the moonlit sky. Hurt and discouraged, he lay upon the grass, unable to think what he should do, and yet more than ever resolved not to rest until he had saved his sisters.

At last he rose, tried his wings, and found that fortunately neither of them had been broken in the fall. Round and round he circled, just above the grass-tops, searching on every side for some little trace which might show him in what direction those he sought had flown. Soon, his eye was caught by a dew-drop, so bright that he bent down to see what was the cause of its singular brilliancy, and on coming close to it, he saw that, instead of a dew-drop, it was a tiny diamond. It was so finely cut that there were a thousand distinct sides, or facets, to it, and it was for this reason that it sparkled so. Spiderree picked it up, and found, on examining it closely, that there was a minute gob-

SPIDEREE HEARS THE GOBLIN HERALD PROCLAIM THE REWARD.

found bits of rainbow lying on the leaves over which he passed, and joyfully picked them up, for he knew that they were shreds of the rainbow scarf which Violet always wore, and that she must have torn them off and dropped them for the special purpose of guiding him aright. Often did he find himself astray, and forced to hunt around, until he was cheered by the sight of a rainbow-hued fragment glistening in the grass, or perhaps of a tiny diamond flashing light from a myriad points. Two more of these precious gems he

found—the second had two thousand, the third three thousand facets, and on each was the goblin-letter, so small that none but fairy eyes could see it, but which showed whose property the jewel was.

At last, after many days, worn out with traveling, with tired feet and drooping wings, Spiderree arrived in sight of a great and gloomy castle, built of enormous blocks of solid stone, and surrounded by a moat which prevented any near approach to it. The draw-bridge was raised when he first came in sight of it, and he stood and gazed across the moat at the dark building which he knew must be the abode of the King of the Goblins, and in which his little sisters, he felt sure, were condemned to perpetual labor, out of sight of the bright sunlight, the flowers, and the friendly wild creatures, which make a fairy's life one long delight.

Although he had penetrated farther than any adventurous member of his race had ever gone before, and had made his way to the very castle of the goblins, yet Spiderree seemed as far off as ever from success. Disheartened, he turned toward a neighboring wood, where he took up his home in an old tree-stump, and waited to see if perhaps some fortunate chance would help him to gain his object. Every day from his hiding-place he saw, at midday, a long train of elves, chained together two by two, come sorrowfully out of the castle, cross the draw-bridge, and take their daily walk under the guardianship of their harsh keepers, who would not permit them to talk together, nor even to take a single step out of the straight path. Last among them came Violet and Moonbeam, looking the unhappiest of all, for they had not yet grown used to the hard life they were forced to lead. Their brother watched them sadly, wondering whether he should ever find it possible to release them from their servitude.

One day, when he was sitting perched on top of one of the scarlet toadstools, a number of which grew in his new home, frowning and shaking his head as he vainly tried to think out some plan for making his entrance into the big castle, he heard what to him was a terribly loud voice, crying out. As it drew nearer he recognized it as the voice of a goblin herald, coming to announce news of public importance. Carefully slipping behind his toadstool, to avoid any chance of being seen, Spiderree heard with delight the herald proclaim at the top of his voice that the King of the Goblins had lost three of his handsomest diamonds, one with one thousand, one with two thousand, and one with three thousand sides, and that whoever should find and restore these to their rightful owner should have whatever he might please to ask as a reward.

Now Spiderree was a prudent as well as a brave

little fairy, and sat down to think about it, before taking back the diamonds to the King. Goblins, he remembered to have heard, were very treacherous as well as cruel; it would be better not to trust them too far, he thought. And the end of it was that he carefully hid the diamonds under a corner of an old stump, and set out alone to see what was to be thought of the state of affairs before bringing out the treasures from which he hoped to gain so much.

He went toward the castle; the draw-bridge was down, but at the end of it, just within the gloomy door-way, stood a cross old porter, who said, gruffly:

"What do you want, Atom?"

"If you please, sir," said Spiderree, politely, "I have news of his diamonds for the King!"

"You!" said the rough old porter. "What you know can't be worth much. But come along to my master, and he'll soon find out what you have to say for yourself!"

Spiderree followed the porter through the dusky halls of the castle, until he stopped before a heavy door, and knocked.

"Come in!" some one shouted.

The porter threw open the door, and said, bowing low: "I beg pardon, Your Majesty, but here 's a conceited mite of a fairy thinks he 's got your precious diamonds."

"Ha, ha!" roared the King. "Got my diamonds, has he? Hand 'em over, sir, and then I'll have you and the diamonds, too!"

"Please, sir," said Spiderree's shrill little voice, "I thought I was to have anything I wanted for a reward."

"So you believed that silly story, did you?" said the King. "Well, it was n't true, as any one with any sense might have known. So give up the diamonds."

"I have n't brought them with me, please, sir," said Spiderree.

"As if I'd believe that!" growled the King, and he picked up Spiderree, and looked in all his pockets, and even inside the lining of his hat, to see if the gems were hidden anywhere about him. His Majesty flew into a terrible rage as he went on, for he thought Spiderree had been only fooling him, and at last, in a fit of anger, he tossed him out of the window, shouting:

"Get out, you miserable, deceitful little mite!"

He was so angry that he threw Spiderree far across the moat, to the hard bank beyond, which for the little fellow was really very fortunate. Bruised and sore, he picked himself up and limped back to his woods. There he soon made for himself a healing salve of red cup-moss, and the juices of some wood plants, well mixed together, which in a short time restored him to his natural vigor.

For a whole day and night he sat on his toadstool, reflecting. But at last he said to himself, "Nothing he raised his hand to rub his head, as puzzled people are very apt to do, and no sooner did a ray



"THE GOBLINS SPENT THEIR WHOLE TIME IN ACCUMULATING GREAT HEAPS OF GOLD AND SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES."

venture, nothing have!" and taking the thousand-sided diamond from its hiding-place, he started once more for the stone castle. When he reached it, all the inhabitants were out of sight, and the draw-bridge was raised.

of light from the diamond which he held fall upon the draw-bridge, than it slowly lowered itself, and then the way to the castle lay open before him. Now he felt certain of what he had long suspected, that the diamonds were magic jewels, and that it was for this reason that the King of the Goblins was so anxious to get them once more into his own possession.

Greatly pleased with this idea, Spiderree passed over the bridge, and with a single gleam from the diamond opened the huge gates which were locked across his way. But alas, although the castle gates flew open before the enchanted rays, he could not open with them the door of a single chamber, and was forced to return to the woods for the two other diamonds, before he could make his way any farther. When he came back with these, Spiderree soon found that, while the diamond with a thousand facets controlled only the draw-bridge and the great gates, the one with two thousand sides made every door in the castle fly open. Hastily he made his way to the apartment which he remembered as the King's. Here he paused a moment, and then, taking courage, let a single beam from the gem fall upon the massive door. Instantly it flew open, and within sat the Goblin King, who, the moment he saw the sparkling stone in Spiderree's hand, started up, shouting: "At last! At last, I have them!" and rushed toward the door, with his hand stretched out to seize the jewel. The light which streamed upon him from it did not seem to affect him at all, and Spiderree, in terror, just had time to draw the third



"SLOWLY THE GOBLIN KING GREW STILL AND RIGID."

"What shall I do now?" muttered Spiderree. "They will never hear such a little voice as mine calling across the moat. How am I ever to get into their precious old cavern of a castle?"

As he stood puzzling over this difficult question,

diamond from his bosom and direct its beams upon his enemy.

As the glittering radiance fell upon the goblin, the laughter died upon his lips, the brightness faded from his eyes, and slowly he grew still and rigid before the wondering eyes of Spideree, who now saw in front of him, instead of a raging foe, only a statue of stone, with its hand outstretched as if to grasp the empty air. Spideree knew now that at last he had found the means of conquering the goblin tribe and undoing all the evil which their avarice and harshness had worked. Swiftly he flew from room to room, changing the inhabitants of each to stone, until he reached the apartment in which were confined the elfin work-people.

Here the diamond quickly turned the cruel keepers to stone, while all the eager fairies crowded around Spideree to be loosed from their chains by the magic beams. Happiest among them all was Violet, to think that it was her own dear brother who had freed her and all their captive friends, while after long search little Moonbeam was found hidden far down in a dark corner, where she had been put for neglecting her work.

How they all rejoiced to be going back to their own happy world again, and how many questions Spideree had to answer about the beautiful fairy-land, and the friends that they had all been longing so to see! Together the joyful troop left the castle, and crossed the draw-bridge. Spideree, with Violet and Moonbeam, came last, and as he reached the middle of the bridge, softly the three diamonds slipped from his hand, and fell into the moat. No sooner were the elves all

across, than the draw-bridge lifted itself up, and the moat began slowly to spread into a wide expanse of water. A chilling wind blew from the enchanted castle, turning everything about to ice, and making the fairy band hurry still faster on their homeward

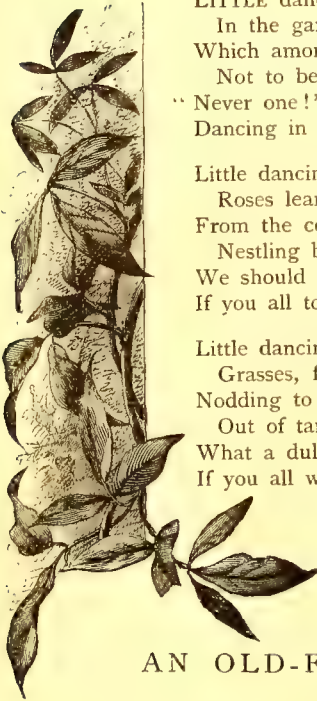


"SPIDERE E. TURNING THE KEEPER TO STONE."

way. It was not long before they were all once more in their favorite haunts, frolicking and playing at their old tricks, without any fear of the terrible goblins, from whom Spideree's patience and bravery had saved them for evermore.

LITTLE DANCING LEAVES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



LITTLE dancing leaves
In the garden-bower,
Which among you grieves
Not to be a flower?
"Never one!" the light leaves say,
Dancing in the sun all day.

Little dancing leaves,
Roses lean to kiss you;
From the cottage eaves
Nestling birds would miss you,—
We should tire of blossoms so,
If you all to flowers should grow!

Little dancing leaves,—
Grasses, ferns, and sedges,
Nodding to the sheaves,
Out of tangled hedges,—
What a dull world would remain
If you all were useful grain!

Little dancing leaves,
Who could do without you?
Every poet weaves
Some sweet dream about you.
Flowers and grain awhile are here;
You stay with us all the year.

Little dancing leaves,
When through pines and birches
The great storm-wind heaves,
Your retreat he searches,—
How he makes the tall trees roar!
While you—only dance the more!

Little dancing leaves,
Loving and caressing,—
He most joy receives
Who bestows a blessing.
Dance, light leaves, for dancing made,
While you bless us with your shade!

AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

SIXTY years ago, up among the New Hampshire hills, lived Farmer Bassett, with a houseful of sturdy sons and daughters growing up about him. They were poor in money, but rich in land and love, for the wide acres of wood, corn, and pasture land fed, warmed, and clothed the flock, while mutual patience, affection, and courage made the old farm-house a very happy home.

November had come; the crops were in, and barn, buttery, and bin were overflowing with the harvest that rewarded the summer's hard work. The big kitchen was a jolly place just now, for in the great fire-place roared a cheerful fire; on the walls hung garlands of dried apples, onions, and corn; up aloft from the beams shone crook-necked squashes, juicy hams, and dried venison—for in those days deer still haunted the deep forests, and hunters flourished. Savory smells were in the air; on the crane hung steaming kettles, and down among the red embers copper saucepans simmered, all suggestive of some approaching feast.

A white-headed baby lay in the old blue cradle

that had rocked six other babies, now and then lifting his head to look out, like a round, full moon, then subsided to kick and crow contentedly, and suck the rosy apple he had no teeth to bite. Two small boys sat on the wooden settle shelling corn for popping, and picking out the biggest nuts from the goodly store their own hands had gathered in October. Four young girls stood at the long dresser, busily chopping meat, pounding spice, and slicing apples; and the tongues of Tilly, Prue, Roxy, and Rhody went as fast as their hands. Farmer Bassett, and Eph, the oldest boy, were "chorin' round" outside, for Thanksgiving was at hand, and all must be in order for that time-honored day.

To and fro, from table to hearth, bustled buxom Mrs. Bassett, flushed and floury, but busy and blithe as the queen bee of this busy little hive should be.

"I do like to begin seasonable and have things to my mind. Thanksgivin' dinners can't be drove, and it does take a sight of victuals to fill all these

hungry stomicks," said the good woman, as she gave a vigorous stir to the great kettle of cider apple-sauce, and cast a glance of housewifely pride at the fine array of pies set forth on the buttery shelves.

"Only one more day and then it will be time to eat. I did n't take but one bowl of hasty pudding this morning, so I shall have plenty of room when the nice things come," confided Seth to Sol, as he cracked a large hazel-nut as easily as a squirrel.

"No need of my starvin' beforehand. • *I always* have room enough, and I'd like to have Thanksgiving every day," answered Solomon, gloating like a young ogre over the little pig that lay near by, ready for roasting.

"Sakes alive, I don't, boys! It's a marcy it don't come but once a year. I should be worn to a thread-paper with all this extra work atop of my winter weavin' and spinnin'," laughed their mother, as she plunged her plump arms into the long bread-trough and began to knead the dough as if a famine was at hand.

Tilly, the oldest girl, a red-cheeked, black-eyed lass of fourteen, was grinding briskly at the mortar, for spices were costly, and not a grain must be wasted. Prue kept time with the chopper, and the twins sliced away at the apples till their little brown arms ached, for all knew how to work, and did so now with a will.

"I think it's real fun to have Thanksgiving at home. I'm sorry Gran'ma is sick, so we can't go there as usual, but I like to mess 'round here, don't you, girls?" asked Tilly, pausing to take a sniff at the spicy pestle.

"It will be kind of lonesome with only our own folks." "I like to see all the cousins and aunts, and have games, and sing," cried the twins, who were regular little romps, and could run, swim, coast, and shout as well as their brothers.

"I don't care a mite for all that. It will be so nice to eat dinner together, warm and comfortable at home," said quiet Prue, who loved her own cozy nooks like a cat.

"Come, girls, fly 'round and get your chores done, so we can clear away for dinner jest as soon as I clap my bread into the oven," called Mrs. Bassett presently, as she rounded off the last loaf of brown bread which was to feed the hungry mouths that seldom tasted any other.

"Here's a man comin' up the hill lively!" "Guess it's Gad Hopkin's. Pa told him to bring a dozen oranges, if they war n't too high!" shouted Sol and Seth, running to the door, while the girls smacked their lips at the thought of this rare treat, and Baby threw his apple overboard, as if getting ready for a new cargo.

But all were doomed to disappointment, for it

was not Gad, with the much-desired fruit. It was a stranger, who threw himself off his horse and hurried up to Mr. Bassett in the yard, with some brief message that made the farmer drop his ax and look so sober that his wife guessed at once some bad news had come; and crying, "Mother's wuss! I know she is!" out ran the good woman, forgetful of the flour on her arms and the oven waiting for its most important batch.

The man said old Mr. Chadwick, down to Keene,



"PUSSY SAT BLINKING HER EYES IN THE CHEERFUL GLOW."

stopped him as he passed, and told him to tell Mrs. Bassett her mother was failin' fast, and she'd better come to-day. He knew no more, and having delivered his errand he rode away, saying it looked like snow and he must be jogging, or he would n't get home till night.

"We must go right off, Eldad. Hitch up, and

"I 'll be ready in less 'n no time," said Mrs. Bassett, wasting not a minute in tears and lamentations, but pulling off her apron as she went in, with her head in a sad jumble of bread, anxiety, turkey, sorrow, haste, and cider apple-sauce.

A few words told the story, and the children left their work to help her get ready, mingling their grief for "Gran'ma" with regrets for the lost dinner.

"I 'm dreadful sorry, dears, but it can't be helped. I could n't cook nor eat no way now, and if that blessed woman gets better sudden, as she has before, we 'll have cause for thanksgivin', and I 'll give you a dinner you wont forget in a hurry," said Mrs. Bassett, as she tied on her brown silk pumpkin-hood, with a sob for the good old mother who had made it for her.

Not a child complained after that, but ran about helpfully, bringing moccasins, heating the foot-stone, and getting ready for a long drive, because Gran'ma lived twenty miles away, and there were no railroads in those parts to whisk people to and fro like magic. By the time the old yellow sleigh was at the door, the bread was in the oven, and Mrs. Bassett was waiting, with her camlet cloak on, and the baby done up like a small bale of blankets.

"Now, Eph, you must look after the cattle like a man, and keep up the fires for there 's a storm brewin', and neither the children nor dumb critters must suffer," said Mr. Bassett, as he turned up the collar of his rough coat and put on his blue mittens, while the old mare shook her bells as if she preferred a trip to Keene to hauling wood all day.

"Tilly, put extr'y comfortable on the beds to-night, the wind is so searchin' up chamber. Have the baked beans and Injun-puddin' for dinner, and whatever you do, don't let the boys git at the mince-pies, or you 'll have them down sick. I shall come back the minute I can leave Mother. Pa will come to-morrer anyway, so keep snug and be good. I depend on you, my darter; use your judgment, and don't let nothin' happen while Mother 's away."

"Yes 'm, yes 'm—good-bye, good-bye!" called the children, as Mrs. Bassett was packed into the sleigh and driven away, leaving a stream of directions behind her.

Eph, the sixteen-year-old boy, immediately put on his biggest boots, assumed a sober, responsible manner, and surveyed his little responsibilities with a paternal air, drolly like his father's. Tilly tied on her mother's bunch of keys, rolled up the sleeves of her homespun gown, and began to order about the younger girls. They soon forgot poor Granny, and found it great fun to keep house all alone, for Mother seldom left home, but ruled her family in the good old-fashioned way. There were

no servants, for the little daughters were Mrs. Bassett's only maids, and the stout boys helped their father, all working happily together with no wages but love; learning in the best manner the use of the heads and hands with which they were to make their own way in the world.

The few flakes that caused the farmer to predict bad weather soon increased to a regular snow-storm, with gusts of wind, for up among the hills winter came early and lingered long. But the children were busy, gay, and warm in-doors, and never minded the rising gale nor the whirling white storm outside.

Tilly got them a good dinner, and when it was over the two elder girls went to their spinning, for in the kitchen stood the big and little wheels, and baskets of wool-rolls, ready to be twisted into yarn for the winter's knitting, and each day brought its stint of work to the daughters, who hoped to be as thrifty as their mother.

Eph kept up a glorious fire, and superintended the small boys, who popped corn and whittled boats on the hearth; while Roxy and Rhody dressed corn-cob dolls in the settle corner, and Bose, the brindled mastiff, lay on the braided mat, luxuriously warming his old legs. Thus employed, they made a pretty picture, these rosy boys and girls, in their homespun suits, with the rustic toys or tasks which most children nowadays would find very poor or tiresome.

Tilly and Prue sang, as they stepped to and fro, drawing out the smoothly twisted threads to the musical hum of the great spinning-wheels. The little girls chattered like magpies over their dolls and the new bed-spread they were planning to make, all white dimity stars on a blue calico ground, as a Christmas present to Ma. The boys roared at Eph's jokes, and had rough and tumble games over Bose, who did n't mind them in the least; and so the afternoon wore pleasantly away.

At sunset the boys went out to feed the cattle, bring in heaps of wood, and lock up for the night, as the lonely farm-house seldom had visitors after dark. The girls got the simple supper of brown bread and milk, baked apples, and a doughnut all 'round as a treat. Then they sat before the fire, the sisters knitting, the brothers with books or games, for Eph loved reading, and Sol and Seth never failed to play a few games of Morris with barley corns, on the little board they had made themselves at one corner of the dresser.

"Read out a piece," said Tilly from Mother's chair, where she sat in state, finishing off the sixth woolen sock she had knit that month.

"It 's the old history book, but here 's a bit you may like, since it 's about our folks," answered Eph, turning the yellow page to look at a picture

of two quaintly dressed children in some ancient castle.

"Yes, read that. I always like to hear about the Lady Matildy I was named for, and Lord Bassett, Pa's great-great-grandpa. He 's only a farmer now, but it 's nice to know we were somebody two or three hundred years ago," said Tilly, bridling and tossing her curly head as she fancied the Lady Matilda might have done.

"Don't read the queer words, 'cause we don't understand 'em. Tell it," commanded Roxy, from the cradle, where she was drowsily cuddled with Rhody.

"Well, a long time ago, when Charles the First was in prison, Lord Bassett was a true friend to him," began Eph, plunging into his story without delay. "The lord had some papers that would have hung a lot of people if the king's enemies got hold of 'em, so when he heard one day, all of a sudden, that soldiers were at the castle-gate to carry him off, he had just time to call his girl to him, and say: 'I may be going to my death, but I won't betray my master. There is no time to burn the papers, and I can not take them with me; they are hidden in the old leathern chair where I sit. No one knows this but you, and you must guard them till I come or send you a safe messenger to take them away. Promise me to be brave and silent, and I can go without fear.' You see, he was n't afraid to die, but he *was* to seem a traitor. Lady Matildy promised solemnly, and the words were hardly out of her mouth when the men came in, and her father was carried away a prisoner and sent off to the Tower."

"But she did n't cry; she just called her brother, and sat down in that chair, with her head leaning back on those papers, like a queen, and waited while the soldiers hunted the house over for 'em: was n't that a smart girl?" cried Tilly, beaming with pride, for she was named for this ancestress, and knew the story by heart.

"I reckon she wasscared, though, when the men came swearin' in and asked her if she knew anything about it. The boy did his part then, for *he* did n't know, and fired up and stood before his sister; and he says, says he, as bold as a lion: 'If my lord had told us where the papers be, we would die before we would betray him. But we are children and know nothing, and it is cowardly of you to try to fright us with oaths and drawn swords!'"

As Eph quoted from the book, Seth planted himself before Tilly, with the long poker in his hand, saying, as he flourished it valiantly:

"Why did n't the boy take his father's sword and lay about him? I would, if any one was ha'sh to Tilly."

"You bantam! he was only a bit of a boy, and could n't do anything. Sit down and hear the rest of it," commanded Tilly, with a pat on the yellow head, and a private resolve that Seth should have the largest piece of pie at dinner next day, as reward for his chivalry.

"Well, the men went off after turning the castle out of window, but they said they should come again; so faithful Matildy was full of trouble, and hardly dared to leave the room where the chair stood. All day she sat there, and at night her sleep was so full of fear about it, that she often got up and went to see that all was safe. The servants thought the fright had hurt her wits, and let her be, but Rupert, the boy, stood by her and never was afraid of her queer ways. She was 'a pious maid,' the book says, and often spent the long evenings reading the Bible, with her brother by her, all alone in the great room, with no one to help her bear her secret, and no good news of her father. At last, word came that the king was dead and his friends banished out of England. Then the poor children were in a sad plight, for they had no mother, and the servants all ran away, leaving only one faithful old man to help them."

"But the father did come?" cried Roxy, eagerly.

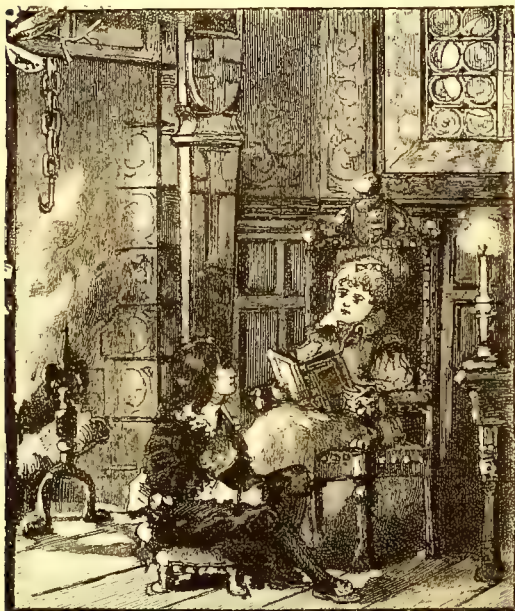
"You 'll see," continued Eph, half telling, half reading.

"Matilda was sure he would, so she sat on in the big chair, guarding the papers, and no one could get her away, till one day a man came with her father's ring and told her to give up the secret. She knew the ring, but would not tell until she had asked many questions, so as to be very sure, and while the man answered all about her father and the king, she looked at him sharply. Then she stood up and said, in a tremble, for there was something strange about the man: 'Sir, I doubt you in spite of the ring, and I will not answer till you pull off the false beard you wear, that I may see your face and know if you are my father's friend or foe.' Off came the disguise, and Matilda found it was my lord himself, come to take them with him out of England. He was very proud of that faithful girl, I guess, for the old chair still stands in the castle, and the name keeps in the family, Pa says, even over here, where some of the Bassetts came along with the Pilgrims."

"Our Tilly would have been as brave, I know, and she looks like the old picter down to Gran'ma's, don't she, Eph?" cried Prue, who admired her bold, bright sister very much.

"Well, I think you 'd do the settin' part best, Prue, you are so patient. Till would fight like a wild cat, but she can't hold her tongue worth a cent," answered Eph; whereat Tilly pulled his hair, and the story ended with a general frolic.

When the moon-faced clock behind the door struck nine, Tilly tucked up the children under the "extry comfortables," and having kissed them all around, as Mother did, crept into her own nest, never minding the little drifts of snow that sifted in upon her coverlet between the shingles of the roof, nor the storm that raged without.



"LADY MATILDA AND HER BROTHER RUPERT ALL ALONE IN THE CASTLE."

As if he felt the need of unusual vigilance, old Bose lay down on the mat before the door, and pussy had the warm hearth all to herself. If any late wanderer had looked in at midnight, he would have seen the fire blazing up again, and in the cheerful glow the old cat blinking her yellow eyes, as she sat bolt upright beside the spinning-wheel, like some sort of household goblin, guarding the children while they slept.

When they woke, like early birds, it still snowed, but up the little Bassetts jumped, broke the ice in their jugs, and went down with cheeks glowing like winter apples, after a brisk scrub and scramble into their clothes. Eph was off to the barn, and Tilly soon had a great kettle of mush ready, which, with milk warm from the cows, made a wholesome breakfast for the seven hearty children.

"Now about dinner," said the young housekeeper, as the pewter spoons stopped clattering, and the earthen bowls stood empty.

"Ma said, have what we liked, but she did n't expect us to have a real Thanksgiving dinner, because she wont be here to cook it, and we don't know how," began Prue, doubtfully.

"I can roast a turkey and make a pudding as well as anybody, I guess. The pies are all ready, and if we can't boil vegetables and so on, we don't deserve any dinner," cried Tilly, burning to distinguish herself, and bound to enjoy to the utmost her brief authority.

"Yes, yes!" cried all the boys, "let's have a dinner anyway; Ma wont care, and the good victuals will spoil if they aint eaten right up."

"Pa is coming to-night, so we wont have dinner till late; that will be real genteel and give us plenty of time," added Tilly, suddenly realizing the novelty of the task she had undertaken.

"Did you ever roast a turkey?" asked Roxy, with an air of deep interest.

"Should you darst to try?" said Rhody, in an awe-stricken tone.

"You will see what I can do. Ma said I was to use my judgment about things, and I'm going to. All you children have got to do is to keep out of the way, and let Prue and me work. Eph, I wish you'd put a fire in the best room, so the little ones can play in there. We shall want the settin'-room for the table, and I wont have them pickin' 'round when we get things fixed," commanded Tilly, bound to make her short reign a brilliant one.

"I don't know about that. Ma did n't tell us to," began cautious Eph, who felt that this invasion of the sacred best parlor was a daring step.

"Don't we always do it Sundays and Thanksgivings? Would n't Ma wish the children kept safe and warm anyhow? Can I get up a nice dinner with four rascals under my feet all the time? Come, now, if you want roast turkey and onions, plum-pudding and mince-pie, you'll have to do as I tell you, and be lively about it."

Tilly spoke with such spirit, and her last suggestion was so irresistible, that Eph gave in, and, laughing good-naturedly, tramped away to heat up the best room, devoutly hoping that nothing serious would happen to punish such audacity.

The young folks delightedly trooped away to destroy the order of that prim apartment with housekeeping under the black horse-hair sofa, "horseback-riders" on the arms of the best rocking-chair, and an Indian war-dance all over the well-waxed furniture. Eph, finding the society of peaceful sheep and cows more to his mind than that of two excited sisters, lingered over his chores in the barn as long as possible, and left the girls in peace.

Now Tilly and Prue were in their glory, and as soon as the breakfast-things were out of the way, they prepared for a grand cooking-time. They were handy girls, though they had never heard of a cooking-school, never touched a piano, and knew nothing of embroidery beyond the samplers which

hung framed in the parlor; one ornamented with a pink mourner under a blue weeping-willow, the other with this pleasing verse, each word being done in a different color, which gave the effect of a distracted rainbow:

"This sampler neat was worked by me,
In my twelfth year, Prudence B."

Both rolled up their sleeves, put on their largest aprons, and got out all the spoons, dishes, pots, and pans they could find, "so as to have everything handy," Prue said.

"Now, sister, we 'll have dinner at five; Pa will

"It 's all ready but the stuffing, and roasting is as easy as can be. I can baste first-rate. Ma always likes to have me, I 'm so patient and stiddy, she says," answered Prue, for the responsibility of this great undertaking did not rest upon her, so she took a cheerful view of things.

"I know, but it 's the stuffin' that troubles me," said Tilly, rubbing her round elbows as she eyed the immense fowl laid out on a platter before her. "I don't know how much I want, nor what sort of yarbs to put in, and he's so awful big, I 'm kind of afraid of him."

"I aint! I fed him all summer, and he never gobbled at *me*. I feel real mean to be thinking of gobbling him, poor old chap," laughed Prue, patting her departed pet with an air of mingled affection and appetite.

"Well, I 'll get the puddin' off my mind fust, for it ought to bile all day. Put the big kettle on, and see that the spit is clean, while I get ready."

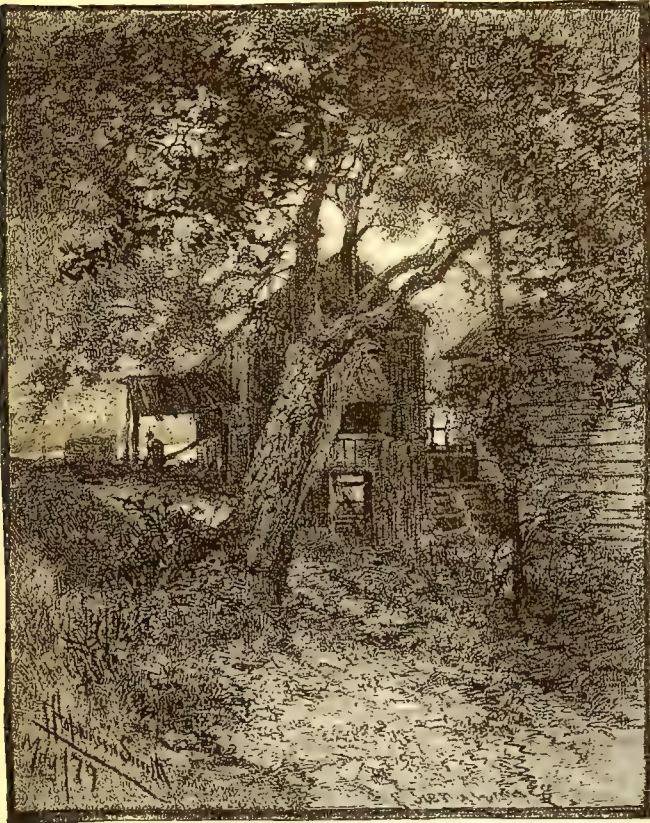
Prue obediently tugged away at the crane, with its black hooks, from which hung the iron tea-kettle and three-legged pot; then she settled the long spit in the grooves made for it in the tall andirons, and put the dripping-pan underneath, for in those days meat was roasted as it should be, not baked in ovens.

Meantime Tilly attacked the plum-pudding. She felt pretty sure of coming out right, here, for she had seen her mother do it so many times, it looked very easy. So in went suet and fruit; all sorts of spice, to be sure she got the right ones, and brandy instead of wine. But she forgot both sugar and salt, and tied it in the cloth so tightly that it had no room to swell, so it would come out as heavy as lead and as hard as a cannon-ball, if the bag did not burst and spoil it all. Happily unconscious of these mistakes, Tilly popped it into the pot, and proudly watched it

bobbing about before she put the cover on and left it to its fate.

"I can't remember what flavorin' Ma puts in," she said, when she had got her bread well soaked for the stuffing. "Sage and onions and applesauce go with goose, but I can't feel sure of anything but pepper and salt for a turkey."

"Ma puts in some kind of mint, I know, but I forget whether it is spearmint, peppermint, or pennyroyal," answered Prue, in a tone of doubt.



"THE OLD MILL, WHERE THE GREAT WHEEL TURNED AND SPLASHED SO MERRILY IN THE SUMMER-TIME."

be here by that time, if he is coming to-night, and be so surprised to find us all ready, for he wont have had any very nice victuals if Gran'ma is so sick," said Tilly, importantly. "I shall give the children a piece at noon" (Tilly meant luncheon); "doughnuts and cheese, with apple-pie and cider, will please 'em. There 's beans for Eph; he likes cold pork, so we wont stop to warm it up, for there 's lots to do, and I don't mind saying to you I 'm dreadful dubersome about the turkey."

but trying to show her knowledge of "yarbs," or, at least, of their names.

"Seems to me it's sweet marjoram or summer savory. I guess we'll put both in, and then we are sure to be right. The best is up garret; you run and get some, while I mash the bread," commanded Tilly, diving into the mess.

Away trotted Prue, but in her haste she got catnip and wormwood, for the garret was darkish, and Prue's little nose was so full of the smell of the onions she had been peeling, that everything smelt of them. Eager to be of use, she pounded up the herbs and scattered the mixture with a liberal hand into the bowl.

"It does n't smell just right, but I suppose it will when it is cooked," said Tilly, as she filled the empty stomach, that seemed aching for food, and sewed it up with the blue yarn, which happened to be handy. She forgot to tie down his legs and wings, but she set him by till his hour came, well satisfied with her work.

"Shall we roast the little pig, too? I think he'd look nice with a necklace of sausages, as Ma fixed him at Christmas," asked Prue, elated with their success.

"I could n't do it. I loved that little pig, and cried when he was killed. I should feel as if I was roasting the baby," answered Tilly, glancing toward the buttery where piggy hung, looking so pink and pretty it certainly did seem cruel to eat him.

It took a long time to get all the vegetables ready, for, as the cellar was full, the girls thought they would have every sort. Eph helped, and by noon all was ready for cooking, and the cranberry-sauce, a good deal scorched, was cooking in the lean-to.

Luncheon was a lively meal, and doughnuts and cheese vanished in such quantities that Tilly feared no one would have an appetite for her sumptuous dinner. The boys assured her they would be starving by five o'clock, and Sol mourned bitterly over the little pig that was not to be served up.

"Now you all go and coast, while Prue and I set the table and get out the best chiny," said Tilly, bent on having her dinner look well, no matter what its other failings might be.

Out came the rough sleds, on went the round hoods, old hats, red cloaks, and moccasins, and away trudged the four younger Bassetts, to disport themselves in the snow, and try the ice down by the old mill, where the great wheel turned and splashed so merrily in the summer-time.

Eph took his fiddle and scraped away to his heart's content in the parlor, while the girls, after a short rest, set the table and made all ready to dish up the dinner when that exciting moment

came. It was not at all the sort of table we see now, but would look very plain and countrified to us, with its green-handled knives, and two-pronged steel forks; its red-and-white china, and pewter platters, scoured till they shone, with mugs and spoons to match, and a brown jug for the cider. The cloth was coarse, but white as snow, and the little maids had seen the blue-eyed flax grow, out of which their mother wove the linen; they had watched and watered while it bleached in the green meadow. They had no napkins and little silver; but the best tankard and Ma's few wedding-spoons were set forth in state. Nuts and apples at the corners gave an air, and the place of honor was left in the middle for the oranges yet to come.

"Don't it look beautiful?" said Prue, when they paused to admire the general effect.

"Pretty nice, I think. I wish Ma could see how well we can do it," began Tilly, when a loud howling startled both girls, and sent them flying to the window. The short afternoon had passed so quickly that twilight had come before they knew it, and now, as they looked out through the gathering dusk, they saw four small black figures tearing up the road, to come bursting in, all screaming at once: "The bear, the bear! Eph, get the gun! He's coming, he's coming!"

Eph had dropped his fiddle, and got down his gun before the girls could calm the children enough to tell their story, which they did in a somewhat incoherent manner. "Down in the holler, coastin', we heard a growl," began Sol, with his eyes as big as saucers. "I see him fust lookin' over the wall," roared Seth, eager to get his share of honor.

"Awful big and saggy," quavered Roxy, clinging to Tilly, while Rhody hid in Prue's skirts, and piped out: "His great paws kept clawing at us, and I was so scared my legs would hardly go."

"We ran away as fast as we could go, and he come growlin' after us. He's awful hungry, and he'll eat every one of us if he gets in," continued Sol, looking about him for a safe retreat.

"Oh, Eph, don't let him eat us," cried both little girls, flying upstairs to hide under their mother's bed, as their surest shelter.

"No danger of that, you little geese. I'll shoot him as soon as he comes. Get out of the way, boys," and Eph raised the window to get good aim.

"There he is! Fire away, and don't miss!" cried Seth, hastily following Sol, who had climbed to the top of the dresser as a good perch from which to view the approaching fray.

Prue retired to the hearth as if bent on dying at her post rather than desert the turkey, now "brown-ing beautiful," as she expressed it. But Tilly boldly stood at the open window, ready to lend a hand if the enemy proved too much for Eph.

All had seen bears, but none had ever come so near before, and even brave Eph felt that the big brown beast slowly trotting up the door-yard was an unusually formidable specimen. He was growling horribly, and stopped now and then as if to rest and shake himself.

"Get the ax, Tilly, and if I should miss, stand ready to keep him off while I load again," said Eph, anxious to kill his first bear in style and alone; a girl's help did n't count.

Tilly flew for the ax, and was at her brother's side by the time the bear was near enough to be dangerous. He stood on his hind legs, and seemed to sniff with relish the savory odors that poured out of the window.

"Fire, Eph!" cried Tilly, firmly.

"Wait till he rears again. I'll get a better shot then," answered the boy, while Prue covered her ears to shut out the bang, and the small boys cheered from their dusty refuge up among the pumpkins.

But a very singular thing happened next, and all who saw it stood amazed, for suddenly Tilly threw down the ax, flung open the door, and ran straight into the arms of the bear, who stood erect to receive her, while his growlings changed to a loud "Haw, haw!" that startled the children more than the report of a gun.

"It 's Gad Hopkins, tryin' to fool us!" cried Eph, much disgusted at the loss of his prey, for these hardy boys loved to hunt, and prided themselves on the number of wild animals and birds they could shoot in a year.

"Oh, Gad, how could you scare us so?" laughed Tilly, still held fast in one shaggy arm of the bear, while the other drew a dozen oranges from some deep pocket in the buffalo-skin coat, and fired them into the kitchen with such good aim that Eph ducked, Prue screamed, and Sol and Seth came down much quicker than they went up.

"Wal, you see I got upst over yonder, and the old horse went home while I was floundering in a drift, so I tied on the buffalors to tote 'em easy, and come along till I see the children playin' in the holler. I jest meant to give 'em a little scare, but they run like partridges, and I kep' up the joke to see how Eph would like this sort of company," and Gad haw-hawed again.

"You 'd have had a warm welcome if we had n't found you out. I 'd have put a bullet through you in a jiffy, old chap," said Eph, coming out to shake hands with the young giant, who was only a year or two older than himself.

"Come in and set up to dinner with us. Prue and I have done it all ourselves, and Pa will be along soon, I reckon," cried Tilly, trying to escape.

"Could n't, no ways. My folks will think I 'm

dead ef I don't get along home, sence the horse and sleigh have gone ahead empty. I 've done my arrant and had my joke; now I want my pay, Tilly," and Gad took a hearty kiss from the rosy cheeks of his "little sweetheart," as he called her. His own cheeks tingled with the smart slap she gave him as she ran away, calling out that she hated bears and would bring her ax next time.

"I aint afeared—your sharp eyes found me out; and ef you run into a bear's arms you must expect a hug," answered Gad, as he pushed back the robe and settled his fur cap more becomingly.

"I should have known you in a minute if I had n't been asleep when the girls squalled. You did it well, though, and I advise you not to try it again in a hurry, or you 'll get shot," said Eph, as they parted, he rather crestfallen and Gad in high glee.

"My sakes alive—the turkey is all burnt one side, and the kettles have biled over so the pies I put to warm are all ashes!" scolded Tilly, as the flurry subsided and she remembered her dinner.

"Well, I can't help it. I could n't think of victuals when I expected to be eaten alive myself, could I?" pleaded poor Prue, who had tumbled into the cradle when the rain of oranges began.

Tilly laughed, and all the rest joined in, so good-humor was restored, and the spirits of the younger ones were revived by sucks from the one orange which passed from hand to hand with great rapidity while the older girls dished up the dinner. They were just struggling to get the pudding out of the cloth when Roxy called out: "Here 's Pa!"

"There 's folks with him," added Rhody.

"Lots of 'em! I see two big sleighs chock full," shouted Seth, peering through the dusk.

"It looks like a seminary. Guess Gramma 's dead and come up to be buried here," said Sol, in a solemn tone. This startling suggestion made Tilly, Prue, and Eph hasten to look out, full of dismay at such an ending of their festival.

"If that is a funeral, the mourners are uncommon jolly," said Eph, dryly, as merry voices and loud laughter broke the white silence without.

"I see Aunt Cinthy, and Cousin Hetty—and there 's Mose and Amos. I do declare, Pa 's bringin' 'em all home to have some fun here," cried Prue, as she recognized one familiar face after another.

"Oh, my patience! Aint I glad I got dinner, and don't I hope it will turn out good!" exclaimed Tilly, while the twins pranced with delight, and the small boys roared:

"Hooray for Pa! Hooray for Thanksgivin'!"

The cheer was answered heartily, and in came Father, Mother, Baby, aunts, and cousins, all in great spirits, and all much surprised to find such a festive welcome awaiting them.

"Aint Gran'ma dead at all?" asked Sol, in the midst of the kissing and hand-shaking.

"Bless your heart, no! It was all a mistake of old Mr. Chadwick's. He 's as deaf as an adder, and when Mrs. Brooks told him Mother was mendin' fast, and she wanted me to come down to-day, certain sure, he got the message all wrong, and give it to the fust person passin' in such a way as to scare me 'most to death, and send us down in a hurry. Mother was sittin' up as chirk as you please, and dreadful sorry you did n't all come."

"So, to keep the house quiet for her, and give you a taste of the fun, your Pa fetched us all up to spend the evenin', and we are goin' to have a jolly time on 't, to jedge by the looks of things," said Aunt Cinthy, briskly finishing the tale when Mrs. Bassett paused for want of breath.

"What in the world put it into your head we was comin', and set you to gittin' up such a supper?" asked Mr. Bassett, looking about him, well pleased and much surprised at the plentiful table.

Tilly modestly began to tell, but the others broke in and sang her praises in a sort of chorus, in which bears, pigs, pies, and oranges were oddly mixed. Great satisfaction was expressed by all, and Tilly and Prue were so clated by the commendation of Ma and the aunts, that they set forth their dinner, sure everything was perfect.

But when the eating began, which it did the moment wraps were off, then their pride got a fall; for the first person who tasted the stuffing (it was big Cousin Mose, and that made it harder to bear) nearly choked over the bitter morsel.

"Tilly Bassett, whatever made you put worm-wood and catnip in your stuffin'?" demanded Ma, trying not to be severe, for all the rest were laughing, and Tilly looked ready to cry.

"I did it," said Prue, nobly taking all the blame, which caused Pa to kiss her on the spot, and declare that it did n't do a mite of harm, for the turkey was all right.

"I never see onions cooked better. All the vegetables is well done, and the dinner a credit to you, my dears," declared Aunt Cinthy, with her mouth full of the fragrant vegetable she praised.

The pudding was an utter failure in spite of the blazing brandy in which it lay—as hard and heavy as one of the stone balls on Squire Dunkin's great gate. It was speedily whisked out of sight, and all fell upon the pies, which were perfect. But Tilly and Prue were much depressed, and did n't recover their spirits till dinner was over and the evening fun well under way.

"Blind-man's buff," "Hunt the slipper," "Come, Philander," and other lively games soon set every one bubbling over with jollity, and when Eph struck up "Money Musk" on his fiddle, old and young

fell into their places for a dance. All down the long kitchen they stood, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett at the top, the twins at the bottom, and then away they went, heeling and toeing, cutting pigeon-wings, and taking their steps in a way that would convulse modern children with their new-fangled romps called dancing. Mose and Tilly covered themselves with glory by the vigor with which they kept it up, till fat Aunt Cinthy fell into a chair, breathlessly declaring that a very little of such exercise was enough for a woman of her "heft."

Apples and cider, chat and singing, finished the evening, and after a grand kissing all round, the guests drove away in the clear moonlight which came out to cheer their long drive.

When the jingle of the last bell had died away, Mr. Bassett said soberly, as they stood together on the hearth: "Children, we have special cause to be thankful that the sorrow we expected was changed into joy, so we 'll read a chapter 'fore we go to bed, and give thanks where thanks is due."

Then Tilly set out the light-stand with the big Bible on it, and a candle on each side, and all sat quietly in the fire-light, smiling as they listened with happy hearts to the sweet old words that fit all times and seasons so beautifully.

When the good-nights were over, and the children in bed, Prue put her arm round Tilly and whispered tenderly, for she felt her shake, and was sure she was crying:

"Don't mind about the old stuffin' and puddin', deary—nobody cared, and Ma said we really did do surprisin' well for such young girls."

The laughter Tilly was trying to smother broke out then, and was so infectious, Prue could not help joining her, even before she knew the cause of the merriment.

"I was mad about the mistakes, but don't care enough to cry. I'm laughing to think how Gad fooled Eph and I found him out. I thought Mose and Amos would have died over it when I told them, it was so funny," explained Tilly, when she got her breath.

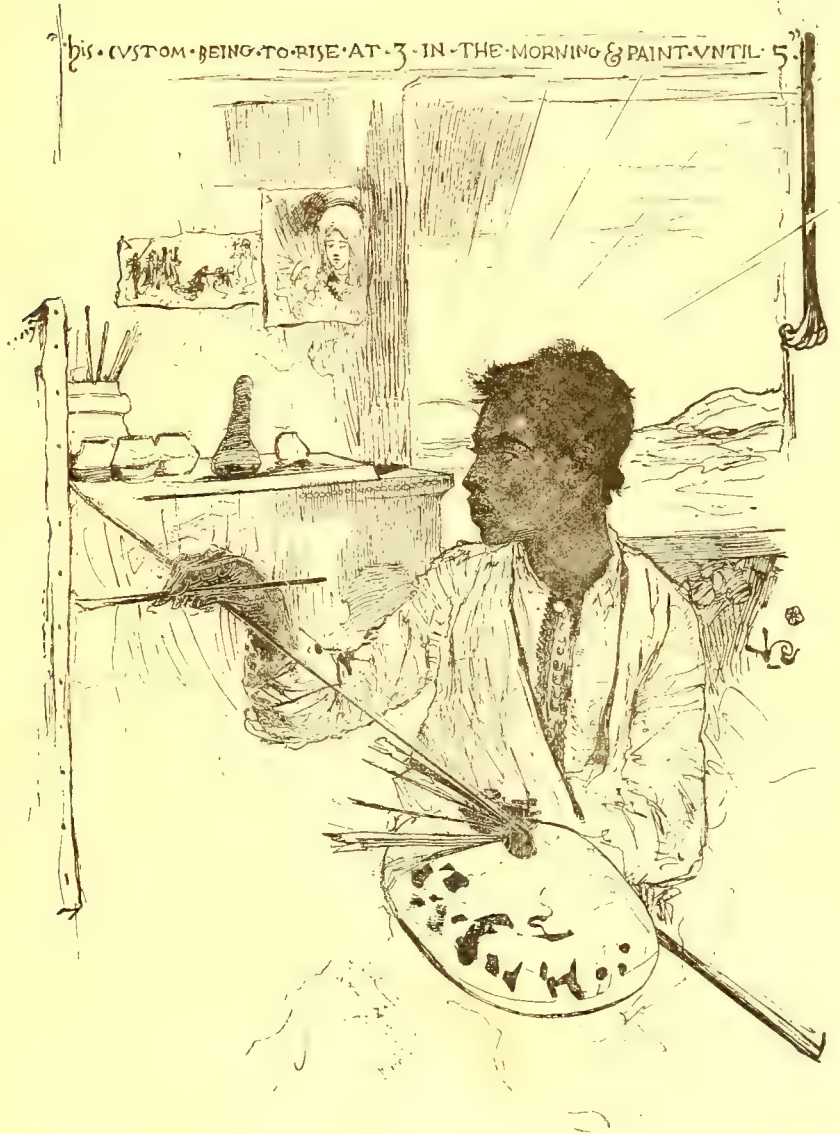
"I was so scared that when the first orange hit me, I thought it was a bullet, and scrambled into the cradle as fast as I could. It was real mean to frighten the little ones so," laughed Prue, as Tilly gave a growl.

Here a smart rap on the wall of the next room caused a sudden lull in the fun, and Mrs. Bassett's voice was heard, saying warningly, "Girls, go to sleep immediate, or you 'll wake the baby."

"Yes 'm," answered two meek voices, and after a few irrepressible giggles, silence reigned, broken only by an occasional snore from the boys, or the soft scurry of mice in the buttery, taking their part in this old-fashioned Thanksgiving.

MURILLO'S MULATTO.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.



NEARLY three hundred years ago, in the city of Seville, lived one of the greatest of Spanish painters—Bartolomé Estéban Murillo.

Many beautiful pictures painted by this master

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adorn the palaces of the Old World, while a few may be found in the possession of wealthy art-lovers upon this side of the water.

In the church of Seville one may see four beau-

tiful paintings—one, a picture of Christ bound to a column, St. Peter in a kneeling posture at His feet, as if imploring pardon; another, a superb painting of St. Joseph; one of St. Ann; and a fourth, an exquisite picture of the Virgin Mother holding the infant Jesus in her arms. These paintings are largely sought for and long gazed

of six in the morning to take their lessons in drawing and painting in the studio of the great Murillo; to prepare and stretch canvas, run errands, and be ready at all times to answer the capricious demands of these high-born and imperious youths.

The poor mulatto boy had, however, in addition to a generous heart and amiable temper, a quick



GRANDEES OF SPAIN ADMIRING THE MULATTO'S PAINTINGS, IN MURILLO'S STUDIO.

upon by all art-lovers who visit Spain, and are particularly admired by artists for their truthful beauty, delicate tints, and natural coloring.

But they are not Murillo's.

These noble paintings, the pride and glory of Seville to-day, were conceived and executed by a mulatto, Sebastian Gomèz, who was once the slave, then the pupil, and in time the peer of his illustrious and high-minded master.

The childhood of Sebastian Gomèz was one of servitude. His duties were many and constant. He was required to grind and mix the colors used by the young señors, who came at the early hour

wit, bright intellect, and willing hands. His memory also was excellent; he was not without judgment, and, what was better than all, he was gifted with the power of application.

Intellect, wit, memory, judgment are all good endowments, but none of these will lead to excellence if one has not a habit of industry and steady application.

Sebastian Gomèz, at the age of fifteen, found himself capable, not only of admiring, but also of appreciating, the work of the pupils who wrought in his master's studio.

At times he even fancied that he could detect

errors and blemishes which they failed to note in their studies.

It chanced, sometimes, that he would drop a hint of his thoughts, when handing a maul-stick, or moving an easel for some artist student.

"How droll it is that the sly young rogue should be so nearly correct in his criticisms!" one of the pupils would perhaps remark, after over-hearing some quiet suggestion of the mulatto lad.

"Aye. One might think the slave a connoisseur," would laugh another.

"Truly, it was owing to a cunning hint of his that my St. Andrew's arm was improved in the foreshortening."

"It was Gomèz who detected first the harshness in my coloring of this St. Catherine's hands, and noted the false curve of the lower lip. The mulatto has the true eye for color, and in truth he seems to guess at form as readily as some of his betters."

Such were the remarks that often followed the lad's exit, as the young señors lightly commented upon his criticisms. There came a time, however, when the poor mulatto received from their lordly lips far other than light comment.

One day, a student who had been for a long time at work upon a "Descent from the Cross," and who, but the previous day, had effaced from the canvas an unsatisfactory head of the Mater Dolorosa, was struck dumb with surprise at finding in its place a lovely sketch of the head and face he had so labored to perfect. The miracle—for miracle it seemed—was inquired into, and

examination proved that this exquisite head, which Murillo himself owned that he would have been proud to have painted, was the secret work of the little slave Sebastian. So closely had he listened to his great master's instructions to the pupils, so retentively stored them in his mind, and so industriously worked upon them while others slept,—his custom being to rise at three in the morning and paint until five,—that he, the servant of the young artists, had become, unconsciously to himself as to them, an artist also. Murillo, upon discovering the genius of Gomèz, was enraptured, and declared that the young mulatto should be in his sight no longer a slave, but a man, his pupil, and an artist.

"Other masters leave to posterity only pictures," exclaimed the glad master. "I shall bequeath to the world a painter! Your name, Sebastian, shall go down to posterity only in company with mine; your fame shall complete mine; coming ages, when they name you, shall call you 'Murillo's mulatto'!"

He spoke truly. Throughout Spain to-day that artist who, of all the great master's pupils, most nearly equals him in all his varied excellences, is best known, not as Sebastian Gomèz alone, but as "Sebastian Gomèz; The Mulatto of Murillo."

Murillo had Gomèz made a free citizen of Spain, treated him as a son, and, when dying, left him a part of his estate. But Gomèz survived his illustrious master and friend only a few years, dying, it is said, about the year 1590.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE EXTENSION TABLE.

BY NELLIE G. CONE.

THE Tournaments began one winter day, in the midst of a snow-storm. Dick and Belinda sat by the dining-room fire. Belinda was reading "Ivanhoe." She was a small girl, with large, innocent eyes. Dick was older than she, and a great deal wiser, but he condescended to play with her. Just then he wanted amusement; and he asked Belinda, in an injured way, why she was always reading.

"What else is there to do?" said the meek Belinda.

"We might play War," said Dick, rather slyly.

They had often played War on the extension table, setting up the tin and wooden armies opposite each other, and throwing an India rubber ball at each side by turns. But once Dick had

proposed to "draft," as he said, the animals from the Noah's Ark, and call them cavalry. Then he had drafted into his own army the otters, and other ugly but very little creatures which Belinda could not hit with the ball. Belinda, on the other hand, had chosen the giraffes and elephants because they looked so stately. Dick had won in a short battle of two minutes, and Belinda never forgot it.

"No, Dick," she said, firmly, "I don't want to play War."

"Well," said Dick, "there 's Tournament. May be that 's nicer than War."

"Beautiful!" cried Belinda. "Then we need n't have any animals."

She brought out at once all her battered toys,

and the two began to choose their knights, deciding that each should have six men.

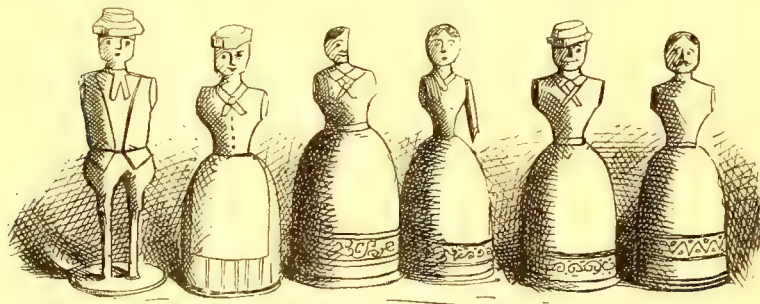
First, Belinda selected hers, naming most of them after the heroes in Sir Walter Scott's stories and poems, which both she and Dick liked to read. She made up her mind to have James Fitz-James, the disguised king in "The Lady of the Lake." She took to represent him a jointed cavalier, with buff jacket and gauntlets; but unfortunately he had lost both his legs (including a handsome pair of boots), and had to lean back upon his arms.

"Now," she said, "I think I'll have Wilfred of Ivanhoe," and she found a mild-looking wooden soldier with a piece of tin-foil tied around him.

She had a market in a box, with stiff green poplar-trees and tables full of fish and fruit; and out of this she took a man on a round yellowstand, wrapped him also in tin-foil, and named him Richard Cœur de Lion.

Then she remembered Tennyson's gentle Sir Galahad, and how he had a habit of riding about in the moonlight, and wearing silver armor, and always winning in tournaments because he was so good; and she got him from the market, too. He was a woman who had formerly kept a vegetable stand.

Next, in order that another wooden soldier might look like King Henry of Navarre, she made a pin-hole in the top of his black cap, or "helmet," as she called it, and put a white feather in the pin-hole. This looked so fine that she gave plumes to Ivanhoe, King Richard, and Sir Galahad, also.

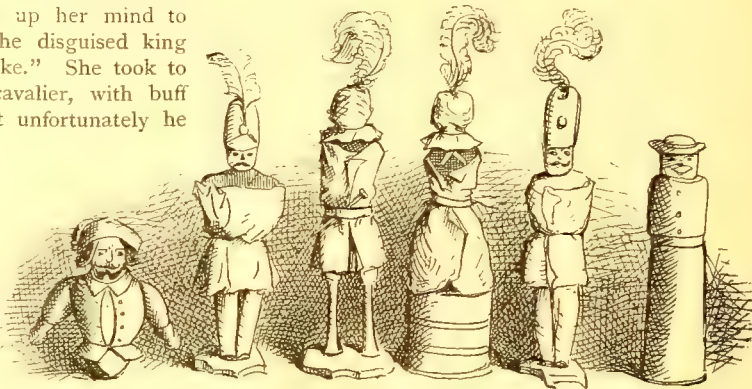


DICK'S BAND OF HEROES.

Lastly, she chose Ferrand of the Forest Brown. He used to be Shem, in the Ark. Dick never knew where Belinda found his new name, but evidently she was proud of it.

You will notice that Belinda selected only one of the market-women.

"I don't like them," she said. "They have aprons on, and they don't look nice."



"BELINDA'S GROUP HAD A MORE MILITARY APPEARANCE THAN DICK'S."

"Oh, I'll take the rest," said Dick, in the most obliging manner. "This," he went on, lifting a plum-colored fish-woman with half a head, "shall be Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf, known as the Savage Baron. This striped one is Lord Marmion."

"Why, he forged a letter!" said Belinda, with contempt.

"Never mind," said Dick. "He was a splendid soldier, and the book says he had a blue flag with a falcon on it; and his hair was all grizzly, except in front, where his helmet wore it off——"

"I don't think I'd have a knight that was bald," said Belinda.

"This other striped one," Dick continued, "is Sir Roderick Dhu, the chieftain of Clan Alpine. This red one is Sir William of Deloraine, good at need."

"Why!" said Belinda, again. "He was a robber! They were both robbers!"

"So they were," said Dick, cheerfully, seizing a brown woman as he spoke. "This is Bertram Risinghame, who burned the castle in 'Rokeby.'"

"But he was a pirate!" cried Belinda.

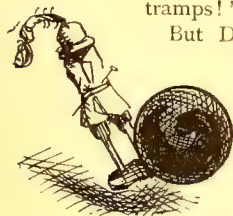
"Yes," said Dick, taking no notice of his sister's

horror, "and if you'll give me a lead-pencil, I'll make him a big mustache. Pirates always wear mustaches. There! This fish-seller, the only real man I have, shall be Brian de Bois-Guilbert,

the Templar, who carried away Rebecca of York."

"Dick," said Belinda, solemnly, "you never will win one tournament with such knights as those.

They're just a set of tramps!"



SIR WILFRED FALLS.

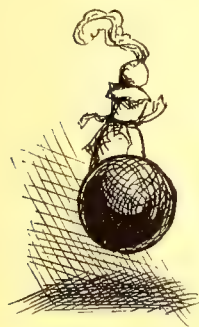
But Dick only said he "guessed" he liked them pretty well.

When all were chosen,

Belinda, who liked to draw, made a sketch of each group, and was pleased to

see that her own had a more military appearance than Dick's. "Now," she inquired, when the knights had been placed at opposite ends of the table, "how does a tournament begin?"

"In the first place, you of course must be the herald for your knights, and I'll be the herald for mine," explained Dick. "First, the herald sounds a trumpet, just like this: Tra-la-la-la-la! Then



SIR GALAHAD IS OVERCOME.

you say, 'This blow is from Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf,' for instance, 'to Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe,' for instance; and if you can think of a war-cry, or anything of that kind, you say that, too." At this point he flung the ball, and Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe fell headlong. "When they fall like that," Dick continued, "they are unhorsed; and you know when a knight is unhorsed, he must n't fight again till next day."

Belinda sorrowfully removed Sir Wilfred, and then, with a feeble crow that she meant for a trumpet-blast, aimed the ball at the Savage Baron. She said that the blow was from Richard Cœur de Lion, who, she added, was Front de Bœuf's



JAMES FITZ-JAMES IS WORSTED.

lawful king and master. The ball passed over Sir Reginald's head, and, after a few defiant remarks, he rolled his lawful king and master off the table.

Would you believe that, in this tournament, Dick did not use (until the last) one of his wicked



FRONT DE BŒUF STANDS UNSCATHED.

Once or twice it grazed him, but he only spun about and settled down into his old position with a clatter. The artful Dick, when he obligingly chose the market-



FERRAND OF THE FOREST BROWN.

women, had foreseen that their heavy wooden skirts would hold them steady.

Belinda was almost in despair. Of all her goodly company of knights, Ferrand alone remained. She shut both eyes, shouted, "Ferrand of the Forest Brown to the rescue, ho!" and let the ball go where it would. To her great surprise there was a sharp

crack, and in an instant Sir Reginald

Front de Bœuf lay on the

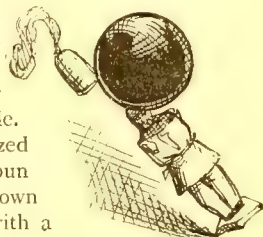
hearth-rug in two pieces.

Belinda felt almost as if she had won the day. To be sure, the piratical Bertram Risinghame "unhorsed" Sir Ferrand soon after. But that did not mend Front de Bœuf. Neither would glue, although they tried it. They laid him in a broken match-box that had a Crusader on the cover, and they played no more tournament until next day, all Belinda's knights being prevented from fighting again by Dick's rule about "unhorsing."

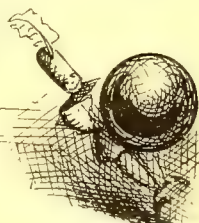
"Dick," said Belinda, as she tried to fasten on the helmet of Navarre, which had been knocked from his head by the Savage Baron, "don't you think we ought to call them the Knights of the Round Table?"

But Dick said he thought the Knights of the Extension Table would be better. And that was their name as long as they lasted.

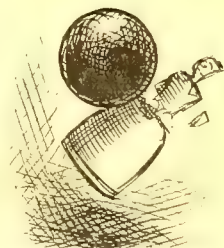
knights, excepting Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf? Would you believe that the royal James Fitz-James, the gentle Sir Galahad, and the brave King Henry of Navarre were all "unhorsed" by that plum-colored rebel? When they attacked him, the ball, owing to the nervousness of the "herald," Belinda, generally struck either the mantel-piece or the coal-scuttle.



THE FALL OF CŒUR DE LION.



HENRY OF NAVARRE IS UNHORSED.



THE SAVAGE BARON'S FATE

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO TRIED TO MIND.

BY JOEL STACY.



SUSAN, good sister Susan! was a gentle girl of eight, .
 And Totty was but four years old, when what I now relate
 Came to the happy little pair, one bright November day—
 A Sunday, too—while good Papa was many miles away.

“Good-bye, my darlings! don't forget.” The little ones went forth,
 Their hearts all in a sunny glow, their faces to the north—
 Their faces to the chilling north, but not a whit cared they
 Though the pretty church before them stood full half a
 mile away.

For Mother, with her smiling face and cheery voice, had said:
 “I can not go to church to-day, but you may go instead.
 Baby will need me here at home—the precious little pet!
 But babies grow in time, you know. She'll go to meeting yet.”

“Take care of sister Sue!” she said, while tying
 Totty's hood,—

“And, Tottykins, I'm sure you'll be, oh, *very*
 still and good!

Good-bye, my darlings! Don't forget. Now,
 Sue, you know the pew!

And, Tot, be Mamma's little mouse, and sit
 up close to Sue.”

A pretty sight it truly was, to see the rosy pair
 Walk down the aisle and take their seats, with sweetly solemn air.
 And Susie soon was listening, her manner all intent,
 While little Tot sat prim and stiff, and wondered what it meant.

The quaint, old-fashioned meeting-house had pew-seats low and bare,
 With backs that reached above the heads when they were bowed in prayer.
 And thus it was when suddenly a scratching sound was heard,
 Faint at the first, then almost loud—but not a person stirred.

All heads were bowed; and yet it rose—that scratching, puzzling sound,
 The staidest members rolled their eyes and tried to look around;
 Till Susie, stately little maid! felt, with a startled fear,
 That, whatsoe'er its cause might be, the noise was strangely near.

Out went her slyly warning hand, to reach for Totty there;
 When, oh, the scratching rose above the closing words of prayer!
 An empty mitten on the seat was all poor Susie felt,
 While on the floor, in wondrous style, the earnest Totty knelt!

Poor Susie leaned and signaled, and beckoned, all in vain;—
 Totty was very much engaged and would not heed, 't was plain.
 When suddenly a childish voice rang through the crowded house:—
 “DON'T, Susie! 'cause I've dot to be my mamma's 'ittle mouse!”

Many a sober face relaxed, and many smiled outright,
 While others mourned in sympathy with Susie's sorry plight;
 And Totty, wild with wrath because she could be mouse no more,
 Was carried soon, a sobbing child, out through the wide church-door.

Now parents ponder while ye may upon this sad mishap,
 The mother, not the mouse, you see, was caught within the trap.
 And lest your little listening ones may go beyond your reach,
 Be chary of your metaphors and figurative speech.

ALL-HALLOW EVE MYTHS.

BY DAVID BROWN.

AS THE world grows old and wise, it ceases to believe in many of its superstitions. But, although they are no longer believed in, the customs connected with them do not always die out; they often linger on through centuries, and, from having once been serious religious rites, or something real in the life of people, they become at last mere children's plays or empty usages, often most zealously enjoyed by those who do not understand their meaning.

Still other customs have been parts of a heathen religion, and when that religion was supplanted by Christianity, the people held on to the old customs, although they had lost their first significance.

For instance, when a party of boys and girls are out in a sail-boat, and the wind dies down, some one says, "Whistle for the wind." A boy whistles, and they all laugh, for it seems a good joke to think of raising the wind by a whistle. But it was a serious thing to the sailors of old time, for to them the whistle was an imitation of the sound of the winds, and their intention in making it was that the gods might hear, and make the real winds blow. But a better illustration of all this is our All-hallow Eve festival. Its history is that of a custom which has passed from the worship of heathen gods into the festivities of the Christian church, and has sunk at last into a mere sport.

All-hallow Eve is now, in our country towns, a time of careless frolic, and of great bonfires, which, I hear, are still kindled on the hill-tops in some places. We also find these fires in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and from their history we learn the meaning of our celebration. Some of you may know that the early inhabitants of Great Britain, Ireland, and parts of France were known as Celts, and that their religion was directed by strange

priests called Druids. Three times in the year, on the first of May, for the sowing; at the solstice, June 21st, for the ripening and turn of the year; and on the eve of November 1st, for the harvesting, those mysterious priests of the Celts, the Druids, built fires on the hill-tops in France, Britain, and Ireland, in honor of the sun. At this last festival the Druids of all the region gathered in their white robes around the stone altar or cairn on the hill-top. Here stood an emblem of the sun, and on the cairn was the sacred fire, which had been kept burning through the year. The Druids formed about the fire, and, at a signal, quenched it, while deep silence rested on the mountains and valleys. Then the new fire gleamed on the cairn, the people in the valley raised a joyous shout, and from hill-top to hill-top other fires answered the sacred flame. On this night, all hearth-fires in the region had been put out, and they were rekindled with brands from the sacred fire, which was believed to guard the households through the year.

But the Druids disappeared from their sacred places, the cairns on the hill-tops became the monuments of a dead religion, and Christianity spread to the barbarous inhabitants of France and the British Islands. Yet the people still clung to their old customs, and felt much of the old awe for them. Still they built their fires on the first of May,—at the solstice in June,—and on the eve of November First. The church found that it could not all at once separate the people from their old ways, so it gradually turned these ways to its own use, and the harvest festival of the Druids became in the Catholic Calendar the Eve of All Saints, for that is the meaning of the name "All-hallow Eve." In the seventh century, the Pantheon, the ancient

Roman temple of all the gods, was consecrated anew to the worship of the Virgin and of all holy martyrs. The festival of the consecration was held at first on May 13th, but it was afterward changed to November 1st, and thus All Saints Day, as it is now called, was brought into connection with the Druid festival. This union of a holy day of the church with pagan customs gave new meaning to the heathen rites in the minds of the common people, and the fires which once were built in honor of the sun, they came to think were kindled to lighten Christian souls out of purgatory. At All-hallow-tide, the church-bells of England used to ring for all Christian souls, until Henry VIII. and Elizabeth forbade the practice.

But by its separation from the solemn character of the Druid festival, All-hallow Eve lost much of its ancient dignity, and became the carnival-night of the year for wild, grotesque rites. As century after century passed by, it came to be spoken of as the time when the magic powers, with which the peasantry, all the world over, filled the wastes and ruins, were supposed to swarm abroad to help or injure men. It was the time when those first dwellers in every land, the fairies, were said to come out from their grots and lurking-places; and in the darkness of the forests and the shadows of old ruins, witches and goblins gathered. In course of time, the hallowing fire came to be considered a protection against these malicious powers. It was a custom in the seventeenth century for the master of a family to carry a lighted torch of straw around his fields, as shown in the picture, to protect them from evil influence through

the year, and as he went he chanted an invocation to the fire.

Because the magic powers were thought to be so near at that season, All-hallow Eve was the best time of the year for the practice of magic, and so the customs of the night grew into all kinds of simple, pleasant divination, by which it was pretended that the swarming spirits gave knowledge of the future. Even nowadays, it is the time, especially, of young lovers' divinations, and also for the practice of curious and superstitious rites, many of which were described to you in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1879. And almost all of these, if traced to their sources, lead us back to that dim past out of which comes so much of our superstition and fable.

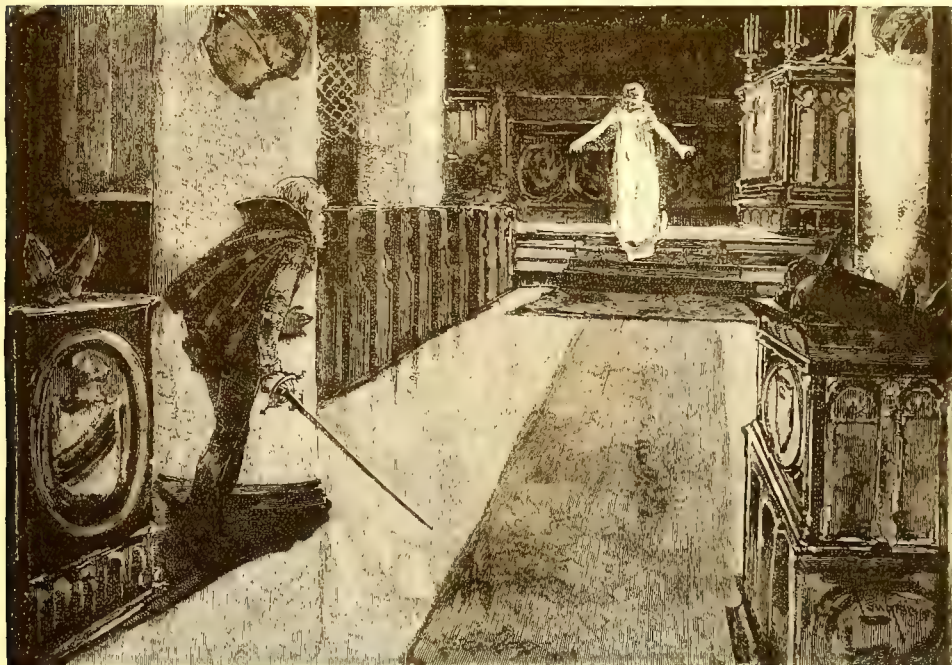
But belief in magic is passing away, and the customs of All-hallow Eve have arrived at the last stage; for they have become mere sports, repeated from year to year like holiday celebrations.

Indeed, the chief thing which this paper seeks to impress upon your minds in connection with All-hallow Eve is that its curious customs show how no generation of men is altogether separated from earlier generations. Far as we think we are from our uncivilized ancestors, much of what they did and thought has come into our doing and thinking,—with many changes perhaps, under different religious forms, and sometimes in jest where they were in earnest. Still, these customs and observances (of which All-hallow Eve is only one) may be called the piers, upon which rests a bridge that spans the wide past between us and the generations that have gone before.



WALLACE OF UHLEN.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.



BRAVE old Wallace of Uhlen dwells
On a castled crag of the Drachenfels.

White of hair and of beard is he,
Yet holdeth his own right manfully.

Oft and oft, when his limbs were young,
Out from its scabbard his good sword
sprung;

In castle hall, or in cot of thatch,
With Wallace of Uhlen none might match.

The brave old baron one day had heard
The peasants round by a legend stirred,

Of a ghostly lady, that watched till light
In Keidenloch Chapel every night.

So to his seneschal quoth he:
"Go watch, and tell me if such things be,"

"My lord, I'd fain take many a knock
Than watch in the Chapel of Keidenloch;

"I'll stand the brunt of many a fight,—
But ghosts are another matter, quite."

Then up old Wallace of Uhlen stood,
And stoutly vow'd by the holy rood,

And all things holy, all things bright,
He'd watch in the chapel that very night.

With only a sword, from his castled rock
Down he strode unto Keidenloch;

And with the twilight, dusk and brown,
Deep in the chapel he sat him down.

Wallace of Uhlen watched awhile
The pale moonbeams in the middle aisle.

The glimmer of marble here and there,
The oriel painting the dusky air.

Over his feet a something drew;
"Rats!" quoth the baron, with sudden
"shoo!"—

Then from the stair-way's darkness bleak,
Sounded a most suspicious creak.

Out from the stair-way's darkness came
A creak that should put a ghost to shame!

"Spirits, I fancied, were airy matter;
Hush!" spake the baron, "now, have at her!"

Lo! the chancel was all aflame,
And past the altar the lady came.

Sank the flame with many a flicker,
Till ever the darkness seemed the thicker.

Nearer and nearer stole the maid—
A ghastly phantom—a fearful shade!

His blade old Wallace uplifted high:
"Now, which is stronger, thou or I?"

But lo! affrighted, the lady dread
Back through the chapel turned and fled;

And hasting after with many a blow,
Old Wallace of Uhlen laid her low.

He drew her into a moonlit place,
And gazed undaunted upon the face—

Gazed on the face so pale and dread,
And saw no maid, but a robber dead—

The scourge of many a fertile plain,
By Wallace of Uhlen lying slain.

So up to his castle striding back,
He pledged the ghost in a cup of sack,

And roared with laughter when from his rock
He looked to the Chapel of Keidenloch.

THE PETERKINS GIVE A FANCY BALL.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



RIGHT not something be done by way of farewell before leaving for Egypt? They did not want to give another tea-party, and could not get in all at dinner. They had had charades and a picnic. Elizabeth Eliza wished for something unusual, that should be remembered after they had left for Egypt. Why should it not be a Fancy Ball? There never had been one in the place.

Mrs. Peterkin hesitated. Perhaps for that reason they ought not to attempt it. She liked to have things that other people had. She, however, objected most to the "ball" part. She could, indeed, still dance a minuet, but she was not sure she could get on in the "Boston dip."

The little boys said they would like the "fancy" part and "dressing up." They remembered their delight when they browned their faces for Hindus, at their charades, just for a few minutes; and what fun it would be to wear their costumes through a whole evening! Mrs. Peterkin shook her head; it was days and days before the brown had washed out of their complexions.

Still she, too, was interested in the "dressing up." If they should wear costumes, they could make them of things that might be left behind,

that they had done wearing—if they could only think of the right kind of things.

Mrs. Peterkin, indeed, had already packed up, although they were not to leave for two months, for she did not want to be hurried at the last. She and Elizabeth Eliza went on different principles in packing.

Elizabeth Eliza had been told that you really needed very little to travel with—merely your traveling dress and a black silk. Mrs. Peterkin, on the contrary, had heard it was best to take everything you had, and then you need not spend your time shopping in Paris. So they had decided upon adopting both ways. Mrs. Peterkin was to take her "everything," and already had all the shoes and stockings she should need for a year or two. Elizabeth Eliza, on the other hand, prepared a small valise. She consoled herself with the thought that, if she should meet anything that would not go into it, she could put it in one of her mother's trunks.

It was resolved to give the Fancy Ball.

Mr. Peterkin early determined upon a character. He decided to be Julius Caesar. He had a bald place on the top of his head, which he was told resembled that of the great Roman, and he concluded that the dress would be a simple one to get up, requiring only a sheet for a toga.

Agamemnon was inclined to take the part which his own name represented, and he looked up the costume of the Greek king of men. But he was dissatisfied with the representation given of him in Dr. Schliemann's "Mykenæ." There was a picture of Agamemnon's mask, but very much battered. He might get a mask made in that pattern, indeed, and the little boys were delighted with the idea of battering it. Agamemnon would like to wear a mask, then he would have no trouble in keeping up his expression. But Elizabeth Eliza objected to the picture in Dr. Schliemann's book; she did not like it for Agamemnon—it was too slanting in the eyes. So it was decided he should take the part of Nick Bottom, in "Midsummer Night's Dream." He could then wear the ass's head, which would have the same advantage as a mask, and would conceal his own face entirely. Then he could be making up any face he pleased in the ass's head, and would look like an ass without any difficulty, while his feet would show he was not one. Solomon John thought that they might make an ass's head if they could get a pattern, or could see the real animal, and form an idea of the shape. Barnum's circus would be along in a few weeks, and they could go on purpose to study the donkeys, as there usually was more than one donkey in the circus. Agamemnon, however, in going with a friend to a costumer's in Boston, found an ass's head already made.

The little boys found in an illustrated paper an accurate description of the Hindu snake-charmer's costume, and were so successful in their practice of shades of brown for the complexion, that Solomon John decided to take the part of Othello, and use some of their staining fluid.

There was some discussion as to consulting the lady from Philadelphia, who was in town.

Solomon John thought they ought to practice getting on by themselves, for soon the Atlantic would lie between her and them. Mrs. Peterkin thought they could telegraph. Elizabeth Eliza wanted to submit to her two or three questions about the supper, and whether, if her mother were Queen Elizabeth, they could have Chinese lanterns. Was China invented at that time? Agamemnon was sure China was one of the oldest countries in the world and did exist, but perhaps Queen Elizabeth did not know it.

Elizabeth Eliza was relieved to find that the lady from Philadelphia thought the question not important. It would be impossible to have everything in the house to correspond with all the different characters, unless they selected some period to represent, such as the age of Queen Elizabeth. Of course, Elizabeth Eliza would not wish to do this, when her father was to be Julius Cæsar.

The lady from Philadelphia advised Mrs. Peterkin to send for Jones, the "caterer," to take charge of the supper. But his first question staggered her. How many did she expect?

They had not the slightest idea. They had sent invitations to everybody. The little boys proposed getting the directory of the place, and marking out the people they didn't know, and counting up the rest. But even if this would give the number of invitations, it would not show how many would accept; and then there was no such directory. They could not expect answers, as their invitations were cards with "At Home" on them. One answer had come from a lady, that she, too, would be "at home," with rheumatism. So they only knew there was one person who would not come. Elizabeth Eliza had sent in Circumambient ways to all the members of that society—by the little boys, for instance, who were sure to stop at the base-ball grounds, or somewhere, so a note was always delayed by them. One Circumambient note she sent by mail, purposely omitting the "Mass.," so that it went to the Dead-Letter Office, and came back six weeks after the party.

But the Peterkin family were not alone in commotion. The whole town was in excitement, for "everybody" had been invited. Ann Maria Bromwich had a book of costumes, that she lent to a few friends, and everybody borrowed dresses or lent them, or went into town to the costumer's. Weeks passed in preparation. "What are you going to wear?" was the only question exchanged, and nobody answered, as nobody would tell.

At length the evening came—a beautiful night in late summer, warm enough to have had the party out-of-doors, but the whole house was lighted up and thrown open, and Chinese lanterns hung in the portico and on the pillars of the piazzas.

At an early hour the Peterkins were arrayed in their costumes. The little boys had their legs and arms and faces browned early in the day, and wore dazzlingly white full trousers and white turbans.

Elizabeth Eliza had prepared a dress as Queen Elizabeth, but Solomon John was desirous that she should be Desdemona, and she gave up her costume to her mother. Mrs. Peterkin therefore wore a red wig which Ann Maria had found at a costumer's, a high ruff, and an old-fashioned brocade. She was not sure that it was proper for Queen Elizabeth to wear spectacles, but Queen Elizabeth must have been old enough, as she lived to be seventy. As for Elizabeth Eliza, in recalling the fact that Desdemona was smothered by pillows, she was so impressed by it that she decided she could wear the costume of a sheet-and-pillow-case party. So she wore a white figured silk that had been her mother's wedding-dress, and over it

draped a sheet as a large mantle, and put a pillow-case upon her head, and could represent Desdemona not quite smothered. But Solomon John wished to carry out the whole scene at the end.

As they stood together, all ready to receive, in the parlor at the appointed hour, Mr. Peterkin suddenly exclaimed: "This will never do! We are not the Peterkins—we are distinguished guests! We can not receive."

"We shall have to give up the party," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Or our costumes," groaned Agamemnon from his ass's head.

"We must go out, and come in as guests," said Elizabeth Eliza, leading the way to a back door, for guests were already thronging in, and up the front stairs. They passed out by a piazza, through the hedge of hollyhocks, toward the front of the house. Through the side windows of the library, they could see the company pouring in. The black attendant was showing them upstairs; some were coming down, in doubt whether to enter the parlors, as no one was there. The wide middle entrance hall was lighted brilliantly, so were the parlors on one side and the library on the other.

But nobody was there to receive! A flock of guests was assembling,—peasant girls, Italian, German, and Norman; Turks, Greeks, Persians, fish-wives, brigands, chocolate-women, Lady Washington, Penelope, Red Riding-hood, Joan of Arc, nuns, Amy Robsart, Leicester, two or three Mary Stuarts, Neapolitan fisher-boys, pirates of Penzance and elsewhere,—all lingering, some on the stairs, some going up, some coming down.

Charles I. without his head was entering the front door (a short gentleman, with a broad ruff drawn neatly together on top of his own head, which was concealed in his doublet below).

Three Hindu snake-charmers leaped wildly in and out among the throng, flinging about dark, crooked sticks for snakes.

There began to be a strange, deserted air about the house. Nobody knew what to do, where to go!

"Can anything have happened to the family?"

"Have they gone to Egypt?" whispered one.

No ushers came to show them in. A shudder ran through the whole assembly, the house seemed so uninhabited, and some of the guests were inclined to go away. The Peterkins saw it all through the long library-windows.

"What shall we do?" said Mr. Peterkin. "We have said *we* should be 'At Home.'"

"And here we are, all out-of-doors among the hollyhocks," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"There are no Peterkins to 'receive,'" said Mr. Peterkin, gloomily.

"We might go in and change our costumes,"

said Mrs. Peterkin, who already found her Elizabethan ruff somewhat stiff, "but, alas! I could not get at my best dress."

"The company is filling all the upper rooms," said Elizabeth Eliza; "we can not go back."

At this moment the little boys returned from the front door, and in a subdued whisper explained that the lady from Philadelphia was arriving.

"Oh, bring her here!" said Mrs. Peterkin. And Solomon John hastened to meet her.

She came, to find a strange group half-lighted by the Chinese lanterns. Mr. Peterkin, in his white toga, with a green wreath upon his head, came forward to address her in a noble manner, while she was terrified by the appearance of Agamemnon's ass's head, half-hidden among the leaves.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin.

"There are no Peterkins, yet we have sent cards to everybody that they are 'At Home'!"

The lady from Philadelphia, who had been allowed to come without costume, considered for a moment. She looked through the windows to the seething mass now crowding the entrance hall. The Hindu snake-charmers gamboled about her.

"*We* will receive as the Peterkin family!" she exclaimed. She inquired for a cap of Mrs. Peterkin's, with a purple satin bow, such as she had worn that very morning. Amanda was found by a Hindu, and sent for it, and for a purple cross-over shawl that Mrs. Peterkin was wont to wear. The daughters of the lady from Philadelphia put on some hats of the little boys and their India rubber boots. Hastily they went in through the back door and presented themselves, just as some of the wavering guests had decided to leave the house, it seeming so quiet and sepulchral.

The crowd now flocked into the parlors. The Peterkins themselves left the hollyhocks and joined the company that was entering, Mr. Peterkin, as Julius Caesar, leading in Mrs. Peterkin, as Queen Elizabeth. Mrs. Peterkin hardly knew what to do, as she passed the parlor door, for one of the Osbornes, as Sir Walter Raleigh, flung a velvet cloak before her. She was uncertain whether she ought to step on it, especially as she discovered at that moment that she had forgotten to take off her rubber overshoes, which she had put on to go through the garden. But as she stood hesitating, the lady from Philadelphia, as Mrs. Peterkin, beckoned her forward, and she walked over the ruby velvet as though it were a door-mat.

For another surprise stunned her—there were three Mrs. Peterkins! Not only Mrs. Bromwich, but their opposite neighbor, had induced Amanda to take dresses of Mrs. Peterkin's from the top of the trunks, and had come in at the same moment with the lady from Philadelphia, ready to receive.

She stood in the middle of the bow-window at the back of the room, the two others in the corners. Ann Maria Bromwich had the part of Elizabeth Eliza, and Agamemnon, too, was represented, and there were many sets of "little boys" in India rubber boots, going in and out with the Hindu snake-charmers.

Mr. Peterkin had studied up his Latin grammar a little, in preparation for his part of Julius Cæsar. Agamemnon had reminded him that it was unnecessary, as Julius Cæsar in Shakespeare spoke in English. Still he now found himself using with wonderful ease Latin phrases such as "*E pluribus unum*," "*lapsus lingua*," and "*sine qua non*," where they seemed to be appropriate.

Solomon John looked well as Othello, although by some he was mistaken for an older snake-charmer, with his brown complexion, glaring white trousers, and white shirt. He wore a white lawn turban that had belonged to his great-grandmother. His part, however, was more understood when he was with Elizabeth Eliza as Desdemona, for they occasionally formed a tableau, in which he pulled the pillow-case completely over her head.

Agamemnon was greeted with applause as Nick Bottom. He sang the song of the "ousel cock," but he could not make himself heard. At last he found a "Titania" who listened to him.

But none of the company attempted to carry out the parts represented by their costumes. Charles I. soon conversed with Oliver Cromwell and with the different Mary Stuarts, who chatted gayly, as though executions were every-day occurrences.

At first, there was a little awkwardness. Nuns stood as quiet as if in their convent cells, and brave brigands hid themselves behind the doors, but as the different guests began to surprise each other, the sounds of laughter and talking increased. Every new-comer was led up to each several Mrs. Peterkin.

Then came a great surprise—a band of music sounded from the piazza. Some of the neighbors had sent in the town band, as a farewell tribute.

This added to the excitement of the occasion. Strains of dance-music were heard, and dancing was begun. Sir Walter Raleigh led out Penelope, and Red Riding-hood without fear took the arm of the fiercest brigand for a round dance.

The various groups wandered in and out. Elizabeth Eliza studied the costumes of her friends, and wished she had tried each one of them. The members of the Circumbient Society agreed it would be always well to wear costumes at their meetings. As the principles of the society enforced a

sort of uncertainty, if you always went in a different costume you would never have to keep up your own character. Elizabeth Eliza thought she should enjoy this. She had all her life been troubled with uncertainties and questions as to her own part of "Elizabeth Eliza," wondering always if she were doing the right thing. It did not seem to her that other people had such a bother. Perhaps they had simpler parts. They always seemed to know when to speak and when to be silent, while she was always puzzled as to what she should do as Elizabeth Eliza. Now, behind her pillow-case, she could look on and do nothing; all that was expected of her was to be smothered now and then. She breathed freely and enjoyed herself, because for the evening she could forget the difficult rôle of Elizabeth Eliza.

Mrs. Peterkin was bewildered. She thought it a good occasion to study how Mrs. Peterkin should act; but there were three Mrs. Peterkins. She found herself gazing, first at one, then at another. Often she was herself called Mrs. Peterkin.

At supper-time the bewilderment increased. She was led in by the Earl of Leicester, as principal guest. Yet it was to her own dining-room, and she recognized her own forks and spoons among the borrowed ones, although the china was different (because their own set was not large enough to go around for so much company). It was all very confusing. The dance-music floated through the air. Three Mrs. Peterkins hovered before her, and two Agamemnons, for the ass's head proved hot and heavy, and Agamemnon was forced to hang it over his arm as he offered coffee to Titania. There seemed to be two Elizabeth Elizas, for Elizabeth Eliza had thrown back her pillow-case in order to eat her fruit-ice. Mr. Peterkin was wondering how Julius Cæsar would have managed to eat his salad with his fork, before forks were invented, and then he fell into a fit of abstraction, planning to say "*Vale*" to the guests as they left, but anxious that the word should not slip out before the time. Eight little boys and three Hindu snake-charmers were eating copiously of frozen pudding. Two Joans of Arc were talking to Charles I., who had found his head. All things seemed double to Mrs. Peterkin as they floated before her.

"Was she eating her own supper or somebody's else?" Were they Peterkins, or were they not?

Strains of dance-music sounded from the library. Yes, they were giving a fancy ball! The Peterkins were "At Home" for the last time before leaving for Egypt!

SLUMBER SONG.

BY EDWIN OSCAR COOKE.

HUSH, baby, hush!
 In the west there 's a glory,
 With changes of amethyst, crimson, and gold:
 The sun goes to bed like the king in a story
 Told by a poet of old.

Hush, baby, hush!
 There 's a wind on the river—
 A sleepy old wind, with a voice like a sigh;
 And he sings to the rushes that dreamily quiver,
 Down where the ripples run by.

Hush, baby, hush!
 Lambs are drowsily bleating
 Down in cool meadows where daisy-buds grow,
 And the echo, weary with all day repeating,
 Has fallen asleep long ago.

Hush, baby, hush!
 There are katydids calling
 "Good-night" to each other adown every
 breeze:
 And the sweet baby-moon has been falling and
 falling,
 Till now she is caught in the trees.
 Baby, hush!

Hush, baby, hush!
 It is time you were winging
 Your way to the land that lies—no one knows
 where;
 It is late, baby, late—Mother 's tired with her
 singing,
 Soon she will follow you there.
 Hush! Baby—Hush!

SOME BALLOON EXPERIENCES.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

NEARLY all of us have read and heard so much about balloons that it is not necessary now to consider their construction or their history. All that is intended in this article is to give an idea of some of the unusual experiences of balloonists.

It is nearly a hundred years since the first balloon was sent up in France by the brothers Montgolfier, and yet very little advancement has been made in the science of ballooning. It is true that we can make balloons that will rise as high as human beings can bear to go, but this is proved to be of little practical use. In 1862, two English gentlemen, Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, ascended to a height of seven miles above the surface of the earth. At this immense height the air was so thin and light that they could scarcely breathe; it was intensely cold, the mercury in the thermometer going down below zero. One of the gentlemen very soon became insensible, while the other was so nearly exhausted that he was barely able to seize with his teeth the rope which opened a valve in the top of the balloon. In this way a portion of the gas was allowed to escape, and they came down very rapidly. If they had gone up much higher, it is probable that both would have perished in that cold and dangerous upper air. This ascent

proves that seven miles is too high above the surface of the earth for human beings to live in comfort or safety.

Although, as we have just seen, it is perfectly possible to make balloons go up into the air to a great height, no means have yet been discovered by which they can be made to move in any required direction. Until this is done, balloons can never be of much practical use.

Many attempts have been made to devise methods by which balloons can be propelled and steered, but, up to this time, none of them have been found to answer the purpose. In *Scribner's Monthly* for February, 1879, Mr. E. C. Stedman described an aerial ship which he invented. His theories and plans seem to be quite practicable, and when a ship of this kind is made, it is to be hoped that we shall be able to navigate the air in any direction we please. But this is all in the future.

Not many years ago there was made in New York a balloon in which three gentlemen intended to try to cross the Atlantic Ocean. This great balloon was not to be propelled by any machinery, but to be carried on its course by a current of air which it is believed continually moves at a certain altitude from west to east, across the Atlantic. But this

balloon was made of poor materials, and it burst before it was entirely filled with gas. It is fortunate that this accident happened when it did, for if the balloon had burst when it was over the ocean, it would have been a sad thing for the three gentlemen. If this attempt had succeeded, it is probable that by this time there would be balloons making regular trips to Europe; still I do not know of any breeze or current that would blow them back again.

But, although we are not yet able to direct the

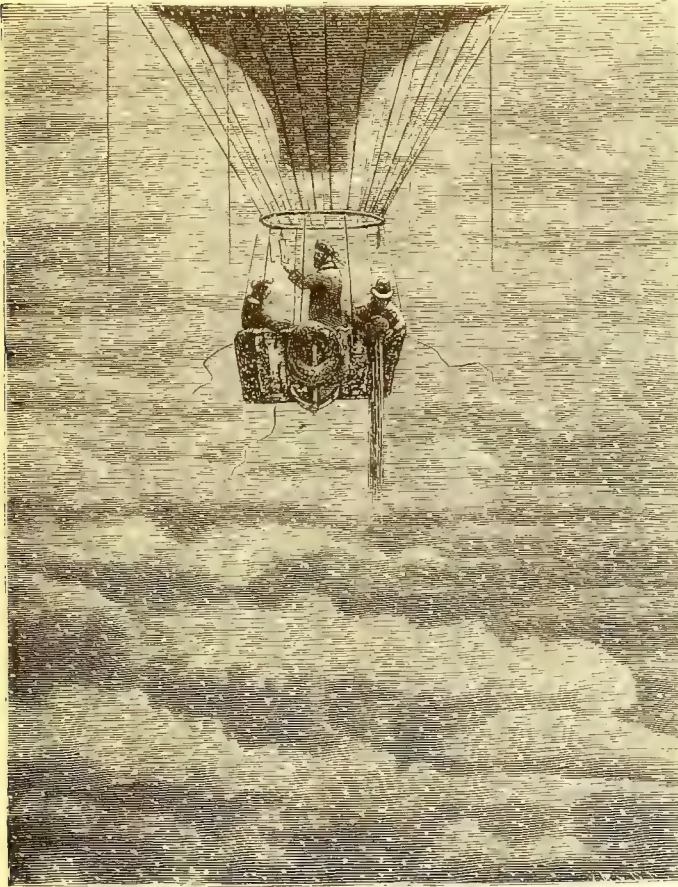
connected with the ground by a rope. From this balloon the men could see what the enemy was doing, and how his forces were disposed, and were high enough to be out of gunshot.

But the most important use to which balloons were ever applied was during the siege of Paris, in the late war between France and Prussia. It was impossible for any one to get out of the city, excepting in a balloon, and a number of persons availed themselves of this way of leaving Paris.*

Monsieur Gambetta, the distinguished French statesman, was among those who escaped in a balloon. These ascents were very important, because the balloons not only took persons, but carrier-pigeons, and these pigeons afterward flew back to Paris bearing news from the outside world; and in no other way could the besieged citizens get such news. Some of the balloons came down in the French provinces, some were blown over to England, and one was carried across the North Sea into Sweden. Some of them came down among the Prussians, and their unfortunate occupants were captured by the enemy. Out of the sixty-four balloons which left Paris during the siege, only two were lost and never heard of after.

One of the advantages enjoyed by balloonists is, that they can in a measure choose their own weather, especially in the summer-time. By this I mean that they can rise above the clouds into clear sunlight, no matter how dreary or stormy it may be near the earth, and they can go up high enough to be just as cool as they could possibly wish.

In one of their ascensions, Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, of whom I have before spoken, left



A SNOW-STORM ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

course of balloons, they have, in late years, been put to some practical use. During our late war, balloons were used by the Union army for the purpose of making military observations. Two of them were attached to General McClellan's army, and, with the gas generators and other apparatus, were drawn about in wagons from place to place. When it was desired to make an observation of the works or position of the enemy, a balloon with several men was sent up to a sufficient height, and

the earth in a balloon on a cloudy, sultry day in June. They passed through cloud after cloud, fog after fog, expecting every moment to come out into sunlight, and to see the blue sky above them; but they went upward through this vast mass of fog and cloud until they had attained a height of four miles; and still they were not out of the clouds. It was not considered prudent to go any higher, and so they very reluctantly began to descend without having penetrated through these immense

* See the story of "Puck Parker," in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1878. Page 416



LOOSING A PIGEON FROM A BALLOON, AT NIGHT.

layers of cloud and fog. On coming down, they passed through a fall of rain, and then, some distance below that, through a snow-storm, the air all about them being thick with snow-flakes. This, it must be remembered, was in the summer-time, when the people on the earth had no idea that a snow-storm was going on above them, or that the clouds they saw over them were four miles thick. On another occasion, three balloonists went upward through a snow-storm very much like the one which Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell passed through during their descent.

People who make balloon voyages very often take birds with them, especially pigeons, which

they let loose at a great height. When not too high above the earth, pigeons frequently fly directly to their homes, but at a height of three or four miles they sometimes seem bewildered, and act as if they did not know how to find their way back to the ground. They fly around and around, and occasionally alight upon the top of the balloon, and stay there. Sometimes, when the height is very great, the air is too thin to support a flying bird, and the pigeon drops like lead until it reaches denser air, when it is able to fly.

Dogs and cats are often taken up. They are sent down attached to a parachute, which is a contrivance like an immense umbrella, and is

intended to prevent the rapid fall of anything suspended beneath it; the resistance of the air under the wide-spreading parachute causing it to descend very slowly and gradually. In this way, cats and dogs have come to the ground from balloons without receiving any injury, although it is not to be supposed that they fancied the trip.

Balloonists themselves have frequently come down to the earth in parachutes, descending from a height of one or two miles. Generally these descents have been made in safety, yet there have been cases when the parachutes were not properly constructed, and when the unfortunate balloonists came down too fast, and were killed.

Not only when they descend by means of a parachute, do air-voyagers, or *aéronauts*, as they are called, run great risks of injury or death, but also when they come down in their balloons. In fact, it is much easier and safer to go up in a balloon than

perienced balloonists frequently manage to come down very gradually and gently, but sometimes the car of the balloon strikes the earth with a great shock; and if the wind is strong, the balloon is often blown along just above the surface of the ground, striking against trees, fences, and rocks, until its occupants, or some persons on the ground, manage to stop it.

But a descent into a river, a lake, or an ocean is one of the greatest dangers that a balloonist can expect. As I have before said, there has been no way devised by which a balloon may be made to move in any desired direction. Consequently when one comes down over the water the *aéronaut* generally endeavors to throw out all his sand-bags and other heavy things, in order that the balloon may rise again, and not come down until it has been blown over the land.

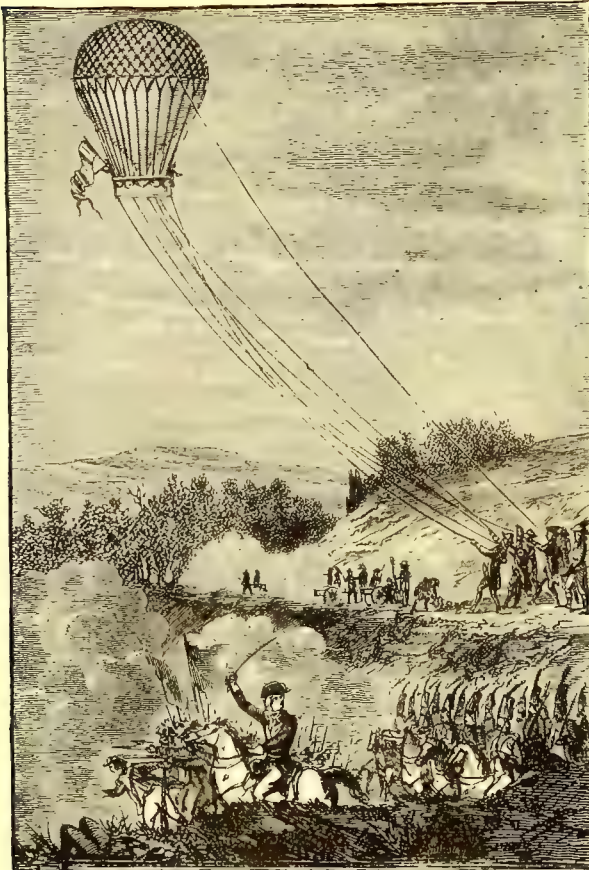
With regard to rivers and small lakes, this plan



"SOMETIMES DIPPING THE CAR INTO THE WAVES."

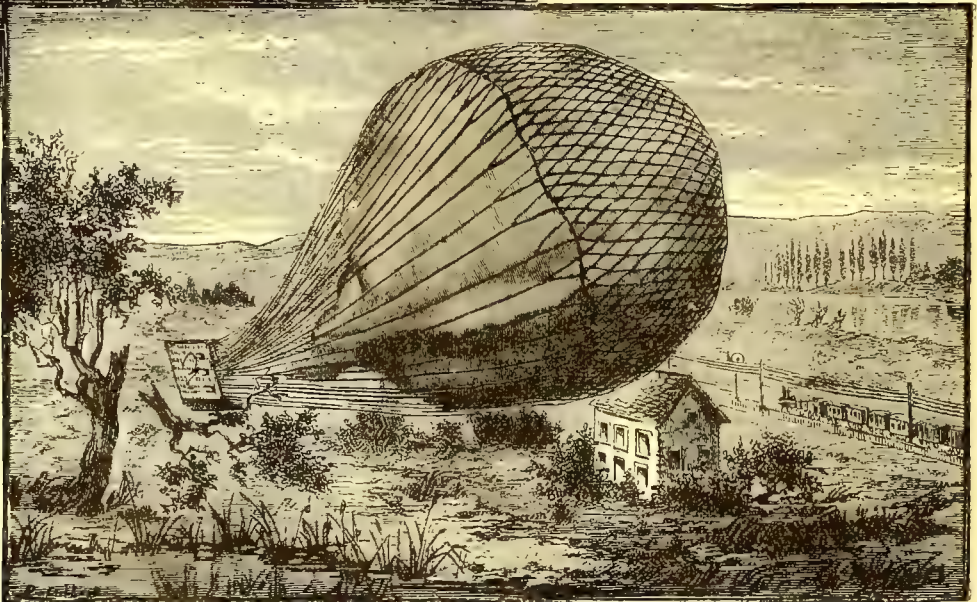
to come down in one. It is seldom possible for the *aéronaut* to know exactly, or to regulate just as he would wish, the rapidity of its descent. Ex-

may often be successful, but when the balloon is being carried out to sea, it generally comes down into the water sooner or later, and if the balloonists



are not rescued by some passing boat or vessel, they are almost certain to be drowned. In cases such as these, the balloons are often blown for a long distance over the surface of the ocean, sometimes dipping the car into the waves, then, perhaps, rising a little and sailing for a short distance above them, and then dragging the car and its occupants with great rapidity through the water. The lower picture on this page shows an incident that occurred on the land in October, 1863. An immense balloon, built by M. Nadar, and appropriately named "Le Géant" [The Giant], rose from Paris and made a pleasant voyage in the air. But when it neared the earth again, the vast ball was seized by the wind, and for hours the two-story car of wicker-work was dashed against rocks, trees, and houses, until the nine travelers, with broken limbs and many bruises, were rescued near Rethem, in Hanover. Many people would be frightened to death, even if they were not actually killed, during such adventures as these; but *aéronauts* must, of necessity, be brave men, for if a man is easily frightened, it is a wise thing for him to keep out of a balloon.

As I have said, balloons were found useful during the Civil War in the United States, but the first time a balloon was employed in warfare was at the battle of



Fleurus, Belgium, in 1794, between the French and the Austrians. Upon this occasion the balloon was managed as a kite, in the manner shown in the upper picture on the preceding page.

Sometimes balloonists have had very curious ideas. Mr. Green, one of the most distinguished *aéronauts* of England, once made an ascent on the back of a pony. The animal was so fastened on a platform beneath the car that he could not lie down nor move about. His owner then got upon his back, and the balloon rose high into the air. They came down in perfect safety, and the pony did not appear to have made the slightest objection to his *aërial* flight. Other *aéronauts* have made successful ascents on horseback and in various dangerous ways, but some of them lost their lives while performing these fool-hardy feats.

Occasionally balloonists make long voyages. Mr. Wise, our greatest American *aéronaut*, once made a trip of one thousand one hundred and twenty miles in a balloon. He was a very successful balloonist. He made several hundred ascents, and was one of the few *aéronauts* who possessed a scientific knowledge of his profession.

He made a study of air-currents, and all matters relating to ballooning, and wrote a book on the subject. It is not long, however, since he lost his life during a balloon journey, so we see that even the most experienced navigators of the air are not free from danger.

But the practiced balloonist does not seem to fear danger any more than does the sailor, who steers his ship across the stormy ocean. There seems to be a fascination about ballooning, and some persons have made a great many ascents. Mr. Green made more than five hundred ascents in balloons. He, however, escaped all serious dangers, and died at a good old age.

The incidents which I have described show that, although balloons have, so far, been of little practical service to mankind, the people who are fond of rising two or three miles into the air very often meet with curious experiences, and that these unusual things generally occur when they are descending to the earth. If any of us could feel certain that it was not necessary for us to come down again, it might be a very pleasant and prudent thing to go up in a balloon.



"MISTER BROWN TAKES SISTER ANNIE YIDIN' 'MOST EV'Y DAY. 'CAUSE SHE 'S A BID DIRT, I 'POSE. WONDER WHAT MADE ME BE SO YOUNG. ONLY FREE YEARS OLD! I 'D RATHER BE FOUR. BUT DEN, A DOOD MANY FOLKS 'S FREE. 'MOST ALL 'TITTLE DIRLS AINT ANY OLDER 'N 'AT."

SIR JOSHUA AND LITTLE PENELOPE.

By E. S. L.

ST. NICHOLAS already has given to its readers a paper telling "About the Painter of Little Penelope," but there is one interesting incident in the history of that same little Penelope and her noble artist-friend which was not told in the former article, and which, I think, you may like to hear. And first let me say that aside from his renown as a painter of hundreds of glorious pictures, Sir Joshua has left many pleasant memories of his kind and noble nature. It was shown very often in his great love for children, whose portraits he was so wonderfully successful in delineating. Perhaps none of his paintings are more famous than the two pictures of little "Lady Penelope Boothby" and "The Strawberry Girl," both of which ST. NICHOLAS already has shown you; * and still another of his beautiful pictures of this kind is the portrait of little Miss Frances Harris, given as the frontispiece of the present number. Sir Joshua had many girl and boy friends to whom he was very much attached, but perhaps he was most fond of the sweet-faced Penelope Boothby, the only child of Sir Brook Boothby. He was never too busy with palette and brush to grant admittance at the tiny knock of little Penelope, who often would be taken by her faithful nurse to Sir Joshua's studio, and left there for hours, to beguile her "own, ownest friend" by her sweet ways and her pretty turns of speech. The little one was always ready to quietly pose for him, whenever he wished to "take her picture." His favorite way of portraying her was as she looked when she was "dressed up" in a fine old cap of his grandmother Reynolds, from which her baby face beamed out upon him "like a ray from Heaven."

And now comes the story of the wonderful June day when this little girl—scarcely then in her sixth year—was missing from her pleasant home. "High and low," all over the house, and all about the lovely grounds, had her anxious mamma, her young aunt Hester, and every servant, looked after, and called for, their little Penelope. She was nowhere to be found—at least so it seemed—certainly not in the fine old house, even in the most unused nook or corner. Her own devoted nurse was very sick in bed that day, and they did not, at first, venture to disturb her with news of her missing pet. But, as the vain search continued, they could not delay any longer seeking wise Joan's advice and sympathy. "*Go to the studio for her,*" said the sick woman,

at once; "this is one of the days when I take her there." It seemed incredible to the distressed family that their little child, hitherto so tenderly guarded, could have attempted to thread her way through the crowded streets of London! Yet, they hastened to follow poor Joan's counsel without delay, their hearts all the while filled with most fearful forebodings. So, as soon as the carriage and horses could be brought to the door, Mrs. Boothby and her sister were off at a quick pace, you may be sure, for Leicester square, where Sir Joshua had his studio.

They never forgot how long that summer morning's drive seemed to them, or how breathlessly they each looked up and down every street they passed through; or how, several times during the ride, now the mother, and again the aunt, would fancy, for the moment, that she had *surely* caught a far away glimpse of the lost Penelope!

Their keen anxiety, however, was all over the moment they stepped within the painter's rich octagonal studio. For there, safe and happy enough, they found the little runaway, under the watchful care of Sir Joshua and his beautiful niece, Offy Palmer. She was snugly curled up, fast asleep after her long walk, in the elevated mahogany arm-chair where dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, and very many children, had sat for their portraits.

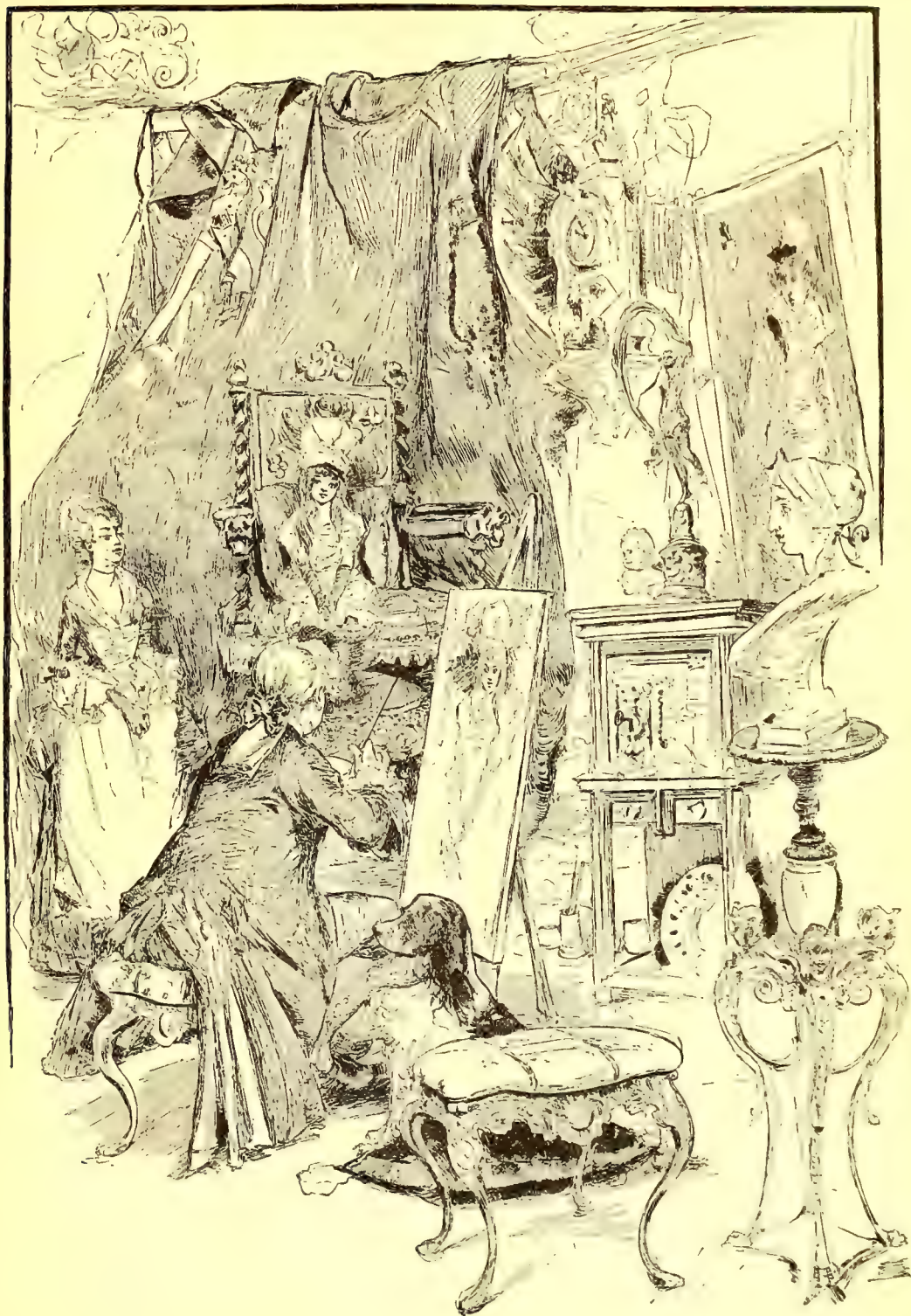
Upon his little friend's unattended arrival, Sir Joshua had immediately sent a messenger to her home, to tell her parents of the child's safety.

But this messenger the mamma and aunt had missed, unhappily, on account of their coachman's having driven by a shorter route than the usual one. But they were glad to feel that even before they could reach home the sick nurse Joan, who tenderly loved her little charge, would receive the good tidings that little Penelope was safe.

You may well suppose that there were great and wondering rejoicings at the large round tea-table of the Boothbys, that same evening, especially when the young daughter's remarkable promenade was once more told anew to her doting papa,—Sir Joshua at the same time dwelling with renewed delight upon his astonishment and pleased surprise at the entrance of his little morning caller.

A very precious memory, too, did this incident become to the loving heart of the great painter, when, not long after, his sunny visitor passed on before him into the better life.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1875, and April, 1876.



OLLIE'S DREAMS.

BY EUDORA M. STONE BUMSTEAD.

OUR Ollie went to his bed
 With tears just back of his eyes,
 And a pain, because, as his sister said,
 He was "overly fond of pies."
 He dreamed the dreadfulest dreams—
 As dreadful as they could be;
 For a big, big piece of pie, it seems,
 Is a bad, bad thing for tea.

He dreamed of a terrible snow
 That fell from an inky sky,
 And every flake that the winds did blow
 Was big as a pumpkin pie!
 All in a heap 't was laid,
 While the rude winds laughed in glee,
 But oh, the deep, deep drift that it made
 Was a sad, sad thing to see!

Then he thought the Summer was dead,
 And Winter would always stay;
 That an iceberg ledge was his only bed,
 And a glacier his home by day.
 And the Sun, too late he rose,
 And he went to bed too soon,
 And a long, long icicle hung from the nose
 Of the cold, cold Man-in-the-moon.

He turned to his sister; oh,
 How lonely and sad he felt
 When he found she was made of ice and snow
 Which a hug would be sure to melt!
 Just think of the dreams he had,
 As dreadful as dreams could be!
 Oh, a big, big piece of pie is bad
 For a small, small boy at tea!

THE VERNEY ANCESTOR.

BY PAUL FORT.

THE Verney children were very proud of their great-grandfather. It is not every boy and girl who knows who his or her great-grandfather was. The Verney children knew all about the individual who occupied this position in their family; and, as I said before, they were very proud of him. Mr. Verney, the children's father, took a great interest in his family history; and once, when on a visit to England, had traced back his line of ancestors to the time of the Norman Conquest. To be sure, the family name was then De Vernaye, but it is well known that our forefathers often spelt their names very differently from the way in which we spell ours. There was also a break in the line of ancestry from 1590 to 1670, during which period a part of the family was supposed to have emigrated to America. A good many English families did emigrate to America about this time, and if the De Vernaye family were coming at all, it is probable that they came then. There was also another break from the period of this supposed emigration down to the time of the great-grandfather whom the Verney children knew all about. But it was so evident in the mind of Mr. Verney that these gaps could be satisfactorily filled up, if he could only get hold of the proper records, that the omissions in his line of ancestors did not

trouble him at all. While in England, he had visited the old castle of the Guysters, into which family the De Vernayes were said to have married about the time Mr. Verney lost track of them. In this castle was a mailed figure, seated in a chair, which figure, Mr. Verney was positive from certain marks on the armor, was intended to represent Sir Leopold De Vernaye, who must have been his ancestor.

Mr. Verney would have been very glad to buy this figure and set it up in his library at home, because very few, or none, indeed, of his friends had mailed figures of their ancestors. But the idea of having a mailed figure in his library was so attractive to Mr. Verney that he bought a suit of old armor in England and took it home with him. It was not such handsome armor as that worn by the proud Sir Leopold, but it would do very well, and was far better in his eyes than the old Continental uniforms of which some of his neighbors were so proud.

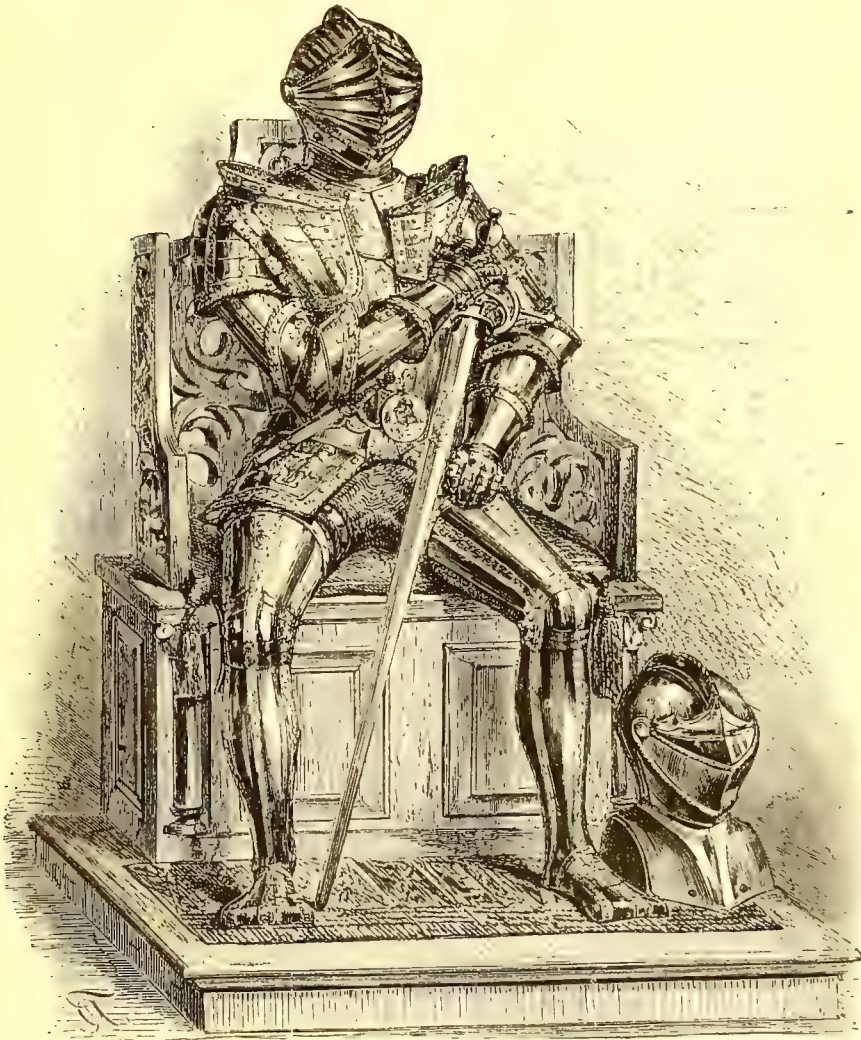
This suit of mail he had properly set up on a pedestal in his library, which room was handsomely furnished with old-fashioned chairs, a high clock, and other furniture that looked as if it had belonged at some time to ancient families.

The books had formerly been kept in the library,

but as the book-cases did not suit the other furniture, they had been removed to an upper room.

This figure he showed to his friends as a specimen of the kind of armor his ancestors must have worn. "The brave wearer of this mail," he would say, "had certainly done some hard fighting, and these dents and those breaks in the mail were prob-

In course of time this suit of armor, and the armed figure of the De Vernaye, about which their father talked so much, became so mixed up in the minds of the Verney children, that they really supposed that the figure of the mailed knight in the library represented one of their ancestors, and before very long, some of the younger



"SIR IEDRED DE VERNAY"

ably made when he couched his lance or drew his sword in the battles of Hastings and Marston Moor."

Some of Mr. Verney's visitors, who remembered English history, knew that this individual must have lived a very long life indeed if he had fought in both the battles of Hastings and Marston Moor, but they were too polite to say anything about it.

visitors to the house actually began to think it was the great-grandfather about whom the Verneys talked so much.

The nearest neighbors and most intimate friends of the Verneys were the Greens. The children of this family had no idea who their Green great-grandfather was. Their father was not living, and

their mother really did not know anything about her husband's grandfather. She believed that he had lived somewhere out West, but she was not positive even about this. She knew who her own grandfather was, but this did not matter, as she herself did not actually belong to the Green family. But in spite of this want of ancestry, the Green children could run as fast, and jump as high, and were just as clever at their lessons, and had as good manners, as the Verney boys and girls with their family line.

Leopold and Edgarda Verney, who were about fifteen and sixteen years old, were very proud of their high descent, and sometimes looked down rather grandly upon the Greens; whereas the children of the latter family, especially Tom Green, a tall boy of seventeen, were quite fond of making fun of the Verneys' family pride.

One afternoon, Tom Green called to see Leopold and Edgarda, but finding they were not at home, he resolved to wait a little while for them, and sat down in the library. While there, it struck him it would be a good idea to try on the coat of mail which stood in the room. He had often wished to do this, for he desired very much to know how an ancient knight had felt when clad in his heavy suit of mail; but he had never cared to ask permission, for he knew the Verneys would not like it. But now he thought it would be no harm just to try on the things, and so, hastily removing the cuirass and the other pieces of mail, and their props and supports, he put them, as well as he could, upon himself. He tried to walk about, but they were so heavy he could scarcely move.

"If I wanted to fight anybody," he said to himself, "I should take these things off before I began."

He was just about to remove the awkward and heavy mail, when he heard footsteps approaching the library-door. "Here come Leopold and Edgarda," he said to himself, "and I will give them a little scare."

So saying, he took his stand upon the pedestal, and put himself as nearly as possible in the position in which the figure had been placed. But, instead of the older brother and sister, there came into the room two small children, Fitz Eustace and Rowena Verney, with their little dog Tip. Fitz, as he was generally called, wore a paper soldier-cap, and carried a drum and a toy sword.

"Hello!" he cried, when he came into the room, "here is somebody I can fight with my new sword. Nurse says I must n't fight you or Tip, but I can't hurt our old 'cestor, so I am going to fight him."

"You ought to say 'ancestor,'" said Rowena, "and you ought n't to fight him either, for I guess he was a very good man."

"I don't believe he was good," said Fitz, drawing a chair near to the figure, "and I am going to stand on this chair and whack his head."

"Why was n't he good?" asked Rowena.

"Because he was a coward," said Fitz.

"Why was he a coward?" asked Rowena, who always had a "why" for everything.

"Because," answered Fitz, trying to reach the helmet with his tin sword, "he wore these iron clothes, which nobody could stick him through, and did n't only fight other fellows with iron clothes, but he cut and jabbed the poor soldiers, who had only common clothes on, which any spear or sword could go through, knowing all the time, too, that they could n't cut and jab him back. Tom Green told me all this."

"I don't believe he was a coward at all," said Rowena. "Edgarda has often read me stories about these old knights, and they were always just as kind to poor ladies and little children as ever they could be. That is n't being a coward."

"But he did n't have to put on his iron clothes to be kind," said Fitz. "It was only when he had them on that he was a coward." And the boy made another crack at the figure's head.

"I don't believe he was ever anything of the kind," said Rowena, taking the great mailed hand affectionately in her own, while the little dog Tip sniffed around the knight's feet in a way he had never done before.

"This glove feels exactly as if it had fingers in it," said Rowena.

At this moment the figure spoke.

"If I am a coward, young man," it said, "I should like to know what you are."

At these words Fitz Eustace dropped into the chair as if he had been shot, while Rowena stood as if petrified by fear.

"Here is a boy," continued the figure, "who comes and strikes a person who can not strike him back, and then begins to call people cowards."

"I did n't know you was alive," said Fitz, almost beginning to cry, while Rowena ran and threw her arms around her brother.

"I suppose not," said the figure, "or you would not have struck me. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, you are our 'cestor," said Fitz, preparing to slip out of the chair.

"Well, then, you need n't run away," said the figure. "You have seen me all your lives, and you ought to know by this time that I will not hurt you. Would you like to hear a story?"

The idea of hearing a story from anybody was delightful to Rowena, and a story from the old ancestor was something she could not resist, frightened as she was; so she whispered to her brother:

"Let 's listen to his story. He can't move. He can't hurt us."

Rowena now clambered into the chair beside her brother, and the figure proceeded.

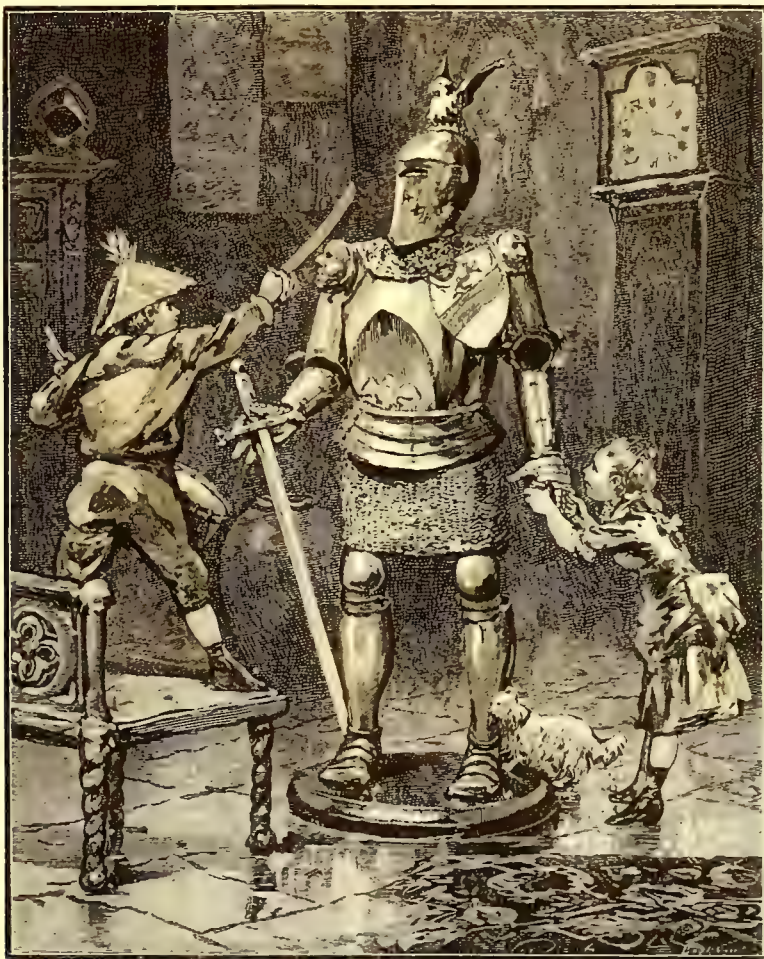
"You think it is a fine thing, do you not," he said, "to have an ancestor who has been very grand and has done great deeds?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Rowena, speaking for herself and Fitz, who had not yet recovered.

time of the year, the fairies used to preserve and pickle a great quantity of chipply-berries."

"What are they, sir?" asked Rowena.

"They were a kind of berries the fairies were very fond of. There are none of them now, so there is no use telling you what they were like. They were the fairies' principal food during the winter, and so they needed a great many of them at preserving and pickling time. Therefore, on a



THE VERNEY CHILDREN MAKE FREE WITH THEIR ANCESTOR

"Well, then," said the 'cestor, "I want you to pay particular attention to my story. Once there was a fairy godmother. She had been godmother to a great many children, but at the time I am speaking of, she was godmother to only one boy and a girl. Their names were Ramp and Bramette. They were not brother and sister, but they were acquainted with each other. At a certain

certain day of every year, the people of the country round about used to give up everything else, and go to work gathering chipply-berries for the fairies, for it was considered a great thing to be on good terms with these little folk. When the day for gathering chipply-berries came, at the time I tell you of, the fairy godmother called Ramp and Bramette to her. 'I am very anxious,'

she said, 'that my two godchildren should distinguish themselves on this day; and, therefore, I am going to offer a prize for you to work for. Whichever of you succeeds the better in the labors of to-day shall have this diamond, which you see is as big as the largest chipply-berry.' The children were delighted at this offer, and ran away to the chipply-fields. In the evening the fairy godmother came to see what they had done. Bramette had a bushel-basket full of berries. 'Did you gather all these?' asked the fairy. 'Oh, no,' said Bramette, 'they were nearly all gathered by my father and mother, my grandfather and grandmother, who are the best chipply-berry gatherers in this district.' 'But did not you gather any of them?' asked the fairy. 'I believe I did pick a few at first,' said Bramette, 'but I liked best to measure them as they were brought in, to see how many we were getting.' 'Then they are not really yours,' said her godmother. 'Oh, yes, they are,' answered Bramette. 'Father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, said that I could call them all my own, so that I might try for the prize.'

"And what have you done?" said the fairy, turning to Ramp. 'I have only gathered these,' said the boy, producing a quart-pot full of chipply-berries, 'but I think they are all good ones.' 'Yes,' said the fairy, turning them out, 'they are fine, sound berries, but are these all you could get?' 'Yes, ma'am,' answered Ramp, 'I would n't pick the little withered ones, and it was hard work finding these big fellows. I had to climb all day upon the hill-sides and among the rocks.' 'The diamond is yours,' said the fairy godmother. 'What you have brought, you have gathered yourself, and all the credit is your own. Bramette owes her berries entirely to her parents and grandparents. She has a great many more berries than you have, but she gathered none of them herself. Let this be a lesson to you, Bramette,' she continued. 'It is very well that your father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, are the best chipply-berry gatherers in the district; but that makes you no better, and gives you no reason to think well of yourself. If you wish to be justly proud, you must do something to be proud of, and not rely on what your ancestors have done.'

"That is my story," said the figure, "and I wish you to remember it, and to tell it to your older brother and sister. Don't I hear them now, coming in at the front door?"

"Yes, sir," cried Fitz and Rowena. And they instantly jumped down from the chair and ran to tell the wonderful news to Leopold and Edgarda, while, the moment they were out of the room, Tom Green made haste to take off his hot and heavy

armor, which had begun to be very uncomfortable, and to set it up as it was before.

As soon as the two children met their brother and sister in the hall, they began to talk together.

"What do you think!" cried Fitz. "The 'cestor has been telling us a story!"

"He talked just like a real man!" said Rowena.

"What!" exclaimed Leopold.

"He said he was not a coward!" cried Rowena.

"And they gathered chipply-berries," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed their sister Edgarda.

"And he said if you want to do a thing you must do it yourself," said Rowena.

"And Ramp only got a quart-pot full," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed Leopold.

"And people are cowards when they strike people and can't get struck back," said Rowena.

"And they pickled and preserved them," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed Edgarda.

"And it don't do for your grandfathers to work for you," said Rowena.

"And they must have been awful good, and Bramette had a whole bushel of them," said Fitz.

"What do you mean?" cried Leopold.

"But Ramp did his own work," said Rowena.

"I wish I had been Bramette!" cried Fitz.

"She must have had chipply-berries enough for all the fairies and herself too."

"What *are* you talking about?" asked Edgarda.

"But then, Ramp got the diamond," said Rowena.

"But he could n't eat that," said Fitz.

At this moment, Tom Green walked into the hall from the library.

"Why, Tom!" cried Leopold. "Where did you come from?"

"I have been here some little time, and I just waited in the library for you to come home."

"Oh, I know now!" exclaimed Edgarda. "I know all about it. You have been putting on that armor in the library, and playing a trick on these children."

"Well," said Tom, laughing, "it was n't exactly a trick. I was only trying to tell them a story."

"Had it a moral?" asked Leopold.

"Well—yes," answered Tom, hesitatingly, "it did have a kind of a moral."

"What was it?" asked Edgarda.

"I can't put it into exactly the right words," said Tom, "but I meant it to carry out my idea, that I would rather the people I know should be proud of me, than to be proud myself of anybody who is dead. But I did not come here to say all this. I came to talk about the Archery Club."

THE CARNIVORISTIC OUNCE.

BY MRS. M. E. BLAKE.

THERE once was a beast called an Ounce,
Who went with a spring and a bounce.

His head was as flat

As the head of a cat,

This quadrupedantical Ounce,

'Tical Ounce,

This quadrupedantical Ounce.

You 'd think from his name he was small,

But that was not like him at all;—

He weighed, I 'll be bound,

Three or four hundred pound,

And he looked most uncommonly tall,

'Monly tall,

He looked most uncommonly tall.

He sprang on his prey with a pounce,

And gave it a jerk and a trounce;

Then crunched up its bones

On the grass or the stones,

This carnivoristic Ounce,

'Ticous Ounce!

This carnivoristic Ounce!

When a hunter he 'd meet on the shore,

He 'd give a wild rush and a roar—

His claws he 'd unsheath,

And he 'd show all his teeth,—

But the man would be seen nevermore,

Nevermore!

The man would be seen nevermore!



I 'd rather—I 'm telling you true—

Meet with three hundred weight of a Gnu,

A Sea-Horse or Whale,

Or a Cow with a tail,

Than an Ounce of this kind—would n't you?

Would n't you?

Than an Ounce of this kind—*would n't you?*



HOW JOHNNY'S BIRTHDAY WAS KEPT.

BY EMMA K. PARRISH.

JOHNNY PODGE was writing invitations to a birthday party, which was to take place the next Saturday, owing to his being eleven years of age on that day. He had hurried home from school and partaken hastily of a few doughnuts, just to ward off utter starvation; and now he was seated at a little stand in the kitchen, with his head low down on his left arm, and his eyes rolling after the strokes of his awkward pen.

He had ended one invitation with "Yours respectively," and another with "Yours respectfully," and he was thinking whether some other word would n't be better, when his mother, who was making bread at the kitchen table, remarked:

"How it does snow! but I hope it will be pleasant on Saturday."

"What for?" asked Johnny, innocently.

"Why, for your party, of course."

Johnny laughed slyly. He knew well enough "what for," but he liked all the direct allusions to his party that could be obtained, and his mother's first remark had not been pointed enough. Feeling very good-natured, now that he had had his little joke, he condescended to ask his mother's advice about wording the invitations.

"Would you say, 'Please come to a birthday party to Johnny Podge's'? or would you say, 'Come to my house to a party next Saturday'?"

"Oh, I don't know," said his mother, musingly, as she patted a loaf into shape. "Seems to me they put it a little different, but I can't remember how. You'd better wait until Pa comes; he'll know all about it. Pa's been a great party man."

"Oh, I can't wait; I have so many to write, I sha' n't have them ready if I don't hurry."

Johnny laboriously completed his third invitation, and addressed it to a little girl; and, as she was a very nice little girl, and very saucy, too, he was troubled in mind on account of a large blot with which he had inadvertently adorned the last line of his note.

Then there came a soft knock at the back door.

"Go to the door, Johnny; my hands are all in the dough," said his mother.

Johnny opened the door, and there stood nobody; but, in a moment, Hugh McCollom peered around the corner of the shed.

"Say, come out a minute, wont you?" he whispered.

"Oh, come in," said Johnny; "it snows so."

"No, you come out; I want to speak to you." And he held to view a large square parcel, wrapped in brown paper.

Johnny stepped out and closed the door.

"Now," began Hugh; and then he stopped and untied the parcel nervously. His face showed that he had been crying, in the way that boys' faces sometimes demonstrate grief, namely, by pale marks where the tears had washed their way.

"What's the matter?" asked Johnny. "What makes your face so streaked?"

"Mother, she's sick, and the doctor he said the medicine would n't cost much, and it costs a dollar. I've got a quarter, but the drug man would n't give me less than a dollar's worth; so I thought if you'd let me have the other seventy-five cents, I'd give you all my pictures. You know you wanted to buy them, once?"

Johnny had been eager to buy the pictures when he first saw them, but just now he wanted all his pennies to buy refreshments for Saturday's festivities; and, for a few seconds, he felt very miserly, and wished Hugh had staid away. But he remembered a good many things during those seconds,—among others, that he once was sick himself, and that it was dreadful to be sick; so he said, with a little sigh, as he thought of the vanishing candies: "Come in, and let's look at them. I think I'll buy them."

Hugh came in, hesitatingly, and took off his cap to Mrs. Podge.

"How do you do, Hughie? and is your ma well?" asked Mrs. Podge.

"No, ma'am; she's sick."

"Why, what's the matter with her?"

"The doctor said, a fever on her lungs."

"Oh dear! but that is bad! I must go over to see her this very evening."

Johnny brought out his diary, in which he kept his money, and he encouraged Hugh to spread the drawings on the kitchen table, where they called forth volumes of admiration from Mrs. Podge.

"I never saw anything half so beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Did you do them yourself, Hughie?"

"Yes, 'm," said Hugh, meekly; "an' Johnny, he said may be he'd buy them."

"The doctor gave him a perskription, an' it costs a dollar to make it," said Johnny, explaining, "and Hughie said he'd take seventy-five cents for the pictures; but I'm not going to keep them all," he added, bravely.

"Oh, yes, you can have every one," said Hugh, earnestly.

"No, my son," said Mrs. Podge, shaking her head. "You sha' n't take them all. That would be as bad as robbing the fatherless. I know they're worth a great deal of money; Mrs. Blakely has pictures in her parlor, no handsomer than these, that cost three dollars apiece! It might have been the frames, though—they had beautiful gold frames, with red cord and everything. But you must take only a few, Johnny."

Johnny counted out seventy-five cents, which left the little pocket of his diary almost empty, and handed the money to Hughie, with several of the drawings.

Hughie's noon hours and evenings and Saturdays were mostly spent with his pencil, which perhaps accounted for his weak eyes, into which the tears would keep coming, as he shoved on his cap and hurried away with the remainder of his drawings, muttering a choked sort of "thank ye" as he went out.

He ran to the drug store, and again presented the prescription, this time laying down the money with it. His mother thought he had been gone a long time, but it was not her way to complain, and when he returned, she merely asked:

"Did you get the medicine?"

"Here it is, mother," said Hugh, joyfully. He brought a cup from the pantry, and prepared the medicine as directed by the label on the bottle.

The rest of his drawings he had left in the woodshed. He had quietly abstracted them from his box without his mother's knowledge, and in like manner they were returned when the medicine had accomplished the soothing effect of putting her to sleep; and so the good woman did not know for many days of the sacrifice the boy had made in parting with his treasured drawings. He stirred around softly, putting coal in the stove, and getting his supper of oatmeal porridge and baked potatoes, with a mind immensely relieved, for he had perfect faith in medicine of any sort, if only prescribed by a doctor.

Mrs. McCollom was very poor, and it did seem as if she always would be. The neighbors occasionally had spasms of generosity, in which they gave her all the help her Scotch pride would permit; but these did not go far nor last long, and before any one knew it, down she was again, poorer than ever.

Johnny Podge was very silent at supper that evening, and seemed to be meditating something unpleasant and perplexing.

"Mrs. McCollom is sick," said Mrs. Podge, to her husband, "and I think I'll run around there when the baby's asleep."

So, when the dishes were washed, and the baby was asleep in the cradle, Mrs. Podge put a shawl over her head, and went to see Mrs. McCollom.

"Is Hugh's mother very sick?" Mr. Podge inquired of Johnny, as he sat rocking the cradle.

"Yes, Pa; an' I bought some pictures of him to pay for medicine, an' I've only got about thirteen cents left; an' Pa, I was thinking prob'ly you would n't want to spare more 'n the three dollars you promised, so may be I can't have the party this time."

"Well, my son, wont three dollars be enough?"

"No, for I was going to have about twenty come, and I'd want as much as six pounds of candy, so as not to look stingy, and I promised Ma I'd pay for the raisins if she'd put 'em in thick in the cake; and there's a lot of other things to get, besides. I have n't invited anybody yet, and I could get out of having the party, easy; and may be you'd let Hughie have the money, instead. He's an awful good boy to his mother."

"How many have you told about the party?" asked his father.

"Nobody but one boy; he sits with me, and I told him not to tell."

"Probably not more than twenty boys know about it by this time, then," said his father, laughing.

"Oh, no! he said 'honest injun' he would n't tell, and he's an awful good boy," said Johnny. "His name is Harry Holdclose."

"His name is enough recommendation," said Mr. Podge, with another laugh.

The vow of "honest injun," in Johnny's opinion, was one of great solemnity, and he had never known a boy so depraved as to break it.

Mr. Podge thought the matter over as he rocked the cradle and gazed out of the window at the sky bright with a full moon and ever so many stars. The storm was all gone, and nothing was left to remember it by, excepting the snow.

Mrs. Podge returned a little depressed. It was quite late, and Johnny had fallen asleep on the kitchen lounge. "I never did see folks quite so poor, but everything is just as neat! And that Hughie, he can make porridge and get his own supper, and fix the wet towels on his mother's head just as nice! I only wish Johnny was as handy. But we've got to do something for them, Joseph. If it was n't for Johnny's party we've promised him, we might spare a few dollars." Mrs. Podge was quite out of breath with saying so much.

"Johnny has just been at me to give over the party," said Mr. Podge, in his kindest voice.

"Whatever in the world is that for? Why, he was a-writin' his invitations as busy and happy as you could ask!"

"He has spent nearly all his party-money for those drawings, and he kind of hinted, would I put in the three dollars I promised, for Hugh's folks, instead," said Mr. Podge.

"The dear little soul! I do believe, sometimes, Joseph, that Johnny is growing a good boy," said Mrs. Podge, in a loud, happy whisper.

"That was better than forty parties!" Johnny thought; but his father and mother never knew that he had heard it, and he lay like a little 'possum, waiting for further praises. None being forthcoming, however, he thought it prudent to stretch himself and go through the motions of waking up.

"Pa says you talk of giving up the party," said his mother, gently, when he arose from the lounge.

"Yes, ma'am; I don't care much about it any more, and I thought you an' Pa would just as lief give the money to Hughie's folks. I believe I'll go up to bed now, Ma."

His mother kissed his sleepy face, and his father touched Johnny's hair with his fingers, and said, "Good-night, my son!"

So Mrs. Podge, the next day, carried the three dollars to Mrs. McCollom, who was too ill to refuse it; and Hughie bought, at his discretion, such things as they most needed, and the neighbor-women took turns sitting up o' nights with his mother.

Now, Johnny's school-fellow, with the remarkable name, had to be informed that the party was given up, and, to Johnny's satisfaction, he found that Harry had never said a word about it to anybody. But this young keeper of secrets was an inquisitive boy, and he wanted to know why the party had been given up. Johnny, however, utterly refused to tell, partly because he did n't want to brag, and partly for fear Hughie would find out about it.

But Harry Holdclose was a boy with a very busy brain, and, suspecting that there was a disappointment somewhere, it entered into his kind heart to devise a plan. This plan was neatly outlined at recess, and fully completed at noon.

The day was Thursday, which, as we all know, is just two days before Saturday; and before school was out that evening, all the boys and girls in Johnny's class, and some privileged ones in other classes, were in a buzz of excitement over the "s'prise party at Johnny Podge's, Saturday night, you know!"

All but Johnny. He was a little speck sulky, because there was so much whispering and laughing, the nature of which he could n't guess. And it was the same all through Friday; and at night, when the scholars trooped along in clusters and crowds, Johnny went moping silently home. Even Hughie seemed to have joined the rest, and Johnny

felt deserted and forlorn, and his mother's heart ached for him when she thought of the pleasure he had given up.

But by the next morning he had forgotten his vexation, and all the forenoon he was deep in a beautiful book his mother had given him. After dinner, he hurried with his Saturday errands, so as to have some fun with his sled before the snow should melt. It was a cloudless day, and the sun shone magnificently.

"What lovely weather for the party!" Mrs. Podge thought, with a sigh; and she wondered if Johnny was very much disappointed.

Johnny had a good time with his sled that afternoon, and, toward sunset, Hughie joined him. Mrs. McCollom was better, and the kind woman who had come to spend that evening with her had urged Hughie to run out and take the air a little while. When dark set in, and Johnny went home to supper, unusually happy at heart, his mother ventured to say:

"Well, Johnny, we've had a pretty good time without the party, have n't we?"

"I've had a gay time with my book, and Hughie, and everything, and I'm hungry as a bear," said Johnny.

Papa Podge, if I may so allude to him, did n't come home until ten o'clock on Saturday nights, for he was a clerk in a little dry-goods store, which had a habit of sitting up late evenings on Saturday, for customers; so, when there came a tremendous knock at the front door, giving Mrs. Podge "such a dreadful start," there was no one to answer it but herself and Johnny, and, being the least bit timid, they both went, and carried the baby along, too.

"My goodness! is it a fire?" exclaimed Mrs. Podge, as she opened the door and saw what seemed like a hundred people clustered in front of the house, all as still as mice.

"S'prise!" said a boy who stood close to the steps.

This was Harry Holdclose.

"S'prise! S'prise!" said the other boys and girls, a good many times over, as they tumbled laughingly into the house.

Dear! how merry that evening was! The little parlor overflowed into the dining-room, and that into the kitchen; and it did seem as if every corner contained a boy, while the girls flitted about the rooms like fairies and chattered like parrots. Hughie was there, too, his face shining with joy, and his generous heart beating many strokes faster with pleasure at the honor shown his friend and patron.

They played a good many games, all of a lively character, and were in the midst of the enchant-

ments and vicissitudes of "Copenhagen" when the astonished Mr. Podge arrived. Suddenly, Johnny heard the door open, and his father say: "Whatever, in all the world!"

"It's a surprise on Johnny!" said Mrs. Podge, her face glowing with pride and pleasure.

At the sound of his father's voice, Johnny sprang out, scattering a little crowd of girls, and cried: "Oh, Pa, I *did* have a party, after all!"

"Yes, I see you did, my son," said Mr. Podge, who seemed to feel that the occasion required a speech; "and I heartily thank all these young ladies and gentlemen for the honors they have heaped upon us all, I may say. My young friends, you are very welcome to this house, and may you live long in joy and prosperity."

It is true that Mr. Podge's words were almost drowned in the general merriment; but nobody minded that; on the contrary, they all rushed upon him without waiting for introductions, and dragged him into the game, which he enjoyed wonderfully. Then the girls got their packages of cake and cookies, and the boys their papers of

candy, and nuts, and oranges; and, as there was n't a table in the house large enough, nor a room that would begin to hold them all, they passed the refreshments around on plates and saucers, and sat and stood everywhere, eating and making merry. Such a jolly party Johnny never had seen. He had n't dreamed of anything half so nice in his wildest moments, when he had been laying his own plans.

As for Mrs. Podge, there never was so proud and happy a little woman. She felt sure it was the highest honor that had ever been paid to any member of her family, far or near, and she thought it was all owing to Johnny's goodness. "He must be a great favorite at school," she thought.

Dear, innocent heart! it was the wise boy who sat with Johnny who deserved the honor and the glory of that festive occasion.

Johnny fully understood and appreciated this fact; but he went to bed none the less happy for having been the subject of a "s'prise," and more than satisfied with the way in which his birthday had been kept.



"OH, dear Papa!" three children cried,
 "You promised, don't you know?
 That next when you should take a ride
 All three of us should go."
 "I DID," that father said. "You know
 I never speak at random.
 So get your roller-skates. We'll go
 Off in a tearing tandem!"





A·SUDDEN·FOOTSTEP·SOUNDED·NEAR·
AND·THROUGH·HER·TEARS·UPGLANCING·
SHE·SAW·ACROSS·THE·SUNNY·FIELD·
A·QUAINT·OLD·DAME·ADVANCING·

"GOOD·FAIRY·
BOUNTIFUL·"

SHE·CRIED·

"AH·ME·BUT·

I·AM·WEARY·

FROM·MORN·TILL·

NIGHT·MY·TOIL·IS·

HARD·

THE·DAYS·ARE·

LONG·&·DREARY·

LEND·ME·I·PRAY·

THY·MAGIC·WAND·

THAT·SHALL·MY·

LABOR·LIGHTEN·"

"NAY·SAID·THE·DAME·

"A·BETTER·GIFT·

I·BRING·THY·LIFE·TO·

BRIGHTEN·



TEN·LITTLE·
WORKMEN·

BRAVE·&·SWIFT·

WHO·EVER·

SHALL·OBEY·THEE·

LAY·ON·THEM·

WHAT·COMMAND·

THOU·WILT·

AND·PROVE·THEIR·

SKILL·I·PRAY·THEE·"

THE·FAIRY·OPENED·

WIDE·HER·CLOAK·

TEN·DWARFS·

FLEW·OUT·FROM·

UNDER·

THE·MAIDEN·WATCHED·

THEM·DO·HER·WORK·

HER·BLUE·EYES·BIG·

WITH·WONDER·

NOW · HERE · NOW · THERE · WITH · NIMBLE · FEET.
 THEY · RAN · TO · DO · HER · PLEASURE.
 "KIND · FAIRY · BOUNTIFUL," SHE · CRIED.
 "GIVE · ME · THIS · WONDEROUS · TREASURE."



THE · FAIRY · SMILED · "KEEP · FOR · THINE · OWN."
 THESE · SERVANTS · GOOD · & · CLEVER.
 BUT · PRETTY · ONE · REMEMBER · THIS.
 LET · THEM · BE · IDLE · NEVER."

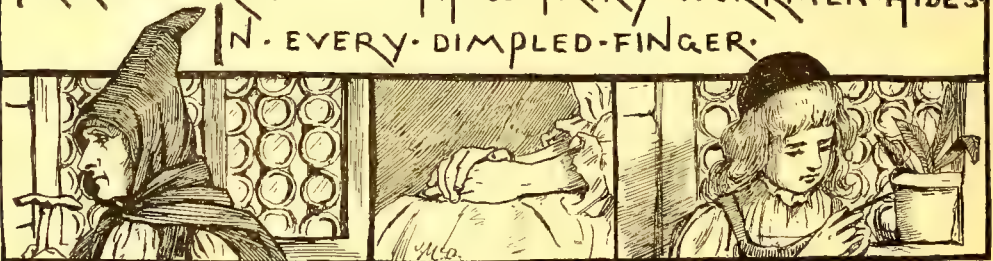
SHE · VANISHED · HAD ·
 THE · MAIDEN · DREAM-
 MAYBE · BUT · EVER

AFTER ·
 HER · WORK · WAS ·
 AS · BY · MAGIC · DONE ·
 HER · DAYS · WERE · FILLED ·
 WITH · LAUGHTER ·



O · THOUGHTFUL ·
 LITTLE · MAIDEN · MINE!
 LON · ON · YOUR ·
 CLASPED · HANDS · LEAN-
 NOW · YOU · HAVE ·
 HEARD · MY · FAIRY · TALE ·
 CAN · YOU · NOT · GUESS ·
 ITS · MEANING?

TAKE · UP · YOUR · IDLE · WORK · AGAIN · NOR · LET · THE · SLOW ·
 TASK · LINGER · ONE · OF · THOSE · FAIRY · WORKMEN · HIDES ·
 IN · EVERY · DIMPLED · FINGER ·





TOMMY (WHO HAS INSISTED UPON WEARING HIS NEW SUIT TO CHURCH ON THANKSGIVING DAY):—"JINGO! HERE COMES THE PLATE, AND I'VE LEFT THAT NICKEL IN MY OTHER KNICKERBOCKERS!"

ONE DAY ON A DESERT ISLAND.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

It was the 30th of May, and the waters of the great ocean rose and fell slowly, regularly, as if old Atlantic were gently slumbering. The sun had not yet appeared, but the rose color that tinged the mist along the eastern horizon betrayed his ambush. A slight haze rendered objects at a distance somewhat indistinct, softening and almost obliterating the line where sky and ocean met. A breeze so gentle as scarcely to ripple the surface of the water fanned the cheeks of three boys standing in a small cat-boat, gazing eagerly ahead toward a low island.

Had you seen the boys, you would at once have noted something familiar in their general appearance, and could scarcely have failed to recognize them as old acquaintances, for who does not know "Tom, Dick, and Harry"? You would also soon have discovered that they were on a holiday. An examination of their "traps," or personal baggage, stowed forward, out of reach of salt water, would have shown Tom to be an amateur naturalist, Dick a sportsman, and Harry an artist.

"Well, what is it? Sea-serpent, octopus, or wild goose?" asked Dick, as Tom leveled a spy-glass at some distant object on the water.

"A pair of great northern divers," answered Tom, "and you may as well put up your new, patent, double-back-action breech-loader, for you would have to load with expedited chain-lightning to hit one of them, even if we should get within gunshot."

"We'll see about that," growled Dick, as he pushed a couple of wire cartridges into his pet breech-loader. Harry, who had the tiller, headed the "Nomad," as their boat was named, straight for the birds. The breeze was light, and the boat glided through the smooth waters, leaving noiseless little ripples in her wake.

As the "Nomad" neared them, the divers seemed not in the least afraid; now and again one would disappear in the water, leaving only two rings upon the surface to tell where it had been. Tom timed them, and found that they sometimes remained under water nearly a minute and a half.

While thus engaged, he was startled by two loud reports near his head, bang! bang! The two birds disappeared like magic, the same instant that two charges of shot splashed up the water on the very spot they had left.

Tom laughed, as he turned to Dick with a "Did n't I tell you so!"

But the sportsman could not believe they had been too quick for him, and he insisted that one must certainly have been hit. However, the speedy re-appearance of the divers at a good safe distance, paddling playfully around, convinced him to the contrary.

Meanwhile the breeze had died out, and the boys turned their eyes impatiently toward the distant island.

While Harry was regretting the time wasted in chasing "those loons," as he called them, he descried a man in a row-boat putting out from the island. "Now we are all right, boys," he exclaimed, "for that 's Billy Whetmore, from the light-house, coming to take us ashore."

Feeling relieved on this score, the boys turned

"We give it up. What are they?" asked Harry.

"Watch," answered Tom, pointing to one that had been sailing much nearer the boat than the others. The bird seemed to hesitate a moment in the air, then suddenly down it came with a mighty swoop from its dizzy height, striking the water astern of the "Nomad" with a great splash. After a few vigorous flaps with its wings, the bird rose again, with its prey glistening in its talons.

"There 's a fisherman for you, Dick!" cried Tom; "one who fishes without bait or line, and carries his fish-hooks on his toes. He is, in other words, the American osprey."

"'Nomad,' ahoy!" shouted some one close by, and the next instant the red, jolly face of the light-house keeper's son appeared over the side, as he scrambled from his dory aboard the "Nomad."

Harry, grasping his hand, welcomed him with, "Well, old Robinson Crusoe, how 's your desert island?" And turning to his companions, he introduced "Mr. Whetmore, 'Billy' Whetmore, the best sailor and fisherman in these waters."

"I reckon the island 's all there," said Billy,



THE NEST ON DOG'S-HEAD ROCK.—SHORE OF THE DESERT ISLAND.

their attention to some large birds that sailed about overhead.

"Eagles?" said Dick, inquiringly.

"Guess again," said Tom.

"but if you 'll dish me up a sweep, I will have you all ashore in a jiffy, and you can see for yourselves."

In a comparatively short time the "Nomad" was



FISH-HAWK NEST IN THE TOP OF A TREE.

riding at anchor in a rocky little cove, and the crew were all ashore upon the Desert Island.

The boys felt just then more like investigating the light-house kitchen than the Desert.

It was seven o'clock when they sat down to a steaming hot breakfast of blackfish, cakes, and coffee, and many an old dyspeptic epicure would give a year of his life for the ability to relish a meal as Tom, Dick, and Harry enjoyed that one.

Breakfast over, the crew of the "Nomad" lounged on a bench upon a bluff in front of the light-house, while Billy Whetmore was rigging up fish-lines, hooks, bait, etc.

Harry began to make a sketch of an osprey's-nest on one of the rocks below.

This particular rock was a very peculiar one, its resemblance to an animal being so striking that it is named "Dog's-Head Rock." On the back of this stone dog the fish-hawk's home was built.

So the sketch was dubbed "The castle on the rock." At the suggestion of Billy Whetmore, the calm waters rippling around the rock were, in the sketch, whipped up into a storm. "It makes it seem more natural, like," Bill said.

The wild birds that filled the air with their screeches and cries were pointed out, classified, and named by our young naturalist, who further entertained his companions with an account of the fish-hawk or American osprey, telling how much more cleanly and noble a bird it is than its European relative, never touching anything but fish; while, according to Figuier, the European osprey frequently feeds upon wild fowl and carrion. He explained, also, how some of the older naturalists sanctioned an extravagant romance concerning the construction of this bird's feet, one of which was supposed to be webbed and formed like that of a duck, for swimming, while the other had the talons of an eagle, for grasping prey.

Tom also told how a friend captured a young osprey just before it was ready to leave the nest, and with the aid of a companion attempted to carry it home, holding it by the ends of its outstretched wings to avoid its sharp beak and talons. Suddenly the bird flopped completely over, breaking one wing badly at the second joint. Thinking that the wounded bird might recover best under the care of its parents, it was left at the foot of the nest tree, where the old ones could feed it. After an absence of some hours, the friends returned to see how the patient progressed, and were somewhat surprised to find that the old birds had killed their crippled young, by striking their sharp beaks through its neck and throat.

Once fairly started on his favorite topic, there was no telling when Tom's lecture would end, but a loud "Peow! Pe-ow!" from Bill Whetmore, on the beach, notified them that all was ready for the blackfishing expedition.

The fishing-grounds lay between this island and the Long Island shore, a distance of some three-quarters of a mile, in a rocky, dangerous inlet, through which the tides rush so fiercely as to fleck the many jutting ledges with foam.

Rigged out from top to toe in oil-skin "togs," the party were seated in a row-boat. Bill Whetmore took the oars and began to back out stern foremost among the half-submerged rocks, into the midst of a whirling, bubbling tide that ran with

the velocity of rapids. The boys fairly held their breath as their little boat dashed, with the speed of an arrow, at first one and then another of the sharp edges, against which the rushing tide boiled and spun in a dangerous manner. Shooting rapids in a canoe was child's play to this. Just as the destruction of the boat and the consequent ducking of all hands seemed inevitable, a dexterous jerk of Bill's oar this way or that would send the boat in safety past the rock, only to make a hair-breadth escape from its next neighbor.

Before they reached the fishing-ground the boys were, to use the mildest term, considerably excited, but Whetmore was as cool and collected as though paddling in the calm waters of the bay. The thorough knowledge of every little eddy and cross-current, the skill displayed in taking advantage of them and managing the boat, aroused the boys' highest admiration. They moved out in a zigzag course toward a point where two tides met, and where, although there was no wind, the meeting of the currents lashed the waters into tumbling white-caps.

Backing up to the edge of a whirlpool, one anchor was cast from the bow into the midst of the seething waters, the boat was quickly backed until the line was taut, then another anchor, cast from the stern, was made fast, and the boat was swinging easily and safely in smooth water, with the tide rushing wildly around ugly rocks a few feet to the right, and bubbling over a submerged reef a yard or so to the left. From this vantage ground the boys commenced hostilities against the blackfish; "chumming" for them, Bill called it, meaning that chopped bait (lobster and clams) was strewn over the sides of the boat for some time, to attract the fish. After two hours' good sport, they started on the return trip towing sixty pounds of blackfish astern.

In the old dining-room of the light-house each boy paid his involuntary compliment to their host's dinner; and their remarks on his skill as a boatman made Bill blush through all his twenty years' tan and weather-stain.

"I tell you that was a plucky row, and it required some nerve, too," said Dick.

"Yes," added Tom, "when a man loves his profession, and gives it his whole mind and attention, he can accomplish wonders."

"Well," remarked Harry, grandly, "if I had the knowledge of art that Bill has of boats, tides, winds, and weather, I'd always be on the line at the academy."

Dinner over, an exploring expedition through the island had its separate attractions for each of the boys, and they started, Dick with his breech-loader and game-bag, Tom with numerous boxes and bags

for capturing and conveying specimens, and Harry with sketch-book and pencils.

"I guess you had better keep away from that old hawk on the wood-pile," was Bill's parting remark, as the party left the light-house.

Once away from the building, it seemed to the boys as though the whole island was alive with birds; the sand bluff in front was fairly honey-combed by the hundreds of bank swallows that twittered and fluttered in clouds about their homes. Inland, the long sand-stretches were dotted with occasional trees, so dwarfed, twisted, knotted, and gnarled, by poverty of soil below, and severity of storms above, that each was more like an overgrown gooseberry bush than a legitimate tree. The ospreys had taken possession of every available spot to build their nests, and when they build it is no delicate moss and twig structure, fastened with horse-hair, and lined with soft feathers or wool, but a solid affair, one nest occupying a whole tree. It has a foundation of sticks, clubs, and pieces of timber so large and heavy that it would seem an impossibility for any bird to move them. Piled up, sometimes to the height of five feet, is fully a cart-load of sponges, sea-weed, and débris of all kinds, picked up along the beach; on the top of this mass is the nest proper, hollowed out like a basin, lined with grasses and soft material. Many such massive nests as this were scattered over trees and rocks, and even on the bare ground. Tom called the boys' attention to this, saying that "according to the works on natural history that he had seen, the American osprey, or fish-hawk, invariably built in the tops of the tallest trees. Baird gives as exceptional instances a nest found in a small pine in Maine and another upon a cliff on the Hudson River, and I believe Audubon found one or two on the ground."

One of the first nests they approached was built on the top of a pile of wood, and from the warlike looks of the two old birds and the peculiar location of their nest, the boys concluded that this must be the old hawk Bill had warned them against molesting. So of this nest Harry decided he must have a sketch, and seating himself comfortably at a short distance, he began to work, while the other boys sauntered on. The old birds looked on suspiciously for some time; at length one of them took wing and after soaring to a considerable height, he made a sudden dart down toward Harry, with a shrill cry and a rushing noise that caused our startled amateur artist to drop everything and scamper off with very undignified rapidity. And it was some time before he dared steal back after his book and pencils. That sketch was never finished.

As Harry reluctantly left the wood-pile nest, the

popping of Dick's gun along the beach told plainly enough that its owner was enjoying the day, in a way to suit his tastes.

Off in the distance Tom was visible, standing motionless, gazing intently on the ground, while around and over his head circled and flew scores of swallow-like birds. As Harry approached the spot, he could see that the birds were much too large for swallows, and were peculiarly marked with white, giving the effect of an open space between the tip and main part of the wings. The air was full of them, and they darted by close to his ears with a whirring noise.

Harry found Tom on his knees apparently searching for something in the sand.

"I say, Tom, if you have lost your senses, you will never find them again without a microscope," was Harry's salutation.

"I think I must have lost one of my senses at least," responded Tom, "for I had my eye fixed upon the exact spot where a bird was sitting, but



NIGHT-HAWK.

when the bird flew off, and I stooped to pick up the two eggs I knew must be there—presto, change,—and they were gone. You know, my boy, these night-hawks don't build nests, but deposit their eggs upon a flat rock, or on the ground. The eggs are small, and so closely do they resemble the ground or lichens in color and markings that it is next to impossible to find them."

"T is, eh? Well, that depends upon who it is that is hunting them," cried Harry, as he stooped and picked up something at his feet which he handed to his friend, with: "Here, friend naturalist. You see, an artist must have a good eye to distinguish delicate shades of color."

"Thanks, old fellow," and Tom, taking from his pocket a small blow-pipe, made a hole at each end of the eggs and blew out the contents; then plac-

ing them carefully each in a separate box, he marked the boxes, "May 30th, 1881. Desert Island, *Chordeiles popetue*; location, open, sandy flats."

Here Harry, who had been watching Tom, spoke:

"Cordelia Puppets, are they? Well, that proves how ignorant we of the masses are. Now I always thought these birds were whip-poor-wills."

"Not so awfully ignorant as you would make out," responded Tom; "although these are not whip-poor-wills, but night-hawks, or bull bats, they all belong to the same family, the goat-suckers, or *Caprimulgide*. Hereafter you can inform inquiring friends that these night-hawks, although related, are an entirely different bird from the *Antrostomus* or whip-poor-will."

"Well, if you will but let up on those jaw-breaking words—'scientific terms,' I should say—for just one moment, I was going to tell you that I found two of these 'Cordelia puppet' night-hawks sitting on eggs upon the top of the mansard roof of our house in Boston."

"That's worth recording," said Tom, taking out his note-book and jotting down the fact.

Walking on together, the boys found many objects of interest, and at Tom's request Harry made a sketch of one of the osprey-nests, to illustrate and prove the assertion that the American species will not molest other birds—for in the interstices on the sides of this nest were half a dozen or more homes of the crow blackbird, some containing eggs. On others the mother-bird was sitting, while still others contained young birds. These facts Harry discovered by clambering up the next tree. He even put his hand over the top of the main nest, exclaiming to his companion: "Three hawk's-eggs, Tom, and they are warm, too."

"It will be warm for you in about a minute," shouted Tom, "for here come the old birds." Harry had had experience enough of that kind, so he let go all holds and dropped to the ground in a hurry; but he had made his sketch, to which he gave the title "Nature's Commune."

The two friends now turned on the beach to hunt up Dick, whose gun had reported him at different points along the shore.

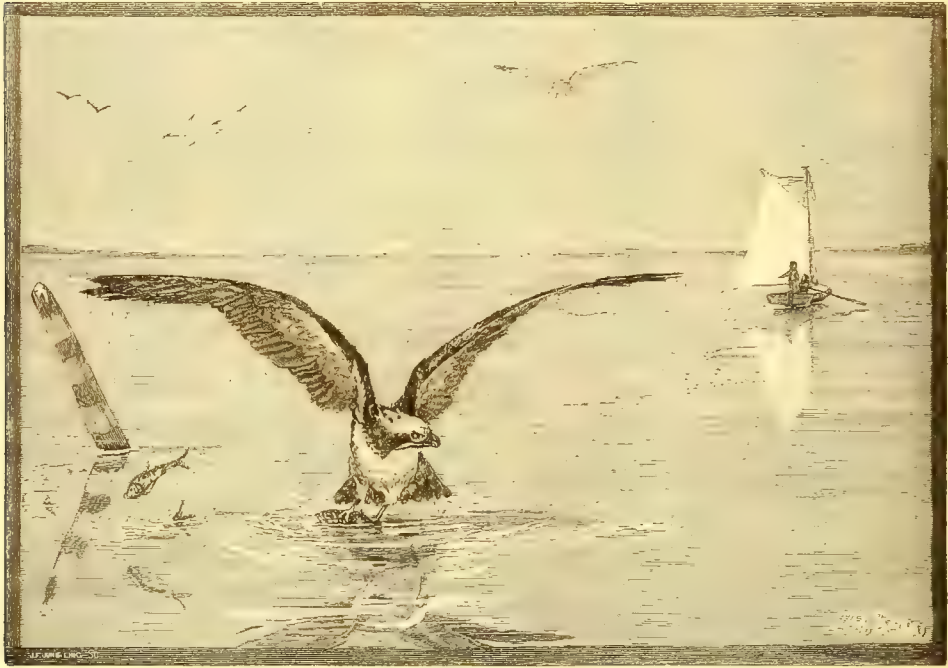
Harry, who was some distance ahead, suddenly stopped, and called excitedly back to Tom to hurry up, for he had found a veritable sea-monster, that was all mouth, excepting his tail, and all tail but the mouth. He seemed quite disappointed that Tom should recognize it as a fish known as the angler, or "fishing frog."* Horrid-looking specimens they are, with huge mouths and fat tongues. Bucketfuls of fish have been taken from their capacious stomachs. They are known to catch sea-

* See ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1874, page 256.

gulls and wild fowl which are swimming on the surface of the water, and to swallow them whole. A loon was taken from the stomach of one captured at Ogunquit, on the coast of Maine.

After Harry had secured a sketch of this gormandizing angler, they continued their search for their sporting friend, and soon found him stretched

First he drew a good-sized circle in the sand; then, from a dozen or so of the little creatures which Dick had captured and placed in his hat, each of the boys chose one for himself. These they compared carefully, to prevent mistakes in identification. Dick selected a crab with the largest claw he could find. Harry, following his example, picked



"THE OSPREY ROSE AGAIN, WITH ITS PREY GLISTENING IN ITS TALONS."

at full length on the sand. He said he had been watching some little fiddler-crabs dig their holes, and that it was fun to see them swing their long-necked eyes around, to make sure the coast was clear, and then scamper off four or five feet from their homes, drop their little load of sand, once more stop to move their eyes around the circle, and scamper back to disappear in their holes for another load of sand.

"But, I say, fellows," cried Dick, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "I have an idea——"

"Bottle it, Dick, as a specimen for Tom," interrupted Harry; "ideas are great rarities nowadays."

"Tom is not the only one who wants ideas, even if they are other people's," retorted Dick, "but you can both have this one. It's this: Let's have a crab-race."

"The race of crabs is pretty well established already," interposed Tom.

But they both entered eagerly into Dick's scheme.

out a saucy big fellow, while Tom chose a small crab with two small claws. All three steeds were placed under a drinking-cup in the center of the ring drawn on the sand.

"Now," explained Dick, "no one is allowed to touch his crab under any circumstances, until the race is decided. I shall lift the cup at the word, and the first crab to cross the line of the circle wins the race, and the last one out loses. Now, what stake shall we race for?"

It was finally agreed that as they would, in all probability, have to make an all-night sail to get home, the loser of the race should stand the first watch, and the winner the last watch.

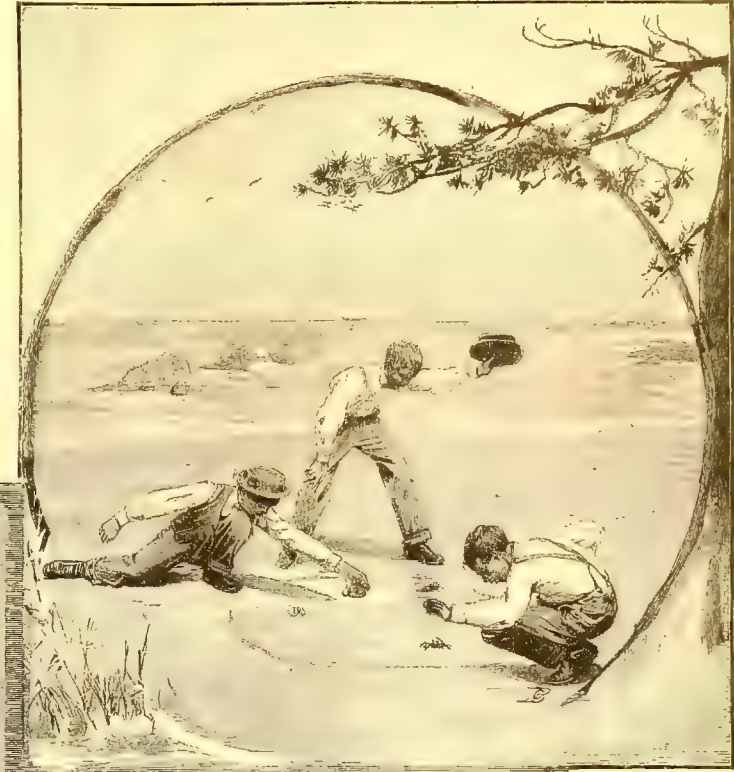
Tom gave the word: "Attention! Are you ready? Go!" and the cup was lifted, freeing the little creatures. Tom's crab started off sideways, at a rapid gait, but Harry's and Dick's hesitated. At this the boys shouted, danced about, and waved their caps. But the pugnacious little steeds, in-

stead of being frightened into running, disregarded the size of their enemies, and bravely reared up on their hind legs and showed fight. Tom laughed until he was faint, for, taking advantage of his knowledge, he had selected a timid female whose smaller pincers were of no use whatever in battle, and who consequently ran away from the other crabs as fast as her numerous little legs could carry her.

At last, Dick's steed started off, but he stopped just inside the line to rear up at some imaginary foe. And then Harry's horse, finding himself all alone, made a sudden dash out of the ring.

Tom had won; Harry was lucky; and Dick had lost.

was heartily enjoyed, and a few minutes later they were once more aboard the "Nomad," headed for home, with a fair breeze.



THE RACE.



"HARRY HAD FOUND A VERITABLE SEA-MONSTER."

Dick, at the tiller, said he had put in a pretty good day's fun, had a splendid lot of fish and a good mess of birds stowed forward on ice, and that he did n't mind it, if he did lose the race. Harry remarked that, in addition to all his fun, he had

The race had hardly ended, when Billy Whetmore's "Peow! Peow!" down the beach, startled the boys into the knowledge that it was getting late, and that they were pretty hungry.

After a brisk walk, their supper at the light-house

about a dozen valuable sketches. And Tom, after counting over his specimens, concluded that he had n't missed much that day. In fact, they all joined in the belief that they had crowded about a week's fun into the twelve hours spent on the Desert Island.

 ELBERON.

 I. JULY.

I WATCHED the little children by the sea,
 Tempting the wave with mimic forts of sand;
 Hillock and pit they modeled in their glee,
 Laughing to see them leveled on the strand.
 Deep was the music of the breakers' roar,
 And bright the spray they tossed upon the shore;
 Fresh gales of joy blew landward, but in vain;
 The Nation's heart was heavy with its pain.

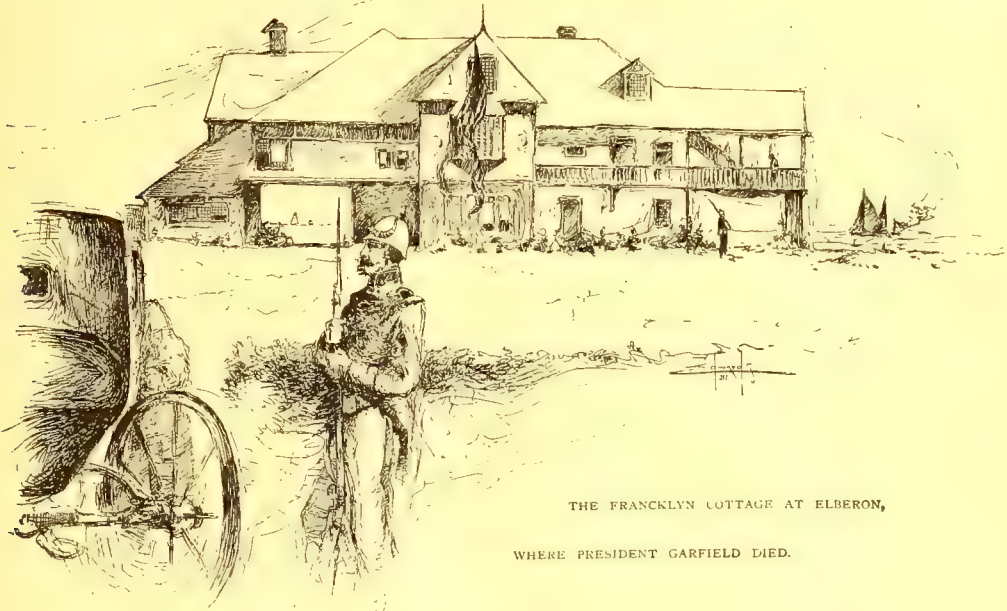
II. AUGUST.

The little children skipping by the sea,
 Bare-legged and merry, challenge its advance,
 Holding the sunlight in their hair, they greet
 The prone wave's tumult while they shout and dance.
 But he who suffers far away grows faint
 With longing for the sea-side cheer and plaint;—
 Ah, bright the tide, and blue the bending sky,
 While stately ships, intent, go sailing by!

III. SEPTEMBER.

What power was this? no tumult on the deep!
 The conscious waves crept whispering to the sand;
 The very children, awed and eager, shared
 The spell of silence holding sea and land;
 White wings of healing filled the summer sky,
 And prayerful thousands stood expectant by,
 While borne on bed of hope,—content and wan,—
 The Nation's Man came into Elberon.

'T is well!" the news sped gladly, day by day,—
 "Old Ocean sends its strengthening breeze apace!"
 Grandly, beneath the shining cottage eaves,
 Our country's banner floated in its grace.
 When, suddenly, grim shadows gathered near
 To overwhelm us with a nameless fear;
 Till all along Atlantic's sobbing sands—
 Far as it rims our own and other lands;
 Across the world; what spot the sun shines on—
 Sounded the tidings dread:
 Our Man is dead!
 The Nation's grief broods over Elberon.



THE FRANCKLYN COTTAGE AT ELBERON,

WHERE PRESIDENT GARFIELD DIED.

A NOBLE LIFE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

NO EVENT of modern times has created so deep and wide-spread a sorrow throughout the civilized world as the death of James Abram Garfield, late President of the United States. When he was struck down by the bullet of a wicked man, everybody was filled with amazement and alarm. There was no reason why such an attack on the President should be expected or looked for. He was a peaceable and kindly man, full of generous feelings, and with a friendly interest for all men. And when it was told to the country that this large-hearted, and upright, and honest Christian gentleman had been shot, people could hardly believe the tale. An assault like that seemed utterly causeless.

When it appeared to be possible that the President might recover, there was much relief felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. Wherever there were people dwelling, whether in the crowded cities of the Atlantic sea-board, or in lonely hamlets and camps afar in Western wilds,

men, women, and children waited and watched with great anxiety for the latest news from the wounded President. It was a remarkable sight, this waiting of a great nation around the bedside of a smitten president. From lands beyond the sea, too, came many messages of affectionate inquiry. Kings and queens, great men and the common people of every land, hoped and prayed for the recovery of the President. The powerful rulers of Europe seemed to forget for a while their ambitious schemes, and they sent word to their representatives in this country that they desired the very latest news, day by day, from the White House, where Garfield lay betwixt life and death. For eleven weeks, it may be said, the whole civilized world watched for some sign of hope that the President might live and not die.

This hope was not to be realized, although it did seem at times that the long suspense was over and that the beloved chief magistrate was on a fair road to health. At last, and suddenly, the news was

flashed all abroad that Garfield was dead. Never before, probably, did ill news fly so fast and so far. Gradually, there had seemed to be less and less hope that the noble sufferer could live, and so people were partly prepared for the worst. The brave and gentle spirit of Garfield passed away at half-past ten in the evening, and before the clocks struck twelve at midnight, the bells were tolling in every city in the United States, saying to all the people that the long-suffering, much-enduring President lay dead by the margin of the great sea that he loved so well, and on whose shining waves his last dying glance had lingered.

Everywhere, men went about with saddened faces and dejected mien. It seemed as if there was mourning and lamentation in every house in the land. As soon as people could rally from the first shock of grief, they began to hang out the emblems of sorrow on every hand. It was as if men and women, not being able to go and weep by the death-bed of the good President, did what they could to show their real sorrow for what was now beyond the help of man. From the first, as it now appears, there was no possibility that the President could ever really recover. But this was not known certainly until after his death, and so long as news came that he was still alive, the people prayed to the good God for his restoration to health. For weeks, millions of men and women in all lands, Christians of every sect, Israelites, Greeks, and those of strange faiths, daily offered up prayer to God that this precious life might be spared. So, when he died, they who had hoped and prayed for him were exceeding sorrowful, and they showed their sadness in many ways. The whole republic may be said to have been clothed in mourning. There was never such a sight in any country as on the day of the funeral of Garfield, when many of the larger cities and towns of the United States were completely draped in the emblems of mourning, and every flag drooped at half-mast. From beyond the sea came sympathizing messages from the great ones of the earth and from friends of America in foreign parts. The good Queen of England sent loving and tender words for herself and her children, and directed the British envoy at Washington to lay on Garfield's bier a memorial of her, with a kindly message which she sent. And then, with mourning and lamentation all over the broad land, the mortal remains of the President were carried back to Ohio, and were buried on a height from which one may look over the sparkling waters of the great Lake Erie.

This man, whose tragic sickness and death were lamented as a personal grief by many millions, and at whose burial the noblest and the best of

Christendom, here and in foreign lands, sincerely mourned, was, at the beginning of his public career, only a modest American citizen. He served his country with distinguished honor in the war and on the floor of Congress, and when he was elected President, many thousands of citizens rejoiced in the belief that his character and statesmanship gave promise of an unusually wise and brilliant administration. But he had been in office only four months when he was shot; he had not been long known to the people of other countries, and he had not had time, as president, to show how wise and how able he would be. Nor did he come of any lofty or ancient race of men, whose deeds of prowess or renown could be found carved on monuments and in noble temples. In his boyhood, he had been very poor, and had worked at humble callings for the sake of earning a livelihood, and securing a good education. Why, then, was there all this lamentation, sorrow, and spontaneous display of grief abroad and at home?

The career of James A. Garfield was thoroughly American. His character was worthy of all imitation. In his poverty when a young boy, he might have gone to school for two years before the time when he did enter the school-house, but that he had no shoes to wear; and this same needy lad, who afterward drove the horses of a canal-boat, lived to be the president of the United States. He carried into his high office a manliness of character, a Christian courage, and a sincerity of purpose that are more to mankind than the highest honors that can be heaped upon our fellow-man. Every American boy has heard, at some time, that he may live to become the president of the United States. But the life of Garfield, and the remarkable spectacle afforded by the last days of that life, very clearly show that it was the man, rather than the office, which men honored when the tragical end of his career drew to a close. The death of a president of the republic, and especially a death so purposeless and cruel, would have excited the sympathy of the world. But the history of Garfield's life is a beautiful example of what may be achieved by a loving heart, a generous nature, and a high purpose. In that life the boys of America have a noble model, and one which they may safely follow. Better than being president is to be honest, brave, true, manly, tender to one's mother, courageous for the right, and a friend to the weak and those who have no helper. All this, Garfield was, and this is why, when he fell a victim to the shot of an assassin, and when he was borne to his last resting-place, a wave of sorrow swept around the globe.

We are nowhere told that Garfield had aimed at being president before he was nominated to that

high place. There is no evidence that he had made any plans for his elevation to the great office that he occupied when he died. But the reward of a life of honest endeavor in the path of the right came to him unexpectedly and without his seeking for it. And I dare say that, if he had never been chosen president, he would have reaped full reward in some other way. For him, at least, it was better to be right than to be president. And while to possess by the vote of the people the highest office of the Republic is an honorable ambition, the example of Garfield shows that it is far better to win a good name and to build up a character that shall stand when all other things perish. We do not now so much lament a dead president as the tragical taking away of a high-minded man, an affectionate father, son, and husband, and a sincere patriot.

Nevertheless, the nation has suffered a calamity in the death of Garfield. He had the qualities which would have made him a good president. If his life had been spared, it seems most likely that the country would have highly approved of his administration of its affairs. Then, too, it is a sad thing that any man should be called to die for his country as Garfield was. He was not killed for himself, but because he was the president. If he had never been chosen by the people to the place he filled, he would have been alive to-day, as far as we can know. So there is a feeling of indignation and anger under all the mourning and sorrow for Garfield. The nation has been hurt as well as the family. It is a matter for profound sorrow that the life of a man is put in jeopardy because he has been chosen president by a free people. It is our boast that, in this country, every man has a chance for himself, and nobody is kept down by circumstances which are peculiar to any class, or sect, or social condition. Garfield was a shining example of what may be achieved by well-directed labor, and we are greatly grieved that his life, so admirably calculated to illustrate the force of character and the width of the ways to distinction in which an American boy may walk, should end in a manner so undeserved and so untimely.

When a boy, Garfield was lively, quick, and restless. His teacher complained that the lad was "perpetual motion." He could not study, even when great sacrifices had been made by his mother and his brothers to get him ready for school. When this was reported to his mother, her heart sank, but she could only say, "Why, James!" The tone of sorrow and disappointment went to the boy's heart, and he fell on his knees, and, burying his face in her lap, cried out that he would keep still in school, and that he would learn. He kept his word. From that day, he stuck

manfully to his work, and, whether he was riding on the canal tow-path, hammering away at carpentering, plunging into book-keeping, or toiling in the hard position of school-teacher, he seemed to be forever pushed on by the thought that he had promised to do his best. It was evident that he believed that the best preparation for the duties and responsibilities of to-morrow is the faithful performance of the labors of to-day. No idle dreamer, he went right on with his work, whatever it might be, doing his best. He waited for no applause, and he was not stimulated in his labors by the hope of reward. With a clear conscience, a ready hand for those who needed help, a large heart throbbing for the poor and the distressed, and with a sincere belief in the goodness of God's government of the world, Garfield filled up his days with honest industry and faithful service to his country and to his time.

Does any boy ask what good can come of all this, now that the man has died, and has been cut off, too, before he had arrived at the end of the natural term of human life? Garfield has, indeed, lived in vain if we can not find in his life and character something worthy of imitation. He has lived in vain if the influence of his example is not felt, for generations, upon the forming characters of the lads who are to be the future rulers and law-makers of this republic. The President is dead, but the record of his life can not die. And when we think of the pathetic figure that he made when he went out of this life, and of the untimely end of his career, which seemed to be just about to be at its best, we can recall with comfort the truth that

"In the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives."

Nor need we lament for him who has gone up higher. Even those who were so near and dear to this warm-hearted and loving man in his lifetime do not mourn with a sorrow that can not be comforted. If it is true that, in future ages, the American youth shall be taught the goodly lesson of the lives of great men who have gone before, it is true that such an example as Garfield's can not perish. And if this is true of the life that endures upon the face of the earth, as men come and go, we can with our thought follow into shining realms the admirable and lovable man just now gone from among us. What he did lives after him. And although when he went away the land was filled with lamentation and weeping,

"He passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in paradise."



THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.—BY ROBERT HERRICK.*

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the sparres¹ of which I lie
Both soft and drie,
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worne by th' poore,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchin 's small:
A little butterie,² and therein
A little byn,³
Which keeps my little loafe of bread,
Unchipt,⁴ unflead;⁵
Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
And glow like it.

Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
The pulse⁶ is thine,
And all those other bits, that bee

There placed by Thee;
The worts,⁷ the purslain,⁸ and the messe
Of water cresse
Which of thy kindnesse thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet⁹
To be more sweet.
'T is Thou that crownest my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirth,
And givest me wassaile¹⁰ bowls to drink,
Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles¹¹ my land,
And giv'st me for my bushell sowne,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each yeare;
The while the conduits of my kine¹²
Run creame for wine:

All these, and better thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankfull heart;
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

WE have room in our Treasure-box this month only for the quaint, old-fashioned Thanksgiving hymn given above. You would not be interested to read the works of Robert Herrick, excepting the few dainty songs which you will find in almost every book of selected poems; but his "Thanksgiving for his House" is so simple and earnest in its thoughts and so humble in spirit, that it is well worth your reading at this Thanksgiving season of the year. As the many words in this poem that have gone out of use since it was written might puzzle you, the following note will explain them. The meaning of the whole poem is plain enough, as you will see.

1. "Sparres," *spars*,—beams or rafters. 2. "Butterie," *buttery*,—a small room in which provisions are kept. 3. "Byn," *bin*,—a box, or an inclosed place. 4. "Unchipt,"—whole, no part being cut away or broken off. 5. "Unflead," *unflayed*,—not peeled, no crust stripped off. 6. "Pulse,"—beans, pease, etc. 7. "Worts,"—vegetables, or herbs. 8. "Purslain," *purslane*,—a pot-herb, sometimes used for salads, garnishing, or pickling. 9. "Beet,"—the vegetable. 10. "Wassaile," *wassail*,—a spiced liquor formerly drunk on festive occasions. 11. "Soiles," *soils*,—enriches. 12. "Kine," *cows*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

THE writer of "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy" wishes to say to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS that he is writing no made-up story or fictitious narrative, but is drawing upon his own personal experiences for all he has to say. He was a Drummer-Boy in the "Army of the Potomac," having been mustered into the service in midsummer, 1862, and mustered out with what remained of his regiment at the close of the war, in 1865. Opposite to him, on the wall of his library, in which he is writing, hangs his "Discharge," framed in stout hickory, while before him on his table are three little black books, all stained and soiled with exposure to wind and weather on many a long march,—journals or diaries kept by him in camp and field,—together with a bundle of old army letters written to the folks at home. Would the readers of ST. NICHOLAS like to take an occasional peep into the contents of those three little black books and this bundle of old letters? Would they like to know something of the actual life of a Drummer-Boy in the Army?

CHAPTER I.

OFF TO THE WAR.

WHEN, in 1861, the war-fever broke out in the school I was attending, and one after another the desks were left vacant where the older boys had sat, and there were few scholars left but the girls and the smaller boys, who were too young to think of following the envied example of their older fellows, you can scarcely imagine how very dull our life became. We had no interest in study, were restive and listless, and gave our good teacher a world of trouble. The wars of Cæsar and the siege of Troy,—what were they when compared with the great war actually now being waged in our own land? The nodding plumes of Hector and the armor of Homer's heroes were not half so interesting or magnificent as the brave uniforms of the soldiers we saw occasionally on our streets. And when, one day, one of our own school-fellows was brought home, wounded by a ball through his shoulder, our excitement knew no bounds! And so, here is a letter I wrote to my father:

DEAR PAPA: I write to ask whether I may have your permission to enlist. I find the school is fast breaking up. Most of the boys are gone. I can't study any more. *Wont* you let me go?"

Poor Father! In the anguish of his heart it must have been that he sat down and wrote, "You may go!" Without the loss of a moment I was off to the recruiting-office, showed my father's letter, and asked to be sworn in; but alas! I was only sixteen, and lacked two years of being old enough, and they would not take me unless I could swear I was eighteen, which I could not do,—no, not even to gain this ardently desired object!

So then, back again to the school, to Virgil and Homer, and that poor little old siege of Troy, for a few weeks more; until the very school-master himself was taken down with the war-fever, and began to raise a company, and the school had to look for a new teacher, and they said I could enlist as

drummer-boy, no matter how young I might be, if only that I had my father's consent! And this, most unfortunately, had been revoked meanwhile, for there had come a letter, saying: "My dear boy: If you have not yet enlisted, do not do so: for I think you are quite too young and delicate, and I gave my permission perhaps too hastily and without due consideration." But alas! dear Father, it was too late then, for I had set my very heart on going; the company was nearly full, and would leave in a few days, and everybody in the village knew that Harry was going for a drummer-boy.

There was an immense crowd of people at the depot that midsummer morning nearly twenty years ago, when our company started off to the war. It seemed as if the whole county had suspended work and voted itself a holiday, for a continuous stream of people, old and young, poured out of the little village of L—, and made its way through the bridge across the river, and over the dusty road beyond, to the station where we were to take the train.

The thirteen of us who had come down from the village of M—to join the larger body of the company at L—, had enjoyed something of a triumphal progress on the way. We had a brass band to start with, besides no inconsiderable escort of vehicles and mounted horsemen, the number of which was steadily swelled to quite a procession as we advanced. The band played, and the flags waved, and the boys cheered, and the people at work in the fields cheered back, and the young farmers rode down the lanes on their horses, or brought their sweethearts in their carriages and fell in line with the dusty procession. Even the old gate-keeper, who could not leave his post, got much excited as we passed, gave "three cheers for the Union forever," and stood waving his hat after us till we were hid from sight behind the hills.

Reaching L— about nine in the morning, we found the village all ablaze with bunting, and so wrought up with the excitement that all thought

of work had evidently been given up for that day. As we formed in line and marched down the main street toward the river, the sidewalks were every-

waving, and band-playing, the train at last came thundering in, and we were off, with the "Star-Spangled Banner" sounding fainter and farther away, until it was drowned and lost to the ear in the noise of the swiftly rushing train.

For myself, however, the last good-bye had not yet been said, for I had been away from home at school, and was to leave the train at a way station, some miles down the road, and walk out to my home in the country, and say good-bye to the folks at home,—and that was the hardest part of it all, for good-bye then might be good-bye forever.

If anybody at home had been looking out of door or window that hot August afternoon, more than nineteen years ago, he would have seen, coming down the dusty road, a slender lad, with a bundle slung over his shoulder, and—but nobody *was* looking down the road—nobody was in sight. Even Rollo, the dog, my old play-fellow, was asleep somewhere in the shade, and all was sultry, hot, and still. Leaping lightly over the fence, by the spring at the foot of the hill, I took a cool draught of water, and looked up at the great red farm-house above, with a throbbing heart, for that was Home, and many a sad good-bye had there to be said, and said again, before I could get off to the war!

Long years have passed since then, but never have I forgotten how pale the faces of Mother and sisters became when, entering the room where they were at work, and



IN FOR IT!

where crowded with people—with boys who wore red-white-and-blue neck-ties, and boys who wore fatigue-caps, with girls who carried flags, and girls who carried flowers, with women who waved their kerchiefs, and old men who waved their walking-sticks, while here and there, as we passed along, at windows and door-ways, were faces red with long weeping, for Johnny was off to the war, and may be mother and sisters and sweetheart would never, never see him again.

Drawn up in line before the station, we awaited the train. There was scarcely a man, woman, or child in that great crowd around us but had to press up for a last shake of the hand, a last good-bye, and a last "God bless you, boys!" And so, amid cheering and hand-shaking, and flag-

throwing off my bundle, in reply to their question, "*Why, Harry! where did you come from?*" I answered, "I come from school, and I'm off for the war!" You may well believe there was an exciting time of it in the dining-room of that old red farm-house then. In the midst of the excitement, Father came in from the field, and greeted me with, "Why, my boy, where did *you* come from?" to which there was but the one answer, "Come from school, and off for the war!"

"Nonsense; I can't let you go! I thought you had given up all idea of that. What would they do with a mere boy like you? Why, you'd be only a bill of expense to the Government. Dreadful thing to make me all this trouble!"

But I began to reason full stoutly with poor

Father. I reminded him, first of all, that I would not go without his consent; that in two years, and perhaps in less, I might be drafted and sent amongst men unknown to me, while here was a company commanded by my own school-teacher, and composed of acquaintances who would look after me; that I was unfit for study or work while this fever was on me, and so on, till I saw his resolution begin to give way, as he lit his pipe and walked down to the spring to think the matter over.

"If Harry is to go, Father," Mother says, "had n't I better run up to the store and get some woollens, and we'll make the boy an outfit of shirts yet to-night?"

"Well,—yes; I guess you had better do so."

But when he sees Mother stepping past the gate on her way, he halts her with—

"Stop! That boy can't go! I *can't* give him up!"

And shortly after, he tells her that she "had bet-

sewing-machine is going most of the night, and my thoughts are as busy as it is, until far into the morning, with all that is before me that I have never seen—and all that is behind me that I may never see again.

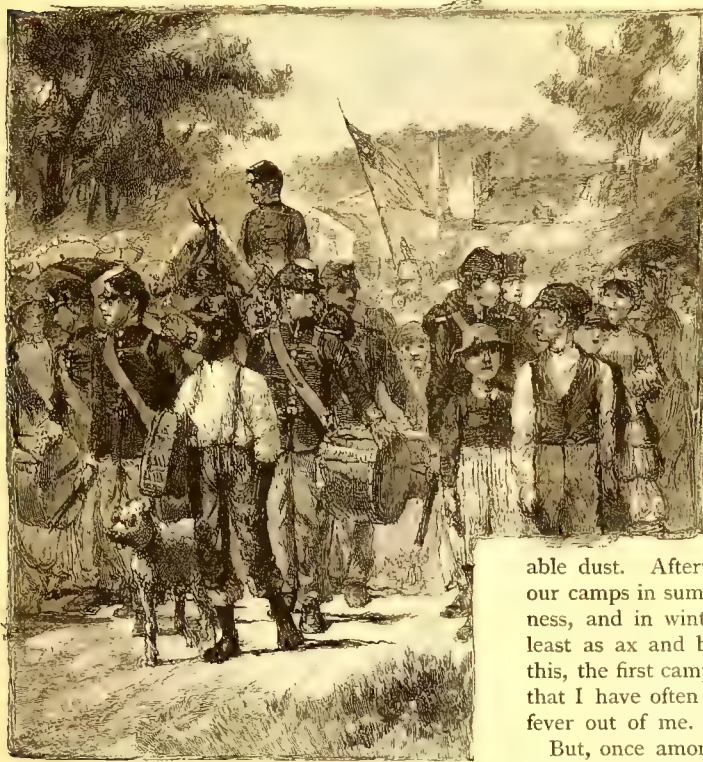
Let me pass over the trying good-bye the next morning, for Joe is ready with the carriage to take Father and me to the station, and we are soon on the cars, steaming away toward the great camp, whither the company already has gone.

"See, Harry, there is your camp." And looking out of the car-window, across the river, I catch, through the tall tree-tops, as we rush along, glimpses of my first camp,—acres and acres of canvas, stretching away into the dim and dusty distance, occupied, as I shall soon find, by some ten or twenty thousand soldiers, coming and going continually, marching and counter-marching until they have ground the soil into the driest and deepest dust I ever saw.

I shall never forget my first impressions of camp-life as Father and I passed the sentry at the gate. They were anything but pleasant, and I could not but agree with the remark of my father, that "the life of a soldier must be a hard life, indeed." For, as we entered that great camp, I looked into an A tent, the front flap of which was thrown back, and saw enough to make me sick of the housekeeping of a soldier. There was nothing in that tent but dirt and disorder, pans and kettles, tin cups and cracker boxes, forks and bayonet scabbards, greasy pork and broken hard-tack in utter confusion, and over all and everywhere that insuffer-

able dust. Afterward, when we got into the field, our camps in summer-time were models of cleanliness, and in winter models of comfort, as far at least as ax and broom could make them so, but this, the first camp I ever saw, was so abominable, that I have often wondered it did not frighten the fever out of me.

But, once among the men of the company, all this was soon forgotten. We had supper—hardtack and soft bread, boiled pork, and strong coffee (in tin cups), fare that Father thought "one could live on right well, I guess," and then the boys came around and begged Father to let me go; "they would take care of Harry; never you fear for that," and so helped on my cause that that night, about



THE REGIMENT STARTS FOR THE WAR.

ter be after getting that woolen stuff for shirts," and again he stops her at the gate with—

"Dreadful boy! Why *will* he make me all this trouble? I *can not* let my boy go!"

But at last, and somehow, Mother gets off. The

eleven o'clock, when we were in the railroad station together, on the way home, Father said:

"Now, Harry, my boy, you are not enlisted yet; I am going home on this train; you can go home with me now, or go with the boys. Which will you do?"

To which the answer came quickly enough; too quickly and too eagerly, I have often since thought, for a father's heart to bear it well:

"Papa, I'll go with the boys!"

"Well, then, good-bye, my boy! and may God bless you and bring you safely back to me again!"

The whistle blew "off brakes," the car door closed on Father, and I did not see him again for three long, long years!

Often and often as I have thought over these things since, I have never been able to come to any other conclusion than this: that it was the "war fever" that carried me off, and that made poor Father let me go. For that "war fever" was a terrible malady in those days. Once you were taken with it, you had a very fire in the bones until your name was down on the enlistment-roll. There was Andy, for example, afterward my mess-mate. He was on his way to school the very morning the company was leaving the village, with no idea of going along, but seeing this, that, and the other acquaintance in line, what did he do but run across the street to an undertaker's shop, cram his school-books through the broken window, take his place in line, and march off with the boys without so much as saying good-bye to the folks at home! And he did not see his Cæsar and Greek grammar again for three years.

I should like to tell something about the life we led in that camp; how we ate and slept and drilled, but as much more interesting matters await us, we must pass over our life here very briefly. I open the first of my three little black books, and read:

"Sept. 2d.—Received part of our uniforms, and I got a new drum. Had a trial at double-quick this evening till we were all out of breath, after which thirty-five of our men were detailed as camp guard for the first time. They stand guard two hours out of every six.

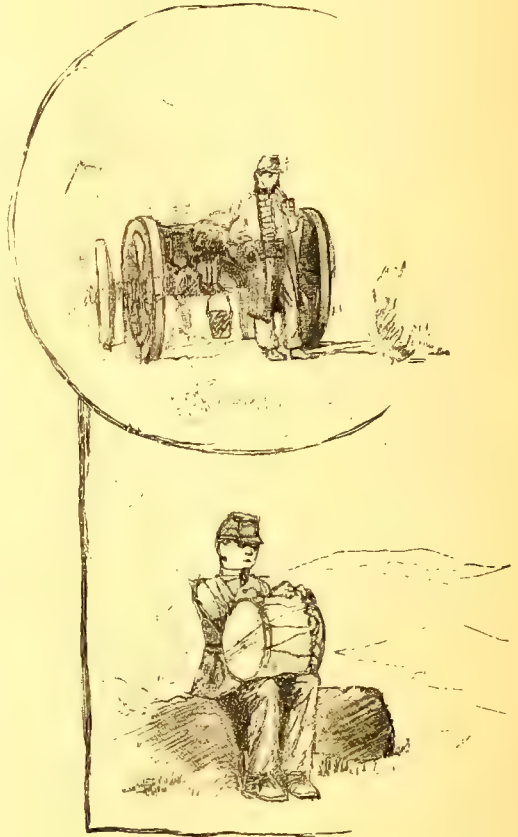
"Sept. 3d.—Slept soundly last night on the ground, although the cold was severe. Have purchased an India rubber blanket—'gum' blanket, we called it, to keep off the dampness. To-day, were mustered into service. We were all drawn up in line. Every man raised his right hand, while an officer recited the oath. It took only a few minutes, but when it was over one of the boys exclaimed: 'Now, fellows, I'd like to see any man go home if he dare. We belong to Uncle Sam, now.'"

Of the one thousand men drawn up in line there

that day, some lived to come back three years later and be drawn up in line again, almost on that identical spot, and how many do you think there were? No more than one hundred and fifty.

CHAPTER II.

ON TO WASHINGTON.



AFTER two weeks in that miserable camp at the State capital, we were ordered to Washington, and into Washington, accordingly, one sultry September morning, we marched, after a day and a night in the cars on the way thither. Quite proud we felt, you may be sure, as we tramped up Pennsylvania Avenue, with our new silk flags flying, the fifes playing "Dixie," and we ten little drummer-boys pounding away, awkwardly enough, no doubt, under the lead of a white-haired old man, who had beaten *his* drum nearly fifty years before under Wellington, at the battle of Waterloo. We were

green, raw troops, as anybody could tell at a glance; for we were fair-faced yet, and carried enormous knapsacks. I remember passing some old troops somewhere near Fourteenth street, and being painfully conscious of the difference between them and us. *They*, I observed, had no knapsacks; a gum blanket, twisted into a roll and slung carelessly over the shoulder, was all the luggage they carried. Dark, swarthy, sinewy men they were, with torn shoes and faded uniforms, but with an air of self-possession and endurance that came only of experience and hardship. They smiled on us as we passed by,—a grim smile of half pity and half contempt—just as we in our turn learned to smile on other new troops a year or two later.

By some unpardonable mistake, instead of getting into camp forthwith on the outskirts of the city, whither we had been ordered for duty at the present, we were marched far out into the country under a merciless sun, that soon scorched all the endurance out of me. It was dusty, it was hot, there was no water, my knapsack weighed a ton. So that when, after marching some seven miles, our orders were countermanded, and we were ordered back to the city again, I thought it impossible I ever should reach it. My feet moved mechanically, everything along the road was in a misty whirl, and when at night-fall Andy helped me into the barracks near the Capitol from which we had started in the morning, I threw myself, or rather, perhaps, fell, on the hard floor, and was soon so soundly asleep that Andy could not rouse me for my cup of coffee and ration of bread.

I have an indistinct recollection of being taken away next morning in an ambulance to some hospital, and being put into a clean white cot. After which, for days, all consciousness left me, and all was blank before me, save only that in misty intervals I saw the kind faces and heard the subdued voices of Sisters of Mercy; voices that spoke to me from far away, and hands that reached out to me from the other side of an impassable gulf.

Nursed by their tender care back to returning strength, no sooner was I able to stand on my feet once more than, against their solemn protest, I asked for my knapsack and drum, and insisted on setting out forthwith in quest of my regiment, which I found had meanwhile been scattered by companies about the city, my own company and another having been assigned to duty at "Soldiers' Home," the President's summer residence. Although it was but a distance of three miles or thereabouts, and although I started out in search of "Soldiers' Home" at noon, so conflicting were the directions given me by the various persons of whom I asked the road, that it was night-fall before I reached it. Coming then at the hour of dusk to a gate-way

leading apparently into some park or pleasure-ground, and being informed by the porter at the gate that this was "Soldiers' Home," I walked about among the trees in the growing darkness, in search of the camp of Company D, when, just as I had crossed a fence, a challenge rang out:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"

"Hello, Ellis," said I, peering through the bushes, "is that you?"

"That is n't the countersign, friend. You'd better give the countersign, or you're a dead man!"

Saying which, Ellis sprang back in true Zouave style, with his bayonet fixed and ready for a lunge at me.

"Now, Ellis," said I, "you know me just as well as I know myself, and you know I have n't the countersign, and if you're going to kill me, why, don't stand there crouching like a cat ready to spring on a mouse, but up and at it like a man. Don't keep me here in such dreadful suspense."

"Well, friend without the countersign, I'll call up the corporal, and he may kill you—you're a dead man, any way." Then he sang out:

"Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

From post to post it rang along the line, now shrill and high, now deep and low: "Corporal of the Guard, post number three!" "Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

Upon which up comes the corporal of the guard on a full trot, with his gun at a right-shoulder-shift, and saying:

"Well, what's up?"

"Man trying to break my guard."

"Where is he?"

"Why, there, beside that bush."

"Come along, you there; you'll be shot for a spy to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"All right, Mr. Corporal, I'm ready."

Now, all this was fine sport; for the corporal and Ellis were both of my company, and knew me quite as well as I knew them, but they were bent on having a little fun at my expense, and the corporal had marched me off some distance toward head-quarters beyond the ravine, when again the call rang along the line:

"Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

"Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

Back the corporal trotted me to Ellis.

"Well, what in the mischief's up now?"

"Another fellow trying to break my guard, Corporal."

"Well, where is he? Trot him out; we'll have a grand execution in the morning. The more the merrier, you know, and 'long live the Union!'"

"I'm sorry, Corporal, but the fact is I killed this chap myself. I caught him trying to climb over the gate there, and he would n't stop nor give the countersign, and so I up and at him, and ran my bayonet through him, and there he is!"

And sure enough, there he was,—a big fat 'possum!

"All right, Ellis; you're a brave soldier. I'll speak to the colonel about this, and you shall have two stripes on your sleeve one of these days."

And so, with the 'possum by the tail and me by the shoulder, he marched us off to head-quarters, where, the 'possum being thrown down on the ground, and I handed over to the tender mercies of the captain, it was ordered that:

"This young man should be taken down to Andy's tent, and a supper cooked, and a bed made for him there; and that henceforth and hereafter, he should beat reveille at daybreak, retreat at sundown, tattoo at nine P. M., and lights out a half-hour later."

Nothing, however, was said about the execution of spies in the morning, although it was duly ordained that the 'possum, poor thing, should be roasted on the morrow.

Never was there a more pleasant camp than ours, there on that green hill-side across the ravine from the President's summer residence. We had light guard duty to do, but that of a kind we esteemed a most high honor, for it was no less than that of being special guards for President Lincoln. But the good President, we were told, although he loved his soldiers as his own children, did not like being guarded. Often did I see him enter his carriage before the hour appointed for his morning departure for the White House, and drive away in haste, as if to escape from the irksome escort of a dozen cavalry-men, whose duty it was to guard his carriage between our camp and the city. Then when the escort rode up to the door, some ten or fifteen minutes later, and found that the carriage had already gone, was n't there a clattering of hoofs and a rattling of scabbards as they dashed out past the gate and down the road to overtake the great and good President, in whose heart was "charity for all, and malice toward none."

Boy as I was, I could not but notice how pale and haggard the President looked as he entered his carriage in the morning, or stepped down from it in the evening after a weary day's work in the city; and no wonder, either, for those September days of 1862 were the dark, perhaps the darkest, days of the war. Many a mark of favor and kindness did we receive from the President's family. Delicacies, such as we were strangers to then, and would be for a long time to come, found their way from Mrs. Lincoln's hand to our camp on the

green hill-side; while little Tad, the President's son, was a great favorite with the boys, fond of the camp, and delighted with the drill.

One night, when all but the guards on their posts were wrapped in great-coats and sound asleep in the tents, I felt some one shake me roughly by the shoulder, and call:

"Harry! Harry! Get up quick and beat the long roll; we're going to be attacked. Quick, now!"

Groping about in the dark for my drum and sticks, I stepped out into the company street, and beat the loud alarm, which, waking the echoes, brought the boys out of their tents in double-quick time, and set the whole camp in an uproar.

"What's up, fellows?"

"Fall in, Company D!" shouted the orderly.

"Fall in, men," shouted the captain, "we're going to be attacked at once!"

Amid the confusion of so sudden a summons at midnight, there was some lively scrambling for guns, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, and clothes.

"I say, Bill, you've got my coat on!"

"Where's my cap?"

"Andy, you scamp, you've got my shoes!"

"Fall in, men, quick; no time to look after shoes now. Take your arms and fall in."

And so, some shoeless, others hatless, and all only half dressed, we form in line and are marched out and down the road at double-quick for a mile; then halt; pickets are thrown out; an advance of the whole line through the woods, among tangled bushes and briars, and through marshes, until, as the first early streaks of dawn are shooting up in the eastern sky, orders are countermanded, and we march back to camp, to find—that the whole thing was a ruse, planned by some of the officers for the purpose of testing our readiness for work at any hour. After that, we slept with our shoes on.

But poor old Jerry Black,—a man who should never have enlisted, for he was as afraid of a gun as Robinson Crusoe's man Friday,—poor old Jerry was the butt for many a joke the next day. For, amid the night's confusion, and in the immediate prospect, as he supposed, of a deadly encounter with the enemy, so alarmed did he become that he at once fell to—praying! Out of consideration for his years and piety, the captain had permitted him to remain behind as a guard for the camp in our absence, in which capacity he did excellent service, excellent service! But oh, when we sat about our fires the next morning, frying our steaks and cooking our coffee, poor Jerry was the butt of all the fun, and was cruelly described by the wag of the company as "the man that had a brave heart, but a most cowardly pair of legs!"

CHAPTER III.

OUR FIRST WINTER QUARTERS.

"WELL, fellows, I tell you what! I've heard a good deal about the balmy breezes and sunny skies of Old Virginny, but if this is a specimen of the sort of weather they have in these parts, I, for one, move we 'right-about-face' and march home."

So saying, Phil Hammer got up from under the scrub-pine, where he had made his bed for the

inland in the direction of Falmouth, and had halted and camped for the night in a thick undergrowth of scrub-pine and cedar. The day of our landing was remarkably fair. The skies were so bright, the air was so soft and balmy, that we were rejoiced to find what a pleasant country it was we were getting into, to be sure; but the next morning, when we drummer-boys woke the men with our loud reveille, we were all of Phil's opinion, that the sunny skies and balmy breezes of this new land were all a miserable fiction. For, as man after



IN WINTER QUARTERS.

night, shaking the snow from his blanket and the cape of his overcoat, while a loud "Ha! ha!" and an oft-repeated "What do you think of this, boys?" rang along the hill-side on which we had found our first camping-place on "Old Virginia's Shore."

The weather had played us a most deceptive and unpleasant trick. We had landed the day before, as my journal says, "at Belle Plains, at a place called Platt's Landing," having been brought down from Washington on the steamer "Louisiana"; had marched some three or four miles

man opened his eyes at the loud roll of our drums, and the shout of the orderly: "Fall in, Company D, for roll-call!" he found himself covered with four inches of snow, and more coming down. Fortunately, the bushes had afforded us some protection; they were so numerous and so thick that one could scarcely see twenty rods ahead of him, and with their great overhanging branches had kindly kept the falling snow out of our faces at least, while we slept.

And now began a busy time. We were to

build winter quarters—a work for which we were but poorly prepared, either by nature or by circumstance. Take any body of men out of civilized life, put them into the woods to shift for themselves, and they are generally as helpless as children. As for ourselves, we were indeed “Babes in the Wood.” At least half the regiment knew nothing of wood-craft, having never been accustomed to the use of the ax. It was a laughable sight to see some of the men from the city try to cut down a tree! Besides, we were poorly equipped. Axes were scarce, and worth almost their weight in gold. We had no “shelter tents.” Most of us had “poncho” blankets; that is to say, a piece of oil-cloth about five feet by four, with a slit in the middle. But we found our ponchos very poor coverings for our cabins; for the rain just *would* run down through that unfortunate hole in the middle; and then, too, the men needed their oil-cloths when they went on picket, for which purpose they had been particularly intended. This circumstance gave rise to frequent discussion that day: whether to use the poncho as a covering for the cabin, and get soaked on picket, or save the poncho for picket, and cover the cabin with brush-wood and clay? Some messes* chose the one alternative, others the other; and as the result of this preference, together with our ignorance of wood-craft and the scarcity of axes, we produced on that hill-side the oddest looking winter quarters a regiment ever built! Such an agglomeration of cabins was never seen before nor since. I am positive no two cabins on all that hill-side had the slightest resemblance to each other.

There, for instance, was a mess over in Company A, composed of men from the city. They had *one* kind of cabin, an immense square structure of pine logs, about seven feet high, and covered over the top, first with brush-wood and then coated so heavily with clay that I am certain the roof must have been two feet thick at the least. It was hardly finished before some wag had nicknamed it “Fortress Monroe.”

Then, there was Ike Sankey, of our own company; he invented another style of architecture, or perhaps I should rather say, he borrowed it from the Indians. Ike would have none of your flat-roofed concerns; he would build a wigwam. And so, marking out a huge circle, in the center of which he erected a pole, and around the pole a great number of smaller poles, with one end on the circle and the other end meeting in the common apex, covering this with brush and the brush with clay, he made for himself a house that was quite warm, indeed, but one so fearfully gloomy that within it was as dark at noon as at midnight. Ominous sounds came afterward from the dark

recesses of “The Wigwam”; for we were a “skirmish regiment,” and Ike was our bugler, and the way he tooted all day long, “Deploy to the right and left,” “Rally by fours,” and “Rally by platoons,” was suggestive of things yet to come.

Then, there was my own tent or cabin, if indeed I may dignify it with the name of either; for it was a cross between a house and a cave. Andy and I thought we would follow the advice of the Irishman, who in order to raise his roof higher, dug his cellar deeper. We resolved to dig down some three feet; “and then, Harry, we ’ll log her up about two feet high, cover her with ponchos, and we ’ll have the finest cabin in the row!” It took us about three days to accomplish so stupendous an undertaking, during which time we slept at night under the bushes as best we could, and when our work was done, we moved in with great satisfaction. I remember the door of our house was a mystery to all visitors, as, indeed, it was to ourselves until we “got the hang of it,” as Andy said. It was a hole about two feet square, cut through one end of the log part of the cabin, and through it you had to crawl as best you could. If you put one leg in first, then the head, and then drew in the other leg after you, you were all right; but if, as visitors generally did, you put in your head first, you were obliged to crawl in on all fours in a most ungraceful and undignified fashion.

That was a queer-looking camp all through. If you went up to the top of the hill, where the colonel had his quarters, and looked down, a strange sight met your eyes. By the time the next winter came, however, we had learned how to swing an ax, and we built ourselves winter quarters that reflected no little credit on our skill as experienced woodsmen. The last cabin we built—it was down in front of Petersburg—was a model of comfort and convenience; ten feet long by six wide, and five high, made of clean pine logs straight as an arrow, and covered with shelter tents; a chimney at one end, and a comfortable bunk at the other; the inside walls covered with clean oat-bags, and the gable ends papered with pictures cut from illustrated papers; a mantel-piece, a table, a stool; and we were putting down a floor of pine boards, too, one day toward the close of winter, when the surgeon came by, and looking in, said:

“No time to drive nails now, boys; we have orders to move!” But Andy said:

“Pound away, Harry, pound away; we ’ll see how it looks, anyhow, before we go!”

I remember an amusing occurrence in connection with the building of our winter quarters. I had gone over to see some of the boys of our company one evening, and found they had “logged up” their tent about four feet high, and stretched a

* A “mess” is a number of men who eat together.

poncho over it to keep the snow out, and were sitting before a fire they had built in a chimney-place at one end. The chimney was built up only as high as the log walls reached, the intention being to "cat-stick and daub" it afterward to a sufficient height. The mess had just got a box from home, and some one had hung nearly two yards of sausage on a stick across the top of the chimney, "to smoke." And there, on a log rolled up in front of the fire, I found Jimmy Lane and Sam Reed sitting smoking their pipes, and glancing up the chimney between whiffs every now and then, to see that the sausage was safe. Sitting down between them, I watched the cheery glow of the fire, and we fell to talking, now about the jolly times they were having at home at the holiday season, and again about the progress of our cabin-building, while every now and then Jimmy would peep up the chimney on one side, and shortly after, Sam would squint up on the other. After sitting thus for half an hour or so, all of a sudden, Sam, looking up the chimney, jumped off the log, clapped his hands together and shouted:

"Jim, it's gone!"

Gone it was; and you might as well look for a needle in a hay-stack as search for two yards of sausage among troops building winter quarters on short rations!

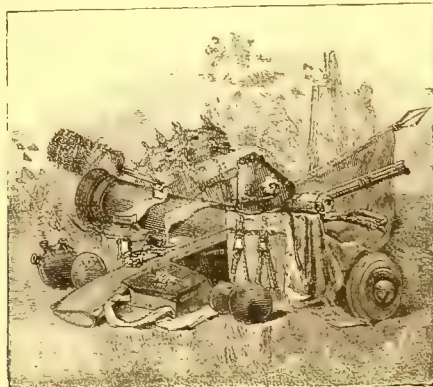
One evening Andy and I were going to have a feast, consisting in the main, of a huge dish of apple-fritters. We bought the flour and the apples of the sutler at enormous figures, for we were so tired of the endless monotony of bacon, beef, and bean-soup, that we were bent on having a glorious supper, cost or no cost. We had a rather small chimney-place, in which Andy was superintending the heating of a mess-pan half full of lard, while I was busying myself with the flour, dough, and apples, when, as ill-luck would have it, the lard took fire and flamed up the chimney with a roar, and a blaze so bright that it illuminated the whole camp from end to end. Unfortu-

nately, too, for us, four of our companies had been recruited in the city, and most of them had been in the volunteer fire department, in which service they had gained an experience, useful enough to them on the present occasion, but most disastrous to us.

No sooner was the bright blaze seen pouring high out of the chimney-top of our modest little cabin, than at least a half-dozen fire companies were on the instant organized for the emergency. The "Humane," the "Fairmount," the "Good-will," with their imaginary engines and hose-carriages, came dashing down our company street, with shouts, and yells, and cheers. It was but the work of a moment to attach the imaginary hose to imaginary plugs, plant imaginary ladders, tear down the chimney and demolish the roof, amid a flood of sparks, and to the intense delight of the firemen, but to our utter consternation and grief. It took us days to repair the damage, and we went to bed with some of our neighbors, after a scant supper of hard-tack and coffee.

How did we spend our time in winter quarters, do you ask? Well, there was always enough to do, you may be sure, and often it was work of the very hardest sort. Two days in the week the regiment went out on picket, and while there got but little sleep and suffered much from exposure. When they were not on picket, all the men not needed for camp guard had to drill. It was nothing but drill, drill, drill: company drill, regimental drill, brigade drill, and once even division drill. Our regiment, as I have said, was a skirmish regiment, and the skirmish-drill is no light work, let me tell you. Many an evening the men came in more dead than alive after skirmishing over the country for miles around, all the afternoon. Reveille and roll-call at five o'clock in the morning, guard mount at nine, company drill from ten to twelve, regimental drill from two to four, dress-parade at five, tattoo and lights out at nine at night, with continual practice on the drum for us drummer-boys—so our time passed away.

(To be continued.)





By the fence, a-mid the clo-ver,
Stand brave Bob and blithe-some Bess ;

He peeps up, and she peeps o-ver.
What is the se-cret? Who can guess?



As I WENT down to Lon-don town,
 The cit-y for to see,
 My lit-tle lad, all brave-ly clad,
 Came step-ping up to me.
 "Good-mor-row, pret-ty sir!" said I.
 "The same to you!" said he.
 I curt-sied low, and he did bow,
 And doffed his hat and feath-er.
 Said I: "The day is fair and gay."
 Said he: "'T is charm-ing weath-er.
 I, too, go down to Lon-don town,—
 Shall we not go to-geth-er?"
 A-way we went, on pleas-ure bent,
 The cit-y we did see,
 And when the sun was sink-ing down,
 Came home right mer-ri-ly.
 "It was a pleas-ant day!" said I.
 "We 'll go a-gain!" said he.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BLESS me! How bleak November must be in books! Why, they say there that it is as gloomy, windy, dreary a season as one can well stand; that the earth is dead, as it were, and the sea in such a rage about one thing and another that it is as much as one's life is worth to venture upon it!

Well, all this may be so, but your Jack doubts it, and so do Deacon Green and the dear Little School-ma'am. You see, we believe in November. It's a good honest month, November is. It does n't put on any spring airs, nor freeze you with stiff winter manners, but just shakes its crisp yellow leaves at you (the fewer the merrier) and crackles its stubble under your feet and meets you in good hearty fashion, ready at any time for a romp. If you light a fire in its honor, up goes the smoke! out fly the sparks! and ho for a roaring blaze! If you go out on the sea to find it, there it is—strong, brave, and in dead earnest, every wave alive, and a gale in every breath. And what a sun it has! none of your scorchers, but a clean-cut cool flood of life and light. Then its stars—how they *do* sparkle! and all the while if any sturdy little outdoor thing wants to grow, and really means business, there is sure to be a warmish little corner for it somewhere.

Look out for November, my little lads and ladies! Be as honest, crisp, and bright as itself when it shakes hands with you—and give it Jack's best compliments.

Now let us take up the subject of

THE SUN'S VOICE.

YOUR Jack can not say that he ever actually heard it himself, but it often has seemed to him that the Sun must have something to say which is very pleasant to hear; else why the answer of joy that bubbles up from the meadows and trills from

the woods, when he gets up bright and rosy of a morning? I'm told, though, that he has a real voice, and that a Mr. Graham Bell has caught its sound.

And long ago, when the world was a good deal younger and, perhaps, quicker-eared than it is now, a man named Pythagoras said: "The stars in moving produce a heavenly melody which they who are wise may hear"; and that melody he called "the music of the spheres."

Perhaps Pythagoras was right; but, even if he was not, why here in our day, as the dear Little School-ma'am tells me, stands Mr. Graham Bell, and in his hand is a piece of rounded glass called a lens; this he sets up so that it will gather and send on their way side by side some of those parts of a sunbeam that are called "dark rays,"—all you youngsters who have learned about the spectroscope will know what they are,—these dark rays he lets fall upon the flat surface of a delicate telephone, and immediately a musical note sounds forth; and that is one tone of the great Sun's voice!

So, then, perhaps there may be literal truth as well as sublime poetry in the solemn phrase which I once heard Deacon Green chanting over and over to himself:

"The Morning Stars sang together
And all the Sons of God shouted for joy."

ANSWERING VOICES.

TALKING of the Sun's Voice and those who answer it reminds me that, according to the Little School-ma'am and, doubtless, other authorities, there was in ancient Egypt talk of a certain stone statue of Memnon, seated, gazing eastward across the Nile. This statue was said to give forth a musical note as soon as the sun shone upon it in the morning, and it sang all day long; but when the sun sank in the west, the stone sent up a wailing cry, as if in farewell to the dying light.

Now was n't this a noble old statue? ST. NICHOLAS* has told you all about this appreciative stone gentleman, but I thought it well, just here, to call him to mind.

WHITE CROWS AND OTHER CROWS.

YOUR Jack lately overheard Deacon Green telling the Little School-ma'am that, one day last spring, when he was strolling with a friend in a beautiful Connecticut valley, two white crows and two black ones flew over his head in company; and he added that he had seen a white blackbird, but never until then had he seen white crows.

A wood-wanderer down in Florida sends word of another queer crow. Says he: "I had tripped, and bumped my forehead against a tree, and was stooping over a quiet pool to examine my hurt in the watery mirror, when a harsh, unfeeling voice behind me cried, 'Haw, haw!'" It was just as if a man had laughed in derision, and I turned quickly, feeling a little out of temper at what I thought the rudeness of a perfect stranger. Looking up, I saw on a branch not far away a black crow, sitting as gravely as a judge. Just then his bill opened, and

out of it sounded the hoarse 'Haw, haw!' again. Of course that set me laughing, and away flew the 'perfect stranger,' no doubt deeply shocked at *my* want of politeness!"

HEARING PLANTS GROW.

DEAR JACK: Near my home is a field where the corn stands in rows like the rank and file of an army; and I love to watch it as I lie and swing in my hammock beneath the trees. One warm but damp summer-night, I lay there wide awake and quite still, and the moonlight fell upon me from between the leaves without flickering, for there was not a sign of wind to stir them: even the plumes and tassels in the neighboring corn-army were quiet. But all at once there came a shy little sound, then another, and several more, and each was like the sudden tearing of a piece of soft paper, low but distinct. And all the while the air was motionless. And do you know, dear Jack, I really believe that then and there I actually heard the corn grow, and that those little sounds were made by the bursting of the sheaths of its buds? Of course, I know anybody might say: "Pshaw! The idea!—you must have been dreaming!" But I was wide awake, and I do not think I was mistaken—
Yours truly,
AMICE G.

Perhaps Amice did hear in the great stillness the breaking of the sheaths and the pushing out of the budding growths. But, any way, Jack has just heard that, by applying a new-fangled electrical affair, men have made the growing of a plant show its progress to the eye, by the motion of a pointer around a dial, and have compelled it to make itself heard at short intervals by the regular tinkle of a bell! What next?

A BUTTERFLY BRANCH.

Now and then on summer days some beautiful member of the Scale Wing tribe pays a flying visit to your Jack's neighborhood. And right pleasant it is to see him hover a moment in the air,—and alight on some sweet blossom, slowly opening and folding up his mottled wings,—and next floating away in the sunshine, hither and thither, as light and free as if he were a sprite from Fairy-land. Well, my dears, here is a picture of some pretty creatures of this kind, and here, too, is the true story about them:

During the summer a party of grown-ups were camping-out somewhere in Wisconsin, and one day they saw at a little distance a tree-branch with

what seemed to be its own white blossoms having a rare frolic with the wind; for they were blowing off, and blowing on again, fluttering up and down, and circling about, in a very frisky way. But on going close up it was found that what had appeared to be flying flowers really were a score or more of butterflies clustering around the branch,—a sort of surprise party of white-winged beauties.

Your Jack has heard, too, that in Monterey, California, there are three pine-trees called "the Butterfly trees" because for at least twelve years they have been covered almost all the time with live butterflies. The trees measure about eighteen inches through the trunk, and they bear quite as many butterflies as they have leaves.

It may be that these particular trees give out an



"THE BUTTERFLY BRANCH."

odor or yield a sap which the butterflies like very much; but my birds have not told me yet about this, and perhaps one of you youngsters will be the first to explain to me why butterflies are attracted in such numbers to these curious perching-places.

THE MAGIC PEN.

(An Operetta for the Children.)

BY E. S. BROOKS,
Author of "The Land of Nod."

CHARACTERS.

The Lord of the Magic Pen.

Mr. Fact, and Prince Fable:—His Councilors.

Fancy Bright, and High Desire:—Petitioners on behalf of the children.

Columbus, Joan of Arc, and Washington:—Followers of Fact.

Jack the Giant-Killer, Cinderella, and Robinson Crusoe:—Followers of Fable.

The Gnome Man.

Puck, the Pen's Messenger.

The Herald from Gnome Man's Land.

Dolly, Dot, and Dick:—The children's delegates.

The Musical Frolics.

The Page of the Pen.

The Standard-Bearer.

The Elephant Driver.

The Elephant.

Half of this operetta is given in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, so that all who wish to study it for representation may take up the first part of it now. The concluding portion will be given next month, in ample time for preparation for the holidays.

NOTES.

The design of this operetta is to suggest that under all its song and show lurks a meaning, to the effect that children's stories, to be effective, must combine all the elements of interest and fancy, of fact and fable. The costumes here set down can be added to or departed from according to facilities at hand or the taste of the managers. The construction and management of the mechanical effects introduced, viz., the Elephant and the Gnome Man, are known to all, and can be undertaken by supple and willing young men. The full effect of the presentation will be found to lie in the strength and training of the Chorus of Frolics, which should be as large as practicable (not less than six; and fifteen if possible), in the accuracy of movement, and in the proper attention to stage arrangements and details. The bell accompaniment to the choruses, the proper construction of the Gnome Man (or dwarf), the elephant and his car, and the artistic arrangements of the tableaux, require most care, but the result will amply repay the labor expended.

COSTUMES AND ACCESSORIES.

The Lord of the Pen. Student's gown of black silk; blouse of cardinal, black velvet, and gold. Under-graduate's cap, such as is worn in English colleges, surmounted with imitation quill-pen in silver; gray beard, scepter, cardinal stockings, and slippers.

HAT OF "HIGH
DESIRE."

Mr. Fact. A straight-cut modern black suit, high black silk hat, cane and eyeglasses.

Prince Fable. Prince's suit of pale blue, white, and silver; pale blue stockings, slippers, cap with white plume; cloak to match.

Fancy Bright. Pink tarlatan dress, with silver stars and bands; coronet, with silver star; pink stockings.

High Desire. A tall boy, with high conical or Tyrolean hat. Black, gold, and cardinal court dress; cloak of same.

The Page of the Pen. Cardinal blouse and short cloak, with silver braid; skull cap, same colors; cardinal stockings. He bears the Magic Pen on a large cushion of black or crimson.



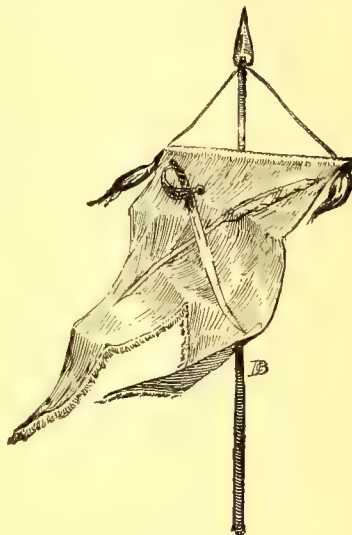
CUSHION AND MAGIC PEN.

Columbus. Underdress of lavender silesia, puffed sleeves; over-dress: purple, trimmed with gold braid; lavender stockings; som-

brero, with lavender or white plumes. (See picture on any five-dollar greenback.)

Joan of Arc. See picture in Tuckey's Joan of Arc (Putnam, publisher); short purple dress, purple cap, with white plumes; armor of silver and gold.

George Washington. Continental suit (see picture in Lossing's



THE BANNER.

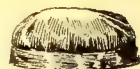
Field-Book of the Revolution); sword; blue coat, buff trimmings; buff pants, lace ruffles; three-cornered cap, black stockings, buckles on shoes.

Jack the Giant-Killer. Blouse of green and buff, red sash, long gray stockings, cap, with red plume; sword and bugle.



GNOME MAN'S CAP.

Cinderella. Fancy ball-dress of white tarlatan, with gold stars and bands; train; veil; band for hair.



THINKING-CAP.

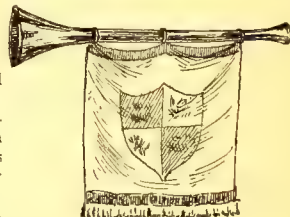
Robinson Crusoe. Brownish Canton flannel blouse or frock, the rough side out, sleeveless; pointed-cap of same; gray leggings, strapped across above the knee; belt, with pistol; stuffed or imitation parrot on shoulder; gun.

The Standard-Bearer. Tight-fitting suit of cream-white, with bands of gold and cardinal put on, military style; cream-white stockings; buckles; fatigue cap of same, with cardinal and gold bands.

Dolly, Dot, and Dick. Ordinary children's dress, with ulsters over coats, and hats or caps on. They each carry a toy balloon.

Puck. Dressed as a "District messenger-boy."

The Frolics. Fifteen little girls dressed in white tarlatan, as nearly alike as possible; gauze wings, white stockings, white shoes; each with chime of bells.



HERALD'S TRUMPET.

The Elephant Driver. Moorish dress, white blouse, turban; half-bare arms, bracelets; large gold circlets in ears.

The Elephant, constructed as in engraving, p. 156, "Art of Amusing," or as shown in "John Spooner's Great Human Menagerie," ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1875.

The Gnome Man, as in illustration, pp. 94 and 95, "Art of Amusing." His dress is of dark blue, pale blue, and silver; Phrygian cap of same.

The Book Car. Platform fitting over a good-sized child's wagon, so arranged that it can be drawn by the two boys who represent the elephant; the back made in imitation of a book-cover.

The Throne and Drapery. Canopy draped with green and silver,

with trimmings of crimson and gold; background, maroon; chair, same.

The Gnome Man's Alcove. A curtained dais, which may be set in a recess; drape with Turkey red.

Other Properties. The banner should be cardinal, with the device of a quill pen in silver crossing a broken sword, in gold, and is lined with pale blue. Three toy balloons for Dot, Dolly, and Dick. Two thinking-caps, like polo caps; one of crimson and gold, and one of blue and silver.

The Herald. Brown blouse and cloak trimmed with red, blue, and gold braid; skull-cap, with same colors; trumpet of cardinal and gold, and blue and silver drapery.

THE OPERETTA.

SCENE.—Court of the Lord of the Magic Pen. Throne—empty.
Enter the FROLICS, singing:

Music by Anthony Reiff.*

This Symphony before each verse.
Allegretto.

1. Here and there, here and there, Thro' the spring day's
2. Where they play, thro' the day, Race we, chase we,

verdure fair; Here and there, here and there, Thro' the balmy
bright and gay; Where they play, thro' the day, There we dart a-

summer air. Chasing show'rs 'midst the flowers, [pleasant
the cross their way. Blithe and free, Frolics we,—Childhood's
Frolics,

summer hours, Troop we all..... to the call
blithe and free; Sing-ing slow soft and low,

Of the chil-dren blithe and small. Chasing show'rs,
To the Mag-ic Pen we go. Blithe and free,

midst the flow'rs, Thro' the pleasant summer hours, Troop we [all
Frolics we,—Childhood's Frolics, blithe and free, Singing slow,

to the call Of the children blithe and small.
soft and low, To the Magic Pen we go.

CODA after last verse.
Fine.
D. C. pp.
cres.

Enter FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE. BOTH SPEAK:

We're Fancy Bright and High Desire!
Reaching, ever, high and higher,
Ours the hands that never tire,
Ours the feet that climb—
As we build for childish pleasure
All the joys that children treasure,
As we set to childish measure
Life's sweet morning-chime.

They who take are ever yearning,
Still for new delights are burning;
So we hasten,—turning, turning,
From the homes of men.
On the mighty Master calling,
For some childish tale enthralling,
From the store that's ever falling
From the Magic Pen.

Chorus of FROLICS, with bell accompaniment:

Music by Anthony Reiff.*

Allegretto. Scherzo.

mp *Ped. BELLS. **

*Ped. BELLS. **

Tingle, tangle,

L.H. R.H.

tingle, Jingle, jangle, jingle,

BELLS. BELLS.

Sound the bells, sil-ver bells. Jingle, jangle,

jingle. Tingle, tangle, tingle,

*Ped. BELLS. **

Jingle, jangle, jingle, Sing the bells,

BELLS.

ring the bells, Jingle, jangle, jingle.

GIRLS. *f* BOYS. *f* GIRLS. *f* BOYS. *f* ALL.
Jingle, Jangle, Jingle, Jangle, Thus we call our

GIRLS. *f* BOYS. *f* GIRLS. *f* BOYS. *f*
Master with our bells. Jingle, Jangle, Jingle, Jangle,

Thus we call, Thus we call our Mas-ter with our

bells, Thus we call, Thus we call our Master with our

bells. Jingle, jingle, jingle, Jingle, jingle, jingle, Merry

tr. tr. tr. tr.

BELLS, till end of Voice part.

bells. BELLS. *8va*.....

pp Ped. BELLS.

FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE, together:

O Master of the Magic Pen,
Great Wizard of the Brain,
Come—as we voice our wishes here!
Come—mighty Master; quick—appear!
Nor let us call in vain:
Now, as we lift our song again,
Come—Master of the Magic Pen!

Chorus of FROLICS, as before.

Enter MASTER of the MAGIC PEN, seated on his book-chariot, drawn by elephant in charge of elephant driver. The MASTER is preceded by the STANDARD-BEARER, and followed by the PAGE of the PEN (who bears the Pen on a velvet cushion), and by Mr. FACT and PRINCE FABLE. FROLICS salute with chorus, as follows:

Music by Anthony Reiff.*

Maestoso.

Hail! hail! hail! Prince of the thoughts of men!

f

Hail! hail! hail! Lord of the Magic Pen! Hail! hail!

hail! Prince of the thoughts of men! Hail! hail! hail!

Lord of the Magic Pen! hail! hail!

hail! hail!

Lord of the Magic Pen! Hail!

f

MASTER:

Who is it calls?

FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE:

We, gracious Master!—
Fancy Bright and High Desire.
To thee we haste
(Thought flies not faster),
And for thy boundless aid aspire;

Kneel before him.

And bending low,
Before thy feet,
With joy and love
Our sovereign greet.

MASTER descends from car and ascends the throne: standing before it, says to DRIVER:

Lead off the car.
But wait without until I call, and then
Bear me to other fields afar,
Where countless labors waiting are
Still for the Magic Pen.

DRIVER salams low and leads off elephant-car. STANDARD-BEARER and PAGE stand at foot of throne; FACT and FABLE stand higher, at right and left of MASTER.

MASTER, from the throne, standing:

I'm the Lord of the wonderful Magic Pen;
I'm the Master of every Tongue,
And my stories old for the children I've told,
Since the days when the earth was young.

Far back, far back, in the misty years,
In the young world's morning glory,
My Magic Pen for the children then
Traced many a wondrous story.

And the ages came and the ages fled;
But still has my Pen kept going,
And the children small love the stories all
That fast from the Pen are flowing.

And so, Fancy Bright and High Desire,
You shall have what to give I am able—
With the aid of the Pen and my Councilmen—
My servitors—Fact and Fable.

Seats himself.

FANCY:

I 'm Fancy Bright!

HIGH DESIRE:

I 'm High Desire!

FANCY:

Mine are the schemings,

HIGH DESIRE:

Mine the fire,

BOTH:

That still with thought,
Mount high and higher
In every childish brain.

FANCY:

And the children,
Ever yearning,
Now for something
New, are burning.

HIGH DESIRE:

Some new story,
Wonder-turning,
Ask they now again.

BOTH, kneeling at foot of throne:

Mighty Master,
Give us, give us
Something grand that shall outlive us,
That shall stir the hearts of men.
Then should Fancy
And Desire
Never more to lead aspire;
This might lift the children higher
By the mighty Magic Pen.

MASTER:

What ho, my trusty page!
Give quick, give free,
The Magic Pen.

PAGE, kneeling, presents the pen.

Now Fact, now Fable,
Come to me,
And say what shall
This story be,
To touch the children's ken!
Quick, Page,
The thinking-caps for both.

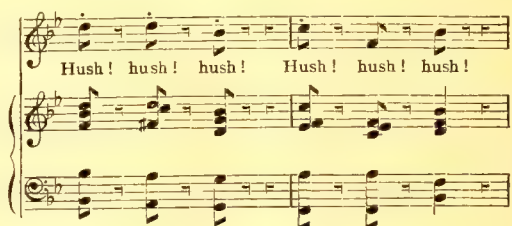
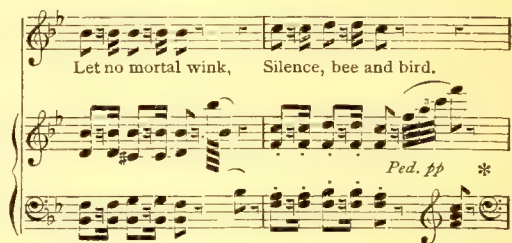
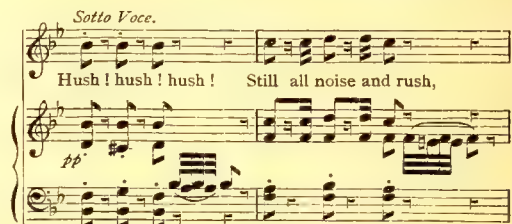
PAGE presents caps to FACT and FABLE.

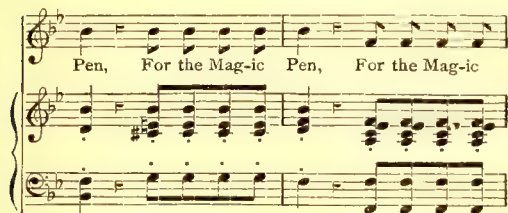
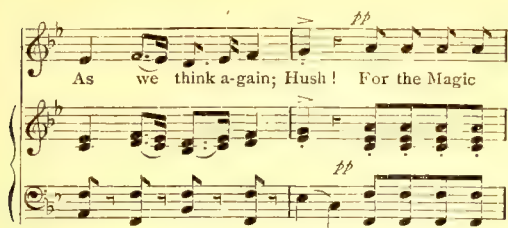
MASTER continues:

Think Fact—think Fable.
Be not loath
To guide the Magic Pen.

FACT and FABLE place the thinking-caps on their heads, fold their arms, and pace slowly up and down the stage, lost in thought, while the FROLICS sing very soft and low this chorus:

Music by Anthony Reiff.*





MR. FACT, removing cap and bowing to the throne:

I am plain Mr. Fact, always ready to act
In the service of sense or of reason;
Let, O Master, the Pen, for the children of men,
Give but *facts*—which are always in season;
For the truth is the truth! and a lie is a lie!
Howsoever in jewels you dress it;
If my speech is too plain, I regret—but in vain
Can I seek for soft words to express it.
Let the little ones know that their duties below
They must do just as conscience impels them;
Let them read every day only *facts*, I should say,
In the stories that History tells them.

Bows and steps aside to the right.

PRINCE FABLE, removing cap and bowing to throne:

No, Master, no! oh, write not so,
Lest dull and dry thy stories wither;
Bring joy and light, and pictures bright,
And day-dreams tripping hither, thither.
Let elf and fay the livelong day,
Hold fast and rapt the childish fancies;
While far and near, on childish ear,
Fall only sounds of songs and dances.
Age travels fast, youth soon is past.
Let then the Pen, O Master, lighten
The children's hour; thou hast the power
Closed ears to ope, dull eyes to brighten.
Let Mr. Fact, who knows not tact
But simple sense, teach rule and table;
The wondrous tale will more avail
Than dull, dry facts—thus counsels Fable.

Bows and steps aside to the left.

MASTER, rising:

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"
Thus, the Pen tells me, an old poet said—
If so confusing must your counsels be,
We might as well go home and get to bed;

Nothing the children could obtain to-night—
You are both wrong, and yet, you both are right.
Your thinking-caps put on! seek further speech!—
Or, stay! that sooner we the end may reach,—
Ho, Fact and Fable, summon quickly here
Some of the tales you 'd send the children dear.

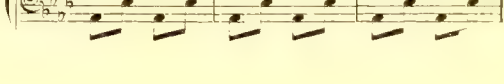
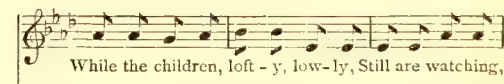
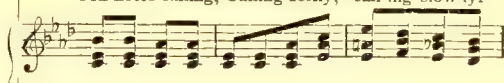
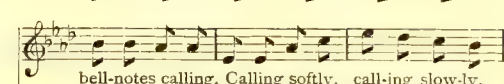
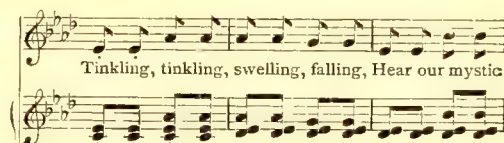
FACT and FABLE, both:

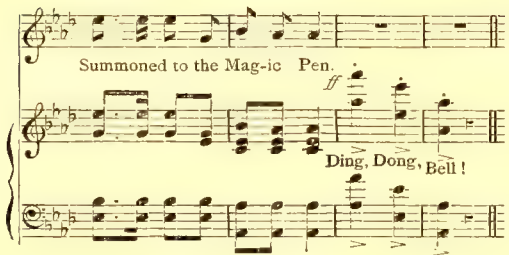
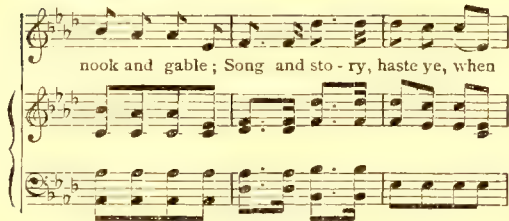
Lift, Frolics all, the song and call,
And bid our thoughts appear.
Come, stories old, so often told,
Come to the Master here.

Chorus of FROLICS:

N. B.—The singers in this chorus should have bells, and shake them gently at each note they sing, like sleigh bells; these should be shaken loudly at each of the three notes in the closing symphony, marked Ding, Dong, Bell!

*Allegretto Moderato.
Delicately.*





Enter, right, JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, CINDERELLA, and ROBINSON CRUSOE. They cross to PRINCE FABLE and bow to him. FABLE presents them before the throne.

Mighty Master—these *my* stories,
Age-enshrined in childish glories,
Jack the Giant-Killer, bold!

JACK bows to throne.

Cinderella, never old!

CINDERELLA bows to throne.

Crusoe, from his island-hold!

CRUSOE bows to throne,

Trooping here from field and fen,
Take them, Master of the Pen!

MASTER:

You are welcome, Fables all,
To the great Pen's council-hall.

PRINCE FABLE and his followers step aside. Then enter, left, COLUMBUS, JOAN OF ARC, and GEORGE WASHINGTON. They cross to MR. FACT and bow to him. FACT presents them before the throne:

These, the followers of Fact;
Golden deed and glorious act,
Each one here has known;
Take, oh take them, Master mine,
See in each a truth divine,
Bending at thy throne.
Great Columbus, ne'er afraid!

COLUMBUS bows to throne.

Fair Joan, the soldier-maid!

JOAN bows to throne.

Washington, the patriot staid!

WASHINGTON bows to throne.

Take them for thine own!

MASTER:

Hail, glorious Facts! the Magic Pen
Records your virtues yet again.

FROLICS in chorus, speaking:

Valiant Facts and gleaming Fables,
Trooping here from nooks and gables,
You are welcome, welcome when
Summoned by the Magic Pen.
By each tinkling, tankling bell,
Speak, we charge you, fair and well;
Stories children love to hear,
Tell now to our Master dear.

The followers of FACT and FABLE stand alternately before the MASTER and speak their lines, saluting him both before and after speaking.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, with spirit. (Let the "*tra-lil-la*" be in imitation of the notes of a bugle):

Where castles gleam, and banners stream
By hill, and sea, and river;
Where helmets flash, and chargers dash,
And bright swords clash and shiver,
I scour the land on every hand,
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la!*
My arm is strong; loud rings my song;
I am Jack the Giant-Killer!

From Dover's boats to John O'Groat's,
From east to western waters,
I ride in might, with armor bright,
Beloved of England's daughters.
And still my song rings loud and long,
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la!*
I fear no fray, come night or day,
I am Jack the Giant-Killer!

With courage bright, I've faced in fight
A score of monstrous giants;
By pluck and art I played my part,
And gave them hot defiance.
They're met—they're slain! and o'er the plain,
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la!*
My arm is strong, loud rings my song—
I am Jack the Giant-Killer.

MASTER:

Hail, mighty Jack! thy deeds so bold
The Pen has told for centuries back.

Jack steps back.

JOAN OF ARC:

Is there aught, O mighty Master,
In the fairy tales of yore,
Can surpass *my* wondrous story,
Told the children o'er and o'er?

A simple maid of France,
My dream-eyes saw in trance
How king and country should be saved by me;
My hand should bear the lance,
My plume lead war's advance,
My life-blood, pledged to France,
Should set my country free.

So, not a whit dismayed,
Nor once set sore afraid,
By jeer or laugh, by insult, threat, or frown;
In armor all arrayed,
A simple soldier-maid,
I led the cavalcade,
And gave my land renown.

Up from the dust and mire,
I raised my country higher,
And crowned my king, victorious o'er his foes.
Mine not to rest nor tire
Till Right o'er Might aspire,
Nor did I dread the fire
That 'round me wrapped and rose.

By my story, mighty Master,
I would show to girl and boy,
Still may come—by faith and patience—
Victory, glory, peace, and joy.

MASTER:

Brave-hearted girl, full well I heed
How, in your country's direst need,
Your faith so strong gave victory then,
As well records the Magic Pen.

ROBINSON CRUSOE:

JOAN steps back.

Never yet, O mighty Master,
Was there boy in boyish days,
But his heart beat fast and faster
As he listened in amazement
To my deeds of pluck and daring.
Shipwrecked on the stormy main—
How I struggled, nothing sparing
Till I reached the land again.
How I built my island fortress;
How I lived from day to day;
How I builded boats, and fashioned
Useful things in wood and clay.
Still my cats, and goats, and parrot,
Still my dog and gun so sure,
Still Man Friday, happy savage,
In boy-hearts shall long endure.
Restless eyes and breathless longing
Tell how strong the story's strain,
As the fancies, rushing, thronging,
Crowd the busy, boyish brain.

MASTER:

Heigh-ho! Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
While your story lives, all boys will do so.
But for pluck and for push still may boys and may men
Profit well by the story you give to the Pen.

COLUMBUS:

CRUSOE steps back.

On Genoa's walls the sunlight falls,
On Spain's fair fields of glory;
And high and proud their legends crowd
The page of ancient story.
But, Master mine, not Genoa's line
Nor knights of Spain were able
To find, like me, across the sea,
Realms only known in fable.

One summer day I sailed away
Across the western waters,
To where the breeze o'er sunset seas
Fans dusky sons and daughters.
In doubt and pain I sailed from Spain,
But backward soon returning,
Gave joy serene to king and queen—

A new world, worth the earning!
Mine were the hands that gave the lands,
Mine all the praise and glory;
And, teaching still the worth of will,
I live in childish story.

MASTER:

And still, Columbus, shall your deeds again,
For worlds new-told, live by the Magic Pen.

COLUMBUS steps back.

CINDERELLA:

Low in the meadows the daisies are springing,
Lowly the violets hide 'neath the grass;
High in the heavens the rainbow is swinging,
Light o'er the hill-tops the bright sunbeams pass.

Patient and helpful, in silence and cinders,
Never complaining, nor moaning her lot;
Slaving, herself, while no pleasure she hinders,
Work—her day's portion; at night—her hard cot.
Hark! with a crash vanish kitchen and hearth-stone;
Pumpkins are coaches—mice horses—rats men;
Gorgeous in laces and jewels the maid house;
Come palace, come ball-room; come prince, joy,—
and then—

Naught but once more cinders, hearth, and—a slipper
Humbleness, drudgery, patience, and thought!
Then—the shoe fits the fair feet of the tripper,
Then the prince finds the *one* maiden he sought.

Low in the meadows the daisies were springing,
Lowly the violets hid 'neath the grass;
Now both wreath the bride's crown, while bells
madly ringing
Proclaim Cinderella a princess at last.

MASTER:

Cinderella, Cinderella! Shall I ever, lass, forget
The glory of your story, that the Pen is writing yet?

CINDERELLA steps aside.

GEORGE WASHINGTON:

Truth is mighty, truth is noble;
This my text, O Master mine;
This the story to the children
I would utter, line on line.

The hurrying years have rolled away,
And turned a century's score,
Since—captain of the patriot host—
I fought at Freedom's fore.
Years earlier, when a happy lad
On fair Virginia's plains,
I spoke the truth in spite of wrong,
In spite of error's pains.
My father's joy was blest reward
For truth so fairly spoken,
And from that day this rule I kept—
"Let not your word be broken."
Whatever now of great renown
My name and fame surroundeth,
Whatever glow of honest worth
In my life-work aboundeth,
To this firm rule is doubly due—
This rule, to youth appealing:
"Speak truth; stand firm for simple right;
Avoid all double-dealing!"

MASTER:

Still, noble Washington, to teach
To all the sons of men,
Thy precepts,—to time's farthest reach,
In every land, in every speech,—
Shall flow the Magic Pen.

WASHINGTON steps aside

(To be concluded next month.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD HOME.

THE following letter from Master Willie P. Herrick was first printed in the *New York Evening Post*, of Sept. 27th, just as this number was going to press, but we gladly reprint it here, and hope it will be carefully considered by every reader of *ST. NICHOLAS*:

I felt very badly when our President died, and my brother and I think it would be very nice to have a home in the country for little sick children. Mamma thought that each little boy or girl could give from one cent up to twenty-five cents. We thought we could call it the Garfield Home, and we also thought it would be very nice to have a picture of President Garfield in it. We would like all little boys and girls to join in this. Please put this in the paper, and also put in for the parents to tell the children. WILLIE P. HERRICK.

WILLIE AND TOTTIE,

Newport, Sept. 27th, 1881.

We wish to add our hearty praise to Willie's suggestion, and to say that we propose to enlist this magazine in the effort to carry it out. *THE CENTURY CO.*, publishers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, have volunteered to receive and credit all subscriptions for the Garfield Home that may be sent them—with the understanding that if the total amount subscribed should prove insufficient to found a home, it may be applied as a "Children's Garfield Fund" to the benefit of "The Poor Children's Summer Home," or some kindred charity of New York City. We believe there are thousands of boys and girls all over the land who felt as anxious an interest as their elders during the long weeks of President Garfield's illness, and as keen a grief at his death. And all such young folk will welcome Willie's suggestion and the offer of *THE CENTURY CO.* as an opportunity to fitly honor the memory of the good President by helping to accomplish a great practical good. Letters and subscriptions may be addressed to *THE CENTURY CO.*, Union Square (North), N. Y.

For the further encouragement of all those who may wish to subscribe to the fund, we shall supplement Willie's letter by a sweet little letter from Nellie Satterlee Curtis, which came to us a few weeks ago, inclosing ten dollars to send five poor children of New York City on a week's visit to the Summer Home. We forwarded the letter and the money to the Superintendent, Mr. Fry, and received in reply the admirable letter which also is given in this "Letter-box." It shows clearly enough how much good could be done by the proposed "Garfield Home," and little calculation is needed to convince any reader of *ST. NICHOLAS* that a large sum can be quickly realized from a great number of small subscriptions. The project of the "Children's Garfield Home" is worthy alike of the good and great-hearted President and the generous, patriotic boys and girls of America.

Here is Nellie Curtis's letter:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is eight dollars, for four children to go to the place that was written about in *ST. NICHOLAS* last June,—but not this very last, but the summer before this. And this is the way of all of it. When Mamma read me that, I thought it was splendid, and I wished I could send the little girl in the picture that is down-stairs helping the tiny one down. But I had not two dollars. But soon after there was a picnic. It was fifteen cents on the cars to the place, and Papa gave me the money to go, and when it was Thursday, Manima was sick and I was bound to go, till Mamma looked so sad in fear I should get hurt, and I did not go; and I just thought I would start with that fifteen cents and earn some more, and send a child to the sea-shore. And my Auntie she is awful kind, and gives so much, I just thought I would ask her if she would try and earn some. And Auntie she thanked me, she was so pleased. And most of the money was given me to buy things with, but I had rather send the children; and some I earned sewing, and other ways. And then when Mr. Pratt and Mr. Deitrich gave me some I thought I would start for another child, and that dear, sweet, precious Auntie she said she would try, and four dollars she sends, and her name is Harriet N. Austin, and four dollars I send, and I hope the children will be happy. I did not want the children to go till water-melons came. That piece in *ST. NICHOLAS* told in the picture how they loved it. Will you try and write in your paper if they have a splendid time? Oh, I wish I could see them so happy, because I have enjoyment all the time! And Auntie does like it so about the children, and every week she writes me just a beautiful letter! And I ought to be happy, and Cousin Mary she thinks I ought to be

good, when I have such good friends. When next summer comes, I hope some more can go with money I will have, and I will ask some other children and send awful poor sad ones. Good-bye.

NELLIE SATTERLEE CURTIS.

P. S.—What do you think! Mrs. Phebe Howe wrote my Auntie that her children would send me two dollars to send a child; and so, after my Papa had got the money fixed, here came two dollars from Louie and Emma Howe and their brother, and I am more pleased than for myself. And now another child will be happy, and I think it was so kind for them; and good Papa got it fixed to ten dollars in place of eight dollars.

And here is the letter from Mr. Fry, which, we are sure, will make generous little Nellie and her friends more than ever happy in having saved and sent the money:

BATH, L. I., Aug. 27, 1881.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mr. Macy, our assistant secretary, has just brought me a very sweet letter from Nellie Satterlee Curtis, inclosing ten dollars, to send five little girls who are not so fortunate as she, to spend a week each at the Children's Summer Home, Bath, L. I. Only a little girl with a heart warm, pure, and tender, while surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life, would have thought of the two hundred and forty destitute children at the Home, and so we value her kind words. I hope you will thank her even more for them than for the money. I have sent for five little girls from the neighborhood of Cherry and Water streets, in New York, and they will come Monday prepared to enjoy a week with us. When they come I will read Nellie's letter to them, so that they may know they are indebted to her and her little friends for the pleasant time they will have. Perhaps I may get them to write to her, or, if not, then I will write, and tell her all about them that I think will in any way interest her.

I wonder if Nellie and the other little girls know that we have a new Home, larger and finer in every way than the one she read about in *ST. NICHOLAS* for June, 1880? It may interest them to know something about it; but I must make the story very short, for you may well imagine the guardian of two hundred and forty little girls has but little time to spare for letter-writing.

The old Home, very near here, was small—an old-fashioned house with but scanty room inside, and not very spacious grounds surrounding it. Not much space for romping, and swinging, and such other amusements as children love. Then, too, the dormitories were small, so that we could only have about a hundred and fifty children there at one time, and were obliged to turn away a number of poor little girls, who would have enjoyed a week at the sea-shore. But, worst of all, we only rented the house, and did not know but we might have to give it up, and so would have no Home at all. But one day Mr. A. B. Stone thought he would go down to Bath and see the children in their Summer Home. Well, he came, and saw how happy they were; and, just like little Nellie, he said, "I want to have more children enjoy a week in the country," and so he bought for twenty thousand dollars a beautiful piece of land called Bath Park. It is about as big as Union Square in New York City, and fronts right on the bay outside of the Narrows. It has a grassy knoll, shaded by a number of large trees. There is a very large pavilion, that makes a fine play-ground for the children in wet weather. Mr. Stone gave all this beautiful land to the New York Children's Aid Society. They put up a nice large building and furnished it, so that now the poor children who attend the industrial schools of New York will have a Summer Home by the sea for all time to come. We have a large dormitory, one hundred and ten by forty feet, and two smaller ones about forty feet square, giving us ample room for two hundred and fifty little folks. Our dining-room is large enough to seat the entire number at once. We have a nice kitchen, a laundry, a wash-room for the children, a room where they keep their clothing, twenty-eight swings, and a merry-go-round with seats for twenty-two. So you see we are not badly off. Then we have a beautiful sandy beach, and the Atlantic Ocean for a bath-tub. Once a day the children bathe, and I am sure you would be greatly amused to see perhaps a hundred and sixty little girls splashing and screaming with delight, while the teacher in charge stands upon the shore, looking a little like a hen with young ducks. From the bath they go to the dining-room, where a bountiful meal awaits them. They have roast beef, potatoes, bread and butter, and rice-pudding for dinner to-day, and the nice salt bath has sharpened their appetites. From the dining-room they make a grand rush for the swings and the merry-go-round. Some gather in little groups about the trees, while many form rings, and so they amuse themselves until supper-time. We have ten cows, that supply us with pure country milk, and I assure you the children enjoy their wholesome supper of bread and milk. After supper comes a walk on the beach, or a stroll through the fields in search of wild flowers. Then.

the retiring-bell rings, a hymn is sung, and soon they are tucked away in their clean little beds, and lost in a refreshing sleep, that lasts until the sun, peeping in at the window, calls them to another day of fun and frolic. And so the week slips away like a long picnic. On Saturday they go home on the train, and on Monday another company of two hundred and fifty is whirled out from the crowded city in the same way—many, perhaps, getting their first view of the beautiful country. I often wonder what they think of their small, dark, and dirty bedrooms at home as they contrast them with our large, clean dormitory, with its snowy sheets and woven-wire mattresses. I am sure they must long to return, and must feel very grateful for all the comfort and fun of the week.

I have told you something about the Home in this letter, and I think now it would, perhaps, have been better had I told you more about the children and the wretched homes they live in. Twenty-five hundred little girls have already spent a week each at the Home this season, and a thousand boys are anxiously waiting for the first Monday in September, so that they may visit us.

Sincerely your friend,

CHAS. R. FRY.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., of London, for their courtesy in permitting us to copy, as the frontispiece of the present number, their beautiful engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Miss Frances Harris.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was twelve years old last week, and my sister decorated two dozen sheets of writing paper with water-color pictures, in the upper left-hand corners, for my birthday present. Every sheet is different, and some are very pretty. Perhaps the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who have a taste for painting would like to know how to decorate paper like this for Christmas presents. Many pretty pictures can be taken from this magazine. Fluffy is a very cunning little girl to paint. The poem and illustrations about her are in the May number, 1877. Another good thing for painting is in the February number of the same year; it is three little children crying. Each figure makes a complete picture.

First draw the outline of the picture with a lead-pencil, tint it with water-color laid on very thin, and then re-line with burnt sienna. It is best to use paper without lines. For a child that can not write straight without them, get watered lines. —Your little friend,

BEATRICE BROWN.

PEORIA, Sept. 15, '81.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in the September number how to make corn-husk dolls. I made some the day I got the ST. NICHOLAS, and they look very funny. I am sorry the corn is gone, because I can't make any more dolls. I like to read the stories in the ST. NICHOLAS very much.

IRENE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your English readers and reside at Congleton. I am thirteen years of age. I have read your stories by Mrs. Oliphant of Lady Jane Grey and Mary, Queen of Scots, and since reading them I have been to Westminster Abbey and the Tower. I looked with great interest at the tombs in the Abbey, and like your correspondents, Carl and Norris, I saw the monument to Mary, Queen of Scots, and also that of her rival, Queen Elizabeth. I saw the fac-simile of the letter in James I.'s handwriting, giving directions respecting the building of the monument to his mother. I also saw the chapel where Queen Elizabeth's tomb is placed, and where Oliver Cromwell, and John Bradshaw, who presided at the trial of Charles I., were buried; but it was stated that the bodies were taken away from there after the Restoration. I felt all the more interest in this because Bradshaw was born a short distance from this town, and was the mayor in 1637. For many years he lived in this town, and fearful stories about ghosts with clanking chains haunting the house used to be told to our grandfathers when they were children. I saw where Queen Elizabeth was lodged as a prisoner while in the Tower, as well as the great keep built by William the Conqueror, and the Traitor's Gate, and the gloomy-looking tower called the Bloody Tower. I thought most about Lady Jane Grey, and where she was beheaded, and where the two princes were murdered and buried. I saw what seemed to me to look awful—a block which had been used in the beheading of Lord Lovat, and some other noblemen, in 1745, and the marks where the ax had struck the block, and the ax used for beheading; also the mask of the executioner. I thought of Lady Jane Grey laying her head down on such a block. I shuddered, and was glad I was living in a less barbarous age.

ADA BUXTON STATHAM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I can interest some of the readers of the Letter-box by telling them of a Pig-a-graph from which I had great pleasure. I took an old account-book, and asked each person I knew to draw a pig in it with their eyes shut, and then sign their name under it.—Your constant reader,

W. MENGEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I tried making soap-bubbles with a spool, by Maie Stevenson's direction, and succeeded nicely. The bubbles

were very large, and blue, pink, and yellow, and as they floated off, the colors looked like colored pearl set in the bubbles. I wrote this to show you that the spool is a success.

A READER.

SANDY KNOLL, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think many of your readers may like to know, if they have not already found out, what pretty little things can be made out of the good ends of burnt matches.

I will try and describe to you as well as I can how I made a house, which, kept carefully as a "show-thing," has lasted a long time. Of

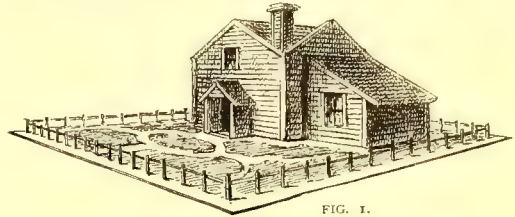


FIG. 1.

course any one who is fond of using his wits and fingers for pretty presents can try other things—churches, dog-kennels, pin-trays, and so forth. I am only going to tell of one house, the first I made.

The materials needed are old wooden matches, of which you must first make a great collection, card-board for the foundation, mica or very thin glass for the windows, and glue and a paint-box; also a sharp

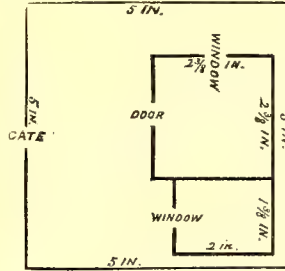


FIG. 2.

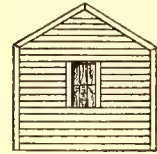


FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

knife is indispensable. Take a piece of thickish white card-board, about five inches square, and toward one corner draw the plan of your house, and paint the floors of both rooms with red and blue tiles.

The walls are made of matches, and you see in Fig. 2 are 2 1/2 inches by 2 1/2, and 1 1/2 inches by 2, for the large and small room respectively.

Fig. 3 shows how the matches are cut and glued together, and how the window is cut out and finished. At the back of the framed

window-holes mica or thin glass is fastened, and two thin cross-splinters are then delicately glued in front to form the panes. White paper blinds are put inside, while crimson curtains and a red pot containing a green bushy plant are also painted inside on the mica or glass, and give a charming effect. Fig. 4 is the front view of the house, and shows both rooms, their windows, the rustic porch, and the chimney. The backs and the left sides of both rooms are quite plain.

Now glue the walls down in their proper places, pressing them well together, and do not be afraid of the glue, as it helps to stop up any little gaps, and makes the little dwelling snugly free from draughts.

Before putting the roof on, fasten down to the floors of the rooms any little furniture, such as a three-legged table made of a cross-section of a sugar-cane and three points of wood, a wee wooden dresser, and so on.

The roof for the main room is in two pieces, and made the same way as the walls, and is just glued in so as to make two sloping sides from the topmost point of the back and front, but no gables, and you will find the right and left walls make two triangles which stand up from the roof and form a pretty addition to the whole effect. The small room should have deep projecting gables. The chimney is shown in Fig. 4. Paint the card-board round about green for grass, and lay out the garden with walks as your fancy suits you, and for proper gravel-walks gum them and sprinkle with sand till well covered. Put bits of mossy bark in appropriate places and make as rustic a garden as you can, and finally inclose it all with a fence and gate. —Yours truly,

EMILY H. S., 15 1/2 years.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—EIGHTH REPORT.



It may be well to explain to the many children who are now reading the pages of ST. NICHOLAS for the first time, that the Agassiz Association is a society organized for the purpose of studying natural objects. The Association has been in existence for about seven years, but has consisted of less than a hundred members, chiefly living among the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts, until last November, when a general invitation was given, through the columns of ST. NICHOLAS, to all who were interested in nature, to join this society.

At that time a general outline of our plan was given, a simple constitution was presented, and the kind indorsement of Professor Alexander Agassiz was noticed. To the several numbers of ST. NICHOLAS since October, 1880, then, we beg to refer all readers who would know more of our society. We will repeat, however, that the invitation to membership is unrestricted by considerations of age, ability, or place. Most of our members are under twenty years of age, many are not yet ten; but we are happy to count in our ranks a large and increasing number of fathers and mothers, teachers and college professors. We need the older to help us answer the questions of the younger, and we must have the little ones to help us puzzle those who have been growing wise for many years.

Our plan is to have small branch societies, consisting of not less than four members, formed in different towns. These local "chapters," while adopting the general name of "Agassiz Association," and conforming to our constitution, are at perfect liberty to frame their own by-laws and arrange their own plans of work.

There is no initiation fee to be paid to the Central Lenox Chapter, and nothing is required of the chapters excepting a monthly report of progress, including such details as names of new members, reports of discoveries, accounts of expeditions, etc.

It is our aim to make the Agassiz Association direct its members to courses of reading, to methods of observation and collection, answer their questions when not too difficult, and help them to exchanges among themselves of such duplicate specimens as they may have to spare. Since last November we have heard from about twelve hundred young people, nearly all of whom have become active and enthusiastic members.

While we prefer to have independent local chapters formed, wherever four persons can be found who take sufficient interest in what lies in the fields about them, yet when it happens that only one or two wish to join, we have arranged to receive them as corresponding members of our home chapter at Lenox, on the same terms as we receive the boys of our own academy, viz.: the payment of twenty-five cents initiation fee, and the agreement to send us a monthly report on some subject agreed on between them and the president. These reports are read at the meetings of our Lenox chapter as a regular part of our proceedings. Among the questions most uniformly put to us by new correspondents have been these:

"How can I join the Association? How can I make a cabinet? How can I catch insects? How can I kill them? How can I preserve them? How am I to press flowers?"

All these questions have been carefully answered and illustrated in previous reports of the A. A., and we must request new members not to repeat these inquiries, but to refer to the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS.

When a new chapter is formed, there are two items which the secretary thereof should always make a point of noting in his first letter to us. 1st. The names of all the members. 2d. The special branch of study in which each is interested.

Now, in accordance with our report of last month, we will allow a few of our friends to have the floor:

"ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.
"DEAR SIR: We are a 'Chapter' of the Agassiz Association, No. 83; and are trying to improve our minds in natural history by corresponding with persons interested in that science, and exchanging specimens.

"We first started about the last of February, and painted and papered our room for meetings, and made cabinet cases, which we have already filled. We have two hundred minerals, as many shells, and over one hundred insects. We have also deposited in the savings-bank a number of dollars which we have earned. We wish to correspond with others and to exchange minerals and other specimens.
F. F. FLETCHER, Pres., Box 368."

We would suggest that applications for exchange be more definite, and expressed in as few words as possible—for example:

The Lenox, Mass., Chapter will exchange labeled specimens of sea-weed for mounted and labeled wild flowers of Colorado.

It is well also, in asking for exchanges, to be rather too modest than too bold in your requirements. One member seems to err a trifle in this regard, for he writes:

"I have two bugs which I wish to exchange for a piece of gold ore and silver ore."

Still, it depends on the bugs!

We must make room for a bright letter from a little Bennington, Vt., girl of eleven. It shows how to study without a text-book.

"DEAR MR. BALLARD: I would like to join the Agassiz Association, if you please. I make little discoveries in a pool of dead water near our house. Of course, what I call discoveries, is finding out things without looking in a book.

"In the pool there are some things that I call snails, but they are black, and their shells don't look like snails' shells. One day I took two old pans and filled them with water. Then I caught some of the snails and put them into the pans. They had horns. I took some water-soaked leaves out of the pool and most of them had a kind of substance like yellow jelly full of white specks on them. The snails ate the decayed leaves greedily, but after they had had one "square meal," they did n't seem to eat any more for a long time.

"Their shells are fastened to their necks I think—for they take every part of their bodies out of their shells except their necks.

"Pretty soon the little white specks began to come out of the jelly. I looked at them closely, and they were baby snails. They were white, and had little shells on.

"Some of them fastened on to the shells of the big snails and went sailing around with them. The longest of the big snails were half an inch long. I call these things snails because they look more like them than anything else; but I wish you would tell me what they really are.—Good-bye.

"IRENE PUTNAM."

Will some member of the A. A. please express an opinion on this point?

"We have a red-cap's nest in our porch, and would like to cage them for pets, but do not know what to feed them on, or whether they would live in a cage. Please answer.

"MARGUERITE AND ALBERTA."

We are sure that, on second thought, no members of the A. A. will wish to "cage" any bird which has shown sufficient friendliness and confidence to nest so near their home. Watch the habits of the little red-caps and let them fly away.

It is now time to be on the watch for snow-crystals. Let them fall on a black cloth. Examine them through a hand-glass, and draw them as accurately as you can. We shall hope to receive a large number of drawings during the winter. Please remember always to note the temperature and the force of the wind at the time of observation. Write your letters on one side of the paper only; make them as terse as possible. Write your address very plainly, and inclose stamped envelope for reply. All such letters receive prompt attention.

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



"WHAT I
CALL A
SNAIL."

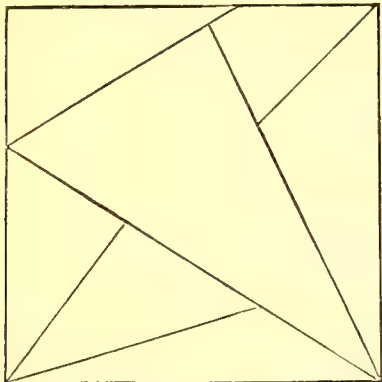
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Paris. Finals, Seine. Cross-words: 1. Parnassus. 2. Adige. 3. Rimini. 4. India. 5. Seville.

EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Harvest home—harvest moon.

PUZZLE FOR YOUNG SCISSORERS.



EASY HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Apron. Across: 1. Tramp. 2. Ape. 3. R. 4. Cod. 5. Handy.—RIDDLE. Hearth.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-nine letters, and am Lord John Russell's definition of a proverb.

My 19-3-13 is a beverage. My 12-27-14-29-15 is currency. My 9-25-8-18 is a condition of the mind. My 11-23-17-7 is to discover. My 20-5-28-1 is to imply. My 22-16-26-24 is to cause to float. My 4-2-10-6-21 means belonging to whom. ALICE K. M.

ZIGZAG.

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READING ACROSS: 1. Close at hand. 2. To scorch. 3. A companion. 4. Four-sevenths of a young fowl. 5. A weed. 6. To satisfy. 7. The central part of fruit. 8. The rind. 9. Part of a window. 10. A town of Italy, made famous by the victory won there by Napoleon I. against the Austrians. 11. A division of a book. 12. To cast off. 13. To inform.

Ziggags, beginning at the top, spell a name by which "Hallow-e'en" is sometimes called. DYKE CLEMENTS.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

WHEN the following transpositions have been rightly made, the middle letter of each word, reading in the order here given, will name a festive occasion.

1. Transpose an old-fashioned conveyance, and make entrance-ways. 2. Transpose a pang, and make different. 3. Transpose king, and make a brilliant light. 4. Transpose an inhabitant of the "seven-hilled" city, and make a nobleman's estate. 5. Transpose a large nail, and make lances. 6. Transpose rescues, and make ornamental vessels. 7. Transpose a red color, and make a dishonest person. 8. Transpose delicate shades, and make to limit. 9. Transpose a herd of cattle, and make roamed. 10. Transpose a

EASY SYNCOPATIONS AND ABBREVIATIONS. 1. C-I-ow-n. 2. F-I-r-t. 3. H-y-en-a. 4. P-g-ar-l.

EASY SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures, kings."
Richard III., Act V., Scene 2.

TWO WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Hides. 2. Ideal. 3. Delta. 4. Eaten. 5. Slant. II. 1. Champ. 2. Hagar. 3. Agate. 4. Mates. 5. Press.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Organ grinder.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves."
TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam," Part XCIX.

PL.
"You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!"
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in *The Boys*.

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. Red. 3. ReArs. 4. PeaNuts. 5. DrUry. 6. STy. 7. S.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Third line, Hallow-e'en. Fourth line, All Saints'. Cross-words: 1. AgHast. 2. ReAlly. 3. BaLLad. 4. NeLson. 5. CIOaks. 6. SaWIng. 7. BlENDs. 8. BeETle. 9. CeNSus.

PROVERB REBUS. A penny saved is a penny earned.

ENIGMATICAL GEOGRAPHY LESSON. 1. Maine. 2. Massachusetts. 3. California. 4. New Jersey. 5. Maryland. 6. Idaho. 7. Indiana. 8. Florida. 9. Arizona. 10. Dakota. 11. Iowa. 12. Illinois. 13. Ohio. 14. Nebraska. 15. Oregon. 16. Minnesota. 17. Wisconsin. 18. Delaware. 19. Missouri. 20. Colorado.

slender twig, and make without color. 11. Transpose observed closely, and make tuned. 12. Transpose yawns, and make attendants upon a nobleman. G. F.

TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A CITY of Europe. 2. Out of the way. 3. Ascended. 4. Opinions. 5. Reason.

II. 1. A cone-bearing tree. 2. Cerulean. 3. Pertaining to the country. 4. A wading bird. 5. A woman's name.
"BETSEY" AND "W."

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. ALL of the words described are of equal length. The letters of the second and fourth lines, reading downward, name mythical Scandinavian deities. 1. Outer coverings. 2. A western territory of the United States. 3. One unreasonably devoted to a cause. 4. Greatly incensed.

II. This may be solved similarly to the preceding; the letters of the second line, however, reading downward, name the religious book of the old Scandinavian tribes; and those of the fourth line, reading downward, name a heroic legend of the Norsemen. 1. A sumptuous entertainment. 2. Wholly imaginary. 3. A maxim. 4. Pertaining to the highest dignity of the Romish church.

CHARADE.

In double form my *first* is; famed,
In fable and in history;
Great, good, and true,—small, shy, and false;
Solve, if you can, this mystery.

My *second* figures in romance,
In ballad, and in story;
Has lain above the lover's heart,
And grasped the sword of glory.

"Far from the madd'ning crowd" my *whole*
Exists for beauty only;
It shuns the city's crowded ways,
And springs in hamlets lonely.

M. W. G.

DIAMOND.

1. In commencing. 2. A vehicle. 3. A frolicsome leap. 4. A chief officer. 5. A domain. 6. An edge. 7. In ending.



QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

READING ACROSS: 1. To tie together.
2. A loud sound. 3. An operatic air.
4. Voluble.

Initials, read downward, to boast. Initials, read upward, external appearance. Finals, read downward, a dull color. Finals, read upward, a poet. DYCIE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a celebrated naturalist.
CROSS-WORDS: 1. An eminent Roman commander, who was father-in-law to the historian Tacitus. 2. A species of antelope. 3. To rectify. 4. A French coin of small value. 5. A sailor who has been credited with wonderful adventures. 6. A coloring matter. 7. A small stringed instrument. D. C. L.

REBUS.

THE solution of this rebus consists of three lines from a well-known poem by Robert Burns.

DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD wandering, and leave a broad, flat vessel; again, and leave a line of light.
2. Behead a strip of leather, and leave a device for snaring animals; again, and leave a taste blow.
3. Behead tasteless from age, and leave a story; again, and leave a beverage.



CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

THE syncopated letters, read in the order here given, spell what Shakespeare says has been "slave to thousands."

1. Syncopate a leaf of the calyx, and leave to mark with a stamp.
2. Syncopate discovered, and leave over-affectionate.
3. Syncopate an animal, and leave a flexible pipe.
4. Syncopate the tanned skin of a sheep, and leave to deliver from arrest.
5. Syncopate to extract the essence by soaking, and leave a pace. PERRY ADAMS.

CHANGED HEADS.

I AM a word of letters three;
Many changes lie in me:
First, about the air I fly;
Next, beneath your window cry;
Here, I'm found beneath your feet;
Next, you wear me in the street;
Now, I am a small boy's name;
Then, an Irish birth I claim;
Here, a trap is set for me;
Now, a verb I chance to be;
By feasts and plenty now I'm made;
Next, brewers use me in their trade.
Change but my head each time and see
How these queer turns can in me be.

MARY O. N.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the October number, from Emma A. Bryant, 3—Max A. K., 5—Margaret B. and Beatrice C. B. Sturgis, Paris, France, all—Geo. Smith Hayer, London, England, 5—Archie and Charlotte Warden, Havre, France, 5—"Dydie," Havre, France, 11—Hester Powell, Gloucestershire, England, 8—M. H. M., Hants, England, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Frank R. Heath—"Professor and Co."—J. H. Eaton—John Payne—Dorothy—Grace R. Ingraham and Josie M. Robbins—Fred C. McDonald—Grace E. Hopkins—Charlie and Josie Treat—J. Deane and E. Poole—Herbert Barry—P. S. Clarkson—Rowland H. Jackson—"Boccaccio"—"Skipper"—H. and B.—Henry C. Brown—Luther M. Scroggs—Hattie B. Hawes, and Carrie L. Borden—Edward Vultee—"Chuck"—Daisy May—Trask—Nellie, Grace, and Harold—J. S. Tennant—"Queen Bess"—"Partners"—"80 and 81"—"Englemer"—"Daisy and Kittie"—Florence Leslie Kyte—"Guesser"—Madge Clark.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from George Gillespie, 3—"Edgewood," 3—Ella Hawhurst, 1—"Will O. Tree," 3—H. A. Vedder, 4—"Crystale," 5—Camille Giraud, 8—"Sweetie and Pet," 4—Mars, 3—H. H. Bobkid, 11—Archie F. Hassam, 1—Gertie Jenkins, 7—"Y. A. C.," 2—Milton Gitterman, 2—"X. L. C. R.," 11—"April and May," 5—Edith Beal, 6—Maie P. Bartlett, 1—E. D. S., 1—No name, 11—Theodore Tankauer, 4—Jennie French, 9—Harry Thorne, 11—Annie J. Pique, 1—"Fairview Nursery," 11—Edward Liddon Patterson, 11—Everett W. Stone, 6—Lizzie C. Canahan, 4—Weston Stuckney, 3—Eleanor Telling, 6—Lottie A. Lacey, 8—Milton S. Lacey, 11—John Z. Miller, 1—Irene Bethune, 1—E. J. Campbell, 7—Elise Mercur, 1—"Somebody," 2—Lida P. Bostwick, 9—Grace Redpath, 1—Kenneth B. Emerson, 5—Jessie, Ernst, Maud, and Jinks, 4—"Atlanta," 3—"Ghost," 1—C. M. Mathews and family, 11—"Bell," 5—Lizzie B. and Charles J. Townsend, 5—Belle Prindwile, 11—Corrie and May, 8—"Clovis," "Charles," and "Beetle," 11—Caroline Stuart Dickson, 1—Alice Fuller, 6—Effe K. Talboys, 9—Incognito, 1—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 11—Josie Hamilton, 1—Julia Sturdevant, 3—Rose Raritan, 3—Marjorie Murray and Tommy Pillsbury, 11—"Mignon," 2—Rory O'More, 3—C. L. K. and M. N., Jr., 1—"G. U. N. Powder-maker," 2—Bessie Taylor, 6—"Puss-in-Boots," 1—Lucy Chandler, 6—Rebie S. Webb, 7—Florence Beckett, 3—Salie Viles, 11—Clara and Jim, 1—Anna and Alice, 10—Carrie Hitchcock Wilson, 1—Leslie W. Hopkinson, 4—"Susie," 1—Conrad and Frank, 9—Clara Mackinney, 7—Gipsy Valentine, 11—May Beadle, 11—Edith and Townsend McKeever, 8—"Cinderella," 1—Raymond Carr, 11—Virginia Callmeyer, 7—Lizzie McM., 11—Lizzie Barker and Mattie Colt, 3—Sadie E. Maddox, 1—M. and W. S. Weiss, 5—Walter O. Forde, 8—"Peasblossom," 8—"M. and W. S. Conant, 8—Lizzie Fyler, 9—Florence R. Radcliffe, 3—D' Aubrey and Wilhelmina Amsterdam, 3—Mamie Magovern, 1—Charlie W. Power, 8—"P. Nut," 4—"Daphne," 4—Perry Beattie, 4—Tillie Minot, 5—Belle Huntley and Emma W. Myers, 10—O. C. Turner, 11—Mollie Swipes, 2—Caroline Larrabee, 8—Edith and Jessie, 7—Marion, Lilla, and Daisy, 8—Nellie J. Gould, 7—"Two People," 9—"Dick Deadeye," 9—Arabella Ward, 5—Dolly Francis, 11—"Fast Friends," 8—"Sairey Gamp and Etesey Png," 9—Amelia E. Jennings, 2—Florence Provost, 2—X. Y. Z., 7—Alice Bryant, 4—John W. Wroth, 10—Bessie C. Barney, 11—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 7—Belle and Bertie, 8—Esther L. and Geo. J. Fiske, 7—Alice Rhoads, 5—Carol and her Sisters, 10—J. Ollie Gayley, 6—Katrina, 8.



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[See page 92.]

THE KING'S FAVORITE.

ENGRAVED BY C. M., AFTER THE PAINTING BY ZAMAGNOLI.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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CAP AND BELLS.

BY H. WINTHROP PEIRCE.

IN the Middle Ages, when kings and great lords had almost no occupation beside fighting and hunting, they lived apart in large, gloomy castles, built for strength and defense, with little thought of cheerfulness. During the season of the year when they could not ride with hawks and hounds to hunt the wild animals which then abounded in all parts of Europe, nor enjoy themselves in their own pleasure-grounds, time must have hung heavily upon their hands. Books were few, and learning was thought fit only for "women and clarks."

Therefore, to beguile their time, almost every man of means kept a professional "fool" or "jester." And the jester often was a dwarf, more or less deformed, whose misfortune was considered a fit subject for mirth in those rough days.

The fool's dress was usually of rich materials, made in the most fantastic style, and of various hues, but yellow was the distinctive color for ornament and fringes. Cocks' feathers and foxes' tails were worn, while a number of little bells, attached to the clothes, tinkled gayly with every motion. Jesters always wore a wallet, and they carried a stick, on the end of which was either a funny head carved in wood, or else a bladder with a few rattling peas inside. The favored fool had access to his master, even if it should be a king, at any hour of the day or night. And, naturally, through this intimacy and the fact that his business was to amuse, he frequently obtained great influence over his master, who, with the entire household, would become much attached to him.

Shakespeare represents domestic fools as often bitter and sarcastic, but faithful and attached, ready to go into poverty and exile rather than leave their friends when overtaken by adversity.

King Lear, when driven out into the storm by his daughters, is followed by his fool. And when Rosalind is banished from her uncle's court, Touchstone leaves his comfortable home, and goes with her and her faithful cousin into the wild forest. Hamlet remembers, when he sees the skull of his father's jester Yorick, how "he had borne me on his back a thousand times," and that he, when a light-hearted, happy little prince, "had pressed his lips he knew not how oft." And speaking of Shakespeare, all who have read the great master's plays must have noticed how often he puts wonderful bits of wisdom into the lively, mocking railery of the beloved fool.

An Italian jester named Gonello, born in Florence about 1400, A. D., entered the service of the Marquis of Ferrara, by whom his judgment was so highly prized that he was consulted on the most important state affairs. In course of time, the Marquis lost his health, and the doctors declared that nothing would restore it save the shock of an unexpected cold bath. But no one dared to give the Marquis a ducking.

At last, Gonello resolved, as his patron grew worse and worse, that he would try what no other friend or servant of the Marquis would venture to do. One day, walking beside the river with his lord, Gonello, without a word, pushed him in, waited just long enough to see that the Marquis was pulled out alive, and then fled to Padua.

The sudden plunge had the wished-for effect on the health of the Marquis; but he, far from being grateful, flew into a rage, and issued an edict that, if Gonello should ever set foot again on the soil of Ferrara, his life should be forfeited.

Poor Gonello was homesick enough in Padua.

He read the edict through and through, until he saw that he was prohibited only from setting foot on the *soil* of Ferrara. Then he quickly got a donkey-cart, filled it with earth, and labeled it "Paduan ground." Perched on this, he passed in state into the streets of Ferrara. But he was soon seized, thrown into prison, tried, and convicted of having laid violent hands on the Marquis, and of having disobeyed his edict, for which offenses he must die.

On the day appointed for his execution, the whole city turned out to see him. The poor fellow was blindfolded; his head was placed on the block. But the executioner, instead of lifting the ax, dashed a pailful of water on Gonello's neck.

Then the people knew that all the dreadful preparations had been made in jest. How they waved their caps, and cheered, and shouted: "Long live the Marquis!" "Long live Gonello!"

found that the poor fellow could joke with them no more. He had been frightened to death. The



WILL SOMERS PRESENTS HIS UNCLE TO KING HENRY VIII.

Marquis, full of remorse at having, by his cruel joke, destroyed his faithful friend, gave him a grand funeral, and did everything in his power to honor his memory.

Francis I., of France, had a jester of great beauty and refinement, who wrote verses which the King was glad to pass off as his own. This person was selected, when a boy of thirteen, on account of his remarkable brightness and beauty, to be the King's jester, notwithstanding the entreaties of his parents, who were of noble birth, and in spite of the tears and prayers of the boy himself, who had hoped to be a soldier and a great man. It is sad to think of the noble-hearted lad, secretly pining in the splendor of the court, yet bravely doing his best to enliven the dull hours, and perhaps trying his powers at a war of wits when he would have preferred to do battle in earnest.

But I can not give you his history here. You may be sure, however, that he was not so happy as Will Somers, of England. This famous wit, who was jester to Henry VIII., asked among many jokes, "What is it, that the less there is of it the more it is feared?" and then enjoyed the surprise of the court on his telling the answer—"A little bridge over a deep river." His reputation spread to his old home in Shropshire, and his aged uncle trudged up to Greenwich to visit him at



GONELLO'S TRICK.

But Gonello did not rise, and when his friends, with laughter and congratulations, lifted him, they

the court. The countryman's old-fashioned dress and simple manner, as he passed through the streets asking the way to the King's palace, attracted attention. When he found the building, he asked the jeering pages at the gate, "If there was not a 'gentleman' at court named William Somers?" The pages laughed in disdain, and led the old man to a place where Will was sleeping in the park, with his head resting on a cushion that a poor woman had given him because he had interceded to save the life of her son, who had been condemned to be hanged as a pirate.

Will greeted his uncle with affection, and as he led him through the presence chamber, where crowds of richly dressed courtiers were assembled, he called aloud: "Room, knaves! Room for me and my uncle!"

Then, seeing that his relative's dress was not a fitting one in which to appear before the King, Will took him to his own room and dressed him in one of his queer motley suits. This done, Will brought his uncle in before "Bluff King Hal," who was much amused at the contrast between the venerable figure and its droll costume. Treating the uncle with respect due his years, the King encouraged him to talk.

The old man then told His Majesty about a common near his home, which had been unjustly shut up from the poorer people. And the King was so much interested in his account of the affair, that he ordered the ground to be thrown open to the public at once, and created the old uncle bailiff of the common, with a salary of twenty pounds a year, which in money of to-day would be a very comfortable income.

In those early times, jesters appeared on all occasions. They bustled about at the tournaments, and were busy with sharp remarks on the proceedings—now full of pity, now exulting, ready to help

the favorite knight to victory or to lead from the field his fallen foe.

A jester once complained to his king that an offended noble had threatened to kill him.

"If he does," said His Majesty, "I shall have him hanged a quarter of an hour afterward."

"Ah, but that would not save my life," said the Fool. "Could n't you have him hanged a quarter of an hour before?"



YORICK AND YOUNG HAMLET.

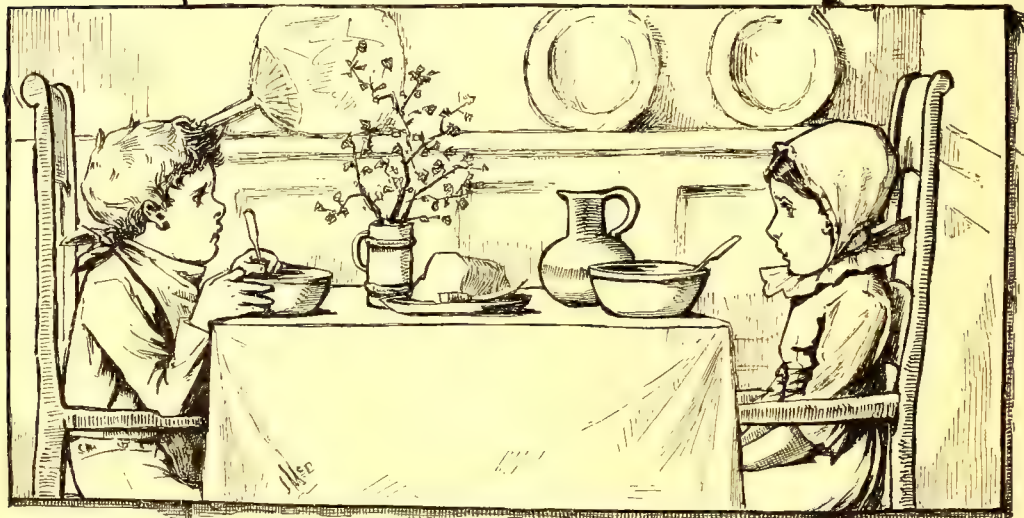
Jesters filled, in their time, a humble but important place, telling the truth to those who would not have heard it from any one else. And they sometimes acquired such great influence that many persons found it safest to treat them with consideration, or learned to their sorrow that to offend the

king's favorite was to place an obstacle in their own road to advancement.

But as intelligence became more general and reading more common, household jesters were no

longer needed, and the theater and the production of books and ballads gave a new field for the talents of those who in ruder times would have worn the cap and bells.

· A · MISUNDERSTANDING



Little Dutch Karl
 and little French Jeanne
 They went out together
 ○○○○○○○○ to dine .
 But they couldn't agree
 For when she said "Oui"
 He always would answer her
 "Nein"



THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

By H. H.

'T WAS on a bitter winter's day,
I saw a strange, pathetic sight;
The streets were gloomy, cold, and gray,
The air with falling snow was white.

A little ragged beggar child
Went running through the cold and storm;
He looked as if he never smiled,
As if he never had been warm.

Sudden, he spied beneath his feet
A faded button-hole bouquet:
Trampled and wet with rain and sleet,
Withered and worthless, there it lay.

He bounded, seized it with delight,
Stood still and shook it free from snow;
Into his coat he pinned it tight,—
His eyes lit up with sudden glow.

He sauntered on, all pleased and proud,
His face transformed in every line;
And lingered that the hurrying crowd
Might chance to see that he was fine.



The man who threw the flowers away
Never one half such pleasure had;
The flowers' best work was done that day
In cheering up that beggar lad.

Ah me, too often we forget,
Happy in these good homes of ours,
How many in this world are yet
Glad even of the withered flowers!

HERMANN THE BRAVE.

By H. MARIA GEORGE.

HE lived a great many years ago, in a country across the sea, near the Black Forest. His father was a small Saxon land-holder by the name of Billung, who owned a few acres of feeding-ground, some more of forest, and a poor hut of wood, with a thatched roof, wherein he lived with his wife and two children,—Hermann and a girl.

Hermann was two years older than his sister Gertrude, who was seven. He was a manly little fellow, very brave and very strong for his age. Often the children were sent to the forest to cut wood for fuel, for the father had to work in the field all day and the mother had to spin. The boy carried a big, heavy knife, curved almost like a sickle. This he used instead of an ax. Hermann cut the wood, and his little sister tied it in small bundles and carried these to the hut.

At this day, wolves are seldom found in the Black Forest; but in Hermann's time, almost a thousand years ago, they were very numerous there. Great, fierce, shaggy monsters they were, who, when urged on by hunger, would not hesitate alone to attack men.

Hermann and his sister had been told not to linger in the forest after sundown. But one day the boy espied an eagle's nest, and he was so long in reaching it that twilight had ended before they started home. Just in the edge of the forest they were met by a fierce growl, and Hermann had barely time to clutch his knife, which was slung at his back, when a wolf rushed upon his sister.

The beast was one of the largest and fiercest of its kind, and Gertrude must certainly have fallen a victim to its savage attack, had not her brother

placed himself in front, cutting and slashing in a way that would have done credit to any of the knights at the Emperor Otho's court. But the wolf was not disposed to give up its supper even then, and plunged at Hermann, rising on its hind legs, and

"I have been killing a wolf," was the reply of the nine-year-old hero.

"Killing a wolf!" exclaimed the father, still alarmed, and uncertain whether to believe him. "Not so fast, my boy. Where is the wolf?"

"Back in the forest, dead; but here are his ears. The beast attacked Gertie, and I killed him with my knife. This is all wolf-blood on my breast and arms."

Billung clasped his children to his breast, murmuring a thankful prayer. The peril they had escaped was great, and the boy's heroism was the talk of the neighborhood for years. Nor did his courage, as he grew older, become less.

Some four years after this, when Hermann was about thirteen, as he was tending his father's cattle in the open field one day, he saw a gay cavalcade of horsemen turn aside from the road and enter the field. The boy sprang to place himself in their way, and cried out in a bold voice:

"Go back! Only the road is yours: this field belongs to me."

Their leader, a tall man with an imposing mien, reined his horse and inquired, "And who may you be, my lad?"

"My name is Hermann Billung. Yonder is my father's homestead. This is our field, and you have no right here."

"I have the right to go where I will," said the knight, shaking his lance threateningly. "Get out of the way, or you will be ridden over."

But the boy stood his ground, and with flashing eyes turned on the cavalier,—

"Right is right," he cried, "and you can not ride through this field without first riding over me."

"What do you know about right, younker?"

"I know that this is our field, and no Billung ever gives up his right."

"But do you think it right to refuse to obey your emperor? I am Otho," and the horseman drew himself up with a kingly air.

"You King Otho, the pride of Saxony?" cried Hermann, in astonishment. "But it can not be! Otho guards our rights—you would break them. That is not like the emperor. Father has often told me so."

"I should like to see the father of so brave a boy; lead me to him," said the emperor, kindly interest depicted in his earnest face.

"The smoke that you may see above those bushes rises from our home. You will find my father there, but I can not leave these cows which



HERMANN OFFERS BATTLE TO THE WOLF.

snarling and gnashing its sharp teeth in a fearful manner.

The boy stood his ground manfully, and made vigorous defense with his stout knife, while little Gertrude clung to his frock, crying. Finally, he gave the beast a blow that disabled it. Then he struck another that quite killed it.

Hermann cut off the great hairy ears of the monster and thrust them under his girdle, and then the two children shouldered their wood and marched toward home, as if nothing had happened. Outside the forest they met their father, who, alarmed by their long absence, was coming in search of them. He bore a flaming torch in his hand, and by its light he saw that the boy's clothing was streaked with great red stains.

"What have you been doing?" asked he.

he bade me tend. But if you are in truth the emperor, you will keep to the road, for Otho protects our rights."

So the courtly train turned from the field, leaving the brave boy unmolested to care for his cattle. Otho rode direct to the peasant's cottage, and when he had found the father, he said to him :

"Your name is Billung, and mine is Otho. I want to take your son to court with me, to educate him so that he may become my esquire. He will make a true man, and I have need of such."

Billung joyfully granted Otho's request. Hermann was called in, and told of his good fortune. He put on his best clothes and rode away on a war-horse by the side of Otho, as proud as any boy could be. But this was not the last of Hermann.

He grew to be a brave knight—the bravest, in fact, at the emperor's court. He had a horse of his own now, and he wore cloth of gold and silver, with a long plume in his velvet cap, and a golden spur on his heel. When he went to war he dressed up in dark steel armor, and looked as grim and formidable as any of the old knights, though he was only twenty years old.

One day, Otho sent his young favorite across the country to visit a great castle where a duke lived. It was miles away, and a dreary road, but Hermann, accompanied by only a single esquire, set off with a light heart, singing a merry song.

For two or three days all went well. The birds sang in the woods, his horse cantered briskly, and Hermann's heart was joyful. In the afternoon of the third day, the woods grew thicker and the road wilder, and just where it was the darkest and wildest, he was startled by loud screams, and then he heard rough, fierce oaths, and the rush of many feet, and the clank of armor.

He did not stop to count his enemies, but drawing his sword, spurred his horse forward right upon the scene. And such a scene it was ! A graceful and richly dressed lady, whose jewels seemed

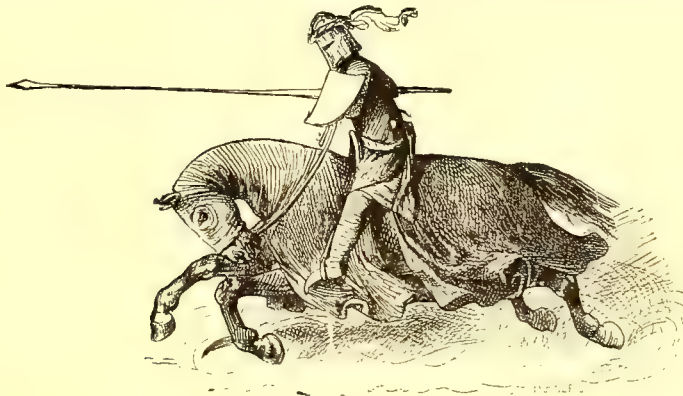
worth a monarch's ransom, was in the grasp of a savage-looking man, whose followers had already beaten her three attendants to the earth. There were nearly a score of them, rough, desperate-looking fellows, but Hermann did not hesitate.

He was in their midst almost before they knew it, cutting and slashing away in terrible earnest. With his first blow he struck down the ruffian whose arms were around the lady. Then he turned upon the others. At first they were greatly scared, but when they saw there were only two to fight, they crowded around with a great clatter, and soon Hermann had his hands full.

But he was very brave and very strong, though he was so young. He had unhorsed all the famous knights at Otho's court, and here were no knights, but robbers. He knew he should conquer, and conquer he did, though he got a wound that laid him by for more than a fortnight, but he himself slew eleven of the robbers outright.

The lady took him to her father's castle, which was not distant, and there she tended him until he was able to mount his war-horse again. During his confinement he discovered that the castle was the very one he had been journeying to, and that the lady was Duke Henry's daughter. On the last day of his stay he did the emperor's errand, and he also did another for himself, for when he rode away it was as the accepted suitor of beautiful Lady Adelaide.

At their marriage, which occurred not long afterward, Otho himself was present, with many of his princes, and the ceremony was a very grand one. At its conclusion the emperor bestowed upon his young friend a great dukedom. For thirty years he reigned as duke of Saxony, and then he died, but not until he performed many other gallant deeds, which we have no room to relate. You will find his name in all the old German histories, for Hermann the Brave was one of the noblest and most celebrated men of his time.



DONALD AND DOROTHY.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH NONE OF THE CHARACTERS APPEAR.



THE door of the study was closed, and only Nero was to be seen. He, poor dog, stood in the wide hall gazing wistfully at the knob, and pricking up his ears whenever sounds of movement in the room aroused his hope of being admitted. Suddenly he gave a yelp of delight. Somebody surely was approaching the door. The steps—they were a man's—halted. There was a soft, rolling sound, as if the master's chair had been drawn to the table; next a rustling of paper; a deep-voiced moan; the rapid scratching of a quill pen; then silence—silence—and poor Nero again stood at half-mast.

Any ordinary dog would have barked or pawed impatiently at the door. But Nero was not an ordinary dog. He knew that something unusual was going on—something that even he, the protector and pet of the household, the frisky Master of Ceremonies, must not interfere with. But when the bell-pull within the room clicked sharply, and a faint tinkle came up from below, he flew eagerly to the head of the basement stair, and wagged his bushy tail with a steady, vigorous stroke, as though it were the crank of some unseen machine which slowly and surely would draw Liddy, the housemaid, up the stair-way.

The bell rang again. The machine put on more steam. Still no Liddy. Could she be out? Nero ran back to take an agonized glance at the motionless knob, leaped frantically to the stair again—and, at that moment, the study door opened. There was a heavy tread; the ecstatic Nero rushed in between a pair of dignified legs moving toward the great hall-door; he spun wildly about for an instant, and then, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, settled down on the rug before the study fire. For there was not a soul in the room.

CHAPTER II.

FOURTEEN YEARS AFTERWARD.

THE house is there still, so is Nero, now an honored old dog, frisky only in his memories. But old as he is in teeth and muscle, he is hardly past

middle-age in the wag of his still bushy tail, and is as young as ever in happy devotion to his master. Liddy, too, is down-stairs, promoted, but busy as in the days gone by; and the voice of that very bell tinkled but an hour ago.

Here is the same study; some one within, and the door closed. Opposite, on the other side of the wide hall, is the parlor, its windows looking across piazza, sloping lawn, road-way, and field, straight out to the sparkling lake beyond. Back of the parlor is a sunny sitting-room, its bay-window framing a pleasant view of flower-garden, apple-orchard, and grape-arbor—a few straggling bunches clinging to the almost leafless November vines. And within, throughout the house indeed, floats a sunny-shady combination of out-door air, with a faint, delightful odor of open wood-fires. What a quiet, home-like, beautiful place it is!

Let us look into the sitting-room.

A boy, with his back toward the door, sitting, feet and all, upon the end of a big sofa, his bended knee tightly held between his arms, his head thrust forward earnestly—altogether, from the rear view, looking like a remarkable torso with a modern jacket on—that's Donald. On the other end of the sofa, a glowing face with bright brown hair waving back from it, the chin held in two brownish little hands, and beneath that a mass of dark red merino, revealing in a meandering, drapery way that its wearer is half-kneeling, half-sitting—that's Dorothy.

I am obliged to confess it, these two inelegant objects on a very elegant piece of furniture are the hero and heroine of my story.

Do not imagine, however, that Donald and Dorothy could not, if they chose to do so, stand before you comely and fair as any girl and boy in the land. It is merely by accident that we catch this first glimpse of them. They have been on that sofa in just those positions for at least five minutes, and, from present appearances, they intend to remain so until further notice.

Dorothy is speaking, and Donald is—not exactly listening, but waiting for his turn to put in a word, thus forming what may be called a lull in the conversation, for up to this point both have been speaking together.

"It's too much for anything, so it is! I'm going to ask Liddy about it, that's what I'm going to do, for she was almost ready to tell me the other day, when Jack came in and made her mad."

"Don't you do it!" Donald's tone is severe, but still affectionate and confidential. "Don't you do it. It's the wrong way, I tell you. What did she get mad at?"

"Oh, nothing. Jack called her 'mess-mate' or something, and she flared up. But, I tell you, I'm just going to ask her right out what makes him act so."

"Nonsense," said Donald. "It's only his sailor-ways, and besides——"

"No, no. I don't mean Jack. I mean Uncle. I do believe he hates me!"

"Oh, Dorry! Dorry!"

"Well, he does n't love me any more, anyway! I know he's good and all that, and I love him just as much as you do, Don, every bit, so you need n't be so dreadful astonished all in a minute." (Dorry was apt to be ungrammatical when excited.) "I love Uncle George as much as anybody in the world does, but that's no reason why, whenever Aunt Kate is mentioned, he ——"

"Yes, it is, Dot. You ought to wait."

"I *have* waited—why, Don" (and her manner grows tearful and tragic), "I've waited nearly thirteen years!"

Here Don gives a quick, suddenly suppressed laugh, and asks her, "why she did n't say fourteen," and Dorothy tells him sharply that "he need n't talk—they're pretty even on that score" (which is true enough), and that she really has been "longing and dying to know ever since she was a little, little bit of a girl, and who would n't?"

Poor Dorothy! She will "long to know" for many a day yet. And so will the good gentleman



"THE SPARKLING LAKE BEYOND."

who now sits gazing at the fire in the study across the wide hall, his feet on the very rug upon which Nero settled himself on that eventful November day, exactly fourteen years ago.

And so will good, kind Lydia, the housekeeper, and so will Jack, the sailor-coachman, at whom she is always "flaring up," as Dorothy says.

CHAPTER III.

WHICH PARTLY EXPLAINS ITSELF.

DOROTHY REED was of a somewhat livelier temperament than Donald, and that, as she often could not but feel, gave her an advantage. Also, she was ahead of him in history, botany, and grammar. But Donald, though full of boyish spirit, was steadier, more self-possessed than Dorothy, and in algebra and physical geography he "left her nowhere," as the young lady herself would tersely confess when in a very good humor. But never were brother and sister better friends. "She's first-rate," Don would say, confidentially, to some boon companion, "not a bit like a girl, you know—more like—well, no, there's nothing tomboyish about her, but she's spirited and never gets tired or sickish like other girls." And many a time Dorothy had declared to some choice confidential friend of the twining-arms sort, that Donald was "perfectly splendid! nicer than all the boys she had ever seen, put together."

On one point they were fully united, and that was in their love for Uncle George, though of late their uncle had seemed always to be unconsciously making rough weather between them.

This expression, "rough weather," is not original, but is borrowed from Jack, whom you soon shall know nearly as well as the two D's did.

And "the two D's" is not original, either. That's Liddy's. She called Donald and Dorothy "the two D's" for short, when they were not present, just as she invariably spoke of the master of the house, in his absence, as "Mr. G." There

was not the slightest disrespect in this. It was a way that had come upon her after she had learned her alphabet in middle life, and had stopped just at the point of knowing or guessing the first letter of a word or a name. Farther than that into the paths of learning, Liddy's patience had failed to carry her. But the use of initials she felt was one of the short cuts that education afforded. Besides, the good

soul knew secrets which, without her master's permission, nothing would tempt her to reveal. So, to speak of "Mr. G." or "the D's," had a confidential air of mystery about it that in some way was a great relief to her.

Mr. George was known by his lady friends as "a confirmed bachelor, but a most excellent man,"

the "but" implying that every well-to-do gentleman ought to marry, and the "excellent man" referring to the fact that ever since the children had been brought to him, fourteen years ago, two helpless little babies, he had given them more than a father's care. He was nearly fifty years of age, a tall, "iron-gray" gentleman, with the courtliest of manners and the warmest of hearts; yet he was, as Liddy described him to her cousins, the Crumps, "an unexpected kind o' person, Mr. G. was. Just when you made up your mind he was very stiff and dignified, his face would light up into such a beautiful glow! And then, when you thought how nice, and hearty, and sociable he was, he would look so grave out of his eyes, and get so straight in the back that he seemed like a king in an ermine robe."

When Liddy had compared a man to "a king in an ermine robe," she had expressed her utmost pitch of admiration. She had heard this expression long ago in a camp-meeting discourse, and it seemed to her almost too grand a phrase for human use, unless one were speaking of Mr. George.

And a king Mr. George was, in some ways—a king who ruled himself, and whose subjects—Mr. George's traits of character—were loyal to their sovereign. Yet on one point he did deserve to be otherwise compared. All difficulties that were under his power to control, he would bravely meet, but when anything troubled him which he could not remedy,—in fact, on occasions when he was perplexed, worried, or unable to decide promptly upon a course of action,—he often was a changed being. Quick as a flash the beautiful, genial glow would vanish, the kingly ermine would drop off, and he could be likened only to one of the little silver owls that we see upon dinner-tables, quite grand and proper in bearing, but very peppery within, and liable to scatter the pepper freely when suddenly upset.

Poor Dorry! It had been her sad experience to call forth this catastrophe very often of late, and in the most unexpected ways. Sometimes a mere gesture, even the tone of her voice, seemed to annoy her uncle. On one occasion, while he was pleasantly explaining some public matter to Donald and herself, she laid her hand gently upon the back of his, by way of expressing her interest in the conversation, and his excited "Why did you do that?" made the poor girl jump from him in terror.

Lydia, who was softly brightening the fire at that moment, saw it all, and saw, too, how quickly he recovered himself and spoke kindly to the child. But she muttered under her breath, as she went slowly down to the basement:

"Poor Mr. G. 's gettin' worse of late, he is. I don't see as he ever will feel settled now. It 's amazin' puzzlin', it is."

Yes, it was puzzling. And nobody better understood and pitied the kingly soul's perplexity than the good woman. Even Jack, the coachman, though he knew a good deal, had but a faint idea of what the poor gentleman suffered.

On the day when we saw Donald and Dorothy perched on the sofa, Mr. Reed had been remarkably changeful, and they had been puzzled and grieved by his manner toward Dorothy. He had been kind and irritable by turns, and finally, for some unaccountable reason, had sharply requested her to leave him, to "go away for mercy's sake," and then she had been recalled on some slight pretext, and treated with extra kindness, only to be wounded the next moment by a look from her uncle that, as she afterward declared, "made her feel as if she had struck him."

Donald, full of sympathy for Dorry, yet refusing to blame Uncle George without a fuller understanding, had followed his sister into the parlor, and there they had tried in vain to solve the mystery—for a mystery there evidently was. Dot was sure of it; and Donald, failing to get this "foolish notion," as he called it, from Dot's mind, had ended by secretly sharing it and reluctantly admitting to himself that Uncle George—kind, good Uncle George—really had not, of late, been very kind and good to Dorry.

"He has n't been *ugly*," thought Donald to himself, while Dorothy sat there, eagerly watching her brother's countenance,— "Uncle could n't be that. But he seems to love her one minute, and be half afraid of her the next—no, not exactly afraid of her, but afraid of his own thoughts. Something troubles him. I wonder what the blazes it is! May be——"

"Well?" exclaimed Dorry, impatiently, at last.

"Well," repeated Don, in a different tone,— "the fact is, it *is* trying for you, Dorry, and I can't make it out."

Meanwhile Lydia, down-stairs, was working herself into what she called "a state" on this very matter. "It is n't Christian," she thought to herself, "though if ever a man was a true, good Christian, Mr. G. is—but he 's amazin' odd. The fact is, he does n't know his own mind in this business from one day to t' other, and he thinks me and Jack sees nothin'—Mercy! If here don't come them precious children!"

Surely enough, the precious children were on their way down the kitchen stairs. They did not go into that cheerful, well-scrubbed apartment, however, but trudged directly into the adjoining room, in which Liddy, guarded by the faithful old

dog, Nero, was now seated, peeling apples. It had been fitted up for Liddy years ago when, from a simple housemaid, she was "promoted," as she said, "to have eyes to things and watch over the D's."

"You may think it strange," she had said, grandly, that very morning, to Jack, looking around at the well-polished, old-fashioned furniture, and the still bright three-ply carpet, "that I should have my setting-room down here, and my sleeping apartment upstairs, but so it is. The servants need watching more than the children, as you know, Mr. Jack, and I've had to have eyes to things ever since the D's first come. Master Donald says I ought to call it 'having an eye,' but sakes! what would one eye be in a house like this? No, it's eyes I want, both eyes, and more too, with the precious D's wild as young hawks, and Mr. G. as he is of late, and the way things are."

Liddy looked up when Donald and Dorothy entered, with a "Sakes! You've not been fretting again, Miss Dorry?"

"No—not exactly fretting, Liddy; that is, not very much. We just came down to—to—Give me 'n apple?"

"Steady! St-e-a-dy!" cried Liddy, as after her hearty "help yourselves," the brother and sister made a simultaneous dash at the pan on her ample lap, playfully contesting for the largest. "One would think you were starving!"

"So we are, Liddy," said Dorothy, biting her apple as she spoke; "we are starving for a story."

"Yes!" echoed Donald, "a story. We're bound to have it!"

"Hum!" muttered Liddy, much flattered. "Do you know your lessons?"

"Per-fectly!" answered the D's, in one breath. "We studied them right after Dr. Lane left."

"Well," began Liddy, casting a furtive look at the red wooden clock on the mantel; "which story do you want? You've heard 'em all a score of times."

"Oh, not that kind," said Dorothy, playfully motioning to her brother, for you see by this time she was quite cheerful again. "We want a certain par-tic-ular story, don't we, Don?"

Instead of replying, Don took Dorry's outstretched hand with nonsensical grace, and so dancing to the fire-place together in a sort of burlesque minuet, they brought back with them two little mahogany-and-hair-cloth foot-benches, placing them at Lydia's feet.

Ignoring the fact that these seats were absurdly low and small, the D's settled themselves upon them as comfortably as in the days gone by, when the benches had been of exactly the right size for

them; and at the risk of upsetting the apples, pan and all, they leaned toward Liddy with an expressive "Now!"

All this had been accomplished so quickly that Liddy would have been quite taken by surprise had she not been used to their ways.

"Bless your bright eyes!" she laughed, uneasily looking from one beaming face to the other, "you take one's breath away with your quick motions. And now what certain, special, wonderful kind of a story do you want?"

"Why, *you* know. Tell us all about it, Lydia," spoke Dorothy, sober in an instant.

"Sakes! Not again? Well, where shall I begin?"

"Oh, at the very beginning," answered Donald; and Dorothy's eager, expressive nod said the same thing.

"Well," began Liddy, "about fourteen years ago——"

"No, no, not there, please, but 'way, 'way back as far as you can remember; farther back than you ever told us before."

"Well," and Lydia proceeded to select a fresh apple and peel it slowly and deliberately, "well, I was once a young chit of a girl, and I came to this house to live with your aunt Kate. She was n't any aunt then, not a bit of it, but a sweet, pretty, perky, lady-girl as ever was; and she had" (here Lyddy looked sad, and uttered a low "Dear, dear! how strange it seems!")—"she had two splendid brothers, Mr. George Reed and Mr. Wolcott Reed (your papa, you know). Oh, she was the sweetest young lady you ever set eyes on. Well, they all lived here in this very house,—your grandpa and grandma had gone to the better world a few years before,—and Master G. was sort of head of the family, you see, as the oldest son ought to be."

Donald unconsciously sat more erect on his bench, and thrust his feet farther forward on the carpet.

"Yes, Master G. was the head," Liddy went on, "but you would n't have known it, they were all so united and loving, like. Miss Kate, though kind of quick, was just too sweet and good for anything—'the light of the house,' as the young master called her, and——"

"Oh, I do love so much to hear about Aunt Kate!" exclaimed Dorothy, her color brightening as she drew her bench up still closer to Liddy. Both of the apples were eaten by this time, and the D's had forgotten to ask for more. "*Do we look like her?*"

Here Donald and Dorothy turned and looked full in Lydia's face, waiting for the answer.

"Well, yes—and no, too. You've her shining

dark hair, Master Donald, and her way of step-in' firm, but there is n't a single feature like her. And it 's so with you, Miss Dorry, not a feature just right for the likeness; still you 've a something, somehow—somewhere—and yet I can't place it; it 's what I call a vanishin' likeness."

At this the two D's lost their eager look and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Hello, old Vanisher!" said Donald, making a sudden dive at Dorothy.

"Hello, old Stiff-legs!" retorted Dorothy, laughing and pushing him away.

Here old Nero roused himself, and growled a

"That picture of your ma in your room, Master Donald," replied Lydia, "has certainly a good deal of your look, but I can't say from my own knowledge that it ever was a good likeness. It was sent over afterward, you know, and your ma never was here except once, when I was off to camp-meeting with Cousin Crump. Your pa used to go to see the young lady down at her home in New York, and after the wedding they went to Niagara water-falls, and after that to Europe. Seems to me this going out of your own country 's bad business for young couples who ought to settle down and begin life." (Here Nero stood up, and



"YOU'VE HER SHINING DARK HAIR, MASTER DONALD," SAID LIDDY.

low, rumbling, distant growl, as if protesting against some unwelcome intruder.

"There, children, that 's sufficient!" said Liddy, with dignity. "Don't get tussling. It is n't gentleman-and-lady-like. Now see how you 've tumbled your sister's hair, Master Donald, and Mr. G. 's so particular. Hear Nero, too! Sakes! it seems sometimes like a voice from the dead to hear him go that way when we 're talking of old times."

"Keep still, old fellow!" cried Donald, playfully. "Don't you see Liddy's talking to us? Well, we look like our mamma, anyway—don't we, Liddy?"

his growl grew more decided.) "Well, as I was saying—Mercy on us! If there is n't that man again!"

The last part of Lydia's sentence, almost drowned by Nero's barking, was addressed to the empty window; at least it seemed empty to the D's when they turned toward it.

"Who? Where?" shouted Dorothy. But Donald sprang up from the bench, and, followed by the noisy old Nero, ran out of the room, across the basement hall, and through the back-door, before Liddy had time to reply.

"Who was it, Liddy?" asked Dorry, still looking toward the empty window, while Nero came

sauntering back as though the matter that had lured him forth had not been worth the trouble of following up.

"Oh, no one, dearie," said Lydia, carelessly; "that is, no one in particular. It's just a man. Well, as I was going to say, your aunt Kate was n't only the light of the house, she was the heart of the house, too, the very heart. It was dreary enough after she went off to England, poor darling."

"Yes, yes," urged Dorry, earnestly, at the same time wondering at her brother's hasty departure. "Go on, Liddy, that's a dear. I can tell it all to Donald, you know."

"There is n't any more, Miss Dorry. That's the end of the first part of the story. You know the second well enough, poor child, and sad enough it is."

"Yes," said Dorry, in a low tone, "but tell me the rest of the beginning."

"Why, what *do* you mean, Miss Dorry? There's nothing else to tell,—that is, nothing that I got ear of. I suppose there were letters and so on; in fact, I *know* there were, for many a time I brought Mr. George's mail in to him. *That* day, I took the letters and papers to Mr. G. in the library,—poor, lonely gentleman he looked!—and then I went down to my kitchen fire (I was in the house-work then), and some minits after, when I'd been putting on coal and poking it up bright, it kind o' struck me that master's bell had been ringing. Up I scampered, but when I reached the library, he was gone out and no one was there but Nero (yes, *you*, old doggie!), lying before the fire, as if he owned the house. And that's the end of the first part, so far as I know."

"Yes," insisted Dorothy; "but I want to hear more about what happened before that. I know about our poor papa dying abroad, and about the wreck, and how our mamma and ——"

She could not go on. Often she could speak of all this without crying; but the poor girl had been strained and excited all the afternoon; and now, added to the sorrow that surged through her heart at the sudden thought of the parents whom she could not even remember, came the certainty that again she was to be disappointed. It was evident, from Lydia's resolute, though kindly face, that she did not mean to tell any more of the first half.

The good woman smoothed Dorothy's soft hair gently, and spoke soothingly to her, begging her to be a good girl and not cry, and to remember what a bright, happy little miss she was, and what a beautiful home she had, and how young folk ought always to be laughing and skipping about, and——

"Liddy!" said Donald, suddenly appearing at the door. "Uncle wants you."

Lydia, flushing, set down the pan, and hurriedly smoothing her apron, walked briskly out of the room.

"He called me from the window—that's why I staid," explained Donald, "and he told me to order John to hitch the horses to the big carriage. We're to get ready for a drive. And then he asked me where you were, and when I told him, he said: 'Send Lydia here, at once.'"

"Was Uncle very angry, Donald?" asked Dorry, wiping her eyes.

"Oh, no. At first he seemed sorry, and I think he got up the drive just to give you pleasure, Dorry. He wanted to see me about something, and then he asked more about our visit to Liddy's room, and I told him she was only telling us a true story about him and papa, and—and that's when he sent me for Liddy, before I could get out another word. Don't cry any more, Dot,—please don't. Go put on your things, and we'll have a gay old drive with Uncle. I won't take the pony this time."

"Oh, do!" coaxed Dorry, faintly, for in her heart she meant, "Oh, don't!" It was good in Donald, she knew, to be willing to give up his pony-ride, and take a seat in the stately carriage instead of cantering alongside, and she disliked to rob him of the pleasure. But to-day her heart was lonely; Uncle had been "queer," and life looked so dark to her in consequence, that to have Donald on the same seat with her would be a great comfort.

"No," said Don. "Some day, soon, you and I'll take our ponies, and go off together for a good run; but, to-day, I'd rather go with you in the carriage, Dot,"—and that settled it.

She ran to put on her hat and bright warm woolen wrap, for it was early November, and beginning to be chilly. The carriage rolled to the door; Uncle George, grave but kind, met her, handed her in as though she were a little duchess, and then said:

"Now, Dorothy, who shall go with us, to-day? Cora Danby or Josie? You may call for any one you choose."

"Oh, may I, Uncle? Thank you! Then we'll go for Josie, please."

Her troubles were forgotten; Uncle smiled; Donald beside her, and Josephine Manning going with them; the afternoon bright and glowing. Things were not so bad, after all.

"Drive to Mr. Manning's, John," said Mr. Reed, as Jack, closing the carriage-door, climbed up to the box in a way that reminded one of a sailor starting to mount into a ship's rigging.

"Aye, aye, Cap'n," said Jack, and they were off.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRIVE.

JOSIE MANNING was not at home, and so the party decided to drive on without company.

It was a beautiful autumnal day, and the modest little lake-side village, which, in deference to its shy ways, we shall call Nestletown, did its best to show its appreciation of the weather. Its windows lighted up brilliantly in the slanting sunlight, and its two spires, Baptist and Methodist, reaching up through the yellow foliage, piously rivaled each other in raising their shining points to the sky. The roads were remarkably fine at that time; yet it seemed that almost the only persons who, on this special afternoon, cared to drive out and enjoy them were our friends in the open carriage.

The fine old equipage rolled along at first without a sound beyond the whir of its wheels and the regular quadruple beat of the horses' hoofs; and everything appeared to be very placid and quiet. But how many interests were represented, and how different they were!

First, the horses: While vaguely wishing Jack would loosen his hold, and that the hard iron something in their mouths would snap in two and relieve them, they were enjoying their own speed, taking in great draughts of fine air, keeping their eyes open and their ears ready for any startling thing that might leap from the rustling bushes along the drive, or from the shadows of the road-side trees, and longing in an elegant, well-fed way for the plentiful supper that awaited them at home. Next was the group of little belated insects that, tempted by the glittering sunlight, happened to go along, alighting now on the carriage, now on Jack, and now on the horses. Not being horse-flies, they were not even noticed by the span,—yet they had business of their own, whatever it could have been so late in the season, and were briskly attending to it. Next, there was Jack,—poor sailor Jack,—sitting upright, soberly dressed in snug-fitting clothes, and a high black stove-pipe hat, when at heart he longed to have on his tarpaulin and swagger about on his sea-legs again. His only consolation was to feel the carriage roll and pitch over the few uneven places along the road, to pull at his "tiller-ropes," as he called the reins, and "guide the craft as trim" as he could. For Jack, though honest coachman now (for reasons which you shall know before long) was a sailor at heart, and clung to his old ways as far as his present situation would allow. At this very moment he was wondering at his own weakness "in turning himself into a miserable land-lubber, all for love of the cap'n and the two little middies." Meantime, Donald was divided between a score of boy-

thoughts on one side, and his real manly interest in Dorothy, whose lot seemed to him decidedly less pleasant than his own. Dorry was quietly enjoying the change from keen grief to its absence, and a sense of security in being so near Uncle and Donald. And the uncle—what shall I say of him? Shall I describe only the stately form being borne with them through the yellow afternoon light, the iron-gray hair, the kindly face?—or shall I tell you of the lately happy, but now anxious, troubled man, who within a few days had been made to feel it possible that the dearest thing he had on earth might soon be his no longer.

"Oh, Uncle," said Dorry, suddenly, "I forgot to tell you something."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. George, in playful astonishment, a quick smile rising to his lips, and his eyes full of pleasant inquiry. "What did my little maid forget to tell me?"

"Why, about the man on the croquet-ground. I was practicing a roquet-shot, and before I knew it, he was close by me, a great tall, lanky man, calling me 'Sis' and ——"

"The rascal!" exclaimed Uncle George, growing red and angry in a moment. "What business had you to ——"

"I did n't, Uncle, I did n't. I'm too old to be called 'Sis,' and he acted just as if I ought to know him and be real pleasant. I would n't have a word to say to him, but just turned around and ran to look for Donald. Did n't I, Don?"

"Yes," said Donald, but before he said it he had scowled, and nodded to his uncle, slyly, as he thought, but his sister's eyes were keen.

"I declare it's too bad!" broke forth Dorry, impetuously. "Everybody gets mad at me for nothing, and makes signs and everything!" and with this incoherent speech Dorry began to pout—yes, actually to pout, the brave, good Dorry, who usually was sunny and glad, "the light of the house," as her aunt Kate had been before her! Donald stared at her in astonishment.

At this moment, one of the horses received a cut which he certainly did not deserve, but otherwise all was quiet on the coachman's box. No one looking up at that placid, well-dressed back would have dreamed of the South-Sea tempest raging under the well-padded and doubly buttoned coat.

"Dorothy," said her uncle, with a strange trembling in his voice, "try to control yourself. I do not blame you, my child. John, you may drive toward home."

Poor Dorry stifled her rising sobs as well as she could, and, sitting upright, drew as far from her uncle as the width of the seat would allow. But after a while, sending a sidelong glance in his direction, she edged slowly back again, and timidly

leaned her head upon his shoulder. In a moment his arm was about her, and she looked up saucily, with eyes sparkling through her tears.

"April weather to-day, is n't it, Don?" said Uncle. Don laughed. The uncle laughed, though not so cheerily as Don, and even Jack chuckled softly to himself to think that "all was well again abaft."

"Spoiled child!" said Uncle George, patting her gently. But his heart was full of a wild terror, and he reproached himself for many things, chief among which was that he had made it possible for the idolized little girl beside him to know a moment's sorrow.

"I must be more watchful after this," he said to himself, "and more even. I have acted like a brute to-day; what wonder the little maid is upset. But that rascal! I shall have to warn the children, though it's an ugly business. Donald," said he aloud, and with great dignity, "come into the library after supper, both of you."

"Yes, sir," said Donald, respectfully.

And as the dear home-road came in sight, the horses quickened their already brisk pace, the party leaned back luxuriously and gave themselves up to enjoyment of the clear air, the changing road-

side, and the glories of the western sky, now ablaze with the setting sun.

No one excepting Jack saw a tall, lank figure disappearing among the shrubbery as the carriage rumbled down the avenue that led to the house.

"Look to windward, Cap'n!" whispered Jack, mysteriously, to Mr. George, while Donald was gallantly assisting Dorothy from the carriage; "there's mischief in the air."

"What now, John?" asked Mr. George, rather patronizingly.

"A queer craft 's just hove to, sir, in the ever-green bushes as we came in," mumbled Jack, almost under his breath, while pretending to screw the handle of his whip.

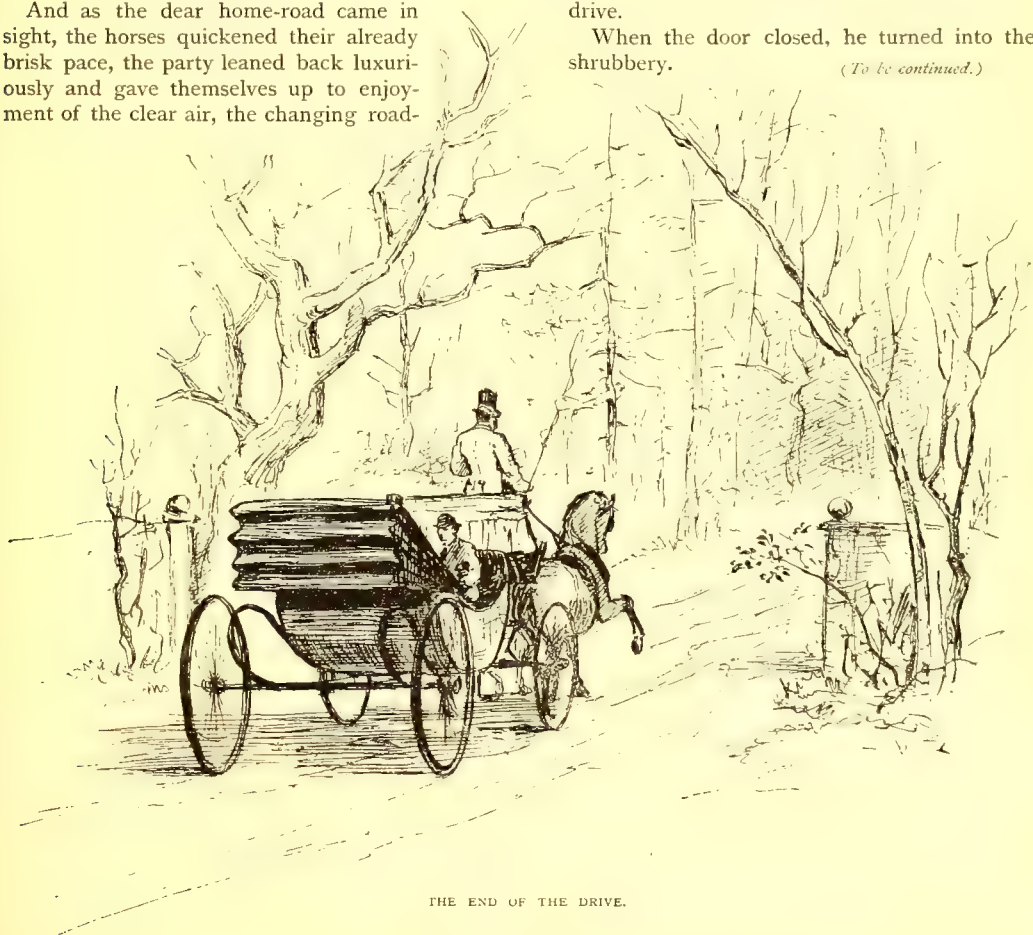
Mr. George scowled. "Is he there now?"

"Can't say, sir."

"Very well; probably it is some one waiting to see me." And Mr. George, with a pleasant but decisive, "run in, youngsters," as Liddy opened the wide hall-door, walked briskly down the carriage-drive.

When the door closed, he turned into the shrubbery.

(To be continued.)



THE END OF THE DRIVE.

THE BALLAD OF BABETTE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

BABETTE, the peasant maiden,
The guileless, graceful child,
To gather nuts and berries,
Went to the copsewood wild.

And glancing in the fountain,
Beneath the shadows brown,
She saw her comely features
And russet-linsey gown.

"Fine birds come from fine feathers,"
The little maiden said—
"Had I a crown of rubies
To wear upon my head;

"If this poor gown were silken,
And I among the girls
Had maidens four to serve me,
And a necklace made of pearls;

"And I had silver slippers
Upon these little feet,
A prince would come to woo me,
And call me fair and sweet."

Then suddenly before her
A wounded dove was seen,
With drops of blood down falling
Upon the leaves of green.

It trembled when she touched it,
But had no power to fly;
And in her face looked upward
With scared and piteous eye.

She washed the red drops gently,
That started from the wound,
And the weary bird lay quiet,
As though content it found.

Then when her hand was opened,
It made a plaintive coo,
And rising slowly upward,
Far in the distance flew.

Then on the maiden wandered
Till, by a hazel there,
Escaped from cruel hunters,
She saw a panting hare.

Her words of loving kindness
It did not seem to hear,
Till from her quivering eyelids
Dropped on it many a tear.

When lo! it rose and trembled,
Its eyes grew full of light,
And through the briers and hazels
It bounded out of sight.

And throbbed the maiden's bosom
With pleasing, painful start,
And happy thrills of gladness
Made music in her heart.

When lo! on purple pinions,
A flock of doves there came;
The first one bore a ruby,
And each one had the same.

And still came flying, flying,
The doves on pinions fleet;
And rubies there on rubies
They laid before her feet.

And they made her a crown of rubies,
Of rubies bright and red,
And they made her a crown of rubies,
And placed it on her head.

And next of hares, a hundred
Came from the North and South,
And each in coming carried
A great pearl in his mouth.

And still came running, running,
More hares, with motion fleet,
And pearls, in countless number,
They laid before her feet.

And they made her a lovely necklace
Of pearls without a speck,
And they made her a lovely necklace
And placed it on her neck.

Was it the poor dove's life-blood
That now in rubies burned?
And from Babette's kind weeping
Had tears to pearls been turned?

And then the doves flew over,
And cooed with voices sweet,
And a pair of silvern slippers
She found upon her feet.

And then the hares ran round her,
And her skin grew white as milk,
And her gown of russet-linsey
Was changed to one of silk.



And lo! there came four maidens,
 To wait on her, forsooth!
 Simplicity, and Pity,
 And Innocence, and Truth.

And the dove became a fairy,
 And touched her with her wand;
 And the hare became Prince Charming,
 And he was young and fond.

And a train of lords and ladies,
 The little maiden met;
 And the Prince, he walked beside her,
 The downcast-eyed Babette.

And never in the copsewood
 Was the little maiden seen,
 For she dwells all time in Elf-land,
 As the good King Charming's queen.

of twelve would pick out for an uncle. If any one thinks that is not high praise, I should like to have him try his hand at commendation.

There are, indeed, quite a number of boys and girls to whom Uncle Hal is both a saint and a hero. At that Christmas party, in the home of his sister in the Western city to which he has been hurrying, these boys and girls are to be assembled. All the married brothers and sisters, with their families, will be there. But it is of no use now for him to try to join them. The feast will be ended, and the circle will be broken, before he can reach Cincinnati. So he strolls out of the station and up the street. No, he will not take a hack nor a horse-car; happy people may consent to be carried; those whose minds are troubled would better go afoot. He will walk off his disappointment.

He trudges along the narrow streets; the drays and the express wagons, laden with all sorts of boxes and parcels, are clattering to and fro; porters, large and small, are running with bundles, big and little; and the shops are crowded with eager customers. Mr. Haliburton Todd is too good a man to be dismal long in the midst of a scene like this. "What hosts of people," he says to himself, "are thinking and working with all their might to-day to make other people happy to-morrow! And how happy they all are themselves, to-day! We always say that Christmas is the happiest day in the year; but is it? Is n't it the day before Christmas?"

So thinking, he pauses at the window of a small print-shop, when his attention is caught by the voices of two children, standing in the hall at the foot of the stairs leading to the stories above. On the sign beside the door-way he reads, "Jackman & Company, Manufacturers of Ladies' Underwear."

The children are a girl of twelve and a boy of ten, neatly but plainly dressed; a troubled look is on their bright faces.

"How much, Ruby?" asks the boy.

"Only seven dollars," answers the girl, choking back a sob. "There were four dozen of the night-dresses, you know, and the price was two dollars a dozen; but the man said that some of them were not well made, so he kept back a dollar."

"The man lied," says Ben, "and I'll go up and tell him so."

"Oh, no," answers Ruby; "that would n't do any good. He would n't mind you, and he might not give us any more work. But the work *was* well done, if we *did* help; for you run the machine beautifully, and Mamma says that my button-holes are every bit as good as hers. Just think of it! Only seven dollars for two weeks' hard work of all three of us!"

"We can't have the turkey," says Ben, sadly.

"Oh, no. I found a nice young one down at

the corner store that we could get for a dollar and a half, but we must lay by two dollars for the rent, you know; and there'll be coal to buy next week. I'm sure Mamma will think we can't afford it."

"Come on, then," says Ben, bestowing a farewell kick upon the iron sign of Jackman & Company.

Mr. Haliburton Todd has forgotten all about his own disappointment in listening to the more serious trouble of these two children. As they walk up the street, he follows them closely, trying to imagine the story of their lives. They stop now and then for a moment to look into the windows of the toy-stores, and to admire the sweet wonders of the confectioners, but they do not tarry long. Presently, the eyes of Mr. Todd are caught by a large theater-bill, announcing the Oratorio of the Messiah, at Music Hall, Tuesday evening, December 24, by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Lang is to play the great organ. Theodore Thomas's orchestra is to assist, and the soloists are Miss Thursby and Miss Cary, and Mr. Whitney and Mr. Sims Reeves.

"Correct!" says Mr. Haliburton Todd, aloud. He knows now what he will do with the coming evening. It is long since his passion for music has been promised such a gratification.

While he pauses, he notes that Ruby and Ben are scanning with eager eyes the same bill-board. "Rather remarkable children," he says to himself, "to care for oratorio. If it were a minstrel show, I should n't wonder."

"Would n't I like to go?" says Ruby.

"Would n't I?" echoes Ben, with a low whistle.

"Don't you remember," says the girl, "the night Papa and Mamma took us to hear Nilsson? Miss Cary was there, you know, and she sang this:

"'Birds of the night that softly call,
Winds in the night that strangely sigh'"

It is a sweet and sympathetic voice that croons the first strain of Sullivan's lullaby.

"I remember it," says Ben. "Mamma used to sing it afterward, pretty near as well as she did. And don't you remember that French chap that played the violin? Blue Tom, they called him, or some such name."

"*Vieux temps*," laughs Ruby, who knows a little French.

"Yes, that's it. But could n't he make the old fiddle dance, though!" And the boy tilts his basket against his shoulder, and executes upon it an imaginary roudade with an imaginary bow. "We used to have good times at home, did n't we—when Papa played the violin and Mamma the piano?" Ben goes on.

"Don't!" pleads Ruby, turning, with a great sob, from the bright promise of the bill-board.

The two children walk on in silence for a few moments,—Mr. Haliburton Todd still close behind them. Ruby has resolutely dried her tears, but her thoughts are still with the great singers, and the voice of the wonderful Swede is ringing through her memory, for presently Mr. Todd hears her singing low:

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me to your care!"

"Well, my child," he says, in a low tone, "I don't think that angels are apt to have gray hairs in their whiskers, nor to wear ulsters; but there's an old fellow about my size who would like to be an angel just now for your sake."

While he is talking thus to himself, the children turn into the hall of a tenement house. Mr. Haliburton Todd glances after them, and sees them enter a room on the first landing. He walks on a few steps slowly, hesitates, then quickly turns back. In a moment he is knocking at the door which had been opened for the children. The knock is answered by the boy.

"I beg your pardon, my little man," says Mr. Todd. "I am a stranger to you; but I should like to see your mother if she is not engaged."

"Come in, sir," says a voice within. It is the voice of a lady. Her face is pale and anxious, but her manner is quiet and self-possessed.

"It is a curious errand that brings me, madam," says Mr. Haliburton Todd; "but I trust you will pardon my boldness and grant my request. These children of yours chanced to be standing with me in front of the same placard, announcing the oratorio to-night; and I heard enough of what they said to know that they have a rare appreciation of good music. I have come in to see if you will let me take them to the Music Hall, this evening."

"Oh, Mamma!" cries Ben.

Ruby's eyes plead, but the mother's face is grave. "Your offer is extremely kind, sir," she says at length, slowly; "and the thing you propose would give my children great pleasure; but——"

"You do not know me," Mr. Todd supplies. "That is true; and of course a wise mother would not commit her children to the care of an entire stranger. Here's my card,—Todd & Templeton, Mattawamkeag, Maine,—but that proves nothing. However, I'm not going to give it up so. Let me see; I wonder if I know anybody that you know in this big city. Who is your minister?"

"We attend, at present, St. Matthew's Church, of which Mr. Brown is rector."

"What is his first name?" "John, I think."

"John Robinson Brown?"

"Yes; that is the name."

"Cor-rect!" ejaculates Mr. Todd, triumphantly,

with a distinct hyphen between the two syllables of his favorite interjection; "that fixes it. What luck this is! I know your minister perfectly. He has been up in our woods fishing every summer for five years, and we are the best of friends. Can you tell me his residence?"

"I know," cries Ben. "He lives next door to the church, on Chaucer street."

"All right. Let the boy run up to his house after dinner, and see whether Mr. Brown indorses me. I'll drop in on him this morning. If he says so, you'll let the children go with me to-night?"

"I know no reason," answers the mother, "why they may not go. You are very kind."

"Kind to myself, that's all. But I shall be obliged to ask your name, madam."

"Johnson."

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson. I will call for the children at half-past seven. Good-morning!"

Mr. Haliburton Todd bows himself out with a beaming face, and leaves sunshine behind him. He pauses a moment on the landing. The door of the room adjoining the Johnsons' stands open, and he observes that the room is vacant. He steps in and finds a glazier setting a pane of glass. It is a pleasant room, with an open fire-place; the rear parlor-chamber of an old-fashioned house, and it has been newly papered and painted. It communicates with the sitting-room where the children and their mother live.

"Is this room rented?" he asks the glazier.

"Guess not."

"Where is the agent?"

"Number seven, Court street."

"Thank you!" Mr. Haliburton Todd glances around the room again, nods decisively, and hurries down the stairs.

What becomes of him for the next hour we will not inquire. A man is entitled to have a little time to himself, and it is not polite, even in stories, to be prying into all the doings of our neighbors.

The next glimpse we get of him, he is sitting in the study of the rector of St. Matthew's, explaining to that gentleman what he wishes to do for these two little parishioners of his.

"Just like you," cries the minister. "But who are the children?"

"Their name is Johnson, and they live in a tenement house on Denison street, number forty-five."

"Ah, yes. Their father was the master of a bark in the African trade, and he was lost on the west coast a year and a half ago. Nothing was ever known of his fate, excepting that a portion of the vessel bearing its name, 'Ruby,' was washed ashore, somewhere in Angola, I think. They had a home of their own, bought in flush times, and mortgaged for half its value, but in the shrinkage

everything was swept away. They have lived in this tenement now for nearly a year, supporting themselves by sewing. I suspect they are poor enough, but they are thoroughly independent; it is hard to get a chance to do anything for them. You seem to have outflanked them."

"Oh, no; I'm not much of a strategist; I moved on their works, and captured them. It's my selfishness; I want to hear Thursby and Cary with those children's cars to-night, that's all. And if you will kindly write a little note, assuring the mother that I will not eat her children, the boy will call for it. And now, good-morning. I shall see you next summer in the woods."

The rector presses his friend to tarry, but he pleads business, and hurries away.

Now he mysteriously disappears again. After a few hours we find him seated before the grate, in his cozy room at the Parker House; the telegram has gone to Cincinnati with the bad news that he is not coming; the oratorio tickets have been purchased; dinner has been eaten; there is time for rest, and he is writing a few letters to those nephews and nieces who know, by this time, to their great grief, that they will not see Uncle Hal to-morrow.

Meantime, the hours have passed cheerily at the little room of the Johnsons, on Denison street; for, though the kindness of their unknown friend could not heal the hurt caused by the hardness of their greedy employer, it has helped them to bear it. Ben has brought from the rector an enthusiastic note about Mr. Todd, and the children have waited in delighted anticipation of the evening. Promptly, at half-past seven, the step of their friend is on the stair, and his knock at the door.

"Come in, sir!" says Ben. It is a very different voice from that of the boy who was talking at Jackman & Company's entrance a few hours ago.

"This has been a day of great expectations here," says Ben's mother. "I do not know what could have been promised the children that would have pleased them more. Of music they have had a passionate love from infancy, and they have n't heard much lately."

"Well, they shall have to-night the best that Boston affords," says Mr. Todd. "Now, you must tell me your name, my boy. We want a good understanding before we start."

"Ben, sir, is what my mother calls me."

"Ben Johnson, eh? A first-class name, and a famous one. Correct!" laughs Mr. Todd. "And now, will the little lady tell me her name?"

"Ruby, sir, is all there is of it," answers the maiden.

"Well, Ruby," says Mr. Todd, "your name is like the boarder's coffee: it is good enough what

there is of it, and there's enough of it, such as it is. Now, you want to know what to call me. My name's Uncle Hal. That's what a lot of boys and girls out West would have been calling me to-morrow if I had n't missed the train; and if you'll just let me play, to-night, that I'm your uncle, I shall have a great deal better time."

So they go off merrily.

Music Hall is packed from floor to topmost gallery. On either side of the great organ rise the ranks of the chorus, eight hundred singers; the orchestra is massed in front; the soloists are just entering, to take their places at the left of the conductor.

"There's Miss Cary!" cries Ruby, eagerly.

Mr. Todd points out to the children the other singers whom they do not know, and, while he is speaking, the click of Mr. Zerrahn's baton is heard, the musicians of the orchestra lift their instruments, and the glorious strains of the overture burst upon the ears of the wondering children.

But no wise historian will try to tell about this evening's music, nor how Ruby and Ben enjoy it. More than once, in the rush of the great choruses, Ben finds himself catching his breath, and there is a rosy spot all the while on Ruby's cheek and a dazzling brightness in her eye. Mr. Todd watches them, momentarily; he listens, as he said, with their ears as well as his own, and finds his own pleasure trebled by their keen enjoyment.

"Oh, Mamma," says Ben, as she tucks him into bed, "it seemed, some of the time, as if I was so full that I could n't hold another bit. When Miss Thursby sang that song—you remember, Ruby. What was it?"

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," answers Ruby.

"Yes; that's the one;—when she sang that, I thought my heart would stop beating."

"But what I liked best," says Ruby, true to her old love, "was one Miss Cary sang about the Saviour, 'He was despised.'"

"It was all very beautiful, I know, my darlings," answers the mother; "but you must forget it now, as soon as you can, for it is late."

The next morning, Ruby is awakened by the stirring of her mother. "Oh, Mamma," she says, softly, putting her arms about her mother's neck, "I had a beautiful dream last night, and I must tell it to you before you get up. I dreamed that Miss Thursby was standing on a high rock on the seashore, singing that song, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'; and when she came to that part, 'In the latter day he shall stand upon the earth,' I thought that dear Papa rose right up out of the sea, and walked on the water to the shore; and that Mr. Todd took him by the hand and led him

up to us; and just as he flew toward us, and caught you in his arms, I woke up."

The desolate mother kisses the daughter with tears, but can not answer. Beside that dream the dark and stern reality is hard to look upon. Yet, somehow, the child's heart clings to the comfort of the dream.

Presently her eyes are caught by an unwonted display of colors on a chair beside the bed. "Oh, what are these?" she cries, leaping to her feet.

"They are yours, my daughter."

"Look here, Ben! Where did they come from, Mamma? M-m-y! Oh, look! look! And here are yours, Ben!"

By this time the drowsy boy is wide awake, and he pounces with a shout upon the treasures heaped on his own chair, and gathers them into his bed. A book and a nice silk handkerchief for each of the children; an elegant morocco work-box stocked with all sorts of useful things for Ruby, and a complete little tool-chest for Ben; the Christmas ST. NICHOLAS for both, with a receipt for a year's subscription, and a nice box of sweetmeats to divide between them,—these are the beautiful and mysterious gifts.

"Who brought them, Mamma?" they cry, with one voice.

"Your friend, Mr. Todd. He had two packages concealed under his coat, when he came for you last night; and when he rose to go I found them on the floor beside his chair, one marked, 'For the Girl,' and the other, 'For the Boy!'"

"What makes him do such things?" asks Ben, solemnly.

"'Good-will,' I think," answers his mother. "He seems to be one of those men of good-will of whom the angels sang."

"Anyhow, I'd like to hug him," says the impetuous Ben. "Did he say he would come and see us again?"

"Perhaps he will, in the course of the day. He said that he should not return to Maine until the evening train."

Suddenly Ruby drops her treasures and flings her arms again about her mother's neck. "You blessed Mamma!" she cries, tenderly, "you've got nothing at all. Why did n't some of the good-willers think of you?"

"Perhaps they will, before night," answers the mother, speaking cheerfully, and smiling faintly. "But whether they do or not, it makes the day a great deal happier to me that my children have found so good a friend."

It is a merry morning with Ruby and Ben. The inspection of their boxes, and the examination of their books, make the time pass quickly.

"Somebody's moving into the next room," says

Ben, coming in from an errand. "I saw a man carrying in a table and some chairs. Queer time to move, I should think."

"They are going to keep Christmas, at any rate," said Ruby; "for I saw them, a little while ago, bringing up a great pile of greens."

"P'raps they've hired the reindeer-team to move their goods," says Ben.

"Then," answers his mother, "they ought to have come down the chimney instead of up the stairs."

So they have their little jokes about their new neighbors; but the children have moved once themselves, and they are too polite to make use of the opportunity afforded by moving-day to take an inventory of a neighbor's goods.

They are to have a late dinner. The turkey, hankered after by Ben, is not for them to-day; but a nice chicken is roasting in the oven, and a few oranges and nuts will give them an unwonted dessert. While they wait for dinner, the children beseech their mother to read to them the Christmas story in ST. NICHOLAS. "It means so much more when you read," says Ben, "than it does when I read."

So they gather by the window; the mother in the arm-chair, on one arm of which Ben roosts, with his cheek against his mother's—Ruby sitting opposite. It is a pretty group, and the face of many a passer-by lights up with pleasure as his eye chances to fall upon it.

It is now a little past one o'clock, and Mr. Haliburton Todd, sauntering forth from his comfortable quarters at Parker's, makes his way along Tremont street, in the direction of Court. He is going nowhere in particular, but he thinks that a little walk will sharpen his appetite for dinner. When he approaches Scollay's Square, his eye lights on a man standing uncertainly upon a corner, and looking wistfully up and down the streets. The face has a familiar look, and as he draws a little nearer, Mr. Todd makes a sudden rush for the puzzled wayfarer.

"Hello, Brad!" he shouts, grasping the man by the shoulders.

"Hello!" the other answers, coolly, drawing back a little; then, rushing forward: "Bless my eyes! Is this Hal Todd?"

"Nobody else, old fellow! But how on earth did I ever know you? Come to look you over, you're not yourself at all. Fifteen years, is n't it, since we met?"

"All of that," says the stranger.

"Let's see: you've been in the sea-faring line, have n't you?" says Mr. Todd.

"Yes, I have, bad luck to me!" answers his friend, with a sigh.

"Oh, well," says the hearty lumberman, "the folks on shore have n't all been fortunate. Where's your home, now?"

"Just what I'm trying to find out."

"What do you mean?"

"My dear fellow," says the stranger, with quavering voice, "my ship was wrecked a year and a half ago on the west coast of Africa; I reached the shore, only to fall sick of a fever, through which my cabin-boy nursed me; for a long time I was too weak to move; finally, by slow stages, we made our way to Benguela; there we waited months for a vessel, and, to make a long story short, I reached Boston this morning. I went to the house that was mine two years ago, and found it

not greatly pained by it. His friend wonders whether Hal Todd has lost some of the old manly tenderness of the academy days.

"Well, Brad Johnson," he cries, drawing a long breath, after the short recital is ended, "this is a strange story. But, as you say, this family of yours can be found, and shall be. Come with me. There is a police-station down this way."

The two men walk on, arm-in-arm, in the direction of Denison street.

"How much is there of this missing family?" asks Mr. Todd.

"There's a wife and two children,—I hope,"

answers the other. "The best woman in the world, Hal, and two of the brightest children. Sing like larks, both of 'em. Bless their hearts!" says the sailor, brushing away a tear; "I thought I should have 'em in my lap this Christmas day, and it's tough to be hunting for 'em in this blind fashion."

"It *is* tough," says the lumberman, choking a little. He has stopped on the sidewalk, on Denison street, just opposite Number 45. He lays his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Look here, Brad Johnson," he says, "we are going to find that wife and those children pretty soon, I suspect. And you've got to keep cool. D'ye hear?"

"What do you mean?" gasps the sailor.

The eye of Mr. Haliburton Todd is quietly lifted to the window of the second story opposite. His friend's eye follows, and falls on the picture we saw there a little while ago,—the mother intent upon the book, the children intent upon the mother's face.

There is no outcry, but the father lifts his hands, as if to heaven, staggers a little, and then plunges across the street. Mr. Todd is after him, and seizes him by the collar just as he reaches the foot of the stairs.

"Hold on, man!" he says, decisively.

"You must n't rush in on that woman in this way. You'd kill her. She's none too

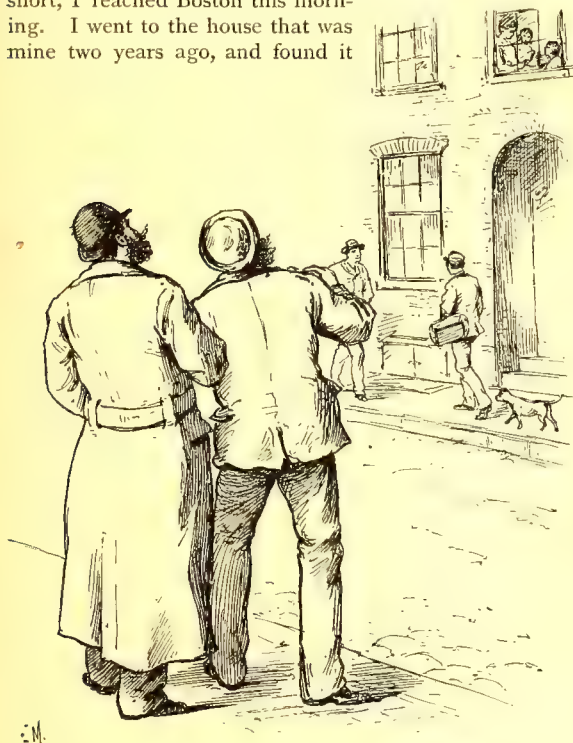
strong. Wait here a few moments, and I'll break it to her."

"You're right," answers the father, pressing his hands against his temples, and steadying himself by the wall. "But you wont keep me waiting long, will you?"

Mr. Haliburton Todd knocks at the door, and is let in by Ben.

"Oh, Mr. Todd, how good you are! Thank you a hundred thousand times!" cry both the children at once.

"Well, I'm glad if you've enjoyed my little gifts," he answers. "But I've been thinking that



THE ANGEL SHOWS THE SAILOR A PRETTY PICTURE.

occupied by another family,—sold under mortgage, they said. They could not tell me where I should find my wife and children. I went to the neighbors who knew them; some of them had moved away, others were out of town on their Christmas vacation. Of course, I shall find them after a little; but just where to look at this moment I don't know."

Mr. Todd has listened to this story with a changing expression of countenance. When his friend first mentioned the shipwreck, a sudden light of intelligence sprang into his eye, and his lips opened, but he quickly shut them again. He is greatly interested in what he hears, but he is

your good mother ought to have a little of the cheer of this Christmas as well as you."

"Just what we said," answers Ben.

Mrs. Johnson colors a little, but before she can speak, Mr. Todd goes on. "Pardon me, madam, but what your minister told me yesterday of your

just now, in the street, an old friend of mine—and of yours—who knows a good deal about it. And I want to assure you, before he comes in, that—that the story as it reached you—was—was considerably exaggerated, that is all. Excuse me, and I will send in my friend."



"'FATHER REMARKABLE CHILDREN,' MR. HALIBURTON TODD SAYS TO HIMSELF, 'TO CARE FOR ORATORIO.'"

affairs has led me to take a deep interest in them. How long is it since your husband left home?"

"More than two years," answers the lady.

"You have had no direct intelligence from him since he went away?"

"None at all, save the painful news of the loss of his vessel, with all on board."

"Have you ever learned the full particulars of the shipwreck?"

"No; how could I?" Mrs. Johnson turns suddenly pale.

"Be calm, I beseech you, my dear lady. I did not suppose that you could have heard. But I met

Mr. Todd quickly withdraws. The color comes and goes upon the mother's face. "Merciful Father!" she cries, "what does it all mean?"

She rises from the chair; the door that Mr. Todd has left ajar gently opens, and quickly closes. We will not open it again just now. That place is too sacred for prying eyes. It is a great cry of joy that fills the ears and the eyes of Mr. Haliburton Todd, as he goes softly down the stairs, and walks away to his hotel.

An hour later, when the shock of the joy is over a little, and the explanations have been made, and father and mother and children are sitting for a

few moments silent in a great peace, the nature of the human boy begins to assert itself.

"Is n't it," ventures Ben, timidly, as if the words were a profanation, "is n't it about time for dinner?"

"Indeed it is, my boy," answers his mother; "and I'm afraid our dinner is spoiled. Open the oven door, Ruby."

Ruby obeys, and finds the poor, forgotten chicken done to a cinder. "Never mind," says the mother. "Our dinner will be a little late, but we'll find something with which to keep the feast."

Just then, there is a knock at the door opening into the new neighbor's apartment.

"What can they want?" says Mrs. Johnson. "Perhaps, my dear, you had better answer the knock. They are new-comers to-day."

Mr. Johnson pushes back the bolt and opens the door. The room is hung with a profusion of Christmas greens. A bright fire blazes on the

"Your dinnah, sah. De folks's dinnah 'n dis yer front room. It was ordered fo' dem."

"Where was it ordered?"

"Copeland's, sah."

"Who ordered it?"

"Gen'l'm'n with gray ulcerated coat on, sah; I seen him kim up t' yer room 'bout 'n hour ago. I was to git it all ready 'n' call you jes' half-past two."

"Another of Todd's surprises," exclaims Mr. Johnson. "Well, my dears, the dinner is here; and we should be very ungrateful not to partake of it with thanksgiving."

What a happy feast it is! How the laughter and the tears chase each other around the table! How swiftly the grief and misery and dread of the two desolate years that are gone, fly away into a far-off land!

By and by, when the cloth is removed, and they are seated around the open fire, Ruby says,



"EF YOU PLEASE, SAH, DINNAH IS READY, SAH!"

hearth. A table in the middle of the room is loaded with smoking viands. A smiling colored waiter, with napkin on arm, bows politely when the door is opened.

"Ef you please, sah, dinnah is ready, sah!"

"Whose dinner?" demands Mr. Johnson.

musingly: "Papa, did you really and truly know Mr. Todd when you were a boy?"

"Certainly, my darling; why do you ask?"

"I can't quite think," says the girl, "that he is a real man. It seems to me as if he must be an angel."

While she speaks, the angel is knocking at the door. They all fly to him; the father hugs him; the mother kisses his hand; the children clasp his knees.

"Help! help!" shouts the hearty lumberman. "I did n't come here to be garroted."

Then, with much laughing and crying, they tell him Ruby's doubts concerning him.

"Well," he says, merrily, "I may be an angel, but, if so, I'm not aware of it. Angels are not generally addicted to the lumber business. And you need n't make any speeches to me, for I have

n't time to hear 'em. Fact is, this has been the very reddest of all my red-letter days; the merriest of my Christmases; and you people have been the innocent occasion of it all. And I'm not done with you yet. I'll have you all up to my lumber-camp next summer; there's a nice cabin there, for you. Pine woods'll do you lots of good, madam. Great fishing there, Ben! You'll all come, wont you? It's almost train-time. Good-bye!"

And before they have time to protest or to promise, Mr. Haliburton Todd is down the stairs, rushing away to the station of the Eastern Railroad.



THERE was a worthy school-master who wrote to the trustees
A full report, three times a year, in words quite like to these:
"The scholars are so orderly, so studious and kind,
'T is evident I have a gift to train the youthful mind."



STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.*

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL SANZIO, or Santi, was born at Urbino, on Good Friday, 1483. His father was a good painter, and the son showed his talent for art when very young. Raphael's mother died when he was eight years old, and his step-mother, Bernardina, was devoted to him, and loved him tenderly. As his father died three years after his mother, he was left to the care of an uncle and of Bernardina. His father was doubtless his first instructor, for he was occupied in painting a chapel at Cagli before his death, and he took the young Raphael with him to that place. But we usually say that Perugino was his first master, because, when twelve years old, he was placed in the school of that painter at Perugia. Here he remained nearly eight years, and here, just before leaving, he painted one of his very celebrated pictures, which is now in the gallery of the Brera at Milan. It represents the marriage of the Virgin Mary, and is called "Lo Spozalizio."

The legend of the life of the Virgin relates that, when she was fourteen years old, the high-priest told her that it was proper for her to be married, and that he had had a vision concerning her.

Then the high-priest followed the directions which had been given him in the vision, and called together all the widowers among the people, and directed that each one should bring his rod or wand in his hand, as a sign would be given by which they should know whom the Lord had selected to be the husband of Mary.

Now when Joseph came with the rest before the high-priest, a dove flew out from his rod and rested a moment on his head, and then flew off toward heaven. And so it was known that he was to be the husband of Mary. Still another account says that all the suitors left their rods in the temple over night, and in the morning that of Joseph had blossomed.

In the picture painted by Raphael, with this story as its subject, there is a large temple in the background, to which many steps lead up. At the foot of the long flight of steps the high-priest is joining the hands of Joseph and Mary, while groups of men and women stand on each side. Joseph holds his blossoming rod in his hand, while some of the disappointed suitors are breaking their rods in pieces.

This picture of "Lo Spozalizio" is a very interesting and important one, because it shows the

highest point of his earliest manner of painting. In the same year in which he painted this picture, 1504, Raphael made his first visit to Florence, and though he did not remain very long, he saw a new world of art spread out before him. He beheld the works of Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, and we can well understand that after his return to Perugia he tried to equal what he had seen. He soon returned to Florence, and remained there until 1508. Some of the most famous and lovely pictures of this artist were painted during these three years, before he was twenty-five years old; one is called the "Virgin of the Goldfinch," because the little St. John is presenting a goldfinch to the infant Jesus. Another is called "La Belle Jardinière," on account of the garden in which the Virgin sits with the child standing at her knee. In all, he painted about thirty pictures during his stay at Florence, and he made himself so famous that the Pope, Julius II., who was a great patron of the fine arts, sent for him to come to Rome.

When Raphael presented himself to the Pope, he was assigned several rooms in the palace of the Vatican, which he was to decorate in fresco. These pictures can scarcely be described here, but they were, taken altogether, his greatest work, and they are visited by thousands of people every year. They are frequently called "Le Stanze" [meaning "the rooms" or "apartments"] of Raphael.

At this time he also painted several beautiful easel pictures: his own portrait which is in the Gallery of Painters at Florence, and the lovely "Madonna di Foligno," in the Vatican gallery, which is so called because it was at one time in a convent at Foligno. While the painter was at work upon "Le Stanze," Julius II. died, but Leo X., who followed him, was also a patron of Raphael. The artist was very popular and became very rich; he built himself a house not far from St. Peter's, in the quarter of the city called the Borgo. He had many pupils, and they so loved him that they rendered him personal service, and he was often seen in the streets with numbers of his scholars, just as noblemen were accompanied by their squires and pages. His pupils also assisted in the immense frescoes which he did, not only at the Vatican, but also for the rich banker Chigi, in the palace now called the Villa Farnesina.

One of the great works Raphael did for Pope Leo X. was the making of the Cartoons which are so

often spoken of, and which are now at Hampton Court, in England. These were designed to be executed in tapestry for the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo painted the "Last Judgment." The Pope, Leo X., ordered these tapestries to be woven in the looms of Flanders, in rich colors, with wool, silk, and threads of gold. They were completed at Arras and sent to Rome in 1519, and were first exhibited on St. Stephen's Day, December 26th, when all the people of the great city flocked to see them. These works have an interesting history. In 1527, when Rome was sacked by the fierce Constable de Bourbon, the tapestries were removed by the French soldiers; they were restored in 1553, but one piece was missing, and was supposed to have been burned in order to obtain the gold thread that was in it. In the year 1798 the French once more carried off these precious spoils, and sold them to a Jew in Leghorn. It is known that this Jew burned one of the pieces, but he found he gained so little gold from it that he kept the others whole. Pius VII. afterward bought them, and once more placed them in the Vatican. This history adds an interest to the tapestries, but the Cartoons are far more valuable and interesting, because they were the actual work of Raphael. After the weaving was finished at Arras, they were tossed aside as worthless; some were torn; but, a hundred years later, the painter Rubens learned that a part of them were in existence, and he advised King Charles I. of England to buy them. This he did, and then the Cartoons went through almost as many adventures as the tapestries had met. When they reached England they were in strips, having been so cut for the convenience of the workmen. After Charles I. was executed, Cromwell bought the Cartoons for £300. When Charles II. was king he was about to sell them to Louis XIV., for the English king needed money badly, and the French king was anxious to add these treasures to the others which he possessed; but Lord Danby persuaded Charles II. to keep them. They were at Whitehall, and were barely saved from the fire in 1698; and soon after that, by command of William III., they were properly repaired, and they now hang in a room at Hampton Court, which was made expressly for them under the care of the architect Sir Christopher Wren. There were originally eleven; seven only remain.

Raphael's fame had so spread itself to other countries that it is said King Henry VIII. invited him to England. Henry VIII. was told that he could not hope to see the artist, who, however, courteously sent him a picture of St. George, a patron saint of England, and when Francis I., in his turn, tried to induce Raphael to visit France, the artist sent him a

large picture of St. Michael overpowering the Evil One. Francis I. then sent Raphael so great a sum of money that he was unwilling to keep it without some return, and sent to Francis the lovely "Holy Family," now in the gallery of the Louvre, in which the infant springs from his cradle into his mother's arms, while angels scatter flowers. At the same time the artist sent a picture of St. Margaret overcoming the Dragon, to the sister of Francis—Margaret, Queen of Navarre. After these pictures had been received, Francis I. sent Raphael a sum equal to fifteen thousand dollars, and many thanks besides.

About 1520 Raphael painted his famous "Sistine Madonna," so called because it was intended for the convent of St. Sixtus, at Piacenza. The Madonna, with the child in her arms, stands in the upper part of the picture, while St. Sixtus and St. Barbara kneel below. This is very beautiful and very wonderful, because no sketch or drawing of it has ever been found, and it is believed that this great painter put it at once upon the canvas, being almost inspired to the work. In the year 1753, Augustus III., the Elector of Saxony, bought it of the monks of Piacenza, and paid nearly thirty thousand dollars for it. It is now the great attraction of the fine gallery at Dresden. It was originally intended for a procession standard, or *drappellone*, but the monks used it as an altar-piece. A copy of it is shown on page 120.

Another famous picture is called "Lo Spasimo," and represents Christ bearing his cross. In 1518 this was painted for the monks of Monte Oliveto, at Palermo. The ship in which it was sent was wrecked, and the case containing the picture floated into the port of Genoa, and the picture was unpacked and dried before it was injured. There was great joy in Genoa over this treasure, and the news of it spread over all Italy. When the monks of Palermo claimed it, the Genoese refused to give it up, and it was only the command of the Pope that secured its restoration to its owners. During the time of Napoleon I. it was carried to France, but it is now in the museum of Madrid.

While Raphael was so productive as a painter, he found time to devote to other pursuits. The Pope had named him superintendent of the building of St. Peter's, and he made many architectural drawings for that church; he was also very much interested in digging up the works of art which were buried in the ruins of ancient Rome. There still exists a letter that he wrote to Leo X., in which he explained his plan for examining all the ruins of the city.

He also made some designs and models for works in sculpture, and there is a statue of Jonah

sitting on a whale, in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome, said to have been modeled by Raphael and executed in marble by Lorenzetto Lotti. An Elijah, seen in the same church, is said

generous in supplying the needs of those who were poorer than himself.

Raphael lived in splendor and loved the gay world, and at one time he expected to marry Maria



RAPHAEL'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF. SPECIALLY REPRODUCED FOR ST. NICHOLAS

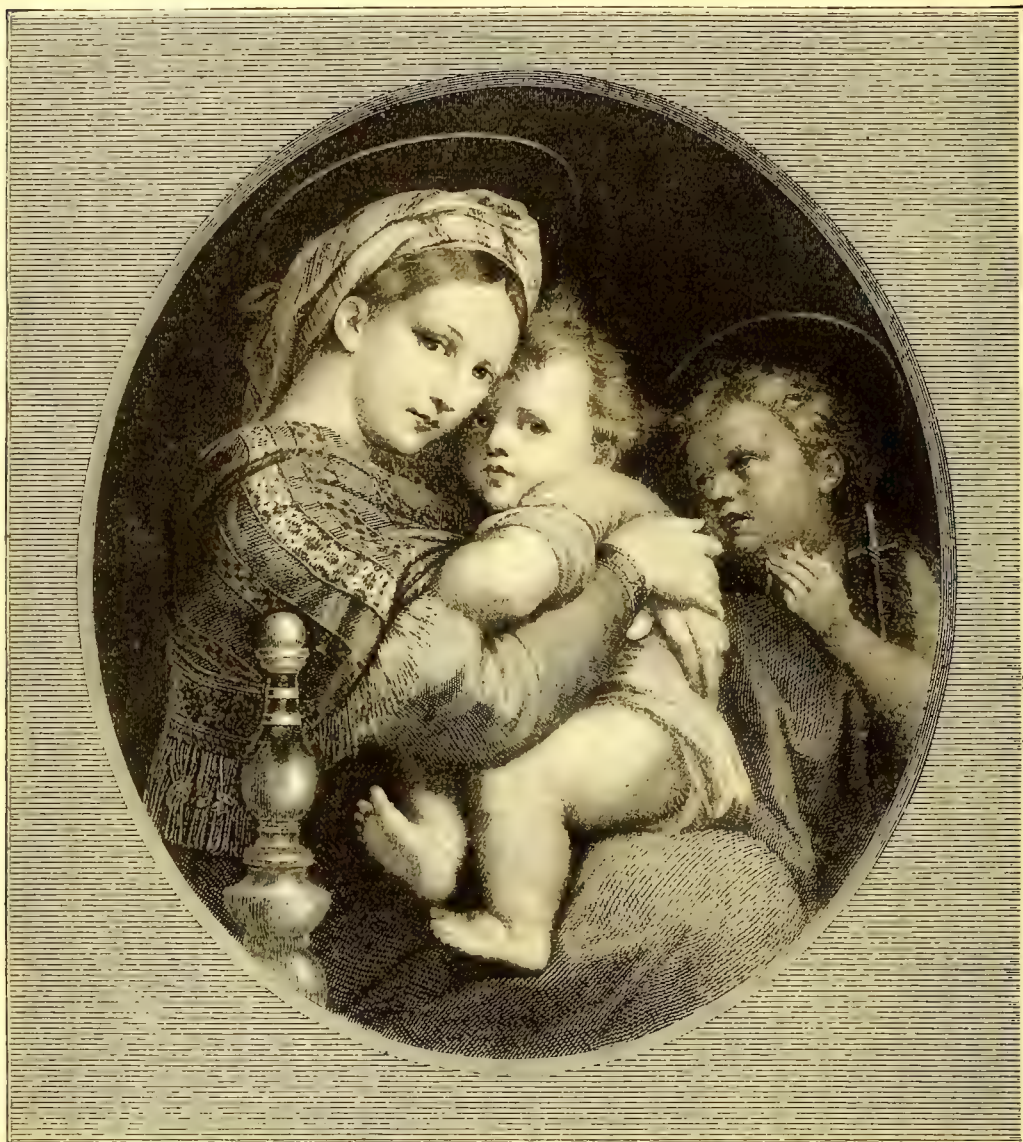
to have been made by Lotti from a drawing by Raphael. He also interested himself in what was happening in the world; he corresponded with many learned men in different countries; he sent artists to make drawings of such things as he wished to see and had not time to visit, and was

di Bibbiena, a niece of the Cardinal Bibbiena, but she died before the time for the marriage came.

Among the most lovely Madonnas of this artist is that called "Della Sedia" [of the chair], and there is a very pretty legend about it which says that hundreds of years ago there was a hermit named

Father Bernardo, dwelling among the Italian hills; and he was much loved by the peasants, who went to him for advice and instruction. He often said that in his solitude he was not lonely, for he had two daughters: one of them could talk to him,

old oak-tree that grew near his hut and sheltered it from storm, and hung its branches over him so lovingly that the old man grew to feel it was like a dear friend to him. There were many birds in its branches to whom he gave food, and they, in



LA MADONNA DELLA SEDIA (THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR).—PAINTED BY RAPHAEL. SPECIALLY REPRODUCED FOR ST. NICHOLAS.

but the other was dumb. He meant to speak of the daughter of a vine-dresser who was named Mary, and always tried to do all in her power for the comfort of the old man—she was the daughter who spoke. By his dumb daughter he meant a grand

return, gave him sweet songs. Many times the woodmen had wished to cut this strong tree down, but Father Bernardo prayed for its life, and it was spared to him.

At last there came a terrible winter—the storms

were so severe that few trees and huts remained, and the freshets that rushed down the hills swept off all that the tempests had left. At last, after a dreadful storm, Mary and her father went, with fear, to see if the hermit was still alive, for they thought he must have perished. But when they came to him they found that his dumb daughter had saved his life. On the coming of the freshet, he had gone up to the roof of his hut, but he soon saw that he was not safe there; then, as he cast his eyes to heaven, the branches of the oak seemed to bend toward him, and beckon him to come up to them; so he took a few crusts of bread and climbed up into the tree, where he staid three days. Below, everything was swept away, but the oak stood firm; and, at last, when the sun came out and the storm was ended, his other daughter came to take him to her own home and make him warm and give him food, for this dreadful time of hunger and storm had almost worn him out.

Then the good Father Bernardo called on heaven to bless his two good daughters who had saved his life, and prayed that in some way they might be distinguished together. Years passed, and the old hermit died. Mary married, and became the mother of two little boys; the old oak-tree had been cut down and made into wine-casks. One day, as Mary sat in the arbor, and her children were with her,—she held the youngest to her breast, and the older one ran around in merry play,—she called to mind the old hermit, and all the blessings that he had asked for her, and she wondered if his prayers would not be answered in these children. Just then the little boy ran to his mother with a stick to which he had fastened a cross, and at that moment a young man came near. He had large, dreamy eyes, and a restless, weary look. And weary he was, for the thought of a lovely picture was in his mind, but not clear enough in form to enable him to paint it. It was Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino, and when his glance fell upon the lovely, living picture of Mary and her children, he saw, in flesh and blood before him, just the lovely dream that had floated in his thoughts. But he had only a pencil! On what could he draw? Just then his eye fell on the smooth cover of the wine-cask standing near by. He quickly sketched upon this the outlines of Mary and her boys, and when he went away he took the oaken cover with him. And, thereafter, he did not rest until, with his whole soul in his work, he had painted that wonderful picture which we know as "*La Madonna della Sedia*."

Thus, at length, was the prayer of Father Bernardo answered, and his two daughters were made famous together.

At last the time came in Rome when there was much division of opinion as to the merits of the

two great masters, Michael Angelo and Raphael; the followers of the latter were the more numerous, but those of the former were very strong in their feelings. Finally, the Cardinal Giulio dei Medici, who was afterward Pope Clement VII., gave orders to Raphael and to Sebastian del Piombo to paint two large pictures for a cathedral which he was decorating at Narbonne.

It was well known that Michael Angelo would not enter into an open rivalry with Raphael, but he was credited with making the drawing for the "*Raising of Lazarus*," which was the subject to be painted by Sebastian.

Raphael's picture was the "*Transfiguration of Christ*"—but alas! before it was finished, he was attacked with a fever, and died after fourteen days. He died on Good Friday, 1520, his thirty-seventh birthday. All Rome was filled with grief; his body was laid in state upon a catafalque, and the picture of the Transfiguration stood near it. Those who had known him went to gaze on his face, to weep, and to give the last tokens of their love for him.

He was buried in the Pantheon, where he himself had chosen to be laid, near the grave of his betrothed bride, Maria di Bibbiena. An immense concourse, dressed in mourning, followed his body, and the ceremonials of his funeral were magnificent. A Latin inscription was written by Pietro Bembo, and placed above his tomb. The last sentence is: "*This is that Raphael by whom Nature feared to be conquered while he lived, and to die when he died.*" Raphael had also requested Lorenzetto Lotti to make a statue of the Virgin to be placed over his sepulcher.

His property was large; he gave all his works of art to his pupils, Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni; he gave his house to Cardinal Bibbiena; he ordered a house to be purchased with a thousand scudi, the rent of which should pay for twelve masses to be said monthly on the altar of his burial chapel; and this wish was observed until 1705, when the rent of the house was too small to pay for these services. The remainder of his riches was divided among his relatives.

There was for many years a skull in the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, which was called that of Raphael, although there was no good reason for this. At length, in 1833, three hundred and thirteen years after his death, some antiquarians began to dispute about this skull, and received permission from the Pope, Gregory XVI., to make a search for the bones of Raphael in the Pantheon.

After five days spent in carefully removing the pavement in several places, the skeleton of the great master was found, and with it such proofs as made it impossible to doubt that the bones were



THE SISTINE MADONNA —PAINTED BY RAPHAEL. SPECIALLY REPRODUCED FOR ST. NICHOLAS.

really his. Finally, a grand funeral service was held. Gregory XVI. gave a marble sarcophagus, in which the bones were placed and interred reverently in their old resting-place. More than three thousand people attended the burial ceremony, among whom were the persons of the highest rank in Rome, and many artists of all nations, who moved about the church in a procession, bearing torches, while beautiful music was chanted by a concealed choir.

The number and amount of Raphael's works are marvelous when the shortness of his life is remem-

bered. He left behind him two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies.

It was not any one trait or talent which made Raphael so great, but it was a rare combination of faculties, and a personal charm which won all hearts, that entitled him to be called the greatest modern painter. His famous picture "St. Cecilia," with its sweet expression and exquisite coloring, its impressive union of earthly beauty with holy enthusiasm, is symbolic of the varied qualities of this wonderful man.

WHAT MAKES THE GRASSES GROW?

BY W. W. FINK.

I CLOSED my book, for Nature's book
Was opening that day,
And, with a weary brain, I took
My hat, and wandered toward the brook
That in the meadow lay,
And there, beside the tiny tide,
I found a child at play.

Prone on the sward, its little toes
Wrought dimples in the sand.
Its cheeks were fairer than the rose.
I heard it murmur, "Mam—ma knows,
But I not unnerstand."
While all unharmed a dainty blade
Of grass was in its hand.

"What wouldst thou know, my little one?"
Said I, with bearing wise;
For I, who thought to weigh the sun,
And trace the course where planets run,
And grasp their mysteries,
Unto a baby's questionings
Could surely make replies.

"What wouldst thou know?" again I said,
And, gently bowing low,
I stroked its half-uplifted head.
With chubby hand it grasped the blade
And answered: "'Oo will know,
For 'oo has whixers on 'oor face.—
What makes the grasses grow?"

"Last fall," I said, "a grass-seed fell
To the earth and went to sleep.
All winter it slept in its cozy cell
Till Spring came tapping upon its shell;

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Then it stirred, and tried to peep,
With its little green eye, right up to the sky,
And then it gave a leap;

"For the sun was warm and the earth was fair,
It felt the breezes blow.
It turned its cheek to the soft, sweet air,
And a current of life, so rich and rare,
Came up from its roots below,
It grew and kept growing, and that, my child,
Is the reason the grasses grow."

"'Oo talks des like as if 'oo s'pose
I's a baby and I don't know
'Bout nuffin'! But babies and ev'vy one knows
That grasses don't think, for they only grows.
My Mam—ma has told me so.
What makes 'em start an' get bigger an' bigger?
What is it that *makes* 'em grow?"

How could I answer in words so plain
That a baby could understand?
Ah, how could I answer my heart! 'T were vain
To talk of the union of sun and rain
In the rich and fruitful land;
For over them all was the mystery
Of will and a guiding hand.

What could I gather from learning more
Than was written so long ago?
I heard the billows of Science roar
On the rocks of truth from the mystic shore,
And, humbly bowing low,
I answered alike the man and child:
"God makes the grasses grow."

Tive liffle Mice

This liffle mousie
Peeped within ;
This liffle mousie
Walked right in !

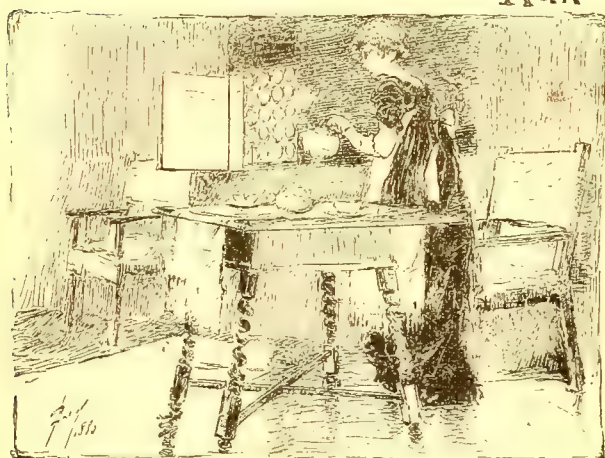


This liffle mousie

Came to play,

This liffle

Ran away !



This liffle mousie-
Cried Oh, dear me!
Dinner is done,
And time for tea!



THE POOR COUNT'S CHRISTMAS.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

VERY many years ago there lived a noble Count, who was one of the kindest and best-hearted men in the world. Every day in the year, he gave to the poor and helped the friendless, but it was at the merry Christmas-time that his goodness shone brightest. He had even vowed a vow, that, as far as he was able to make them so, every child he knew should be happy on Christmas-day.

Early every Christmas morning, each boy and girl in the neighborhood, who was old enough, and not too old, came to the castle of the Count Cormo, and there the Count and the Countess welcomed them all, rich or poor, and through the whole day there were games, and festive merry-making, and good things to eat, and fun of every kind, and besides all this, there was a grand Christmas-tree,

with a present on it for each of the eager, happy youngsters who stood around it.

But although the good Count had a castle and rich lands, he gave away so much money that he became poorer and poorer, so that at last he and his wife often found it hard to get the clothes and food they absolutely needed.

But this made no difference with the Christmas festivities. The Count was not now able to be very generous during the year, although he was always willing to divide a meal with a hungry person; but he managed so that the children could have their festival and their presents at Christmas. Year by year he had sold for this purpose some of the beautiful things which the castle contained, so that now there was scarcely enough furniture left for the actual use of himself and the Countess.

One night, about a week before Christmas, the Count and his wife sat in the great hall before a fire smaller and poorer than those which burned on the hearth of most of the cottagers in the surrounding country, for the cottagers could go into the woods and pick up sticks and twigs, whereas the Count had sold all his forests, so that he could not cut wood, and he had only one old man for outdoor work, and he had already picked up all the fallen branches within a wide circuit of the castle.

"Well, one thing is certain," said the Countess Cormo, as she drew her chair nearer to the little pile of burning sticks, "and that is, that we can not have the children here at Christmas this year."

"Why not?" asked the Count.

"Because we have nothing to give them," replied his wife. "We have nothing for them to eat; nothing to put on the tree, and no money to buy anything. What would be the good of their coming when we have nothing at all for them?"

"But we must have something," said the Count. "Think of all the years that we have had these Christmas gatherings, and then think how hard it would be, both for us and the little ones, to give them up now we are growing old; and we may not be with the children another year. There are yet several days before Christmas; I can sell something to-morrow, and we can have the tree and everything prepared in time. There will not be so much to eat as usual, and the presents will be smaller, but it will be our good old Christmas in spite of that."

"I should like very much to know what you are going to sell," asked the Countess. "I thought we had already parted with everything that we could possibly spare."

"Not quite," said the Count. "There is our old family bedstead. It is very large; it is made of the most valuable woods, and it is inlaid with gold and silver. It will surely bring a good price."

"Sell the family bedstead!" cried the Countess. "The bedstead on which your ancestors, for generations, have slept and died! How could you even think of such a thing! And what are we going to sleep on, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, we can get along very well," said the Count. "There is a small bedstead which you can have, and I will sleep upon the floor. I would much rather do that than have the children disappointed at Christmas-time."

"On the floor! at your age!" exclaimed the Countess. "It will be the death of you! But if you have made up your mind, I suppose there is no use in my saying anything more about it."



THE YOUNG GIANT WAS TALKING TO A LITTLE FAIRY PERCHED ON HIS FOREFINGER.

"Not the least in the world," replied her husband, with a smile; and so she said no more.

It was on the morning of the next day that there came through the forest, not very far from

the Count Cormo's castle, a tall young giant. - As he strode along, he appeared to be talking to the forefinger of his right hand, which he held up

The fairy saw that her companion had not exactly understood her remark, but she said no more about it. She merely added, "It seems strange to hear you say that you once were little."

"Oh, yes, I was," said the giant. "At one time, I was no taller than a horse."

"Astonishing!" said the fairy, making believe to be very much surprised. "Now, when I was a baby, I was about the size of a pea."

This made the giant laugh, but he said he supposed it must have been so, considering the present size, and then he said: "Talking of peas reminds me that I am hungry. We must stop somewhere, and ask for something to eat."

"That will suit me very well, but don't let us go to the same place," said the fairy. "I expect you are dreadfully hungry."

"All right," replied the other. "There is a great house over in the valley, not more than fifteen miles away. I'll just step over there, and you can go to Count Cormo's castle. I'll take you to the edge of the woods. When



FELDAR INTERVIEWS THE SICK GIANT.

before him. He was not, however, talking to his forefinger, but to a little fairy who was sitting on it, chatting away in a very lively manner.

"And so," said this little creature, "you are two hundred miles from your own home! What in the world made you take so long a journey?"

"I don't call it very long," replied the giant; "and I had to take it. There was nothing else to do. You see I have nothing to eat, or almost nothing, in my castle, and a person can't get along that way. He must go and see about things."

"And what are you going to see about?" asked the fairy.

"I am going to see if my grandfather's uncle is dead. He is very rich and I am one of his heirs. When I get my share of his money, I shall be quite comfortable."

"It seems to me," said the fairy, "that it is a very poor way of living, to be waiting for other people's money."

"It is so," replied the giant. "I'm tired of it. I've been waiting ever since I was a little boy."

you've had your dinner, come back to this big oak, and I will meet you; I've heard the Count is getting very poor, but he'll have enough for you."

So the giant put the fairy down on the ground, and she skipped along to the castle, while he stepped over to the house in the valley.

In an hour or two they met again at the great oak, and the giant taking up his little friend on his forefinger, they continued their journey.

"You told me that Count Cormo was poor," she said, "but I don't believe you know how poor he really is. When I went there, he and his wife had just finished their dinner, and were sitting before the fire-place. I did n't notice any fire in it. They were busy talking, and so I did not disturb them, but just climbed up on the table to see what I could find to eat. You have n't any idea what a miserable meal they must have had. Of course there was enough left for me, for I need only a few crumbs, but everything was so hard and stale that I could scarcely eat it. I don't see how they can live in that way. But after the meal,

when I heard them talking, I found out how poor they really were."

"It was n't exactly the proper thing to sit there and listen to them, was it?" asked the giant.

"Perhaps not," said the fairy, "but I did want to hear what they were saying. So I sat quite still. They were talking about the Christmas-tree, and all the other good things they give the children every year; and although they are so poor, they are going to do just the same this year."

"I don't see how they can," said the giant.

"The Count is going to sell his family bedstead," replied his companion.

The young giant stopped short in the path.

"You don't mean to say," he exclaimed, "that the celebrated family bedstead of the Corno family is to be sold to give the children a Christmas-tree!"

"That is exactly what I mean," replied the fairy.

"Well, well, well!" said the giant, resuming his walk. "I never heard of such a thing in all my born days. It's dreadful, it's pitiful!"

"Indeed it is," said the fairy.

"It ought to be stopped," added the giant.

"He should n't be allowed to do such a thing."

"Indeed he should n't," the fairy said.

And thus they went on lamenting and regretting the poor Count's purpose, for about eleven miles. Then they came to a cross-road through the forest.

"I'll go down here," said the giant, "and leave you among your friends at Fairy Elms, where you want to go."

"I'm not sure that I do want to go there just now," said the fairy. "I think I should like to go with you to your grandfather's uncle's castle, and see what your prospects are. If you find he is still alive, shall you wait?"

"I guess not," said the giant, laughing. "But you can come along with me, and we'll see how things stand."

Before very long, they came to a great castle, and a warder stood before the gate.

"Ho, warder!" cried the giant when he came up. "How goes it with my grandfather's uncle, the old giant Omscrag?"

"He has been dead a month," said the warder, "and his property is all divided among his heirs."

"That is not so," roared the giant. "I am one of his heirs, and I have n't got anything."

"I don't know anything about it," said the warder. "I was told to give that message to every one who came, and I've given it to you."

"Who told you to give it?" cried the giant.

"My master, Katofan, who is the old giant's principal heir, and who now owns the castle."

"Katofan!" exclaimed the giant. "What im-

pudence! He's a ninth cousin by marriage. Where is he? I want to see him."

"I don't think he is well enough to see anybody to-day," said the warder.

"Open that gate!" the giant roared, "or I shall plunge your family into woe!"

The warder turned pale, and opened the gate as wide as it would go, while the giant, with the fairy on his finger, walked boldly in.

In a large inner hall, sitting before a great fire, they saw a giant so tall and thin that he looked as if he had been made of great fishing-poles. He turned uneasily in his chair when he saw his visitor, and was going to say something about being too unwell to receive company, when our young giant, whose name was Feldar, interrupted him by calling out, in a tremendous voice:

"Well, now, Katofan, I should like to know what all this means! How did you come to be heir to this castle?"



THE YOUNG GIANT'S WAY OF GETTING THE KEY.

"Because it descended to me from my good old relative and friend," said the other.

"I expect there are a hundred heirs, who have a

better right to it than you," said our giant. "The truth is, no doubt, that you were here when my grandfather's uncle died, and that you took possession, and have since kept everybody out."

"Oh, no," said the thin giant, "the other heirs have had a share of the fortune."

"How many of them?" said Feldar, "and how much did they get?"

"As many as two or three of them," said the other, "and they got some very nice things in the way of ornaments and curiosities."

"Well," said Feldar, stretching himself up high, "I am one of the heirs to this property, and I want my share of it. Who attends to the dividing business? Do you do it yourself?"

"Oh, no!" said the thin giant. "I am not well enough for that. I can not go about much. But I will send for my dividing-agent. I had to employ one, there was so much to do. He will see that you get your share."

He then rang a bell, and a small man appeared. When the fairy saw him, she could not help laughing, but her laugh was such a little one that no one noticed it. He had a bushy head of hair, which was black as ink on one side, and as white as milk on the other. Looking at him from one side, he seemed quite young, and from the other side, quite old.

"Flipkrak," said the thin giant, "this is another heir to this property; we overlooked him when we made our division. I wish you would take him, as you did the others, and let him choose something that he would like to have."

"Certainly," said Flipkrak. "This way, good sir," and he went out of a side-door, followed closely by Feldar.

"How would you like a hinge?" cried the thin giant, as they reached the door. "There are some very handsome and odd hinges, nearly new. If you take one, you might some day get another to match it, and then you would have a nice pair all ready, when you put up a new door."

Feldar stopped a moment in the door-way.

"I'll look at them," he answered, and then went on.

"Here, good sir," said Flipkrak, showing the young giant into a large room, "is a collection of most beautiful articles. You can choose any one of them, or even two if you like. They will be admirable mementos of your deceased relative."

Feldar looked around. There were all sorts of brass and iron ornaments, old pieces of furniture, and various odds and ends, of little value.

"A nice lot of rubbish," said the young giant. "If I ever have any holes to fill up, on my ground, I may send for a few wagon-loads of it. Suppose we look through the rest of the castle?"

"Oh, good sir," said the dividing-agent, "the things in the rest of the castle belong to my good master!"

"You can come, if you choose," said Feldar, striding away, "or you can stay behind," and the poor man, frightened, ran after him as fast as he could.

The young giant walked through several of the vast rooms of the castle. "I see you have a great deal of very fine furniture here," he said to Flipkrak, "and I need furniture. I will mark some of it with this piece of chalk, and you can send it to me."

"Oh, yes, good sir," cried the dividing-agent, quite pleased at this. "We can send it to you after you go away."

Feldar took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and marked enough furniture to furnish an ordinary castle.

"This kind of chalk will not rub off," he said, "and I've marked the things where it wont show. But don't overlook any of them. Now, where are your money-vaults?"

"Oh, good sir!" cried the dividing-agent, "you can't go there, we don't divide any of—I mean we have n't any money-vaults!"

"Give me the key," said Feldar.

"Oh, good sir!" cried Flipkrak, shaking with terror, "I must not let that go out of my keeping—I mean I have n't got it."

The giant made no answer, but taking the dividing-agent by the heels, he held him upside down in the air, and shook him. A big key dropped from his pockets.

"That's the key, no doubt," said the giant, putting the man down, and picking up the key. "I can find the vault by myself. I wont trouble you any more."

But as he went down to the lower parts of the castle, the dividing-agent ran after him, wailing and tearing his two-colored hair.

When he reached the money-vault, Feldar easily opened the door and walked in. Great bags of gold and silver, each holding about a bushel, were piled up around the walls. Feldar took out his piece of chalk, and marked about a dozen of those bags which held the gold coin.

"Oh, that's right, good sir," cried Flipkrak, feeling a little better. "We can send them to you after you go away."

"What is in those small bags, on that shelf?" asked Feldar.

"Those are diamonds, good sir," said the agent; "you can mark some of them if you like."

"I will mark one," said the giant to the fairy, who was securely nestled in the ruffles of his shirt-bosom, "and that I will give to you."

"To me!" exclaimed Flipkrak, who did not see the fairy; "what does he mean by that?"

"Thank you," said the little creature, in delight. "Diamonds are so lovely! How glad I am that your grandfather's uncle died!"

"You should n't say that," said the giant. "It is n't proper."

"But you feel glad, don't you?" she asked.

"I don't talk about it, if I do," said Feldar. Then turning to the dividing-agent, he told him that he thought he had marked all the bags he wanted.

"All right, good sir," said Flipkrak, "we will send them to you, very soon—very soon."

"Oh, you need n't trouble yourself about that," said Feldar; "I will take them along with me." And so saying, he put the bag of diamonds in one of his coat-pockets, and began to pile the bags of money on his shoulders.

The dividing-agent yelled and howled with dismay, but it was of no use. Feldar loaded himself with his bags, and walked off, without even looking at Flipkrak, who was almost crazy at seeing so much of his master's treasure boldly taken away from him.

Feldar stopped for a moment in the great hall,

where the thin giant was still sitting before the fire. "I've taken my share of the money," he said, "and I've marked a lot of furniture and things which I want you to send me, inside of a week. Do you understand?"

The thin giant gave one look at the piles of bags on Feldar's shoulders, and fainted away. He had more money left than he could possibly use, but he could not bear to lose the least bit of the wealth he had seized upon.

"What in the world are you going to do with all that money?" the fairy asked.

"I am going to give one bag of it to Count Cormo, so that he can offer the children a decent Christmas-tree, and the rest I shall carry to my castle on Shattered Crag."

"I don't believe the Count will take it," said the fairy. "He's awfully proud, and he would say that you were giving the Christmas feasts and not he. I wish you would let me manage this affair for you."

"Well, I will," said the giant.

"All right," cried the fairy, clapping her hands. "I'll do the thinking, and you can do the working. It's easy for me to think."

"And it's just as easy for me to work," said Feldar, with hearty good-will.

(Conclusion next month.)



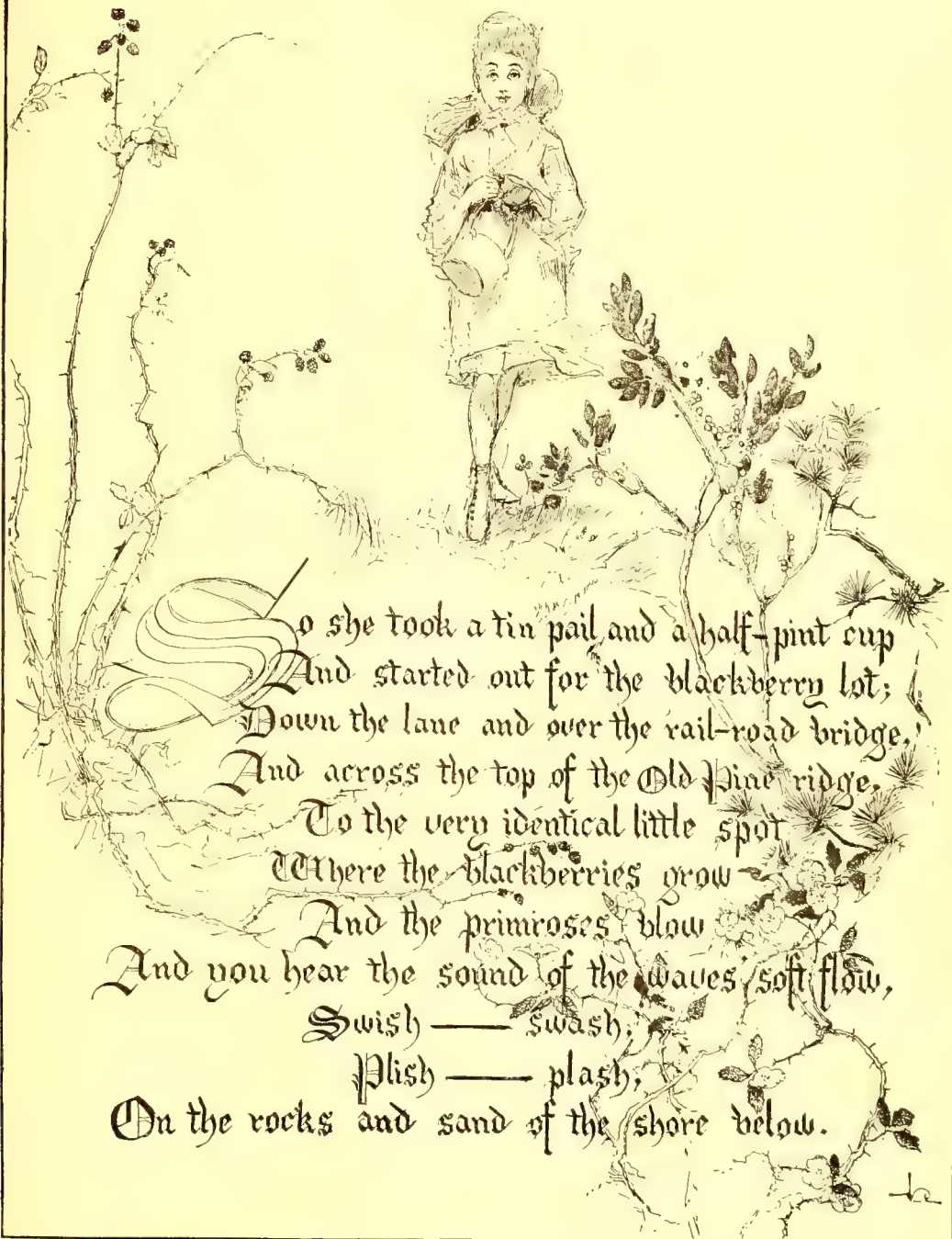
PART OF THE FAIRY'S PLAN.

Little Polly's Voyage.

By
Eva I. Ogden.

She had strained the milk, she had scalded the cans,
She had washed the dishes, the pails and the pans,
She had scrubbed the floor
By the kitchen door,
She had blacked the stove quite neatly,
She had baked a pudding, two pies and a cake
And she was tired out, completely!

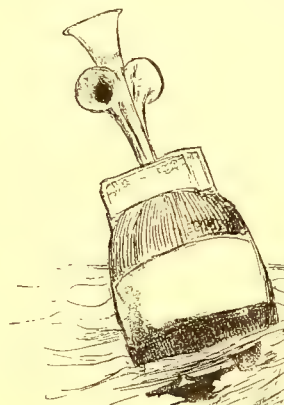




So she took a tin pail and a half-pint cup
And started out for the blackberry lot;
Down the lane and over the rail-road bridge,
And across the top of the Old Pine ridge,
To the very identical little spot
Where the blackberries grow
And the primroses blow
And you hear the sound of the waves soft flow,
Swish — swash,
Plish — plash,
On the rocks and sand of the shore below.

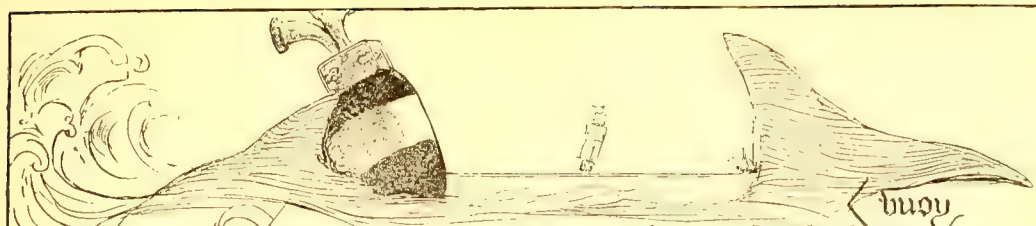


Now there was a buoy,
A whistling buoy,
That rose and fell
On the surges that swell
Around the coast of Jersey, O!



And there was a whale,
A Greenland whale,
Who swam one night,
With a whale-oil light,
Far up the coast of Jersey, O!

For dashing away
Through the salt sea spray,
He had heard the buoy down in Delaware bay,
And he laughed and cried:
"Ha, ha! my bride
'Shall have music now' till she's satisfied!"




So he looked 'till he found the whistling
 And as pleased as a child with a brand-new
 He took it away < buoy
 And night and day < toy
 Swam on to his home in Baffin's Bay.

Little Polly had wandered as far as the beach
 And sat down for a moment to rest
 "So tired! so tired!" she didn't know
 Whether it was n't — really — best
 After all — to go " And then and there
 On the soft, warm sand by the side of the deep
 The poor little thing fell fast asleep.

Fast asleep on the edge of the water!
 A great, green wave leaped up and caught her
 And lazily, laughingly, to and fro,
 Rocked her, and swung her, now high, now low,
 Till another wave came, far bigger than he
 And seized her, and carried her out to sea.





Here the whale met her and took her in tow
And then through the beautiful August weather
The whale, the child and the whistling busy
Sailed over the cool green sea together.


It was six o'clock in the afternoon
When the child woke up and looked about,
The busy was whistling as hard as he could
And the whale had commenced to spout
And Polly was sure she heard him say:
"Now small fry, get out of the way!"





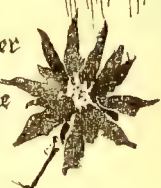

It was seven o'clock when they passed a shore
Where the mermaids sat in a row;
They had all of them been invited to tea
By the shark who lives in the Baltic sea
And none of them wanted to go;
But they stood on their tails and laughed for joy
When they heard the voice of the whistling buoy.






It was ten o'clock on the sea
 When the sky began to blossom
 And great deep petals, of fiery red,
 Over the face of the stars were spread
 And over its own blue bosom.

Then faded the Rose and a Passion-flower
 Bloomed on the bending heaven;
 A crown of light was its heart and a flame
 A tremulous, glancing, golden flame,
 For each leaf of the flower was given.

The Passion-flower died, as she looked, and instead
 There bloomed in the sky, right over her head,
 A wonderful, beautiful Crocus bed,
 Green and purple and white and red,
 With flowers that flashed and faded and glanced
 And rose and sank and wavered and danced,
 Till Polly just shut her eyes and cried:
 "O dear! it's a dream! and I've tried and tried
 Not to wake up, but I know I will!
 I wish I could keep on dreaming still!"

It was midnight before they came to the sea
 Where the great blue icebergs grow,
 Where the whale had his home next down to the seals
 In the midst of the ice and the snow;
 But just as they reached it, down under the cliff,
 The voice of the buoy was frozen stiff!



Oh well for the friends of the whistling buoy,
 And alas! for the friends of Polly!
 He was sent home the very next day
 (It is said that his voice thawed out, by the way.)
 While she, little dear! was requested to stay
 And not to be melancholy.



In a snug little hole 'neath an ice-cliff blue,
Where live beside a Grizzly or two.

Little Polly her time is spending.

She washes the seals and she parts their hair
And she sings little songs to the Grizzly Bear
And she does the family mending.

And she's promised she never will leave them until
The Pole-star sets and the waves are still
And she hears the voice of the Whip-poor-Will
With the voice of the ice-bergs blending.



SPRING.



SUMMER.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER IV.

A GRAND REVIEW.

ON a certain day near the beginning of April, 1863, we were ordered to prepare for a grand review of our Corps. President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Master Tad Lincoln (who used to play among

itself to the eyes of the beholders when, on the morning of the ninth day of April, 1863, our gallant First Army Corps, leaving its camps among the hills, assembled on a wide, extended plain for the inspection of our illustrious visitors.

As regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, came marching out from the surrounding



WAITING TO BE REVIEWED BY THE PRESIDENT.

our tents at "Soldiers' Home"), and some of the Cabinet officers, were coming down to look us over and see what promise we gave for the campaign soon to open.

Those who have never seen a grand review of well-drilled troops in the field have never seen one of the finest and most inspiring sights the eyes of man can behold. I wish I could impart to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS some faint idea of the thrilling scene which must have presented

hills and ravines, with flags gayly flying, bands and drum corps making such music as was enough to stir the blood in the heart of the most indifferent to a quicker pulse, and well-drilled troops that marched in the morning sunlight with a step as steady as the stroke of machinery—ah, it was a sight to be seen but once in a century! And when those twenty thousand men were all at last in line, with the artillery in position off to one side on the hill, and ready to fire their salute, it

seemed well worth the President's while to come all the way from Washington to look at them.

But the President was a long, long time in coming. The sun, mounting fast toward noon, began to be insufferably hot. One hour, two hours, three hours were passing away, when, at last, far off through a defile between the hills, we caught sight of a great cloud of dust.

"Fall in, men!" for now here they come, sure enough. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln in a carriage, escorted by a body of cavalry and groups of officers, and at the head of the cavalcade Master Tad, sure as the world, mounted on a pony, and having for his especial escort a boy orderly, dressed in a cavalryman's uniform and mounted on another pony! And the two little fellows, scarce restraining their boyish delight, outrode the company and came on the field in a cloud of dust and at a full gallop—little Tad shouting to the men, at the top of his voice: "Make way, men! Make way, men! Father's a-coming! Father's a-coming!"

Then the artillery breaks forth into a thundering salute, that wakes the echoes among the hills and sets the air to shivering and quaking about your ears, as the cavalcade gallops down the long line, and regimental standards droop in greeting, and bands and drum corps, one after another, strike up "Hail to the Chief," till they are all playing at once in a grand chorus, that makes the hills ring as they never rang before.

But all this is only a flourish by way of prelude. The real beauty of the review is yet to come, and can be seen only when the cavalcade, having galloped down the line in front and up again on the rear, has taken its stand out yonder immediately in front of the middle of the line, and the order is given to "pass in review."

Notice now, how, by one swift and dexterous movement, as the officers step out and give the command, that long line is broken into platoons of exactly equal length; how, straight as an arrow, each platoon is dressed; how the feet of the men all move together, and their guns, flashing in the sun, have the same inclination. Observe particularly how, when they come to wheel off, there is no *bend* in the line, but they wheel as if the whole platoon were a ramrod made to revolve about its one end through a quarter-circle; and now that they are marching thus down the field and past the President, what a grandeur there is in the steady step and onward sweep of that column of twenty thousand boys in blue!

But, once we have passed the President and gained the other end of the field, it is not nearly so nice. For we must needs finish the review in a double-quick, just by way of showing, I suppose, what we could do if we were wanted in a hurry—

as, indeed, we will be, not more than sixty days hence! Away we go, then, on a dead run off the field, in a cloud of dust and amid a clatter of bayonet-scabbards, till, hid behind the hills, we come to a more sober pace, and march into camp just as tired as tired can be.

CHAPTER V.

ON PICKET ALONG THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

"HARRY, would n't you like to go out on picket with us to-morrow? The weather is pleasant, and I'd like to have you for company, for time hangs rather heavy on a fellow's hands out there; and, besides, I want you to help me with my Latin."

Andy was a studious fellow, and carried on his studies with greater or less regularity during our whole time of service. Of course we had no books, except a pocket copy of "Cæsar," but to make up for the deficiency, particularly of a grammar, I had written out the declensions of the nouns and the conjugations of the verbs on odd scraps of paper, which Andy had gathered up and carried in a roll in his breast-pocket, and many were the lessons we had together under the canvas or beneath the sighing branches of the pines.

"Well, old boy, I'd like to go along first-rate, but we must get permission of the adjutant first."

Having secured the adjutant's consent, and provided myself with a gun and accouterments, the next morning at four o'clock I set out, in company with a body of some several hundred men of the regiment. We were to be absent from camp for two days, at the expiration of which time we were to be relieved by the next detail.

It was pleasant April weather, for the season was well advanced. Our route lay straight over the hills and through the ravines, for there were no roads, fences, nor fields. But few houses were to be seen, and from these the inhabitants had, of course, long since disappeared. At one of these few remaining houses, situated some three hundred yards from the river's edge, our advance picket-reserve was established, the captain in command making his head-quarters in the once beautiful grounds of the mansion, long since left empty and deserted by its former occupants. The place had a very distressing air of neglect. The beautiful lawn in front, where merry children had no doubt played and romped in years gone by, was overgrown with weeds. The large and commodious porch in front, where in other days the family gathered in the evening-time and talked and sang, while the river flowed peacefully by, was now abandoned to the spiders and their webs. The whole house was pitifully forlorn-looking, as if

wondering why the family did not come back to fill its spacious halls with life and mirth. Even the colored people had left their quarters. There was not a soul anywhere about.

We were not permitted either to enter the house or to do any damage to the property. Pitching our shelter-tents under the outspreading branches of the great elms on the lawn in front of the house, and building our fires back of a hill in the rear, to cook our breakfast, we awaited our turn to stand guard on the picket-line, which ran close along the river's edge.

It may be interesting to the boys of ST. NICHOLAS to know more particularly how this matter of standing picket is arranged and conducted. When a body of men numbering, let us say, for the sake of example, two hundred in all, go out on picket, the detail is usually divided into two equal parts, consisting in the supposed case of one hundred each. One of these companies of a hundred goes into a sort of camp about a half-mile from the picket-line,—usually in a woods or near by a spring, if one can be found, or in some pleasant ravine among the hills,—and the men have nothing to do but make themselves comfortable for the first twenty-four hours. They may sleep as much as they like, or play at such games as they please, only they must not go away any considerable distance from the post, because they may be very suddenly wanted, in case of an attack on the advance picket-line.

The other band of one hundred takes position only a short distance to the rear of the line where the pickets pace to and fro on their beats, and is known as the advance picket-post. It is under the charge of a captain or lieutenant, and is divided into three parts, each of which is called a "relief," the three being known as the first, the second, and the third relief, respectively. Each of these is under the charge of a non-commissioned officer,—a sergeant or corporal,—and must stand guard in succession, two hours on and four off, day and night, for the first twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the reserve one hundred in the rear march up and relieve the whole advance picket-post, which then goes to the rear, throws off its accouterments, stacks its arms, and sleeps till it can sleep no more. I need hardly add that each picket is furnished with the countersign, which is regularly changed every day. While on the advance picket-post no one is permitted to sleep, whether on duty on the line or not, and to sleep on the picket-line is death! At or near midnight a body of officers, known as "The Grand Rounds," goes all along the line examining every picket to see that "all is well."

Andy and I had by request been put together on

the second relief, and stood guard from eight to ten in the morning, two to four in the afternoon, and eight to ten and two to four at night.

It was growing dark as we sat with our backs against the old elms on the lawn, telling stories, singing catches of songs, or discussing the probabilities of the summer campaign, when the call rang out: "Fall in, second relief!"

"Come on, Harry—get on your horse-hide and shooting-iron. We've got a nice moonlight night for it, any way."

Our line, as I have said, ran directly along the river's edge, up and down, which Andy and I paced on our adjoining beats, each of us having to walk about a hundred yards, when we turned and walked back, with gun loaded and capped and at a right-shoulder-shift.

The night was beautiful. A full round moon shone out from among the fleecy clouds overhead. At my feet was the pleasant plashing of the river, ever gliding on, with the moonbeams dancing as if in sport on its rippling surface, while the opposite bank was hid in the deep, solemn shadows made by the overhanging trees. Yet the shadows were not so deep there but that occasionally I could catch glimpses of a picket silently pacing his beat on the south side of the river, as I was pacing mine on the north, with bayonet flashing in the patches of moonlight as he passed up and down. I fell to wondering, as I watched him, what sort of man he was? Young or old? Had he children at home, may be, in the far-off South? Or a father and mother? Did he wish this cruel war was over? In the next fight may be he'd be killed! Then I fell to wondering who had lived in that house up yonder—what kind of people were they? Were the sons in the war, and the daughters, where were they?—and would they ever come back again and set up their household gods in the good old place once more? My imagination was busy trying to picture the scenes that had enlivened the old plantation, the darkies at work in the fields and the—

"Hello, Yank! We can lick you!"

"Beautiful night, Johnny, is n't it?"

"Y-e-s, lovely!"

But our orders are to hold as little conversation with the pickets on the other side of the river as necessary, and so, declining any further civilities, I resume my beat.

"Harry, I'm going to lie down here at the upper end of your beat," says the sergeant who has charge of our relief. "I aint a-going to sleep, but I'm tired. Every time you come up to this end of your beat speak to me, will you?—for I *might* fall asleep."

"Certainly, Sergeant."

The first time I speak to him, the second, and

the third, he answers readily enough, "All right, Harry," but at the fourth summons he is sound asleep. Sleep on, Sergeant, sleep on! Your slumbers shall not be broken by me—unless the "Grand Rounds" come along, for whom I must keep a sharp lookout, lest they catch you napping and give you a pretty court-martial! But Grand Rounds or no, you shall have a little

ing the second relief goes out again—down through the patch of meadow, wet with the heavy dew, and along down the river to our posts. It is nearly three o'clock, and Andy and I are standing talking in low tones, he at the upper end of his beat and I at the lower end of mine, when—

Bang! And the whistle of a ball is heard overhead among the branches. Springing forward at once by a common impulse, we get behind the shelter of a tree, run out our rifles, and make ready to fire.

"You watch up-river, Harry," whispers Andy, "and I 'll watch down, and if you see him trying to handle his ramrod, let him have it, and don't miss him."

But apparently Johnny is in no hurry to load up again, and likes the deep shadow of his tree too well to walk his beat any more, for we wait impatiently for a long while and see nothing of him. By and by we hear him calling over: "I say, Yank!"

"Well, Johnny?"

"If you wont shoot, I wont."

"Rather late in the morning to make such an offer, is n't it? Did n't you shoot, just now?"

"You see, my old gun went off by accident."

"That 's a likely yarn o' yours, Johnny!"

"But it 's an honest fact, any way."

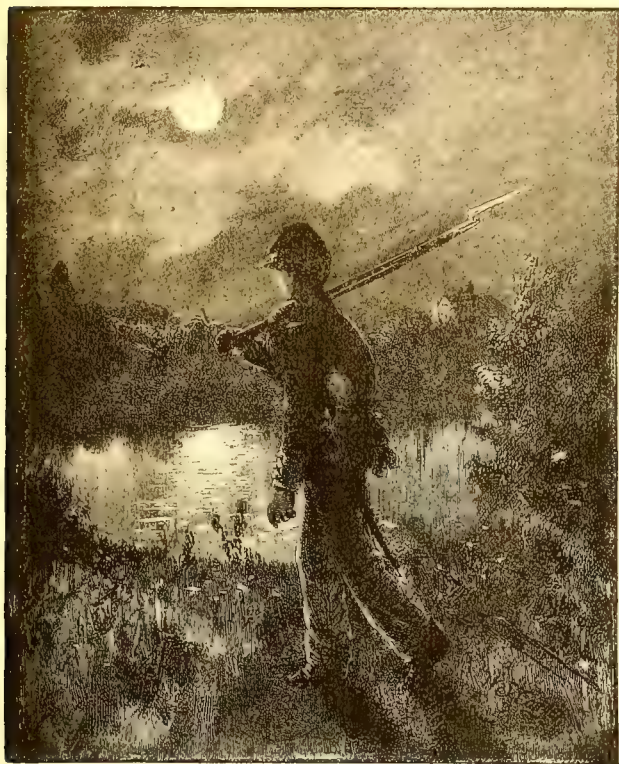
"Well, Johnny, next time your gun 's going to go off in that uncomfortable way, you will oblige us chaps over here by holding the muzzle down toward Dixie, or somebody 'll turn up his toes to the daisies before morning yet."

"All right, Yank," said Johnny, stepping out from behind his tree into the bright moonlight like a man, "but we can lick you, any way!"

"Andy, do you think that fellow's gun went off by accident, or was the rascal trying to hurt somebody?"

"I think he 's honest in what he says, Harry. His gun might have gone off by accident. There 's no telling, though. He 'll need a little watching, I guess."

But Johnny paces his beat harmlessly enough for the remainder of the hour, singing catches of song, and whistling the airs of Dixie, while we pace ours as leisurely as he, but, with a wholesome regard for guns that go off so easily of themselves, we have a decided preference for the dark shadows, and are cautious lest we linger too long on those



IN A DANGEROUS PART OF HIS BEAT.

sleep. One of these days, you, and many more of us besides, will sleep the last long sleep that knows no waking. But hark!—I hear the challenge up the line! I must rouse you, after all.

"Sergeant! Sergeant! Get up—Grand Rounds!"

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"The Grand Rounds."

"Advance, officer of the Grand Rounds, and give the countersign."

An officer steps out from the group that is half-hidden in the shadow, and whispers in my ear, "Lafayette," when the whole body silently and stealthily passes down the line.

Relieved at ten o'clock, we go back to our post at the house, and find it rather hard work to keep our eyes open from ten to two o'clock, but sleep is out of the question. At two o'clock in the morn-

parts of our several beats where the bright moon-beams lie.

It must not be supposed that the sentries of the two armies were forever picking one another off whenever opportunity offered; for what good did it do to murder each other in cold blood? It only wasted powder, and did not forward the issue of the great conflict at all. Except at times immediately before or after a battle, or when there was some specially exciting reason for mutual defiance, the pickets were generally on friendly terms, conversed freely about the news of the day, exchanged newspapers, coffee, and tobacco, swapped knives, and occasionally had a friendly game of cards together. Sometimes, however, picket duty was but another name for sharp-shooting and bushwhacking of the most dangerous and deadly sort.

When we had been relieved, and got back to our little bivouac under the elms on the lawn, and sat down there to discuss the episode of the night, I asked Andy:

"What was that piece of poetry you read to me the other day, about a picket being shot? It was something about 'all quiet along the Potomac to-night.' Do you remember the words well enough to repeat it?"

"Yes, I committed it to memory, Harry, and if you wish, I'll recite it for your benefit. We'll just imagine ourselves back in the dear old Academy again, and that it is 'declamation-day,' and my name is called and I step up and declaim:

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac, they say.

Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn morn,
O'er the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

"There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two, in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

"He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
His footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing!

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river:
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!"

CHAPTER VI.

HOW WE GOT A SHELLING.

"PACK UP!" "Fall in!" All is stir and excitement in the camp. The bugles are blowing "boots and saddles" for the cavalry camped above us on the hill; we drummer-boys are beating the "long roll" and "assembly" for the regiment; mounted orderlies are galloping along the hill-side with great yellow envelopes stuck in their belts; and the men fall out of their miserable winter-quarters, with shouts and cheers that make the hills about Falmouth ring again. For the winter is past; the sweet breath of spring comes balmily up from the south, and the whole army is on the move—whither?

"Say, Captain, tell us where are we going?" But the captain does not know, nor even the colonel—nobody knows. We are raw troops yet, and have not learned that soldiers never ask questions about orders.

So, fall in there, all together, and forward! And we ten little drummer-boys beat gayly enough "The Girl I Left Behind Me," as the line sweeps over the hills, through the woods, and on down to the river's edge.

And soon here we are, on the Rappahannock, three miles below Fredericksburg. We can see, as we emerge from the woods, away over the river, the long line of earth-works thrown up by the enemy, and small dark specks moving about along the field, in the far, dim distance, which we know to be officers, or perhaps cavalry-pickets. We can see, too, our own first division laying down the pontoon-bridge, on which, according to a rumor that is spreading among us, we are to cross the river and charge the enemy's works.

Here is an old army-letter lying before me, written on my drum-head in lead-pencil, in that stretch of meadow by the river, where I heard my first shell scream and shriek:

"NEAR RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER, Apr. 28th.

"DEAR FATHER: We have moved to the river, and are just going into battle. I am well and so are the boys.—Your affect. son, HARRY."

But we do not go into battle that day, nor next day, nor at all at that point; for we are making only a "feint," though we do not know it now, to attract the attention of the enemy from the main

movement of the army at Chancellorsville, some twenty-five or thirty miles farther up the river. The men are in good spirits and all ready for the fray, but as the day wears on without further developments, arms are stacked, and we begin to roam about the hills; some are writing letters home, some sleeping, some even fishing in a little rivulet that runs by us, when toward three o'clock in the afternoon, and all of a sudden, the enemy opens fire on us with a salute of three shells fired in rapid succession, not quite into our ranks, but a little to the left of us; and see! over there where the Forty-third lies, to our left, come three *stretchers*, and you can see deep crimson stains on the canvas as they go by us on a lively trot to the rear; for "the ball is opening, boys," and we are under fire for the first time.

I wish I could convey to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS some faint idea of the noise made by a shell as it flies shrieking and screaming through the air, and of that peculiar *whirring* sound made by the pieces after the shell has burst overhead or by your side. So loud, high-pitched, shrill, and terrible is the sound, that one unaccustomed to it would think at first that the very heavens were being torn down about his ears!

How often I have laughed and laughed at myself when thinking of that first shelling we got there by the river! For, up to that time, I had had a very poor, old-fashioned idea of what a shell was like, having derived it probably from accounts of sieges in the Mexican war.

I had thought a shell was a hollow ball of iron, filled with powder and furnished with a fuse, and that they threw it over into your ranks, and there it lay, hissing and spitting, till the fire reached the powder, and the shell burst and killed a dozen men or so—that is, if some venturesome fellow did n't run up and stamp the fire off the fuse before the miserable thing went off! Of a *conical* shell, shaped like a minie-ball, with ridges on the outside to fit the grooves of a rifled cannon, and exploding by a percussion-cap at the pointed end, I had no idea in the world. But that was the sort of thing they were firing at us now—Hur-r-r—bang! Hur-r-r—bang!

Throwing myself flat on my face while that terrible shriek is in the air, I cling closer to the ground while I hear that low, whirring sound near by, which I foolishly imagine to be the sound of a burning fuse, but which, on raising my head and looking up and around, I find is the sound of pieces of exploded shells flying through the air about our heads! The enemy has excellent range of us, and gives it to us hot and fast, and we fall in line and take it as best we may, and without the pleasure of replying, for the enemy's batteries are a full

mile and a half away, and no Enfield rifle can reach half so far.

"Colonel, move your regiment a little to the right, so as to get under cover of yonder bank." It is soon done; and there, seated on a bank about twenty feet high, with our backs to the enemy, we let them blaze away, for it is not likely they can tumble a shell down at an angle of forty-five degrees.

And now, see! Just to the rear of us, and therefore in full view as we are sitting, is a battery of our own, coming up into position at full gallop—a grand sight indeed! The officers with swords flashing in the evening sunlight, the bugles clanging out the orders, the carriages unlimbered, and the guns run up into position; and now, that ever beautiful drill of the artillery in action, steady and regular as the stroke of machinery! How swiftly the man that handles the swab has prepared his piece, while the runners have meanwhile brought up the little red bag of powder and the long, conical shell from the caisson in the rear! How swiftly they are rammed home! The lieutenant sights his piece, the man with the lanyard with a sudden jerk fires the cap, the gun leaps five feet to the rear with the recoil, and out of the cannon's throat, in a cloud of smoke, rushes the shell, shrieking out its message of death into the lines a mile and a half away, while our boys rend the air with wild hurrahs, for the enemy's fire is answered!

Now ensues an artillery duel that keeps the air all quivering and quaking about our ears for an hour and a half, and it is all the more exciting that we can see the beautiful drill of the batteries beside us, with that steady swabbing and ramming, running and sighting and bang! bang! bang! The mystery is how in the world they can load and fire so fast.

"Boys, what are you trying to do?" It is the general commanding the division, who reins in his horse and asks the question, and he is one of the finest artillerymen in the service, they say.

"Why, General, we are trying to put a shell through that stone barn over there; it's full of sharp-shooters."

"Hold a moment!"—and the general dismounts and sights the gun. "Try that elevation once, Sergeant," he says; and the shell goes crashing through the barn a mile and a half away, and the sharp-shooters come pouring out of it like bees out of a hive. "Let them have it so, boys." And the general has mounted, and rides, laughing, away along the line.

Meanwhile, something is transpiring immediately before our eyes that amuses us immensely. Not more than twenty yards away from us is another high bank, corresponding exactly with the one we

are occupying, and running parallel with it, the two hills inclosing a little ravine some twenty or thirty yards in width.

This second high bank,—the nearer one,—you must remember, faces the enemy's fire. The water has worn out of the soft sand-rock a sort of cave, in which Darky Bill, our company cook, took refuge at the crack of the first shell. And there, crouching in the narrow recess of the rock, we can see him shivering with affright. Every now and then, when there is a lull in the firing, he comes to the wide-open door of his house, intent upon flight, and, rolling up the great whites of his eyes, is about to step out and run, when Hur-r-r—bang—crack! goes the shell, and poor scared Darky Bill dives into his cave again head-first, like a frog into a pond.

After repeated attempts to run and repeated frog-leaps backward, the poor fellow takes heart and cuts for the woods, pursued by the laughter and shouts of the regiment—for which he cares far less, however, than for that terrible shriek in the air, which, he afterward told us, “was a-sayin’ all de time, ‘Where’s dat nigger! Where’s dat nigger! Where’s dat nigger!’”

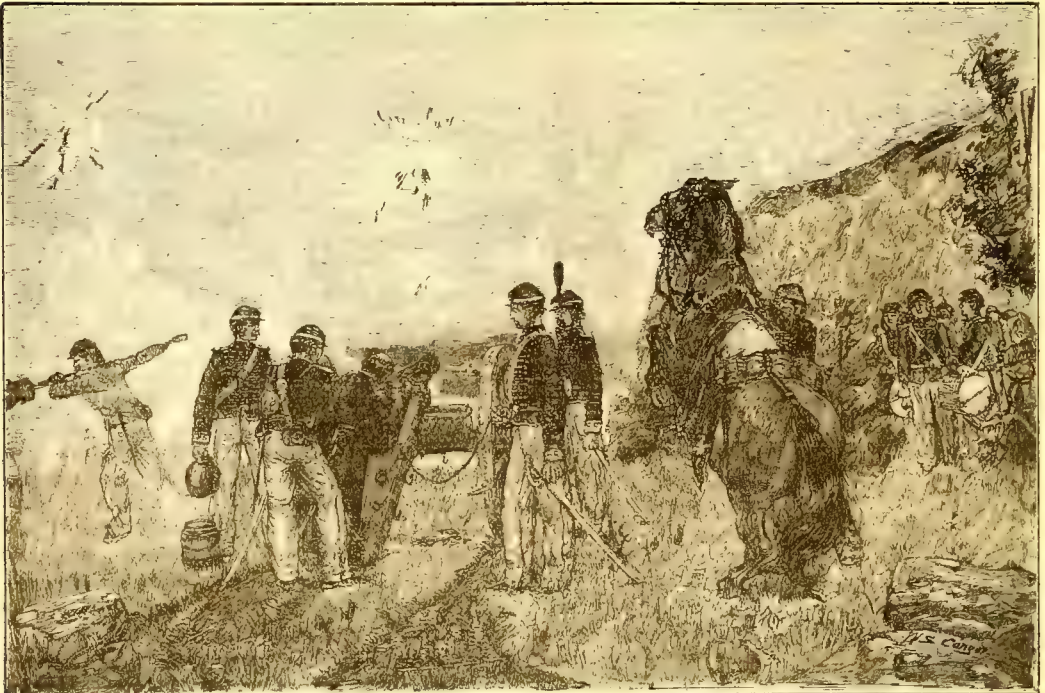
As night-fall comes on, the firing ceases. Word

is passed around that under cover of night we are to cross the pontoons and charge the enemy's works; but we sleep soundly all night on our arms, and are awaked only by the first streaks of light in the morning sky.

We have orders to move. A staff-officer is delivering orders to our colonel, who is surrounded by his staff. They press in toward the messenger, standing immediately below me as I sit on the bank, when the enemy gives us a morning salute, and the shell comes ricocheting over the hill and tumbles into a mud-puddle about which the group is gathered; the mounted officers crouch in their saddles and spur hastily away, the foot officers throw themselves flat on their faces into the mud; the drummer-boy is bespattered with mud and dirt; but fortunately the shell does not explode, or the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would never have heard how we got our first shelling.

And now, “Fall in, men!” and we are off on a double-quick in a cloud of dust, amid the rattle of canteens and tin cups, and the regular *flop, flop* of cartridge-boxes and bayonet-scabbards, pursued for two miles by the hot fire of the enemy's batteries, for a long, hot, weary day's march to the extreme right of the army at Chancellorsville.

(To be continued.)



“THE GENERAL DISMOUNTS AND SIGHTS THE GUN.”

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"NOT THERE, NOT THERE, MY CHILD!" [SEE PAGE 151]

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

WHILE the larger boys in the village school of Greenbank were having a game of "three old cat" before school-time, there appeared on the playground a strange boy, carrying two books, a slate, and an atlas under his arm.

He was evidently from the country, for he wore a suit of brown jeans, or woolen homespun, made up in the natural color of the "black" sheep, as we call it. He shyly sidled up to the school-house door, and looked doubtfully at the boys who were playing; watching the familiar game as though he had never seen it before.

The boys who had the "paddles" were standing on three bases, while three others stood each behind a base and tossed the ball round the triangle from one hole or base to another. The new-comer soon perceived that, if one with a paddle, or bat, struck at the ball and missed it, and the ball was caught directly, or "at the first

bounce," he gave up his bat to the one who had "caught him out." When the ball was struck, it was called a "tick," and when there was a tick, all the batters were obliged to run one base to the left, and then the ball thrown between a batter and the base to which he was running "crossed him out," and obliged him to give up his "paddle" to the one who threw the ball.

"Four old cat," "two old cat," and "five old cat" are, as everybody knows, played in the same way, the number of bases or holes increasing with the addition of each pair of players.

It is probable that the game was once—some hundreds of years ago, may be—called "three hole catch," and that the name was gradually corrupted into "three hole cat," as it is still called in the interior States, and then became changed by mistake to "three old cat." It is, no doubt, an early form of our present game of base-ball.

It was this game which the new boy watched, trying to get an inkling of how it was played. He stood by the school-house door, and the girls who came in were obliged to pass near him. Each

of them stopped to scrape her shoes, or rather the girls remembered the foot-scraper because they were curious to see the new-comer. They cast furtive glances at him, noting his new suit of brown clothes, his geography and atlas, his arithmetic, and last of all, his face.

"There's a new scholar," said Peter Rose, or, as he was always called, "Pewee" Rose, a stout and stocky boy of fourteen, who had just been caught out by another.

"I say, Greeny, how did you get so brown?" called out Will Riley, a rather large, loose-jointed fellow.

Of course, all the boys laughed at this. Boys will sometimes laugh at any one suffering torture, whether the victim be a persecuted cat or a persecuted boy. The new boy made no answer, but Joanna Merwin, who, just at that moment, happened to be scraping her shoes, saw that he grew red in the face with a quick flush of anger.

"Don't stand there, Greeny, or the cows'll eat you up!" called Riley, as he came around again to the base nearest to the school-house.

Why the boys should have been amused at this speech, the new scholar could not tell—the joke was neither new nor witty—only impudent and coarse. But the little boys about the door giggled.

"It's a pity something would n't eat you, Will Riley—you are good for nothing but to be mean." This sharp speech came from a rather tall and graceful girl of sixteen, who came up at the time, and who saw the annoyance of the new boy at Riley's insulting words. Of course the boys laughed again. It was rare sport to hear pretty Susan Lanham "take down" the impudent Riley.

"The bees will never eat you for honey, Susan," said Will.

Susan met the titter of the playground with a quick flush of temper and a fine look of scorn.

"Nothing would eat you, Will, unless, may be, a turkey buzzard, and a very hungry one at that."

This sharp retort was uttered with a merry laugh of ridicule, and a graceful toss of the head, as the mischievous girl passed into the school-house.

"That settles you, Will," said Pewee Rose. And Bob Holliday began singing, to a doleful tune:

"Poor old Pidy,
She died last Friday."

Just then, the stern face of Mr. Ball, the master, appeared at the door; he rapped sharply with his ferule, and called: "Books, books, books!" The bats were dropped, and the boys and girls began streaming into the school, but some of the boys managed to nudge Riley, saying: "You'd better hold your tongue when Susan's around," and such like soft and sweet speeches. Riley was vexed and

angry, but nobody was afraid of him, for a boy may be both big and mean and yet lack courage.

The new boy did not go in at once, but stood silently and faced the inquiring looks of the procession of boys as they filed into the school-room with their faces flushed from the exercise and excitement of the games.

"I can thrash him easy," thought Pewee Rose.

"He is n't a fellow to back down easily," said Harvey Collins to his next neighbor.

Only good-natured, rough Bob Holliday stopped and spoke to the new-comer a friendly word. All that he said was "Hello!" But how much a boy can put into that word "Hello!" Bob put his whole heart into it, and there was no boy in the school that had a bigger heart, a bigger hand, or nearly so big a foot as Bob Holliday.

The village school-house was a long one built of red brick. It had taken the place of the old log institution in which one generation of Greenbank children had learned reading, writing, and Webster's spelling-book. There were long, continuous writing-tables down the sides of the room, with backless benches, so arranged that when the pupil was writing his face was turned toward the wall—there was a door at each end, and a box stove stood in the middle of the room, surrounded by a rectangle of four backless benches. These benches were for the little fellows who did not write, and for others when the cold should drive them nearer the stove.

The very worshipful master sat at the east end of the room, at one side of the door; there was a blackboard—a "new-fangled notion" in 1850—at the other side of the door. Some of the older scholars, who could afford private desks with lids to them, suitable for concealing smuggled apples and maple-sugar, had places at the other end of the room from the master. This arrangement was convenient for quiet study, for talking on the fingers by signs, for munching apples or gingerbread, and for passing little notes between the boys and girls.

When the school had settled a little, the master struck a sharp blow on his desk for silence, and looked fiercely around the room, eager to find a culprit on whom to wreak his ill-humor. Mr. Ball was one of those old-fashioned teachers who gave the impression that he would rather beat a boy than not, and would even like to eat one, if he could find a good excuse. His eye lit upon the new scholar.

"Come here," he said, severely, and then he took his seat.

The new boy walked timidly up to a place in front of the master's desk. He was not handsome, his face was thin, his eyebrows were prominent, his mouth was rather large and good-humored, and there was that shy twinkle about the corners of his

eyes which always marks a fun-loving spirit. But his was a serious, fine-grained face, with marks of suffering in it, and he had the air of having been once a strong fellow; of late, evidently, shaken to pieces by the ague.

"Where do you live?" demanded Mr. Ball.

"On Ferry street."

"What do they call you?" This was said with a contemptuous, rasping inflection that irritated the new scholar. His eyes twinkled, partly with annoyance and partly with mischief.

"They *call* me Jack, for the most part,"—then catching the titter that came from the girls' side of the room, and frightened by the rising hurricane on the master's face, he added quickly: "My name is John Dudley, sir."

"Don't you try to show your smartness on me, young man. You are a new-comer, and I let you off this time. Answer me that way again, and you will remember it as long as you live." And the master glared at him like a savage bull about to toss somebody over a fence.

The new boy turned pale, and dropped his head.

"How old are you?" "Thirteen."

"Have you ever been to school?" "Three months."

"Three months. Do you know how to read?"

"Yes, sir," with a smile.

"Can you cipher?" "Yes, sir."

"In multiplication?" "Yes, sir."

"Long division?"

"Yes, sir; I've been half through fractions."

"You said you'd been to school but three months!" "My father taught me."

There was just a touch of pride in his voice as he said this—a sense of something superior about his father. This bit of pride angered the master, who liked to be thought to have a monopoly of all the knowledge in the town.

"Where have you been living?"

"In the Indian Reserve, of late; I was born in Cincinnati."

"I did n't ask you where you were born. When I ask you a question, answer that and no more."

"Yes, sir." There was a touch of something in the tone of this reply that amused the school, and that made the master look up quickly and suspiciously at Jack Dudley, but the expression on Jack's face was as innocent as that of a cat who has just lapped the cream off the milk.

CHAPTER II.

KING MILKMAID.

PEWEE ROSE, whose proper name was Peter Rose, had also the nickname of King Pewee. He

was about fourteen years old, square built and active, of great strength for his size, and very proud of the fact that no boy in town cared to attack him. He was not bad-tempered, but he loved to be master, and there were a set of flatterers who followed him, like jackals about a lion.

As often happens, Nature had built for King Pewee a very fine body, but had forgotten to give him any mind to speak of. In any kind of chaff or banter, at any sort of talk or play where a good head was worth more than a strong arm and a broad back, King Pewee was sure to have the worst of it. A very convenient partnership had therefore grown up between him and Will Riley. Riley had muscle enough, but Nature had made him mean-spirited. He had—not exactly wit—but a facility for using his tongue, which he found some difficulty in displaying, through fear of other boys' fists. By forming a friendship with Pewee Rose, the two managed to keep in fear the greater part of the school. Will's rough tongue, together with Pewee's rude fists, were enough to bully almost any boy. They let Harvey Collins alone, because he was older, and, keeping to himself, awed them by his dignity; good-natured Bob Holliday also, was big enough to take care of himself. But the rest were all as much afraid of Pewee as they were of the master, and as Riley managed Pewee, it behooved them to be afraid of the prime minister, Riley, as well as of King Pewee.

From the first day that Jack Dudley entered the school, dressed in brown jeans, Will Riley marked him for a victim. The air of refinement about his face showed him to be a suitable person for teasing.

Riley called him "milkspop," and "sap-head"; words which seemed to the dull intellect of King Pewee exceedingly witty. And as Pewee was Riley's defender, he felt as proud of these rude nicknames as he would had he invented them and taken out a patent.

But Riley's greatest stroke of wit came one morning when he caught Jack Dudley milking the cow. In the village of Greenbank, milking a cow was regarded as a woman's work; and foolish men and boys are like savages,—very much ashamed to be found doing a woman's work. Fools always think something else more disgraceful than idleness. So, having seen Jack milking, Riley came to school happy. He had an arrow to shoot that would give great delight to the small boys.

"Good-morning, milkmaid!" he said to Jack Dudley, as he entered the school-house before school. "You milk the cow at your house, do you? Where's your apron?"

"Oh-h! Milkmaid! milkmaid! That's a good one," chimed in Pewee Rose and all his set. Jack changed color.

"Well, what if I do milk my mother's cow? I don't milk anybody's cow but ours, do I? Do you think I'm ashamed of it? I'd be ashamed not to. I can"—but he stopped a minute and blushed—"I can wash dishes, and make good pancakes, too. Now if you want to make fun, why, make fun. I don't care." But he did care, else why should his voice choke in that way?

"Oh, girl-boy; a pretty girl-boy you are——" but here Will Riley stopped and stammered. There right in front of him was the smiling face of Susan Lanham, with a look in it which made him suddenly remember something. Susan had heard all the conversation, and now she came around in front of Will, while all the other girls clustered about her from a vague expectation of sport.

"Come, Pewee, let's play ball," said Will.

"Ah, you're running away, now; you're afraid of a girl," said Susan, with a cutting little laugh, and a toss of her black curls over her shoulder.

Will had already started for the ball-ground, but at this taunt he turned back, thrust his hands into his pockets, put on a swagger, and stammered: "No, I'm not afraid of a girl, either."

"That's about all that he is n't afraid of," said Bob Holliday.

"Oh! you're not afraid of a girl?" said Susan. "What did you run away for, when you saw me? You know that Pewee won't fight a girl. You're afraid of anybody that Pewee can't whip."

"You've an awful tongue, Susan. We'll call you Sassy Susan," said Will, laughing at his own joke.

"Oh, it is n't my tongue you're afraid of, now. You know I can tell on you. I saw you drive your cow into the stable last week. You were ashamed to milk outside, but you looked all around——"

"I did n't do it. How could you see? It was dark," and Will giggled foolishly, seeing all at once that he had betrayed himself.

"It was nearly dark, but I happened to be where I could see. And as I was coming back, a few minutes after, I saw you come out with a pail of milk, and looking around you like a sneak-thief. You saw me and hurried away. You are such a coward that you are ashamed to do a little honest work. Milkmaid! Girl-boy! Coward! And Pewee Rose lets you lead him around by the nose!"

"You'd better be careful what you say, Susan," said Pewee, threateningly.

"You won't touch me. You go about bullying little boys, and calling yourself King Pewee, but you can't do a sum in long division, nor in short subtraction, for that matter, and you let fellows like Riley make a fool of you. Your father's poor, and your mother can't keep a girl, and you ought to be ashamed to let her milk the cow. Who milked your cow this morning, Pewee?"

"I don't know," said the king, looking like the king's fool.

"You did it," said Susan. "Don't deny it. Then you come here and call a strange boy a milkmaid!"

"Well, I did n't milk in the street, anyway, and he did." At this, all laughed aloud, and Susan's victory was complete. She only said, with a pretty toss of her head, as she turned away: "King Milkmaid!"

Pewee found the nickname likely to stick. He was obliged to declare on the playground the next day, that he would "thrash" any boy that said anything about milkmaids. After that, he heard no more of it. But one morning he found "King Milkmaid" written on the door of his father's cow-stable. Some boy who dared not attack Pewee, had vented his irritation by writing the hateful words on the stable, and on the fence-corners near the school-house, and even on the blackboard.

Pewee could not fight with Susan Lanham, but he made up his mind to punish the new scholar when he should have a chance. He must give somebody a beating.

CHAPTER III.

ANSWERING BACK.

It is hard for one boy to make a fight. Even your bully does not like to "pitch on" an inoffensive school-mate. You remember Æsop's fable of the wolf and the lamb, and what pains the wolf took to pick a quarrel with the lamb. It was a little hard for Pewee to fight with a boy who walked quietly to and from the school, without giving anybody cause for offense.

But the chief reason why Pewee did not attack him with his fists was that both he and Riley had found out that Jack Dudley could help them over a hard place in their lessons better than anybody else. And notwithstanding their continual persecution of Jack, they were mean enough to ask his assistance, and he, hoping to bring about peace by good-nature, helped them to get out their geography and arithmetic almost every day. Unable to appreciate this, they were both convinced that Jack only did it because he was afraid of them, and as they found it rare sport to abuse him, they kept it up. By their influence, Jack was shut out of the plays. A greenhorn would spoil the game, they said. What did a boy that had lived on Wildcat Creek, in the Indian Reserve, know about playing buffalo, or prisoner's base, or shinny? If he was brought in, they would go out.

But the girls, and the small boys, and good-hearted Bob Holliday liked Jack's company very much. Yet, Jack was a boy, and he often longed to play games with the others. He felt very sure that he could dodge and run in "buffalo" as well as

any of them. He was very tired of Riley's continual ridicule, which grew worse as Riley saw in him a rival in influence with the smaller boys.

"Catch Will alone sometime," said Bob Holliday, "when Pewee is n't with him, and then thrash him. He'll back right down if you bristle up to him. If Pewee makes a fuss about it, I'll look after Pewee. I'm bigger than he is, and he won't fight with me. What do you say?"

"I sha' n't fight unless I have to."

"Afraid?" asked Bob, laughing.

"It is n't that. I don't think I'm much afraid, although I don't like to be pounded or to pound anybody. I think I'd rather be whipped than to be made fun of, though. But my father used to say that people who fight generally do so because they are afraid of somebody else, more than they are of the one they fight with."

"I believe that's a fact," said Bob. "But Riley aches for a good thrashing."

"I know that, and I feel like giving him one, or taking one myself, and I think I shall fight him before I've done. But Father used to say that fists could never settle between right and wrong. They only show which is the stronger, and it is generally the mean one that gets the best of it."

"That's as sure as shootin'," said Bob. "Pewee could use you up. Pewee thinks he's the king, but laws! he's only Riley's bull-dog. Riley is afraid of him, but he manages to keep the dog on his side all the time."

"My father used to say," said Jack, "that brutes could fight with force, but men ought to use their wits."

"You seem to think a good deal of what your father says,—like it was your Bible, you know."

"My father's dead," replied Jack.

"Oh, that's why. Boys don't always pay attention to what their father says when he's alive."

"Oh, but then my father was——" Here Jack checked himself, for fear of seeming to boast. "You see," he went on, "my father knew a great deal. He was so busy with his books that he lost most all his money, and then we moved to the Indian Reserve, and there he took the fever and died; and then we came down here, where we owned a house, so that I could go to school."

"Why don't you give Will Riley as good as he sends?" said Bob, wishing to get away from melancholy subjects. "You have as good a tongue as his."

"I have n't his stock of bad words, though."

"You've got a power of fun in you, though,—you keep everybody laughing when you want to, and if you'd only turn the pumps on him once, he'd howl like a yellow dog that's had a quart o' hot suds poured over him out of a neighbor's win-

dow. Use your wits, like your father said. You've lived in the woods till you're as shy as a flying-squirrel. All you've got to do is to talk up and take it rough and tumble, like the rest of the world. Riley can't bear to be laughed at, and you can make him ridiculous as easy as not."

The next day, at the noon recess, about the time that Jack had finished helping Bob Holliday to find some places on the map, there came up a little shower, and the boys took refuge in the school-house. They must have some amusement, so Riley began his old abuse.

"Well, greenhorn from the Wildcat, where's the black sheep you stole that suit of clothes from?"

"I hear him bleat now," said Jack,—"about the blackest sheep I have ever seen."

"You've heard the truth for once, Riley," said Bob Holliday.

Riley, who was as vain as a peacock, was very much mortified by the shout of applause with which this little joke of Jack's was greeted. It was not a case in which he could call in King Pewee. The king, for his part, shut up his fists and looked silly, while faint-hearted Jack took courage to keep up the battle. But Riley tried again.

"I say, Wildcat, you think you're smart, but you're a double-distilled idiot, and have n't got brains enough to be sensible of your misery."

This kind of outburst on Riley's part always brought a laugh from the school. But before the laugh had died down, Jack Dudley took the word, saying, in a dry and quizzical way:

"Don't you try to claim kin with me that way, Riley. No use; I won't stand it. I don't belong to your family. I'm neither a fool nor a coward."

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob Holliday, bringing down first one and then the other of his big feet on the floor. "It's your put-in now, Riley."

"Don't be backward in coming forward, Will, as the Irish priest said to his people," came from grave Harvey Collins, who here looked up from his book, thoroughly enjoying the bully's discomfiture.

"That's awfully good," said Joanna Merwin, clasping her hands and giggling with delight.

King Pewee doubled up his fists and looked at Riley to see if he ought to try his sort of wit on Jack. If a frog, being pelted to death by cruel boys, should turn and pelt them again, they could not be more surprised than were Riley and King Pewee at Jack's repartees.

"You'd better be careful what you say to Will Riley," said Pewee. "I stand by him."

But Jack's blood was up now, and he was not to be frightened. "All the more shame to him," said Jack. "Look at me, shaken all to pieces with the fever and ague on the Wildcat, and look at that great big, bony coward of a Riley. I've done

him no harm, but he wants to abuse me, and he's afraid of me. He dare n't touch me. He has to coax you to stand by him, to protect him from poor little me. He's a great big ——"

"Calf," broke in Bob Holliday, with a laugh.

"You'd better be careful," said Pewee to Jack, rising to his feet. "I stand by Riley."

"Will you defend him if I hit him?" "Yes."

"Well, then, I won't hit him. But you don't mean that he is to abuse me, while I am not allowed to answer back a word?"

"Well ——" said Pewee, hesitatingly.

"Well," said Bob Holliday, hotly, "I say that Jack has just as good a right to talk with his tongue as Riley. Stand by Riley if he's hit, Pewee: he needs it. But don't you try to shut up Jack." And Bob got up and put his broad hand on Jack's shoulder. Nobody had ever seen the big fellow angry before, and the excitement was very great. The girls clapped their hands.

"Good for you, Bob, I say," came from Susan Lanham, and poor ungainly Bob blushed to his hair to find himself the hero of the girls.

"I don't mean to shut up Jack," said Pewee, looking at Bob's size, "but I stand by Riley."

"Well, do your standing sitting down, then," said Susan. "I'll get a milking-stool for you, if that'll keep you quiet."

It was well that the master came in just then, or Pewee would have had to fight somebody or burst.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

JACK'S life in school was much more endurable now that he had a friend in Bob Holliday. Bob had spent his time in hard work and in rough surroundings, but he had a gentleman's soul, although his manners and speech were rude. More and more Jack found himself drawn to him. Harvey Collins asked Jack to walk down to the river-bank with him at recess. Both Harvey and Bob soon liked Jack, who found himself no longer lonely. The girls also sought his advice about their lessons, and the younger boys were inclined to come over to his side.

As winter came on, country boys, anxious to learn something about "reading, writing, and ciphering," came into the school. Each of these new-comers had to go through a certain amount of teasing from Riley and of bullying from Pewee.

One frosty morning in December, there appeared among the new scholars a strange little fellow with a large head, long straight hair, an emaciated body, and legs that looked like reeds, they were so slender. His clothes were worn and patched, and he had a look of being frost-bitten.

He could not have been more than ten years old, to judge by his size, but there was a look of premature oldness in his face.

"Come here!" said the master, when he caught sight of him. "What is your name?" And Mr. Ball took out his book to register the new-comer, with much the same relish that the Giant Despair in Pilgrim's Progress showed when he had bagged a fresh pilgrim.

"Columbus Risdale." The new-comer spoke in a shrill, piping voice, as strange as his weird face and withered body.

"Is that your full name?" asked the master.

"No, sir," piped the strange little creature.

"Give your full name," said Mr. Ball, sternly.

"My name is Christopher Columbus George Washington Marquis de Lafayette Risdale." The poor lad was the victim of that mania which some people have for "naming after" great men. His little shrunken body and high, piping voice made his name seem so incongruous that all the school tittered, and many laughed outright. But the dignified and eccentric little fellow did not observe it.

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad, more shrilly than ever.

"Umph," said the master, with a look of doubt on his face. "In the first reader?"

"No, sir; in the fourth reader."

Even the master could not conceal his look of astonishment at this claim. At that day, the fourth-reader class was the highest in the school, and contained only the largest scholars. The school laughed at the bare notion of little Christopher Columbus reading in the fourth reader, and the little fellow looked around the room, puzzled to guess the cause of the merriment.

"We'll try you," said the master, with suspicion. When the fourth-reader class was called, and Harvey Collins and Susan Lanham and some others of the nearly grown-up pupils came forward, with Jack Dudley as quite the youngest of the class, the great-eyed, emaciated little Columbus Risdale picked himself up on his pipe-stems and took his place at the end of this row.

It was too funny for anything!

Will Riley and Pewee and other large scholars, who were yet reading in that old McGuffey's Third Reader, which had a solitary picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps, looked with no kindly eyes on this preposterous infant in the class ahead of them.

The piece to be read was the poem of Mrs. Hemans's called "The Better Land." Poems like this one are rather out of fashion nowadays, and people are inclined to laugh a little at Mrs. Hemans. But thirty years ago her religious and sentimental poetry was greatly esteemed. This one presented no difficulty to the readers. In that

day, little or no attention was paid to inflection—the main endeavor being to pronounce the words without hesitation or slip, and to “mind the stops.” Each one of the class read a stanza ending with a line:

“Not there, not there, my child!”

The poem was exhausted before all had read, so that it was necessary to begin over again in order to give each one his turn. All waited to hear the little Columbus read. When it came his turn, the school was as still as death. The master, wishing to test him, told him, with something like a sneer, that he could read three stanzas, or “verses,” as Mr. Ball called them.

The little chap squared his toes, threw his head back, and more fluently even than the rest, he read, in his shrill, eager voice, the remaining lines, winding up each stanza in a condescending tone, as he read:

“Not there, not there, my child!”

The effect of this from the hundred-year-old baby was so striking and so ludicrous that everybody was amused, while all were surprised at the excellence of his reading. The master proceeded, however, to whip one or two of the boys for laughing.

When recess-time arrived, Susan Lanham came to Jack with a request.

“I wish you’d look after little Lummy Risdale. He’s a sort of cousin of my mother’s. He is as innocent and helpless as the babes in the wood.”

“I’ll take care of him,” said Jack.

So he took the little fellow walking away from the school-house; Will Riley and some of the others calling after them: “Not there, not there, my child!”

But Columbus did not lay their taunts to heart. He was soon busy talking to Jack about things in the country, and things in town. On their return, Riley, crying out: “Not there, my child!” threw a snow-ball from a distance of ten feet and struck the poor little Christopher Columbus George Washington Lafayette so severe a blow as to throw him off his feet. Quick as a flash, Jack charged on Riley, and sent a snow-ball into his face. An instant later, he tripped him with his foot and rolled the big, scared fellow into the snow and washed his face well, leaving half a snow-bank down his back.

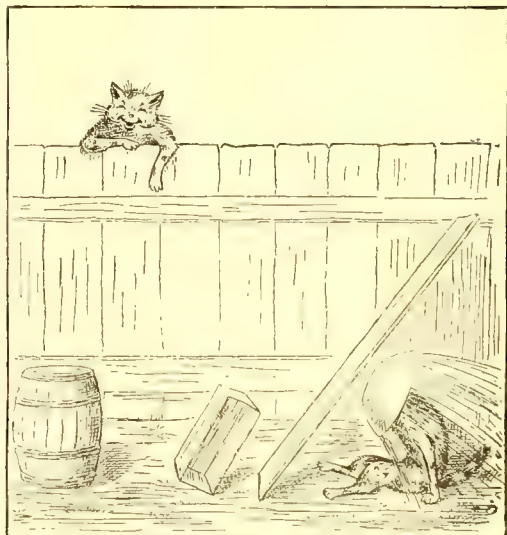
“What makes you so savage?” whined Riley. “I did n’t snow-ball you.” And Riley looked around for Pewee, who was on the other side of the school-house, and out of sight of the scuffle.

“No, you dare n’t snow-ball me,” said Jack, squeezing another ball and throwing it into Riley’s shirt-front with a certainty of aim that showed that he knew how to play ball. “Take that one, too, and if you bother Lum Risdale again, I’ll make you pay for it. Take a boy of your size.” And with that he molded yet another ball, but Riley retreated to the other side of the school-house.

(To be continued.)



SCENE I.



SCENE II.



ONE Christmas day at Grand-mamma's, we all dressed up, for fun; and sat in a line and called them in to look when we were done. We never laughed a single time, but sat in a solemn row. Tommy was Queen Elizabeth, and Jane had an Alsace bow. Freddy was bound to be a nun (though he did n't look it, a bit!) and Katy made a Welsh-woman's hat and sat down under it. Sister was Madame de Maintenon, or some such Frenchy dame; and Jack had a Roman toga on, and took a classic name. As for

poor me, I really think I came out best of all, though I had n't a thing for dressing up, 'cept Dinah's bonnet and shawl. Well, Grandma laughed, and Grandpa laughed, and all admired the show,—I wish I 'd seen us sitting there, so solemn, in a row!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY W. H. VENABLE.

THE area of the original thirteen States, a century ago, was less than one-eleventh as great as that of our entire country now, and their population did not reach one-fifteenth the number at present within the nation's borders. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois each had as many inhabitants in 1870 as the united colonies had in the year 1770.

A hundred years ago, the region west of the Alleghanies was styled The Wilderness, and only a few bold spirits, like Daniel Boone, had dared to penetrate its solitude. The Rocky, then called Stony, Mountains were known to exist, but no white man had explored them. Even within this century, the belief was held that the Missouri River had some connection with the Pacific Ocean.

The journey from Baltimore to Pittsburgh took

twelve days, and was not only toilsome, but dangerous, for hostile Indians lurked in the woods. Wagons often stuck fast in the mire, or broke down on "corduroy" roads made of logs laid side by side in the mud. The heavy stage-coach of early times, although it made great show of speed when dashing through a village, was as long in lumbering from New York to Boston as a modern express train is in crossing the continent. In great contrast with the present mode of traveling was the journey made by Thomas Jefferson, in the year 1775, when he went in a carriage from Williamsburg, Virginia, to Philadelphia. He was ten days on the road, and twice was obliged to hire a guide, to show the way to the largest city in the country. In 1777, Elkanah Watson rode

from Newbern to Wilmington, North Carolina, on horseback, and not only lost his way, but was embarrassed further by meeting a large bear.

The life and habits of the common people were extremely simple. The furniture of an ordinary house, in 1776, was scanty, plain, and cheap.



A person traveling in New England, about a century ago, would have found there a frugal and industrious people, dwelling generally in or near villages, and employed mainly in trade and tillage. He might have seen, in the older towns, factories

In many houses, the floor had no carpet, and the walls of that day had no paper nor paint. Neither pumps nor cooking-stoves were in use. The sofa was a high-backed bench of unpainted wood. The rude, low bedstead was honored almost always with a coat of green paint. The sewing-machine was



"THE ACT OF OFFERING AND RECEIVING A PINCH OF SNUFF WAS PERFORMED WITH PROFOUND CEREMONY."

for the making of cloth, hats, shoes, axes, ropes, paper, and guns; and with a sail-boat he might have visited flourishing fisheries off the coast.

not dreamed of; but the spinning-wheel, flax-dstaff, and yarn-reel found a place in all houses, and the weaver's loom could be seen in many.

Queen's-ware, or glazed earthenware, was unknown, yet well-to-do families often had sets of small china cups and saucers. The rich took pride in displaying urns and salvers of pure silver. There was no plated ware. The table was set with dishes of wood and of pewter.

Our forefathers depended upon the tallow-candle and the lard-oil lamp for artificial light. They knew nothing of kerosene, gas, and sulphur matches. The embers in the fire-place were seldom suffered to burn out, but when the last coal chanced to expire, the fire was rekindled by strik-

powdered wigs, three-cornered hats, and swords. Women's dresses were made of heavy silks and satins, called brocades, on which raised figures of leaves and flowers were woven, or worked, in colored silk or thread of silver and gold.

Both sexes took pains in dressing the hair. A stylish gentleman had his locks curled and frizzed, or suspended in a queue, as you have often seen in old pictures. A New England belle spent many hours in plastering her hair up into a sort of tower, decorated with powder and ribbons.

There were few, if any, millionaires in the early



ing a spark from a flint into a piece of tinder. Sometimes a burning brand was borrowed from the hearth of a neighbor.

The dress of the common folk in town and country was more for use than beauty. A pair of buckskin breeches and a corduroy coat formed the essentials of a man's suit, and they never wore out. After the breeches had been rained upon a few times they hardened into a garment more durable than comfortable.

The wearing-apparel of fashionable people of the city, however, was very gay and picturesque. Men wore knee-breeches and hose, broad-skirted coats lined with buckram, long waistcoats, sometimes of gold-cloth, wide cuffs lined with lace,

days of the Republic, and the power of money was not felt as it is now. However, the aristocracy was less approachable by the common people than are the higher circles of to-day, or, probably, of the future. This was owing to the fact that, at that time, American society was mainly copied after the English system, in which rank and title play an important part; and also to the influence of slavery, which existed in all the States.

Magistrates and clergymen were regarded, in New England, with extreme respect and reverence. Had our traveler dropped into a Puritan meeting-house, and sat through the service, he would have seen the minister and his family walk

solemnly down the aisle and through the door-way before the congregation presumed to leave the pews.

The New England country people combined



A BELLE OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

amusement with work, at their house-raising, quilting parties, and like gatherings. The poet Bryant speaks of the process of cider-making as one that "came in among the more laborious rural occupations in a way which diversified them pleasantly, and which made it seem a pastime.

A hundred barrels to a single farm was no uncommon proportion."

"But," says Doctor Greene, in his charming Short History of Rhode Island, "the great pastime for young and old, for matron and maid, and for youth just blushing into manhood, was the autumn husking, where neighbors met at each other's corn-yards to husk each other's corn—sometimes husking a thousand bushels in a single meeting. Husking had its laws, and never were laws better obeyed. For every red ear, the lucky swain who had found it could claim a kiss from every maid; with every smutted ear he smutched the faces of his mates, amid laughter and joyous shoutings; but when the prize fell to a girl, she would walk the round demurely, look each eager aspirant in the face, and hide or reveal the secret of her heart by a kiss. Then came the dance and supper, running deep into the night, and often encroaching upon the early dawn."

Our traveler would be interested in Salem, next to the largest town in New England, and a flourishing sea-port; and he certainly would have gone to Boston, then, as now, a center of education and culture. Many of the streets of Boston were narrow and crooked. Shops and inns were distinguished in Boston, as in other cities and towns, by pictorial signs for the benefit of those who could not read. One did not look for a lettered board, nor a number over the street door, but for the sign of the "Bunch of Feathers," the "Golden Key," the "Dog and Pot," or the "Three Doves."



The time that was given to making cider, and the number of barrels made and stored in the cellars of the farm-houses, would now seem incredible.

Had our traveler passed from New England to the State of New York, say at Albany, he would have had evidence that the frontier was not far off.

Goods sent from Albany to supply the Indian trade, and the forts and settlements out West, were hauled in wagons to Schenectady, then loaded in light boats, and poled up the Mohawk to Fort Schuyler, then carried across to Wood Creek, and again transported in boats down Oneida Lake and Osage River to the great lakes. The town of Albany was, at that time, a quiet, shady, delightful place, with cow-bells tinkling in the streets. Lazy Indians went lounging about the principal thoroughfares with bead-work and baskets to sell.

New York State continued to show evidence of

were scared into occasional fits of work by the threat that they should be sent to the West Indies, and traded off for rum and molasses.

New York City was an important commercial center, larger than Boston, but not so large as Philadelphia. It occupied but a small part of the southern end of Manhattan Island, the whole of which it now covers. Most of its streets were narrow and crooked. Tradition says that the Dutch settlers built their houses along the winding courses of cow-paths. Broadway, however, was a fine street, even in the days of the Revolution, and gave

promise then of the splendor it afterward attained. New York City, in 1776, was lighted dimly with oil-lamps. Burning gas did not come into use till forty years later. Not unusually the New York houses were built with a flat space on the roof, surrounded by a railing, and where the people came out on the house-tops on summer evenings to enjoy the pleasant breeze from the bay.

Our traveler would have visited Philadelphia, the largest city in America, and the capital of the Republic. There he might have seen many evidences of wealth and social refinement. There were to be found noted public men from different parts of the country. The wise and benevolent Franklin lived there. There Congress met, and there Washington dwelt during the greater part of his administrations.

Philadelphia society claimed to lead the fashion in dress and amusements, though New York, Williamsburg, Charleston, and other places disputed this pre-



"IT MADE GREAT SHOW OF SPEED IN DASHING THROUGH A VILLAGE."

Dutch customs, as could be seen by going down the Hudson from Albany to Manhattan Island. The trip was taken in regular passenger sloops. The scenery along the Hudson was grander than now, for the wild forest had not disappeared from the hills. The passenger saw no large towns nor villages, but farm-houses nestled in the rich hollows, and the Dutch "bouwerries" or farms spread to view broad acres of corn and tobacco, and thrifty orchards of apple and pear trees. Just below Albany the family mansion and great barns of General Schuyler used to stand. The good general had many negro slaves,—indolent fellows, who

eminence. Fashionable people frequently gave formal dinner-parties. The lady guests, robed in their stiff brocades, were handed from their coaches and sedans, and daintily stepped to the door of the reception-room. A sedan was a covered chair for carrying a single person, borne on poles in the hands of two men, usually negroes. The dinner consisted of four courses, with abundance of wine. The health of every guest at table had to be drunk separately, at least once during the sitting, as to neglect this compliment was considered a breach of politeness.

After dinner, a game of whist was in order. Smoking was not fashionable, but every gentleman

carried a snuff-box, and the act of offering and receiving a pinch of snuff was performed with profound ceremony.

Dancing was a favorite amusement in all parts of the country. General Greene tells us that, on a certain occasion, George Washington danced for three hours without once sitting down. No doubt the stately Virginian chose to tread the dignified measure of the contra-dance rather than to trip through the lighter movements of the minuet. The quadrilles and round dances of our day were unknown in 1776.

The violin was held in high esteem, especially in the Middle and Southern States. Thomas Jefferson said of Patrick Henry, that "his passion was for fiddling, dancing, and pleasantries." Jefferson was himself famous for attending balls. Once, when he was away from home, his father's house burned down. A slave was sent to tell this bad news to his young master Thomas.

"Did n't you save any of my books?" asked the future author of the Declaration of Independence.

"No, massa," answered the ebony messenger; "but we saved the fiddle!"

It was customary for young ladies to take lessons on the harpsichord or the spinet, as they do nowadays on the piano-forte.

Our traveler, extending his journey to the Southern States, would have found few towns of considerable size, excepting Williamsburg and Richmond, in Virginia, and Charleston, South Carolina. Wealthy planters of cotton and rice owned most of the fertile land. The Fairfax estate, on the Potomac, had five million acres. It was quite an expedition to go from one planter's house to another, for the distance, in some cases, was as much as ten or twelve miles, and the roads were bad. When a visit was under-

taken, the great family coach, drawn by four or six horses, driven by a pompous black coachman, conveyed the ladies, while the gentlemen of the party went on horseback. Not unfrequently ladies rode behind gentlemen, mounted on cushions, called pillions; but the more independent of the "fair sex" preferred to manage their own palfrey, and to grace the saddle alone. Colored servants, riding upon mules, jogged after their masters and mistresses, to carry bandboxes and parcels, and to open gates.

Southern estates were distinguished by descriptive names, such as "Mount Vernon," "Monticello," "Ingleside," "The Oaks." Particular mansions were known, also, by romantic titles,—such as "Belvoir," "Liberty Hall," "Greenway Court,"—reminding us of old English manor-houses. Such Southern mansions were large and strongly built, and some of them were costly and elegant. "Drayton Hall," on Ashley River, cost ninety thousand dollars—a vast sum to spend on a house



AN OLD-TIME DANCE.



"THE LADY GUESTS WERE HANDED FROM THEIR COACHES."

at the period of which I write. "Drayton Hall" is yet standing, a fair specimen of old-fashioned

architecture. The wainscot and mantels are of solid mahogany. The walls were once hung with tapestry.

The planters, like the English rural gentry, laid off their grounds with terraces, hedges, and ponds; and adorned them with shrubbery, summer-houses, and statuary. Many lived at ease in the midst of plenty. They had much pride, and looked down upon the laboring and trading classes of the North. All their work was done by slaves. The planters' sons were sent to the mother country to be educated. The daughters were instructed by private tutors.

Most fine gentlemen were fond of fine horses and dogs. There is a flavor of romance in the page of history that tells of Washington and his friends dashing through the forests of the Old Dominion, to the music of hound and horn.

The times of which this article treats are often spoken of as the "good old days" of our ancestors; we should be strangely at loss if we had to live in the good old ways of the last century. We

should consider it inconvenient enough to do without steam-boat, railroad, telegraph, and daily newspaper, not to mention horse-cars, express companies, letter-carriers, and the telephone.

The farmer of 1776 had no grain-drill, harvester, or threshing-machine; and even his plow, ax, and hay-fork were so rude and clumsy that a modern laborer would laugh at them.

How great, to-day, should we regard the general loss, were the shipper deprived of his grain-elevator; the merchant of his fire-proof safe; the publisher of his

revolving press; the surgeon of the use of ether; the physician of vaccination; the cripple of artificial limbs; the writer of envelopes and metallic pens; the ladies of pins, and hooks and eyes; the soldier of his breech-loading gun! All the articles and arts above enumerated, and many more now considered essential to comfort and convenience, are of modern invention. A hundred years ago they did not exist.



SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE LADY IN THE SEDAN.



THE POET WHO COULD N'T WRITE POETRY.

BY JOEL STACY.

Mr. Tennyson Tinkleton Tupper von Burns
Was no poet, as every one knew;
But the fact that he had his poetical turns
Was well understood by a few.

"I long, I aspire, and I suffer and sigh,
When the fever is on," he confessed;
"Yet never a line have I writ,—and for why?
My fancies can *not* be expressed!

"Ah, what avail language, ink, paper, and quill,
When the soul of a gifted one yearns;
Could I write what I think, all creation would thrill,"

Said Tennyson Tupper von Burns.

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

THE FORE WORD.

WHEN the world was in its childhood, men looked upon the works of Nature with a strange kind of awe. They fancied that everything upon the earth, in the air, or in the water had a life like their own, and that every sight which they saw, and every sound which they heard, was caused by some intelligent being. All men were poets, so far as their ideas and their modes of expression were concerned, although it is not likely that any of them wrote poetry. This was true in regard to the Saxon in his chilly northern home, as well as to the Greek in the sunny southland. But, while the balmy air and clear sky of the south tended to refine men's thoughts and language, the bleak storms of the north made them rugged, bold, and energetic.

Thus, in the south, when reference was made to winter and to things connected with it, men did not take pains to explain the changes of the seasons, as our teachers do at school; but they probably told how Hermes had stolen Persephone (the summer) from her mother Demetre (the earth), and had carried her in a chariot, drawn by four coal-black steeds, to the gloomy land of Hades; and how, in sorrow for her absence, the earth was clothed in mourning, and no leaves grew upon the trees nor flowers in the garden. And they added that, after five or six months, Persephone would return for a time to her sorrowing mother, and then the flowers would bloom, and the trees would bear fruit, and the harvest-fields would be full of golden grain.

In the north, a different story was told, but the meaning was the same. They said that Loki (heat) had betrayed Balder (the sunlight), and induced blind Hoder (the winter months) to slay him; and that all things, living and inanimate, wept for the bright god until Death allowed him to revisit the earth for a time.

Sometimes men told how Odin (the All-Father) had become angry with Brunhild (the maid of spring), and had wounded her with the thorn of sleep, and how all the world was wrapped in silence until Sigurd or Siegfried (the sunbeam) awakened her with a kiss. So, also, when the sun arose, and scattered the darkness, men spoke of how a noble young hero had slain a dreadful dragon, or how he had taken possession of the golden treasures of Mist Land. When threatening clouds darkened

the sky, and thunder rolled overhead, they said that Thor was battling with the storm-giants.

It was thus that men, in the earlier ages of the world, spoke of all the workings of Nature, and in this manner many myths, or poetical fables, were formed, which embody some of the most beautiful ideas ever expressed in any language. By and by, the first meaning of the story was forgotten, and men began to regard it no longer as a poetical fancy, but as a historical fact. Perhaps some real hero had performed noble deeds, and had made the world around him happier and better. It was easy to compare him with Sigurd, or some mythical slayer of dragons, and soon the deeds of both were ascribed to but one. Thus you see that many myth-stories probably contain some historical facts, as well as poetical fancies; but it is often impossible to distinguish what is history from what is fable.

All nations have had their myth-stories, but, to my mind, the purest and grandest are those which we have received from our ancestors who once lived in Northern Europe. These stories are ours now, because they are our inheritance; and when we are able to make them still more our own, by removing the blemishes which rude and barbarous ages have added to some of them, we shall doubtless find in them many things that are beautiful and true, and well calculated to make us wiser and better.

One of the oldest, as well as one of the finest, of these Northern myths, is the story of Sigurd, the son of Sigmund. But, while this story contains much that is grand and beautiful, it is somewhat tarnished with the prevailing coarseness of a rude and war-loving people. There are many later versions of the same myth, differing from one another, according to the time in which they were written, and the character of the people among whom they were received. One of the most recent of these versions is the *Nibelungen Lied*, a grand old German poem, which may well be compared with the *Iliad* of the Greeks. In it, Sigurd is called Siegfried; and, while it retains very much of the original myth-story, it introduces many notions peculiar to the Middle Ages, and unknown to our Norse ancestors.

Our purpose here is to tell you a few stories founded on some of the earlier portions of this poem, and if, now and then, we allow our fancy and judgment to color the narrative, it is quite in keeping with the way in which writers and story-

tellers of various nations and times have dealt with these Myths of the Northland.

STORY THE FIRST.

It was in the old Norwegian days, in a strong-built castle by the sea, that were told the stories which I shall relate. The summer-time and the short-lived autumn had passed away. Warm breezes had ceased to blow. The Frost-giants, in their chill northern home, had rallied all their strength, and had forced the Sun to withdraw toward the south. Then the Winter came and stole the flowers, and stripped the trees, and sealed up the rivers, and built great ice-mountains, and wrapped the world in silence. And the Northwinds, with flapping wings, swept furiously over land and sea, and covered the earth with snow, and filled the air with flying frost.

But within the low-raftered halls of the Norse castle, the fire blazed bright and warm, and there were comfort and good cheer. Safely housed from the storms, the good jarl (or earl) Ronvald and his handsome wife Gudrun entertained their guests and their fair-haired children with games, and music and song, and with wondrous stories of the olden time.

Well-built and tall was jarl Ronvald; somewhat rude in manners, but kind at heart; and his face, though roughened by wind and weather, was lighted always with a pleasant smile. A right jovial host was he. And among the chiefs who did homage to King Harold Harfager, Ronvald was accounted the most noble. The fair Gudrun was in every way worthy to be the wife of such a man, for she was loving and wise, and lacked no grace of mind or body. To her husband, she was a true helpmate; to her children, a loving mother, and a kind teacher and friend.

Three sons and a daughter brought sunshine and laughter into this household; Rollo, the eldest, tall, slim, and straight as the mountain pine, having his mother's clear gray eyes, and his father's heavy brow; Leif, the second son, of small stature, quiet and timid as a girl, with high forehead, betokening deep thoughts; then Ingeborg, the daughter, fairer than dream can paint, with golden locks, and eyes bluer than the clearest sky of summer; lastly, Harold, a tottering baby-boy, the mother's darling, the father's pet, with all of life's promises and uncertainties still before him.

Few guests came that year to jarl Ronvald's castle; only two young men,—kinsmen to dame Gudrun,—and a strolling harper, old and gray. The winter days passed swiftly away, and brought many joys in their train. For, while such good cheer was found within the castle walls, no one recked that outside the cold winds whistled and shrieked, and the half-starved wolves howled and

snailed even in sight of the gates, and at the doors of the poor. Thus, the season of the Yule-feasts came; the great hall was decked with cedar and spruce, and sprigs of the mistletoe; and a plentiful feast was served; and the Yule-log was rolled into the wide-mouthed chimney-place, where the cheerful fire blazed high, throwing warmth and a ruddy glow of light into every nook and corner of the room. When the feast was over, and the company had tired of the festal games, the jarl and his family and guests sat around the hearth, and whiled the evening hours away with pleasant talk. And each of them sang a song, or told a story, or in some way added to the merriment of the hour.

First, the old harper tuned his harp, and played most bewitching music. And as he played, he sang. He sang of the Asa-folk, who dwell in Gladsheim on the heaven-towering Asgard mountain; of Odin, the All-Father, and of his ravens, Thought and Memory; of the magic ring, Draupner, which gives richness to the earth; and of the wondrous horse, the winged Sleipnir, upon whom the worthiest thoughts of men are carried heavenward. Then he sang of Thor, the mighty Asa, who rides in the whirlwind and the storm, and wages fiercest war with the giants of the mist and frost; and of Frey, the gentle peace-maker, who scatters smiles and plenty over the land; and of the shining Balder, beloved by gods and men; and of the listening Heimdall,* who guards the shimmering rainbow-bridge, and waits to herald, with his golden horn, the coming of the last twilight.

When the harper had ended, all sat in silence for a time, watching the glowing embers and the flames that encircled the half-burnt Yule-log. For never had they heard more charming music, or listened to words more touching. Then Rollo, the ever restless, broke the silence.

"Father," said he, "it is now four months since you came back from Rhineland and the south. You have told us about the strange people you saw there, and of the sunny skies and the purple grapes. But I should like to know more; I should never tire of hearing about those lands. Tell us, please, some story that you heard while there,—some story that the Rhine people love."

"Yes, Father," said Ingeborg, laying her slender hand in the broad, rough palm of the jarl; "tell us a story of those people. Do they think and act as we do? Do they know aught of Odin, and Thor, and Balder? And do they love to think and speak of noble deeds, and brave men, and fair women?"

"They think and act very much like our Norse people," answered the jarl; "for they are kinsfolk of ours. Indeed, their forefathers were our fathers long ago, in a distant and now forgotten land. I will tell you a story which is often sung among

* See Volume VI., page 277.



SIEGFRIED TEMPERING THE SWORD BALMUNG. [SEE PAGE 161.]

them. But it is not all a story of the Rhine people. Tales much like it you already know, which were told in Norway hundreds of years ago."

THE SWORD BALMUNG.

AT Santen, in the Lowlands, there once lived a noble young prince named Siegfried. His father,

Sigmund, was king of the rich country through which the lazy Rhine winds its way just before reaching the great North Sea; and he was known, both far and near, for his good deeds and prudent thrift. And Siegfried's mother, the gentle Sigelind, was loved by all for her goodness of heart and her kindly charity to the poor. Neither king nor

queen left aught undone that might make the young prince happy or fit him for life's usefulness. Wise men were brought from far-off lands to be his teachers, and every day something was added to his store of knowledge or his stock of happiness. Very skillful did he become in warlike games and in manly feats of strength. No other youth could throw the spear with so much force, nor shoot the arrow with truer aim. No other youth could run more swiftly, nor ride with more becoming ease. His gentle mother took delight in adding to the beauty of his matchless form by clothing him with costly garments, decked with the rarest jewels. The old, the young, the rich, the poor, the high, the low,—all praised the fearless Siegfried, and all vied in friendly strife to win his favor. One would have thought that the life of the young prince could never be aught but a holiday, and that the birds would sing, and the flowers would bloom, and the sun would shine forever for his sake.

But the business of man's life is not mere pastime, and none knew this truth better than the wise old king, Siegmund.

"All work is noble," said he to Siegfried, "and he who yearns to win fame must not shun toil. Even princes should know how to earn an honest livelihood by the labor of their hands."

And so, when Siegfried had grown to be a tall and comely youth, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith named Mimer, and sent to live at the smithy near the borders of the great Rhine forest. For, from the earliest times, the work of the blacksmith has been looked upon as the most noble of all trades—a trade which the gods themselves are not ashamed to follow. And this smith, Mimer, was the keeper of a wonderful well, or flowing spring, the waters of which imparted wisdom and far-seeing knowledge to all who drank of them. To Mimer's school, then, where he would be taught to work skillfully and to think wisely, Siegfried was sent, to be, in all respects, like the other pupils there. A coarse blue blouse, heavy leggings, and a leathern apron took the place of the costly clothing which he had worn in his father's castle. His feet were incased in awkward wooden shoes, and his head was covered with a wolf-skin cap. The dainty bed, with its downy pillows, wherein every night his mother had been wont, with gentle care, to see him safely covered, was given up for a rude heap of straw in a corner of the smithy. And the rich food to which he had been used gave place to the coarsest and humblest fare. But the lad did not complain, and for a time he was mirthful and happy. The sound of his hammer rang cheerfully, and the sparks from his forge flew briskly, from morning till night.

And a wonderful smith he became. No one could do more work than he, and none wrought with greater skill. The heaviest chains and the strongest bolts, for prison or for treasure-house, were but as toys in his stout hands, so easily and quickly did he beat them into shape. And he was alike skillful in work of the most delicate and brittle kind.

One morning, his master, Mimer, came to the smithy with a sullen frown and a troubled look. It was clear that something had gone amiss, and what it was the apprentices soon learned from the smith himself. Never, until lately, had any one questioned Mimer's right to be called the foremost smith in all the world; but a rival had come forward. An unknown upstart, one Amilias, in Burgundy-land, had made a suit of armor which, he boasted, no stroke of sword could dint, and no blow of spear could scratch; and he had sent a challenge to all the other smiths in Rhineland to equal that piece of workmanship, or else acknowledge themselves his underlings and vassals. For days had Mimer himself toiled, alone and vainly, trying to forge a sword whose edge the boasted armor of Amilias would not foil; and now, in despair, he came to ask the help of his apprentices.

"Who among you will undertake the forging of such a sword?" he asked.

One after another, the twelve apprentices shook their heads. And the foreman, whose name was Veliant, said: "I have heard much about that wonderful armor, and I doubt if any skill can make a sword with edge that can injure it. The best we can do is to make a coat of mail whose temper shall match that of Amilias's armor."

Then the lad Siegfried quickly said: "I will make such a sword as you want,—a blade that no coat of mail can foil. Give me but leave to try!"

The apprentices laughed in scorn, but Mimer checked them: "You hear how this stripling can talk; let us see what he can do. He is the king's son, and we know that he has uncommon talent. He shall make the sword; but if, upon trial, it fail, I will make him rue the day."

Then Siegfried went to his task. And for seven days and seven nights the sparks never stopped flying from his flaming forge; and the ringing of his anvil, and the hissing of the hot metal, as he tempered it, were heard continuously. On the eighth day the sword was fashioned, and Siegfried brought it to Mimer.

The smith felt the razor edge of the bright weapon, and said: "This seems, indeed, a fair fire-edge. Let us make a trial of its keenness."

Then a thread of wool as light as thistle-down was thrown upon water, and, as it floated there, Mimer struck it with the sword. The glittering

blade cleft the slender thread in twain, and the pieces floated undisturbed upon the surface.

"Well done!" cried the delighted smith. "Never have I seen a keener edge or truer temper. With this, methinks, I can well cope with Amilias for the championship of the world."

But Siegfried was not so easily satisfied, and he said to Mimer: "I pray you give me leave to temper the weapon yet a little more."

And he took the sword and broke it into many pieces; and then for three days he welded it in a red-hot fire, and tempered it with milk and oatmeal. Then, in sight of Mimer and the scoffing apprentices, he cast a light ball of wool upon the water, and, as it floated, he struck it with the bright blue blade. And it was parted at a stroke, as had been the single thread before, and not the smallest fiber was moved out of its place.

Then back to the smithy Siegfried went again, and his forge glowed with a brighter fire, and his hammer rang with a cheerier sound. But he suffered none to come near, and no one ever knew what witchery he used. For seven weeks he wrought, and then, pale and haggard, he came and put the sword into Mimer's hands. "It is finished," he said. "The sword Balmung is yours. Try its edge and prove its temper in any way you list."

Forthwith, a great pack of wool, the fleeces of ten sheep, was brought and laid upon the water. And the sword Balmung divided it as smoothly and as easily as it had cleft the woolen ball or the slender woolen thread.

"Now, indeed," cried the delighted Mimer, "I no longer fear to make trial with that upstart Amilias. If his coat of mail shall withstand the stroke of such a sword as Balmung, then will I cheerfully be his underling. But, if this good blade deceive me not, it will serve me well, and I, Mimer, shall still be called the wisest and greatest of all the smiths in the world."

And he at once sent a challenge to Amilias in Burgundy; and a time and place were set for the two mighty smiths to meet and settle, by trial, the question of the championship.

When the time which had been appointed drew near, Mimer, with the sword Balmung by his side, and followed by all his apprentices, set out on his way to the place of meeting. Through the forest they went, by the nearest road, to the sluggish Rhine, and then they followed the river's winding course for many a league, until they came to the height of land which marked the boundary between Burgundy and the Lowlands. It was here, midway between the shops of the rival smiths, that the trial was to be made. And here were already gathered great numbers of people from the Low-

lands and from Burgundy, anxiously waiting for the coming of their champions. On the one side were the wise Siegmund and his gentle queen, and their train of attendant knights and courtiers and fair ladies. On the other side were the three Burgundian kings, Gunther, Gernot, and the child Giselher, and a mighty retinue of warriors led by grim old Hagen, the uncle of the kings, and the wariest chief in all Rhineland.

When everything was in readiness for the contest, Amilias, clad in his boasted armor, went up to the top of the hill, and sat upon a great rock, and waited for the appearance of Mimer. As he sat there, he looked, to the people below, like some great castle-tower; for he was a giant of huge dimensions, and his glittering coat of mail was not only skillfully wrought, but so great in size that fifty men of common mold might find shelter or be hidden within it. As the smith Mimer, himself a man of no mean stature, toiled up the steep hill-side, a grim and ghastly smile overspread the giant's face; for he felt no fear of the slender, glittering blade which was to try the metal of his armor. And, already, a shout of triumph was sent up by the Burgundian hosts, so sure were they of their champion's success.

But Mimer's friends waited in breathless silence. Only King Siegmund whispered to his queen, and said: "Knowledge is stronger than brute force. The smallest dwarf who has drunk from Mimer's well, and carries the sword of the knowing one, may safely engage in contest with the stoutest giant."

When Mimer reached the top of the hill, Amilias folded his huge arms and smiled again—this time in scorn. But the smith knew no fear.

"Are you ready?" asked the smith.

"Ready!" answered the giant. "Strike!"

Mimer drew back the glittering sword, and the muscles on his brawny arms stood out like great ropes. Then Balmung, swift as lightning, cleft the air from right to left. The waiting lookers-on, in the valley below, thought to hear the noise of clashing steel; but they listened in vain, for no sound came to their ears, save a sharp hiss, like that which red-hot iron gives when plunged into a tank of cold water. The giant sat, unmoved, with his arms still folded upon his breast; but the smile had vanished from his face.

"How do you feel now?" asked Mimer, in a half-mocking tone.

"Rather strangely, as if cold iron had touched me," faintly answered the giant.

"Shake thyself!" cried Mimer.

The giant did so, and lo! he fell in two halves, for the sword had cleft sheer through the vaunted coat of mail, and cut in twain the huge body incased within. Down tumbled the giant's head

and shoulders, and his still folded arms; and they rolled with thundering noise to the foot of the hill, and fell with a fearful splash into the deep Rhine waters. And there, fathoms down, they may now be seen, when the water is clear, lying like great gray rocks at the bottom of the river. The rest of the huge body, with its incasing armor, still sat upright in its place. And to this day, travelers sailing down the Rhine are shown, on moonlight evenings, the giant's armor on the high hill-top. In the dim, uncertain light, one easily fancies it to be the ivy-covered ruins of some old castle of former times.

The smith Mimer sheathed his sword, and walked slowly down the hill-side to the plain, where his friends welcomed him with glad cheers and shouts of joy. But the Burgundians, baffled and feeling vexed, turned silently homeward, nor cast a look back to the scene of their disappointment and their ill-fated champion's defeat.

And Siegfried returned, with Mimer and his fellows, to the smoky smithy, to his roaring bellows and ringing anvil, and to his coarse fare and rude, hard bed, and to a life of labor. And while all the world praised Mimer and his skill, and the fiery edge of the sunbeam blade, none knew that it was the boy Siegfried who had wrought the wonderful piece of workmanship.

But, after a while, it was whispered around that not Mimer, but one of his apprentices, had forged the sword. And when the smith was asked what truth there was in this story, he shook his head and made no answer. The apprentices, too, were silent, save Veliant, the foreman, who said: "It was I who forged the fire-edge of the blade Balmung; but to my master, Mimer, belongs all the praise, for my work was done in accordance with his orders." And none denied the truth of what he said; even Siegfried himself was speechless. Hence it is that, in songs and stories, it is said by some that Mimer, and by others that Veliant, made the doughty sword Balmung.

But blind hate and jealousy were uppermost in the coarse and selfish mind of the foreman, and he sought how he might injure the prince, and, mayhap, drive him away from the smithy in disgrace. "This boy has done what none of us could do," said he. "He may yet do greater

deeds, and set himself up as the champion smith of the world. In that case, we shall all have to humble ourselves before him."

And he nursed this thought, and brooded over the hatred which he felt toward the blameless prince. Yet he did not dare to harm him, for fear of their master, Mimer. And, although Siegfried suffered much from the cruel taunts of the foreman and the unkind words of his fellow apprentices, yet the sparks flew from his forge as merrily and as bright as ever, and his busy bellows roared from early morning until late at night. And Mimer's heart grew warm toward the prince, and he praised his diligence and skill, and by pleasant talk urged him to greater efforts.

"Hold on in your course, my brave lad," said he, "and your workmanship will, one day, rival the handicraft of the dwarfs themselves."

Here the jarl paused, and all his hearers waited silently for several minutes, expecting him to go on with his story. But he only smiled, and stroked gently the silken tresses of little Ingeborg, and gazed thoughtfully into the glowing fire. Then Rollo, when he saw that his father had ended, said, impatiently: "Is that all?"

"That is all of Siegfried's smithing. For, the next day, the envious Veliant sent him on an errand into the forest, and he never came back to the smithy again."

"Why?" asked Ingeborg. "Was he lost, or did he go back to his parents at Santen?"

"Neither," answered the jarl. "The world lay before him, and much noble work was waiting to be done. With brave heart and willing hands, he went out to help the innocent and weak, and to punish wrong-doers wherever he might find them."

"What did he do?" asked Rollo.

"About the first thing that he did was to slay the dragon of the Glittering Heath."

"Tell us about it!" cried all the young people in a breath.

"Not now," said the jarl, smiling. "It is not a very pleasant story to tell before the Yule-fire. But our good harper will sing for you again; and then, mayhap, he will tell you something about the dragon that Siegfried slew."

(To be continued.)

THE NERVOUS LITTLE MAN

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS

IN A LITTLE HOUSE THAT STOOD
IN THE MIDDLE OF A WOOD.

DWELT A LITTLE MAN AS NERVOUS AS COULD BE.
"WITHOUT ANY NEIGHBOR NEAR
I AM QUITE UNDONE WITH FEAR.
SO I'D BETTER BUY A GUN," ONE DAY SAID HE.

BUT A GUN PLACED AT THE HEAD
OF HIS LARGE OLD-FASHIONED BED
CAUSED THE LITTLE MAN SO MUCH ANXIETY

"IT MIGHT GO OFF SOME NIGHT
AND THEN I'D DIE OF FRIGHT."
"I'LL GET A BOY TO WATCH THE GUN."

SAID HE.

HE ENGAGED A BOY TO STAND
WITH THE WEAPON IN HIS HAND.
BUT THE YOUNGSTER WITH THE TRIGGER
WAS TOO FREE.

"IF THE BOY DOES NOT LOOK OUT

HE WILL KILL US BOTH NO DOUBT."

SO I'LL HAVE THE FATHER WATCH HIS SON.
SAID HE.

AND GUARDED BY THE GUN.

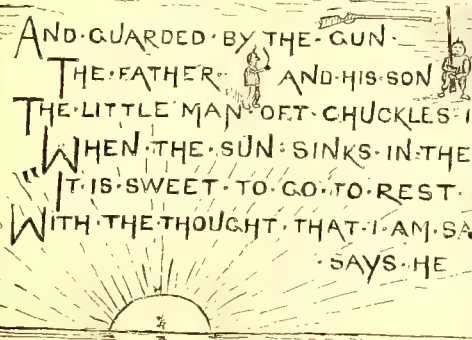
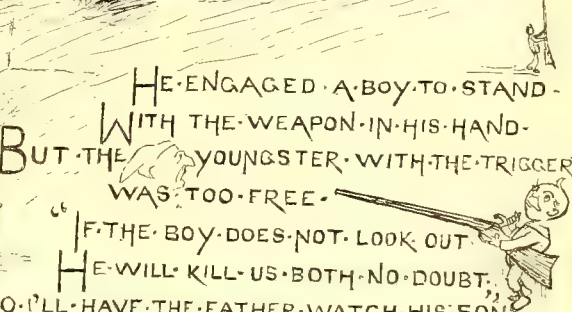
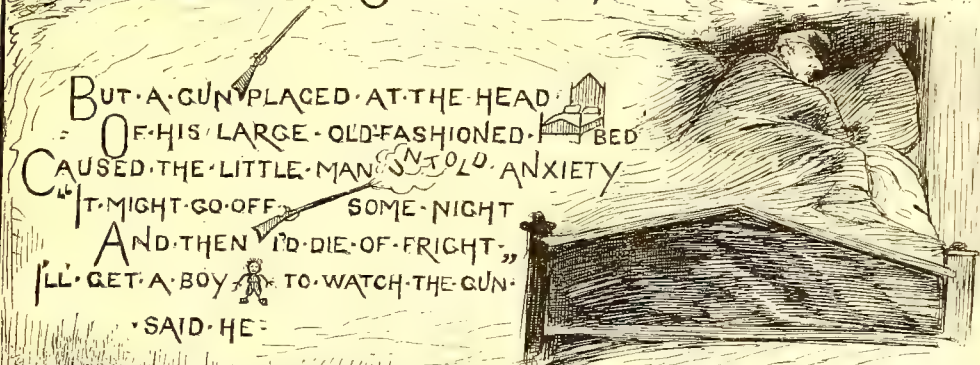
THE FATHER AND HIS SON
THE LITTLE MAN OFT CHUCKLES IN HIS CLEE.

WHEN THE SUN SINKS IN THE WEST.

"IT IS SWEET TO GO TO REST

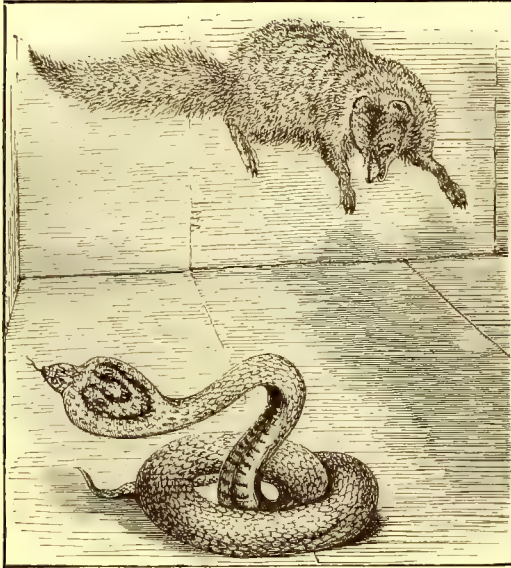
WITH THE THOUGHT THAT I AM SAFE FROM HARM."

SAID HE.



A REMARKABLE FIGHT.

EVERY reading boy or girl knows something about the poisonous serpent of India, called the Cobra de Capello. This name, which means "hooded snake," was given it on account of its habit of dilating or stretching its neck into a sort of hood, partly covering the head. The snake is from three to



four feet long, of a brownish-yellow color, and its poison is exceedingly dangerous, and generally fatal.

But there is also in India a little animal called the mongoose, which is said to fight and overcome the cobra, and even to receive its bite without injury. The mongoose, which resembles the weasel in size and general habits, is covered with gray and dark-freckled hairs,—a sharp-nosed, wonderfully agile little creature, as you will see from the picture. Some naturalists believe that the mongoose knows of a plant or root which, when eaten, counteracts the snake-poison; but others deny this, and maintain that the venom has no effect on the animal, which therefore destroys the cobra without danger, just as hogs kill rattlesnakes in our own country. It is a singular fact that poisons do produce different effects upon different animals, and the following account seems to show that the mongoose is really a natural enemy of the cobra, and is thoroughly proof against the serpent-poison. The fight described was witnessed by several officers of the British army in India, who signed a report of it, which reads, mainly, as follows:

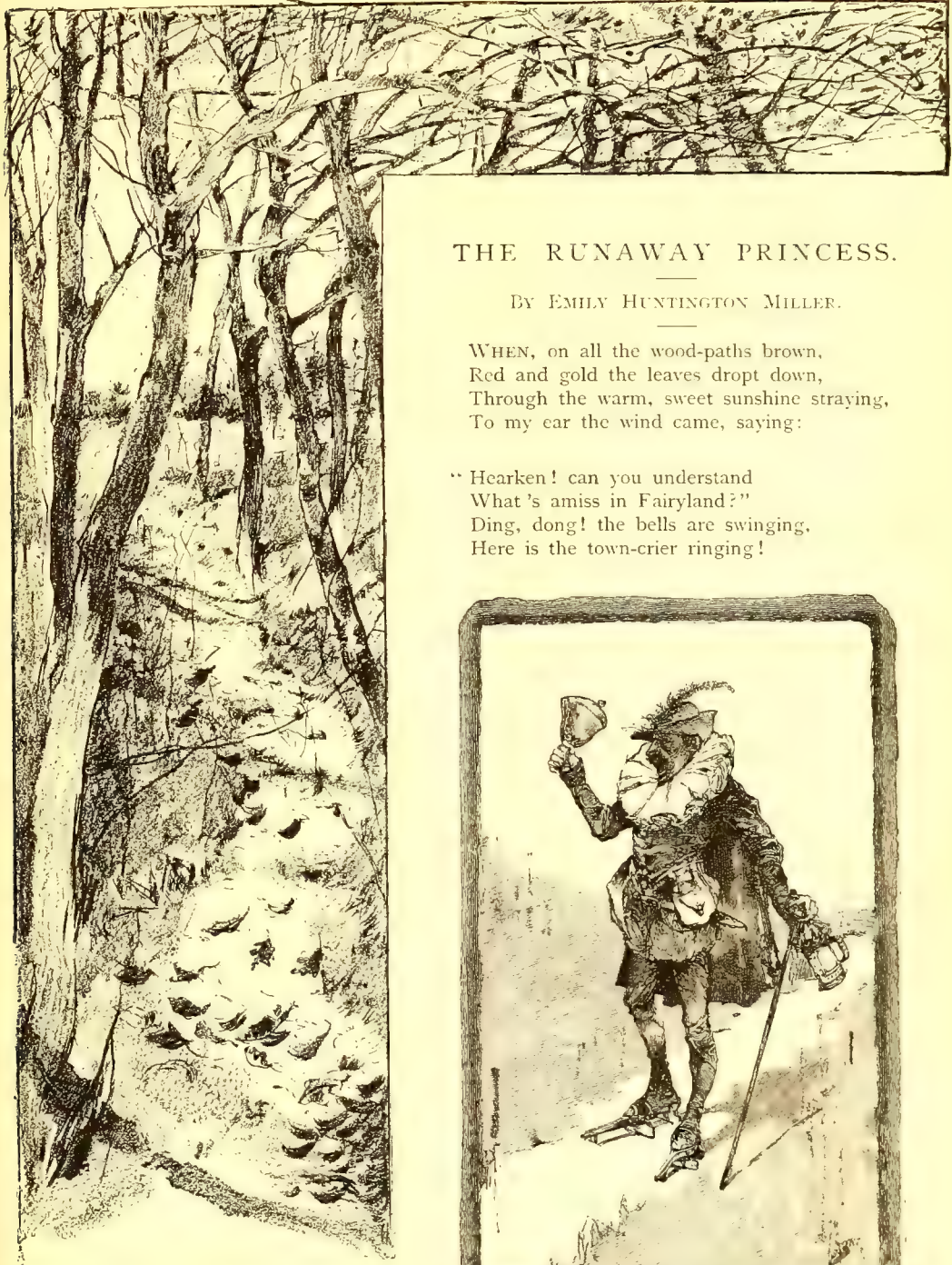
"The mongoose approached the cobra with caution, but without fear. The cobra, with head erect

and body vibrating, watched its opponent anxiously, knowing well how deadly an enemy he had to contend with. The mongoose was soon within easy striking distance of the snake, which, suddenly throwing back his head, struck at the mongoose with tremendous force. But the little creature, quick as thought, sprang back out of reach, uttering savage growls. Again the hooded reptile rose, and the mongoose, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of its antagonist, approached so near to the snake as to force it to draw its head back considerably; this lessened its distance from the ground. The mongoose, at once seizing the opportunity, sprang at the cobra's head, and appeared to inflict as well as to receive a wound. Again the combatants renewed the encounter; again the snake struck at its wily opponent, and again the latter's agility saved him.

"The fight went on in this way three-quarters of an hour, and both creatures seemed now to nerve themselves for the final encounter. The cobra, changing its position of defense for that of attack, advanced, and seemed determined now 'to do or die.' The cobra soon approached so close that the mongoose (which, owing to want of space behind, was unable to spring out of reach by jumping backward, as it had done in the previous encounters) nimbly bounded straight up in the air. The cobra missed its object, and struck the ground under him. Immediately on the mongoose alighting, the cobra struck again, and, to all appearance, fixed its fangs in the head of the mongoose. The mongoose, as the cobra was withdrawing its head after it had inflicted the bite, instantly retaliated by fixing its teeth in the head of the snake, which quickly unfolded its coils and ignominiously slunk away. Instantly the mongoose was on its retreating foe, and burying its teeth in the cobra's head, at once ended the contest.

"The mongoose now set to work to devour its victim, and in a few minutes had eaten the head and two or three inches of the body, including the venom so dreaded by all. We should have mentioned before that, previous to this encounter, the cobra had struck a fowl, which died within half an hour after receiving the bite, showing, beyond doubt, the snake's power of inflicting a deadly wound.

"After the mongoose had satisfied its appetite, we proceeded to examine with a pocket lens the wounds he had received from the cobra; and on cleansing one of these places, the lens disclosed *the broken fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in the head of the mongoose.* . . . We have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days' time), and it is as healthy and lively as ever."



THE RUNAWAY PRINCESS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

WHEN, on all the wood-paths brown,
Red and gold the leaves dropt down,
Through the warm, sweet sunshine straying,
To my ear the wind came, saying:

“Hearken! can you understand
What’s amiss in Fairyland?”
Ding, dong! the bells are swinging,
Here is the town-crier ringing!



"Lost! lost!" you hear him say—
 "Stolen or strayed away!
 Strayed away from Buttercup town,
 The fair little Princess Thistledown!"

All the court had gone to dine,
 Knights and lords and ladies fine.
 Through the open gate-way straying,
 Came a troop of minstrels playing:

One was a fiddler, shriveled and black;
 One had a banjo over his back;
 One was a piper, and one did naught
 But dance to the tune, as a dancer ought.

First, the fiddler drew his bow,
 Struck a chord, so sweet and low,
 Lords and ladies held their breath
 In a silence deep as death.

Ting-a-ting, the banjo rang,
 Up the lords and ladies sprang;



Round about the piper pressed—
 "Ho, good piper, pipe your best!"

And they danced to the sound
 In a merry-go-round,
 For never before had a minstrel band
 Chanced to stray into Fairyland.

They filled their pockets with silver money,
 They fed them on barley-cakes and honey;
 But when they were fairly out of the town,
 They missed little Princess Thistledown.

"Call the crier! ring the bells!
 Search through all the forest dells;
 Here is silver, here is gold,
 Here are precious gems untold;

He who finds the child may take
Half the kingdom for her sake!"

Bim! boom! comes a blustering fellow,
Dressed in black velvet, slashed with yellow.
He's the king's trumpeter, out on the track
Of the wandering minstrels, to bring them back.

But the fiddler is telling his beads by the fire,
In a cap and a gown, like a grizzly old friar.
The man with the banjo is deaf as a post,
The jolly old piper as thin as a ghost,
And the dancer is changed, by some magical
touch,

To a one-legged beggar that limps on his crutch.

Then Mistress Gentian bent to look
At her own sweet image in the brook,
And whispered, "Nobody knows it, dear,
But I have the darling safely here."

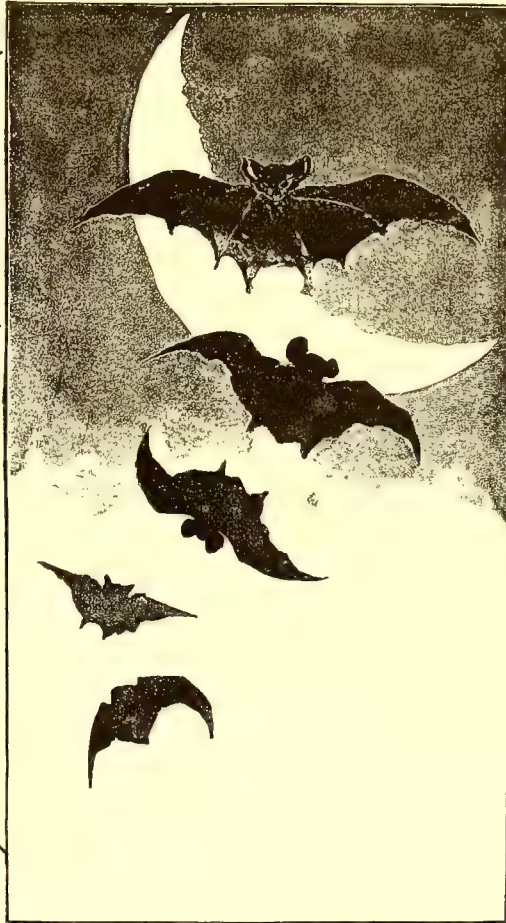
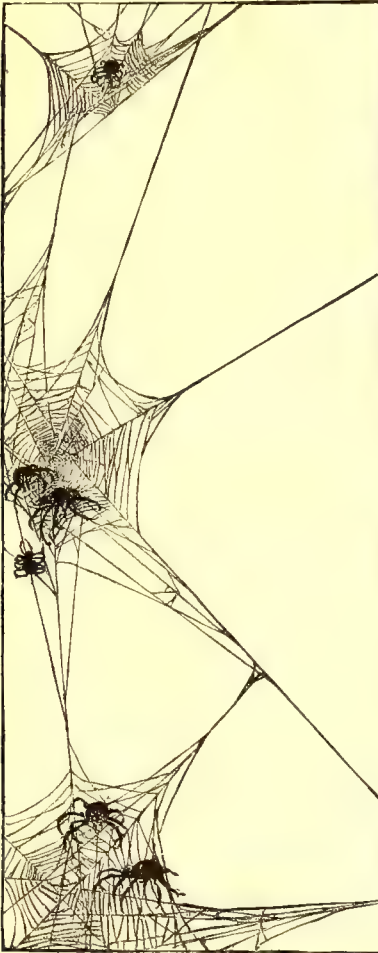
And, dropping her fringes low, she said:

"I was tucking my babies into bed,
When the poor little Princess chanced to pass,
Sobbing among the tangled grass;
Her silver mantle was rumpled and torn,
Her golden slippers were dusty and worn;
The bats had frightened her half to death,
The spiders chased her quite out of breath.
I fed her with honey, I washed her with dew,
I rocked her to sleep in my cradle of blue;
And I could tell, if I chose to say,
Who it was coaxed her to run away."

The mischievous Wind the cradle swung.

"Sleep, little lady, sleep!" he sung;

"What would they say if they only knew
It was I who ran away with you?"



THE MAGIC PEN.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

(Continued from the November Number.)

After a moment of deep thought, the MASTER continues:

Where all speak well, 't is hard to tell
 Just which advice to take.
 Come, Fancy Bright! Come, High Desire!
 What choice now shall we make?
 Come, Fact! come, Fable! Counsel now!
 From all these stories gleaming,
 Can you not say which way—which way
 Your special choice is leaning?
 What? Not a word? Why, that's absurd!
 I'm ready to receive it—

Pause.

Now, by the Pen, I have it, then—
 We'll to the children leave it!

ALL, eagerly:

Yes—to the children leave it.

MASTER:

What ho! my Puck, my sprightly Puck,
 Come hither to thy master.
 Now hasten, hasten, merry Puck,
 Come—faster, faster, faster!

PUCK, as a messenger-boy, running in breathless:

Hail, Master of the Magic Pen!
 What would you now with Puck again?

MASTER:

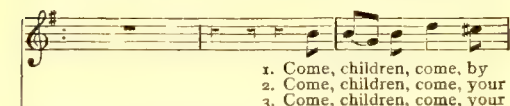
Haste thee, Puck, to earth now go,
 To some happy home below,
 With children in it.
 Bring me three—all joy and mirth,—

PUCK:

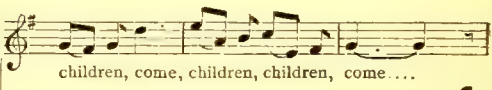
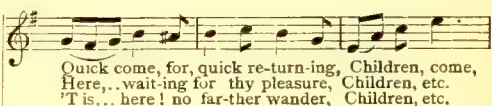
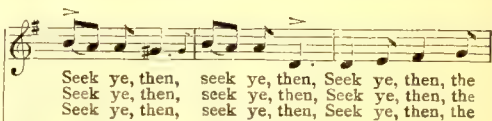
I'll put a girdle round the earth,
 In half a minute.

Exit, running.

FROLICS, chorus; sing only the first two stanzas:

Allegretto.

1. Come, children, come, by
2. Come, children, come, your
3. Come, children, come, your



children, come, children, children, come...



PUCK, reëntering in haste :

I came back by the moon,
Not a moment too soon;
The children are coming
By special balloon.

CHORUS OF FROLICS, third stanza :

During this chorus the CHILDREN enter, on the Elephant-car, with a toy balloon tied to the waist of each. DRIVER salams. The CHILDREN stand amazed, and jump down from car. DRIVER leads off elephant.

CHILDREN, to Master :

We are Dolly, Dot, and Dick!
What you want us for?
Please to tell us pretty quick,
What you want us for!

They look around in wonder.

Oh! what lots of pretty things!
Little girls with birdies' wings,
Lots of folks—and boys—and kings!—
What you want us for?

MASTER :

Children dear,
Welcome here,
To our council-hall!
Whence—you know—
Stories flow
For the children all.
Tell me, then—
For the Pen
Some new tale would write—
What shall be
Told by me
Through the Pen to-night?

Stories nice,
In a trice,
Here may be expressed.
Can you find,
In your mind,
Which you like the best?

CHILDREN :

We like 'em big—we like 'em small,
But *most* we like—the *best* of all—
The kind our mamma tells.

MASTER :

And what are they?

CHILDREN :

Why, what we *say*!
The kind our mamma tells.

MASTER :

But what *does* she tell, children dear?

CHILDREN, checking them off on their fingers :

Why—fairy, Bible, true, and queer;
That's what our mamma tells.

FACT, quickly :

Then they 're fact!

FABLE :

Well, and fable!

MASTER :

Yes, they 're both!
I 'm unable
To decide what the Pen shall write yet;
For the children, I find,
To *no* merits are blind—
As they like any kind they can get.

Reënter PUCK, who says :

O Master, a herald from Gnome Man's Land
Craves leave to present you his sovereigns' command.

MASTER :

Let the herald appear.

PUCK, ushering in the herald :

Master mine—he is here.

HERALD :

There are forty kings in the Gnome Man's Land—
Forty kings with their crowns of gold;
And not a king of the kingly band
Is over twelve years old.

There are forty queens in the Gnome Man's Land—
Forty queens in their jewels fine;
And not a queen of the queenly band
Has passed the age of nine.

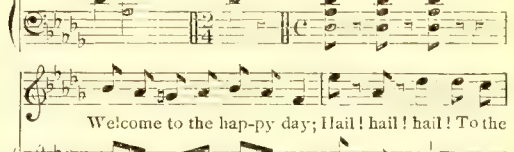
And the forty kings, and the forty queens,
In Gnome Man's Land hear all day long
The stories told by the Gnome Man old,
As he sits in that royal throng.

And the forty kings, and the forty queens,
Know your trouble, O Master great,
And they bid me say that the Gnome Man gray
Can set the matter straight.

So the forty kings, and the forty queens,
Send him here to your council-hall;
Bid the Gnome Man tell what he knows so well,—
The needs of the children small.

General Chorus of Welcome:

Tempo Marziale.



gnome man gray. Hail! hail! hail!

Welcome to the happy day; Hail! hail! hail! To the

gnome man gray. From the kings and the queens over

field and glen, He is com-ing to coun-sel the

Mag-ic Pen.

MASTER, rising joyfully:

Gay are the joys of Christmas;
Thanksgiving's feasts are gay;
But the ringing chime of the Gnome Man's rhyme
Marks the children's fairest day.

Curtain parts at rear and discloses the GNOME MAN on elevated dais. All form in open half-circle before him. GNOME MAN:

In storm and shine,
In cloud and sun,
O Master mine,
Life's course is run.

And shine and cloud,
And sun and storm,
Are all allowed
Life's course to form.

All colors blend
For rainbow hues,
All forces send
The morning dew.

So, Master great,
The childish mind,
In *all* you state,
May pleasure find.

Not Fact alone
Can counsel give,
Dry as a bone;
May Fable live.

Fable and Fact
Should mingled be;
Both counteract,
Yet both agree.

Let both be dressed
In colors gay;
Tints mix the best
That varying lay.

All things have worth,
All joys are bright;
Give children mirth—
Good-night—good-night!

MASTER, to GNOME MAN:

Thanks, Gnome Man gray,
Thy counsel sage
Shall be my gauge,
For tale or lay.

GNOME MAN disappears,

MASTER continues, to all the others:

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

Mingling Chorus. FROLICS, STORIES, and all the characters join in this chorus, marching and countermarching in effective figures, the design being to represent the mixing of fact and fable in the children's stories.

Moderato.

Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Mix! mix! mix!

Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Thus we fix,...

May we thus be a - ble good to see.

Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Mix! mix! mix!

Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Only then,

Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Thus we fix:

Brightest joys may jin - gle, 'Round the Pen, 'Round the

All the blending glo - ries, gold and gray,

Pen, Mingle, mingle, on - ly then, Mingle, mingle,

Of the children's sto-ries grave and gay,

on - ly then, Brightest joy may jingle, 'Round the

Mingling fact and fa - ble fast and free,

Pen, 'Round a - bout the Pen, 'Round a - bout the

Pen ; Brightest joys may jingle, jingle, 'Round about the

Pen, 'Round about the Pen, 'Round about the

Pen ; Brightest joys may jingle, jingle, 'Round about the

Pen, 'Round about the Pen, 'Round about the Pen.

MASTER, rising :

The spirit moves !
From gaze of men
Bear off the Pen ;
The spirit moves !

PAGE OF PEN presents cushion, kneeling at throne. The MASTER deposits the Pen on the cushion, and the PAGE bears it off.

MASTER :

I'm the lord of the wonderful Magic Pen,
I'm the master of every tongue,
And my stories old for the children I've told,
Since the days when the earth was young.

So, while Fact and Fable both agree
To color my stories all,
And my Magic Pen writes the thoughts of men
For the children large and small,

I will rule with my scepter the teeming brain,
No monarch more mighty than I ;
And the warm hearts glow as the ages go,
With the thoughts that can never die.

Then ho ! fill the little folks' magazines,
Load the presses with stories again,
And salute the world with our flag unfurled —
The flag of the Magic Pen !

Grand salute ; all characters marching abreast, or in two files, to front of stage — standard in center. Colors are dipped to audience ; then countermarch, to throne. Salute the MASTER. Elephant-car enters, and all the characters (excepting the children) march off in procession, singing the Chorus.

Moderato. semplice.

pp Fall and flow,.... Fall and flow, With the

Mag - ic Pen we go, Bear-ing joy to high and

low, Bear-ing stories, Bright with glories, Bright with

pleasure's inventories, Bright with pleasure's in-ven-

to - ries ; Fall and flow,.... Fall and flow, With the



Meantime, the children stand amazed until the procession passes off. Then walking slowly to front of stage, they look at each other and say:

DOLLY:

My, my, my!

DOT:

Did you ever!

DICK:

No, I never!

ALL:

Why, why, why!

Then, suddenly remembering, they start after the retreating procession, saying:

ALL:

Oh! here! say! you forgot us!

Reënter PUCK.

PUCK:

Come with me;

I'll agree

Safe at home

You soon shall be.

CHILDREN, to PUCK:

All right!

To audience:

Good-night!

To one another:

Now we'll wait for the stories bright.

All lock arms and run off with PUCK.

END.



A CHRISTMAS-GIFT IN THE OLDEN TIME.



WHICH of these little girls lives in your house?



WHICH of these little boys lives in your house?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AGAIN the beautiful wonder-day, called Christmas, is drawing near, sending long gleams of light before it like a star.

May it bring you abundant joy, my youngsters; so much joy that your little hearts will overflow, and fill the land with brightness.

Now for a word or two about my friends,

THE BIRDS.

WHAT keen eyes they have! And it is a happy thing for those brave little things who stay North through the winter that they have far sight as well as sharp sight, or else they might miss many a meal that they could ill spare in that hungry season. Just try them, my hearers. Throw a fresh bone or a piece of meat on the snow, and watch the crows come. It is a cheering thing to scatter bread-crumbs or a little corn on some bare place in snow-time, and to see the eagerness of the poorly fed wild birds as they enjoy the unexpected feast.

"One midwinter," writes a real bird-lover, "I cleared away the snow under an apple-tree near the house, and scattered some corn there. I had not seen a blue-jay for weeks, yet that very day they found my corn, and after that the jays came daily and partook of it, holding the kernels under their feet upon the limbs of trees and pecking them vigorously."

Your Jack thinks, too, that it may prove to be a pleasant thing to invite the birds in this way to a share in the Christmas festivities, especially if all the other dear "chicks"—the poor and ill-provided human ones—have also been well remembered, for then the Christmas carolings will be complete. Not one will be overlooked if, as the Little School-ma'am says, "Loving eyes have the sharpest sight of all."

WHAT ABOUT THIS?

DEAR JACK! You are interested, I know, in every new and strange invention, and like to have something odd to chat about with your hearers. So I'll just tell you of a wonderful instrument that Monsieur Armengaud, a scientific Frenchman, positively promises to bring out.

It is called the "teletroscope," and, if successful, it will enable a man in his own office at, say, New York, not only to hear the voice of his friend in Nankin, China, but also to see an image of his friend exactly as he may happen to be at the moment of communication!

Yours very truly,

J. A. K.

A VESPER-BELL OF NATURE.

NOT so very long ago, we talked about the Campanero, or Bell-bird, of South America, and now here is news concerning a useful little cousin of his in Australia. He is not much larger than a snow-bunting, but he has a pleasant note, not unlike the sound of a distant sheep-bell. About sunset the bell-birds begin their tinkling, and for a while the whole forest echoes with the silvery tones,—a sort of Angelus, or Vesper-bell of Nature in the wild bush, hushing the woods for evening prayer.

Besides their musical sweetness, these notes are a sure sign that water is near, and the weary traveler in that thirsty land is glad enough to hear the bell-bird calling to rest and refreshment after a hot day's tramp.

A MUSIC-LOVING SQUIRREL.

DEAR JACK! You told us once that hunters of seals sometimes manage to draw close to their game by whistling tunes to engage their attention. And now I have just read about a sportsman who, one day, in the woods, sat very still, and began to whistle an air to a red squirrel on a near tree.

"In a twinkling," says he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned his head to one side, and listened. A moment after, he had scrambled down the trunk, and when within a few yards he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune, and chut! away he skipped. But before long he came back to his seat on the rails, and, as I watched him, it actually seemed as if he were trying to pucker up his mouth to whistle. I changed the tune again, but this time he looked so funny as he scampered off that I burst out laughing, and he came back no more."

Now, Jack dear, that man had much more enjoyment out of his music-loving squirrel than if he had shot him; and perhaps after this you will hear the boys of your neighborhood piling up rails to sit on, and whistling to the squirrels who come to talk with you. And if they don't whistle well enough, send for me, for I can whistle nicely, if I am a girl.—Yours and the squirrels' friend,

AMY T—D, twelve years.

SNOW EMBROIDERY.

I DON'T mean the frozen lace-work on branch and spray, nor the pretty heaps and furrows sculptured in the snow by the wind, nor the star-marks of the partridge on his hungry rounds, nor the dents of the hare's soft pads among the trees, nor the scratchy tracks of the busy squirrel. But I mean the stitching left by the Deer-mouse on his swift journeys over Mother Earth's snowy coverlid. The lines cross one another like a little girl's first attempts at quilting by hand. He does n't really need to risk showing his little brown body on the white surface, for below the snow his dwelling is joined to the homes of his friends by a maze of little tunnels and winding arch-ways, and along these he can stroll quietly and safely to pay neighborly visits and exchange the compliments of the season. And, if I'm not mistaken, you will find a

portrait of him and his mate in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1877. I may as well tell you, too, that he is commonly called the "white-footed Western mouse."

QUITE A DIFFERENT "REASON."

DEAR JACK: I suppose your more learned youngsters know all about why winter days are short and summer days are long. I wish I did; but I really can not understand the reasons given in the astronomy books, I get so muddled up with the "inclination of the earth's axis," "the eccentricity of the earth's orbit," and "the precession of the equinoxes"—but I am not quite sure this last thing has anything to do with it. Anyhow, I wish to tell you a different reason, which I heard in a song. It is something like this: In summer the weather is warm, and to walk fast would make everybody uncomfortable; so people just stroll along, and the globe is pushed around but slowly, like the barrels that acrobats walk on. But in winter the weather is so chilly that everybody is glad to walk briskly, and even to run, in order to keep warm; and the consequence is that the globe gets kicked around quickly, and night comes sooner than in summer. This is convenient, because it tires one so to walk fast all day.

After making this explanation, the song says: "Oh, it's wonderful how they do it,—but they do!" and that is just what I say about the causes given in the astronomy book. Perhaps, when I am older, I shall grasp the proper idea; I am sure I hope I shall.—Yours truly,

WILLIE HANSON, ten years.

P. S.—I told my papa what to say and he wrote it, because my handwriting is too joggly. W. H.

Yes, Master Willie, and it strikes your Jack that the earth's motion would be joggly, too, if it moved according to the theory of that merry song. Ever since I've been a Jack-in-the-Pulpit I've noticed that folks don't *all* move in the same direction.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED CARRIAGES!

Now and then a fine carriage rolls along the corduroy road by my meadow, drawn by spirited horses that evidently do not relish exploring expeditions. They would much prefer the fine turn-pike, and for my part I am quite willing that they should keep to it. No literary Jack-in-the-Pulpit with sensitive nerves craves the company of clattering horses and rumbling carriages; but just think what my

noble ancestors on the Prussian side of the family must have endured in the days when the first King Frederick came into power. Why, I've just had an interesting letter from a little school-ma'am that has made me almost deaf with its racket. Only listen:

"It was on the occasion, dear Jack, of the coronation of Frederick, the first king of Prussia, the grandfather of the famous Frederick the Great. The cavalcade moved from Berlin to Königsberg, five hundred miles, through a wild, uncultivated country. It required eighteen hundred carriages and thirty thousand post-horses to convey the court to the scene of coronation. The carriages moved like an army, in three divisions of six hundred each.

"The streets of the coronation city were tapestried with the richest and most gorgeous colored cloth, and many of them were carpeted. The king's diamond coat-buttons each cost a sum equal to seven and a half thousand dollars.

"Frederick's own hands placed the crown upon his brow. It was in 1700 that thus began the now powerful kingdom of Prussia."

STAND BY THE DEACON.

I'M told my good friend Deacon Green is coming out with a grand offer of a hundred brand-new dollar-bills, as prizes for my boys and girls. Stand by the deacon, my chicks, and get his money if you can!

A CHRISTMAS SERENADE FOR ME.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Do you ever lie—no, I mean stand awake nights? If you do, listen sharply, as Christmas draws near; for Percy, Charley, and I are going to surprise you with a serenade! We are practicing for it already. Uncle Ben says we need not stand out-of-doors to serenade, as the big serenaders do, for if we sing and play in the house with all our might, you will like it just as well, if not better. That seems queer to me, but I suppose it must be so. I'll send you in this letter the picture Uncle drew of us three practicing. He made it out of ink, and he put Pompey and Kitty into the picture, because they are so much interested. We have hard work teaching Pompey not to bark as soon as Percy begins to scrape. Though we live about a quarter of a mile from the dear Little School-ma'am's red school-house, we do not go to school there. We have a nice goveness.

Percy and Charley send their love to you, and so do I.—From your faithful little friend,

LILY KISSAM.



DEACON GREEN'S OFFER.

ONE HUNDRED NEW ONE-DOLLAR BILLS!

SOMETIMES, in the best-ordered printing-offices, it so happens that a *form* (which is one or more pages of reading-matter, set up in type, and fastened in an iron frame ready for the printing-press) meets with an accident. The man who is carrying it trips and drops it, or he bangs it down in such a way that it is loosened, and out tumble the type, helter-skelter. It is then "in pi," as the printers call it, and some one must pick up the scattered type, and, examining each little bit of metal, restore it to its proper position. The printer who sits in the corner busied with this pi is not in the least like Jack Horner, but is generally for the moment a sad and sorely tried fellow.

Now see what has happened to us! Deacon Green, assisted by his friend Mr. Timothy Plunkett, had prepared some instructive paragraphs concerning certain noted men of history, and no sooner were they put in type than a young compositor tumbled them into pi. He at once, in the excitement of the moment, did his best to restore the paragraphs, but ah! what a mess he made of the work!

When the Deacon heard of it, he wrote, in his hearty way:

"Never mind! The boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS shall make all straight. Print it just as it is, call it *Historical Pi*, and tell the young folks that I, Deacon Green, happen to have by me exactly one hundred new one-dollar bills, all of which shall be given as prizes for restoring the pi, viz.: one bill for each of the one hundred best solutions received. The conditions are that the paragraphs are to be restored with perfect accuracy as to historical fact and the punctuation of every sentence; that the solution must be written on one side of the paper only, and addressed to Deacon Green, care of THE CENTURY CO., Union Square (north), N.Y.—and that not only accuracy, but neatness and penmanship, are to be considered in deciding upon the best solutions. Every word, every letter, every punctuation point that was in the original paragraphs is also in the pi, and all that is necessary is to make sure that, in the re-arrangement, they all get into the right places. The prizes will be awarded by a committee of seven, including the editor of ST. NICHOLAS, 'The Little School-ma'am,' Mr. Timothy Plunkett, and

"The children's to command,

SILAS GREEN."

Now, you shall have the Pi, just as the Deacon returned it. Fortunately, no one word is injured in the least; and the opening

sentence is unharmed. But look at the rest of the paragraphs! Even the names are divided and mixed up!

HISTORICAL PI.

We propose to mention here a few of the world's great generals, inventors, discoverers, poets, and men of noted deeds.

George Stephenson was born at Carthage, which city was so hated by Goethe that he rarely made a speech without saying: and "Carthage must be destroyed!" Of other noted generals, Eli Whitney was a Roman; Shakespeare was a Prussian; James Watt was a Corsican; and Hannibal is an American.

It is believed that Charles Darwin invented Man; Newton, the horse; Julius Cæsar, the monitor; Napoleon, the blood; Frederick, the sewing-machine; Cato, the circulation of the earth; that Ericson invented the satellites of Jupiter; that Bucephalus frequently discovered the law of gravitation and Dante the revolution of the steam-boat; Galileo the Great, the telegraph; William Harvey Bonaparte, the steam-engine; Elias Howe and Blondin, the cottoning of the telescope and Dr. Tanner, the fastest, if not the most fiery, naturalist of ancient times, discovered the theory of The Descent.

Among poets, the greatest in all history is Samuel Morse; while Robert Fulton ranks highest in the poetry of Germany, and Ulysses S. Grant in that of Italy. John and Isaac are famous English poets of our day.

Many men have performed special feats. Alexander conquered and rode the locomotive; Tennyson crossed the Niagara River on the tight-rope; and Browning claims to have lived forty days without eating.

Now, young folk, one and all, who of you will belong to the fortunate one hundred who are to receive the Deacon's dollar-bills?

Remember, the hundred prizes are for the *best* hundred solutions received before January 10th, 1882, and they shall be awarded even if not a single solution should prove to be absolutely correct. A "Solution" is the entire pi properly straightened and written out according to the above directions.

Send your full post-office address, and state whether you are under or over fifteen years of age.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE news of the sudden death of Dr. J. G. Holland comes to us just as this number is going to press, and therefore we can add only a few words to the sad announcement. Dr. Holland's life and work, as author, lecturer, and editor, are familiar to some of our readers, and to many thousands of parents all over the land. Our next number will contain a paper concerning the helpful influences which he exerted upon young people. Meanwhile, it should interest all our boys and girls to know that, while a member of the company which publishes ST. NICHOLAS, his generous spirit showed itself constantly in his hearty enthusiasm for the magazine, and for any new or special delight which we were able to bring to our readers. His kindness and high courtesy were always among the most cherished associations of the editorial offices.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Jouvët & Co., of Paris, for their kind permission to reproduce in this number their beautiful engrav-

ings of Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto" and "La Madonna della Sedia"; and we are indebted to Messrs. Goupil & Co., of Paris, for their courteously allowing us to copy, for our frontispiece this month, the fine picture of "The King's Favorite," by the famous Spanish painter, Zamacois.

Acknowledgment is also made to Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, owners of the copyright of the poem "All Quiet along the Potomac to-night"—which, through their courtesy, is given to our readers in the present chapters of "Recollections of a Drummer-boy."

THE Very Little Folk will find for themselves charming stories in the pretty silhouettes given on pages 176 and 177, and which we have copied from a book printed in far-away Russia.

It is an excellent plan, as many wise mothers and teachers well know, to encourage young folk to read aloud from pictures as well as from printed words. These bright glimpses of "little boys" and "little girls" will set many a toddler talking, or we are much mistaken.

WE had hoped to notice in this month's "Letter-box" the many capital letters that have been received in response to our request for "New Games" and to the September "Invitation to our Readers." But the pressure upon our space in this number has been so great, that we are forced to defer our special acknowledgment of these hearty communications until next month—meanwhile, thanking the generous young writers, each and all, for the promptness and earnest spirit of their replies. We shall be glad if others of our readers, who may have failed to send answers, in fear of being too late, will regard the invitations as still open to them and forward their letters soon.

A CHARMING little book just published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., with colored illustrations in the Kate Greenaway style, is entitled "The Glad Year Round." The author, A. G. Plympton, is well known to many of our readers through the capital "Mary Jane" stories contributed to ST. NICHOLAS. "The Glad Year Round" is full of good things both in text and pictures. It will certainly delight the young folk of every household into which it enters, and will make a beautiful holiday gift.

Another pretty volume is "The May Blossom" or "The Princess and Her People," illustrated by H. H. Emerson, and published in New York by A. C. Armstrong & Son, and in London by F. Warne & Co. The illustrations are in color throughout, all interesting, and some of them unusually fine. Although not announced in the book, it is evident from the pictures that the "Little Princess" is the good Queen Victoria, and the illustrations in which the Princess appears probably represent actual scenes in the child-life of that gracious lady. The book comes in happily at this holiday season for those who are seeking pretty Christmas presents for young folk.

THE editor hopes that not a single reader of ST. NICHOLAS—whether interested in history and art or not,—will "skip" the admirable articles by Mrs. Clement, which have now reached the era of the great masters of painting. For these papers are anything but dry descriptions and biographies, and, as shown in the article on Raphael

in this number, contain many charming stories and legends, full of interest to young readers.

The list of Raphael's works was crowded out of the pages containing the article, and therefore is given here. It must be remembered, however, that, as Mrs. Clement tells you in the article, the great artist left nearly three hundred pictures and more than five hundred studies and sketches, so that the following list mentions, of course, only the most important existing works of Raphael, and where they now are:

The Madonna di Foligno, Vatican, Rome.
The Transfiguration, Vatican, Rome.
The Violin-player, Sciarra Palace, Rome.
St. Cecilia, Pinakothek, Bologna.
Several fine portraits, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
La Madonna della Sedia, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
Holy Family, called "Dell' Impannata," Pitti Gallery, Florence.
The Madonna del Baldacchino, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
The Madonna "del Gran Duca," Pitti Gallery, Florence.
The Madonna of the Goldfinch, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
St. John in the Desert, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Portrait of Pope Julius II., Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Lo Spasalizio, The Brera, Milan.
Adoration of the Shepherds, Museum, Berlin.
Madonna and Child and John Baptist, Museum, Berlin.
Madonna di San Sisto, Gallery at Dresden.
Seven pictures in the Pinakothek, Munich.
Seven pictures in the Museum, Madrid.
Ten pictures in the Louvre, Paris.
The Vision of a Knight, National Gallery, London.
St. Catherine of Alexandria, National Gallery, London.
The "Garvagh" Madonna, National Gallery, London.
Two fine Madonnas, The Hermitage, St. Petersburg.
St. George and the Dragon, The Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

IN the "Double Acrostic," on page 88 of the November number, the description of the fifth cross-word should have read as follows: An island named by a sailor, credited with wonderful adventures, in describing his sixth voyage.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—NINTH REPORT.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

THE competition for the prize offered for the best six specimens of pressed flowers was not very extended, owing, doubtless, to the fact that the time during which the collections had to be made was limited and came during the extremely hot months of July and August. All that were sent, however, were deserving of much credit. The prize of an *American Plant Book* is awarded to Miss S. E. Arnold, of the Hartford, N. Y., Chapter. The contest for the saw of the saw-fish has been much more exciting; almost every mail has brought one or more essays on the curious *Pristis*, detailing the strange habits of the fish and the deeds of its wonderful saw.

After careful comparison, the saw is awarded to Master T. Mills Clarke, of Southampton. There were others who sent reports more elegantly written, and longer; but his smacked least strongly of the cyclopedia, and is on the whole most satisfactory. His drawing of the fish is reproduced upon the next page, and his report is as follows:

THE SAW-FISH.

The saw-fish (*Pristis*) is a genus of cartilaginous fishes constituting the family *Pristidae*, which is ranked with the rays, but the elongated form of its body agrees rather with that of the sharks. Still, it differs from the sharks, and agrees with the rays, in several anatomical characters, most conspicuously in that it has the gill openings on the under surface, as in rays, and not on the side, as in sharks. Several of the rays seem to have weapons of offense or defense—indeed, you might say all of them, the sea-eagle being the only kind, as far as I can find, which is not armed in some way, several of them being armed with terrible spines. The torpedo is armed with electricity, and the saw-fish itself is armed by having its snout elongated into a flat, bony sword, sometimes five or six feet

long, with from twenty to thirty bony spines or teeth on each side. This terrible instrument seems to be used in killing its prey; and it dashes about among the shoals of fish, slaying them right and left. This saw is indeed a terrible weapon. It is said that even whales are often slain by it, and the hulls of vessels pierced by its fearful power. An East Indian species lives partly in fresh water. The saw-fish is grayish-black above, and lighter beneath. It is a very rapid swimmer, and is often found far out at sea.

There are six or seven known species of the saw-fish, which are found all over the world, from the pole to the tropics. The common saw-fish (*Pristis antiquorum*) is found in the Mediterranean, and was known to the ancients, but no species is included in the list of British fishes.

It is found off the coast of Florida, and is occasionally found all along the eastern coast of the United States and Canada.

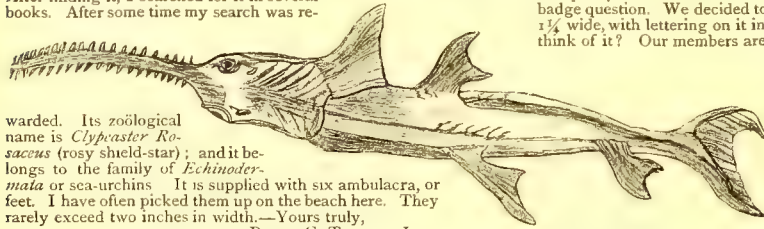
The fish are often (including the saw, which is generally about one-third of the entire length) eighteen feet long.

Those of you who have become interested in this fish will be glad to read Hugh Miller's book, "Foot-prints of the Creator." In it he tells how he once discovered part of an ancient skeleton embedded in a rock in Orkney. It proved to be a bone of the *Asterolepis*—so far as is yet known, the most gigantic ganoid of the Old Red Sand-stone, and, judging from the place of this fragment, apparently one of the first. Now the placoid family of fishes, to which our saw-fish belongs, is still older than the ganoid family, and many things of great interest are told about these old monsters in Mr. Miller's book. The meaning of the words *Pristis antiquorum* is the saw-fish of the ancients.

Of course most of our information regarding such creatures must come from books; but when we come to "sand-dollars," and such small specimens as can be obtained along any of our coasts, we are sure to get some information from some member who relies for knowledge mainly on his eyes; as the following letter shows:

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Sept. 9, 1881.

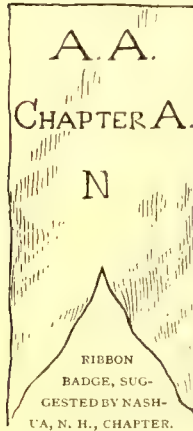
DEAR SIR: I noticed your request to some dweller by the ocean, to write a description of the sand-dollar and its habits. I caught one while I was in bathing in the Gulf of Mexico. It was the first one that I had ever seen alive. It was covered with short spines, and was of a handsome violet red. Here it is called the Texas star-fish. After finding it, I searched for it in several books. After some time my search was re-



warded. Its zoological name is *Clypeaster Rosaceus* (rosy shield-star); and it belongs to the family of *Echinodermata* or sea-urchins. It is supplied with six ambulacra, or feet. I have often picked them up on the beach here. They rarely exceed two inches in width.—Yours truly,

PHILIP C. TUCKER, JR.

Not long ago I received from a lady of Galveston a specimen of this "Texas star"—which I imagine may, oddly enough, be the identical one that the writer of the above letter found. This letter seems to indicate as much:



GALVESTON, TEXAS.
DEAR SIR: IN ST. NICHOLAS for September mention is made of what you call sand-dollar. We call it "Texas star." You ask who has seen one alive. I send you one taken from the Gulf of Mexico, last month (August), by a boy, who, while bathing, dived and brought it up. Though dry, you can yet see the hairy coat it is covered with. When first taken from the water you could see this hairy coat move, which proved it was alive. I was always under the impression that it was peculiar to our coast.—Respectfully,

MRS. M. E. STEELE.

Our Texas friends will have to relinquish their "patent" on this little urchin, for he is found abundantly along the coast of Massachusetts, and probably anywhere along the Atlantic coast between there and the Gulf.

REPORTS OF CHAPTERS

The following new Chapters have been admitted to the "A. A.":

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Secretary's Address.
96.	Lansing, Mich. (A)	10.	Mrs. N. B. Jones.
97.	St. Croix, Wis. (A)	8.	Ray L. Baker.
98.	Chicago (C)	5.	Nelson Bennett, 65 Cicero st.
99.	Leonidas, Mich. (A)	—.	Adelbert S. Covey.
100.	Hartford, Ct. (B)	12.	F. Parsons, 55 Prospect st.
101.	Middletown, Ct. (A)	12.	Philip P. Wells.
102.	Oakland, Cal. (B)	5.	Geo. S. Meredith.
103.	La Porte, Ind. (A)	7.	Frank Eliel.
104.	Osage City, Kan. (B)	—.	John T. Nixon (Pres).
105.	Limerick, Ill. (A)	13.	John W. Jordan.
106.	Lebanon Springs, N. Y. (A)	15.	Robert M. Royce.
107.	Newburyport, Mass. (A)	16.	Nannie G. Poore.
108.	Chicago, (D)	—.	—.
109.	Washington, D. C. (C)	6.	Emily K. Newcomb, 1336 11th st., N. W.
110.	Frankford, Pa. (A)	18.	R. T. Taylor, 131 Adams st.

Will the secretaries of Chapters 99 and 104 kindly forward names of all members for our register?

In July ST. NICHOLAS, an error of the printer made Chapter 96 hail from Stanton, instead of Taunton, Mass., and the secretary of said chapter is now F. H. Lothrop.

The secretary of Chicago (D) writes:

There are four of us boys who would like to join the "A. A." We have been waiting with longing hopes for the 15th of September. We have quite a collection of geological specimens, and also insects, and have made a cabinet to hold them all, but it is hard work to find specimens in the city, and we have to make trips into the woods after our butterflies and moths.

The secretary of No. 107 says:

If any of the members have mothers who are of the same opinion as mine, that inexperienced girls and boys should not handle poisons, I would advise them to put any butterflies, etc., which they wish to kill, under a goblet, or in an odorless cigar-box with camphor.

Mr. Crucknell writes: We think it would be best for all the members to have the same kind of badge, the only thing different being the name of the chapter.

Appropos of the badge, here is the manner in which the Nashua, N. H., Chapter has cut the knot:

Sept. 17. We held a meeting in our club-room, and decided the badge question. We decided to have a blue ribbon $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches long by $1\frac{1}{4}$ wide, with lettering on it in gilt [see first column]. What do you think of it? Our members are very much pleased with it.

It seems to us pretty, and perhaps nothing more generally acceptable could be devised. We would suggest, however, that the inscription would be more satisfactory if it ran as in the cut below; it is easier to infer that the last "A." stands for "Chapter A." than that the "N." stands for "Nashua, N. H." If the corresponding members of the Lenox Chapter like

THE SAW-FISH.

this idea, let us know at once, and badges will be provided which can be ordered directly from us, as desired. Each Chapter will, of course, provide its own badges.

Chapter 110 sends a very neat little book, containing the constitution and by-laws of the Frankford Chapter. It is the best yet.

REQUESTS FOR EXCHANGES.

Eggs, minerals, and shells, for gold or silver ore—Whitney Kirke, 1518 N. 18th street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mounted Sea-weed—R. S. Tarr, Gloucester, Mass., Box 729.

Prepared woods, pressed flowers, or mounted sea-weed, for mounted birds, or labeled eggs—Frank N. Barrows, Lenox, Mass.

QUESTIONS.

Where can I get entomological supplies, such as pins, nets, etc.?

FRANK E. AUSTIN,
Northampton, Mass.

We wish to know how many eyes a fly has. We suppose the red spots on each side of the head are the compound eyes, but has he any others? If so, how many? We have observed a horn protruding from the mouth of a locust. What is it?

WASHINGTON,
D. C., CHAPTER
C.



NOTES BY MEMBERS.

In the August report it says: "The kingfisher lays two white eggs on a nest of fish-bones." I have often found the eggs deposited on the floor of the room at the end of the hole, and never found a nest containing less than six eggs, and often eight or nine. The following is a ground plan of a hole that I dug out this spring. It was about five feet deep.

HARRY G. WHITE, Taunton, Mass.

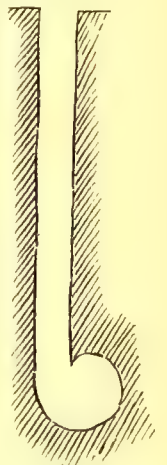
I send drawings and descriptions of three birds. These descriptions are made from my own observations of the living birds. The drawings are copied by myself from "Wilson's Birds," and I am twelve years old.

Respectfully yours, D. M. PERINE.

The drawings were excellently made, the descriptions fine, and the methods of study worthy the imitation of members who are puzzled as to what they can do "in a city." We will give one of these descriptions next month, but must now bid our members (numbering nearly 1300) a temporary adieu.

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

KINGFISHER'S
NEST-HOLE.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE OCTOBER PUZZLES were received, before October 20, from "Skipper"—Frederica and Andrew Davis—"Marna and Ba"—Two Subscribers—F. Thwaits—H. C. Brown—M. and E. De la Guerra—Guesser—F. L. Kyte—E. Vulture.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Etta Hawxhurst, 1—Robert Van K. Harris, 3—"Kid," 5—Edith Sinclair, 1—Anna B. Ely, 1—Waldo S. Reed, 1—Alcibiades, 7—Lottie and Milton Lacey, 10—Milan Goodrich, 1—"Dorothy," 14—Florence P. Jones, 1—May I. Jones, 1—Jennie Callmeyer, 9—"Crocus," 2—Clara, 14—"Professor & Co.," 10—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Alice S. Rhoads, 6—Rose O. Rantan, 2—Tommy and Jack, 5—Louis B. Frankel, 3—"Two Dromios," 13—Algie Tassin, 5—Nanna D. Stewart, 2—Nannie Duff, 1—B. and F. families, 12—Mollie Weiss, 4—"Bassanio," 2—Bessie Taylor, 6—P. S. Clarkson, 14—Clarence Reeves, 1—Edward Dana Sabine, 1—"Puss-in-Boots," 3—Ellen Louise Carman, 3—Mattie E. Jansen, 4—Geo. W. Barnes, 3—"X. Y. Z.," 1—M. A. Snow, 4—C. Power, 8—M. Chesbrough, 2—T. Minot, 1—L. P. Bostwick, 8—G. R. Ingraham, 13—Engineer, 12—A. Ward, 4—Roderick, 3—J. S. Tennant, 13—Cornie and May, 7—F. C. McDonald, 14—E. M. Parker, 4—"Puck," 1—Daisy May, 13—Queen Bess, 14—H. L. Pruy, 3—L. Clarke and N. Caldwell, 5—Henry and John, 7—A. Peterkin, 1—Partners, 12—L. McKinney, 11—Shoo-fly, 11—Sallie Viles, 10—Peterkin Family, 1—Willie V. Draper, 1.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the November number, from May B. and Alfred B. Creighton, Nova Scotia, 7—Edmund Walter Winipiers, London, England, 4—"Dycie," Havre, France, 11—Fanny J. Dennis, Cecil S. Hand, and William H. Buckler, London, England, all—George S. Hayter, Jr., Highgate, England, 2—L. and W. McKinney, 7.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

A "SCOTT" DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOR OLDER PUZZLERS.

ALL the characters referred to are to be found in Sir Walter Scott's novels; and the titles of two of his works are named by the Primals and Finals.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The hero of an early novel, who was stolen in his infancy. 2. A commander of the Covenanters, mentioned in the "Legend of Montrose," who took part in the engagement at Tippenmuir. 3. The rejected suitor of Amy Robsart. 4. The name of a beautiful Jewess. 5. The discoverer of the pretended Popish plot in "Peveril of the Peak." 6. An English colonel who obtains the pardon of Edward Waverly, when guilty of treason. 7. The name of a noble lady, the ward of George Heriot, occurring in the "Fortunes of Nigel." 8. The name of the owner of "Wolf's Crag," who perished in a quicksand. 9. A nobleman who was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and husband of Amy Robsart. 1. s.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

IN some parts of Germany there is observed the following custom: On a certain day, a quaintly dressed man visits the homes of the children, and on such as have been dutiful, he bestows various gifts. The first letter of the name given to the person who distributes the presents, and the first letter of the day on which the presents are distributed, are to be found "in crack, but not in hole"; the second letters, "in panther, not in mole," and so on, till the name of the person and day have been rightly spelled:

In crack, but not in hole;
In panther, not in mole;
In cinder, not in soot;
In inch, but not in foot;
In short, but not in long;
In twitter, not in song;
In rhyme, but not in lay;
In auburn, not in grey;
In spring, but not in fall;
In slender, not in small;
In rats, but not in mice;
In pretty, not in nice.

PARTHENIA.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAMS.

THE lines of each couplet rhyme, and the omitted words may all be formed from the thirteen letters omitted in the last line.

A fair little maid, with the kindest *****
Flitted about to bazar and to *****.

Purchasing gifts, if rightly I guess;
First, 't was a doll, then a board to play *****.

Then, dear Mamma!—'t was surely no *****
To buy for her watch-chain a tiny gold *****.

Hours seemed just little inches of *****;—
They flew till she found she had spent her last *****.

Then, turning homeward, this fair little *****
Saw one whom she pitied and gladly would *****.

"Are you not cold, little girl, with that *****
And what is your name?" She replied, "It is Bess.

"Yes, I am cold, but,"—her eyes they grew *****,—
"But I'm only thinking of sick brother *****;

"He 's home, and he 's lame, and he never was *****
I wish I could buy him just one little *****."

Her sorrow our fair little maid could not *****
"My purse is quite empty," she whispered *****.

"But here 's my gold dollar—; 't is precious! no *****
Her face is so blue, and her teeth—how they *****."

Then, speaking aloud,— "Little girl, come with *****
For first you need clothing,—that plainly I see.

"A part of my wardrobe and supper I 'll spare,
And poor little Tim, too, shall have his full *****."

Very happy that night were those three little *****
One happy from giving,—two happy with *****.

And our dear little maiden's sweet joy will abide,
And she long will remember that glad *****.
LILIAN FAYSON.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a famous English philosopher, who was born on Christmas Day, 1642.

1. Syncopate to besiege, and leave a vegetable. 2. Syncopate to balance, and leave a formal attitude. 3. Syncopate to sharpen, and leave a check. 4. Syncopate a river in France, and leave learning. 5. Syncopate dispatch, and leave to detest. 6. Syncopate a minute particle, and leave a smirk. 7. Syncopate a country in Europe, and leave to whirl. 8. Syncopate worldly pelf, and leave a snare. 9. Syncopate to chop in small pieces, and leave rodent animals. 10. Syncopate to delude, and leave small talk. 11. Syncopate an under-ground canal, and leave a soothsayer. 12. Syncopate rhythm, and leave a small lake. 13. Syncopate to be buoyed up, and leave insipid. 14. Syncopate a weapon, and leave to fasten with a cord.

DYCIE.

RIDDLE.

CUT off my head,—a title you will see;
Cut off my tail,—you 'll find me on a tree;
Cut both off, and it truly may be said
I still remain a portion of the head.
Curtail me twice, and then there will appear
A dainty edible, for spring-time cheer.
Though deep in tropic seas my whole is found,
It often glimmers in the dance's round.

GEORGE D.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-seven letters, and am a well-known saying by a famous man.

My 25-36-33-44-7-14-27 is this evening. My 43-26-28 is a fixed regulation. My 3-40-37 is an uproar. My 41-36-35 is land. My 18-32-38-15 is an instrument for grasping things closely. My 22-19-24 are "children of a larger growth." My 39-2-24-46 is general character. My 10-22-5-10-20 is an Arabian ruler. My 42-17-1 is a bulky piece of timber. My 4-2-29-47-13 is to prepare for food by exposure to heat. My 28-6-11-12-28-47 are casements. My 9-6-8 is a transgression. My 31-40-45-46 is the home of certain insects. My 16-17-2-30-15 is a tailor's smoothing-iron. My 21-23-34-4-17 is an African.

A. H. AND G. H.

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the small pictures may be described by a word which rhymes with "celebration." The initial letters of the words to be supplied spell two words which fitly describe one of the above illustrations. The following lines hint at the meaning of each picture:

My first is kingly ———;
 My second, vague ———;
 My third, an intimate ———;
 My fourth, a formal ———;
 My fifth, a courtly ———;
 My sixth, a trying ———;
 My seventh, decided ———;

My eighth, a heated ———;
 My ninth, a thorough ———;
 My tenth is saying "———";
 My eleventh is lofty ———;
 My twelfth is tearful ———;
 My thirteenth, welcome ———;
 My fourteenth, final ———.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA: "The wisdom of many, and the wit of one."
 ZIG-ZAG. Nutcrack night. Cross-words: 1. Near. 2. Burn.
 3. MaTe. 4. ChiC. 5. TaRe. 6. SAte. 7. Core. 8. SKin.
 9. PaNé. 10. Lodl. 11. PaGe. 12. SHed. 13. Tell.
 COMBINATION PUZZLE. Thanksgiving. 1. Stage—gaTes. 2.
 Throe—otHer. 3. Regal—glAre. 4. Roman—maNor. 5. Spike
 —piKes. 6. Saves—vaSes. 7. Rouge—roGue. 8. Tints—stInt.
 9. Drove—roVed. 10. Withe—white. 11. Noted—toNed. 12.
 Gapes—paGes.
 TWO WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Paris. 2. Aside. 3. Risen. 4.
 Ideas. 5. Sense. II. 1. Larch. 2. Azure. 3. Rural. 4.
 Crane. 5. Helen.
 CHARADE. Fox-glove.
 NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Odin—Thor. Cross-words:
 1. COaTs. 2. IDaHo. 3. BiGt. 4. ANgRy. II. Edda—Saga
 Cross-words: 1. FEaSt. 2. IDeAl. 3. ADaGe. 4. PApAl.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Car. 3. Caper. 4. Captain. 5. Realm.
 6. Rim. 7. N.
 REBUS: "A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man 's above his might."
 ROBERT BURNS, in "Honest Poverty."
 DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS. 1. S-t-ray. 2. S-t-rap. 3. S-t-ale.
 QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC. Reading across: 1. BinD. 2. RoaR.
 3. AriA. 4. Glib.
 DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Agassiz—Audubon. Cross-words: 1.
 AgricOlA. 2. GñU. 3. AmenD. 4. SoU. 5. SeneriB. 6.
 IndigO. 7. ZitherN.
 CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. Purse. 1. Se-P-al. 2. Fo-U-nd.
 3. Ho-R-se. 4. Ba-S-il. 5. St-E-ep.
 CHANGED HEADS. 1. Bat. 2. Cat. 3. Mat. 4. Hat. 5. Nat.
 6. Pat. 7. Rat. 8. Sat. 9. Fat. 10. Vat.



A LITTLE BROWN DWARF WHO SEEMED TO
BE A GUARD OVER THE TREASURES GAVE
HIM A SACK AND MOTIONED THAT MAX SHOULD
FILL IT AND EVEN HELPED HIM NEVER SAYING A
WORD

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

JANUARY, 1882.

No. 3.

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MAX AND THE WONDER-FLOWER.

BY JULIA D. FAY.

LONG before the great king Charlemagne ruled over Germany and France, the mountain forests that border the Rhine were peopled by gnomes and dwarfs, witches and fairies, some of whom were very mischievous and could never be trusted, while others did kind deeds for the people.

They all were under the control of a fairy king, who lived in the deepest recesses of the mountains, and whose palace was so vast that it reached even under the river. On moonlight nights, the river fairies could be seen playing in the clear waters, sometimes enticing fishers to their death, by showing them gold and jewels; for the poor simple fishermen would dive down into the water and would never be seen again. But then there were good fairies among the mountains, and these gave presents to persons whom they thought deserving of rich gifts, for the mountains were filled with treasures of gold, silver, and precious jewels; and my story is about a little boy who was rewarded by these good fairies.

He was only a poor little shepherd-boy, and tended the flocks of a rich baron, whose castle stood high upon a rock that looked down over the valley where the little boy lived. His father was dead, and he was the only help of his mother and two little sisters, Roschen and Elsie. They owned a little cottage, a goat, and a small bit of ground, which Max, for that was the boy's name, tilled in the evening, after the sheep were all safely penned for the night.

He was always cheerful, and kind to all. He loved the beautiful river that flowed along so peacefully, and the vine-terraces where grew the purple grapes. The dark forests, that seemed so still, filled

his heart with wonder and reverence toward the great Being who had made such a lovely world.

Max longed to know how to read, so as to learn more about it all, and yet he worked on, early and late, and enjoyed even the air, and the flowers; and the butterflies, as they flew by him, made him glad that he was alive and well.

But there came a day of sadness for poor little Max, in the winter time, for his mother was taken very ill, and the old nurse of the village, who took care of her, said that she must die unless an herb could be procured that grew in the mountains, and these were now covered with snow, beneath which the herb lay buried. But Max did not despair; he started forth, with his snow-shoes and a stout stick, to climb the mountain and find the herb that should cure his sick mother.

It was cold, and the wind blew drearily through the trees; still he tramped on boldly, until at last he stood on the summit of the mountain. The snow lay around like a soft white blanket, covering all the herbs, ferns, and flowers, keeping them warm and tucked out of sight until the spring time. It was not very deep, and Max, with a little spade he had brought along, pushed it aside, and there was the brown earth beneath. Yet in that spot there was no herb, but before his eyes there grew a beautiful, strange flower, whiter than snow, its heart like gold, and its perfume so sweet that it seemed like a breath from the gardens of heaven. Max gazed with longing upon its beauty, and his first thought was to pluck it and take it home, that they all might see its loveliness, but his second thought was, "Oh, no; I must find first the herb for to cure Mother, and then I can come here again for this flower

with which to gladden her eyes." So, with a parting look, he went farther on his search, found the precious herb, and with it safely in his pocket, came back to the spot where he had left the lovely flower.

Alas, it had disappeared! But while the tears filled his eyes, the mountain where he stood opened wide, like a door, a dazzling fairy figure appeared, and a silvery voice said:

"Enter, little Max, for thou didst first thy duty. Take what thou wilt of the treasures before thee. The Wonder-flower that thou hast seen, thou canst not take with thee. It blooms but once in a thousand years, and can only be seen by the pure in heart. Take of the gold and diamonds, love thy mother ever as now, aim to be a good man, and keep thy heart pure, that thou mayest again see the flower in the gardens of heaven, where a thousand years are but as a day."

And the fairy vanished; but around in a great marble hall shone diamonds, and rubies, and bright bars of gold, before the eyes of the bewildered Max. A little brown dwarf, who seemed to be a guard over the treasures, gave him a sack and motioned that Max should fill it, and even helped him, never saying a word. When it was filled, it was so heavy that Max wondered how he could ever carry it home; but while he hesitated, the dwarf threw it over his own shoulder, and beckoning Max to follow, crept out of the door; and as Max followed, the mountain closed behind them, and the snow lay over it as before.

It all would have seemed a dream, only that there

stood the dwarf, with his pointed little hat, and strange face with eyes like a squirrel's. Not a word did he speak, but he trotted on down the mountain, and it seemed to Max scarcely an hour before they stood at its foot. There, with a bow, the dwarf set down the sack, and then he clambered up the mountain.

Max hastened home as fast as he could with his heavy treasure, and gave the nurse the herb, hiding the sack under his bed, until his mother should be able to hear of his good fortune.

The herb did its work so well that in a few days his mother was able to sit up, and then Max, with his hand in hers, and his little sisters standing by him, told her all.

She clasped her hands, and said:

"My sweet child, the dear God has been very good to thee. Thou hast seen the Wonder-flower that first blossomed when Christ was born, and that no one but an innocent child may see. Keep its beauty always in mind, else the treasure it brought will give thee no happiness. Let us thank the great God of heaven for his love to thee, a poor little shepherd-boy, to whom He has shown the Wonder-flower, which even the king himself may not see!"

And it was in this strange manner that Max's wish was at last granted; for with his treasure to help him, he now could go to school, and learn all about the great world outside of his little Rhine valley. He lived to be an honored and learned man, always doing good to others; and with all his wisdom he was as unassuming as a child.



TOMMY HAS HONORABLY RESOLVED NOT TO SEE SANTA CLAUS.



When I work in the
house I always
say:
"How I'd like to toil
out of doors all
day!"
And when they send
me to weed the
flowers
The day seems made
of a hundred
hours!



SIR WILLIAM NAPIER AND LITTLE JOAN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, one bright day,
Was walking down the glen—
A noble English soldier,
And the handsomest of men.

Through fields and fragrant hedge-rows
He slowly wandered down
To quiet Freshford village,
By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,
And step so grand, moved he,
And from his stately front outshone
Beauty and majesty.

About his strong white forehead
The rich locks thronged and curled,
Above the splendor of his eyes,
That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping
Came up to his quick ear,
He paused that instant, bending
His kindly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies
Sat wretched little Joan,
And near her lay a bowl of delf,
Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,
And her blue eyes dull and dim,
And she turned her pretty, woful face,
All tear-stained, up to him.

Scarce six years old, and sobbing
In misery so dear!
"Why, what's the matter, Posy?"
He said,— "Come, tell me, dear."

"It's Father's bowl I've broken;
 'T was for his dinner kept.
 I took it safe, but coming back
 It fell"—again she wept.

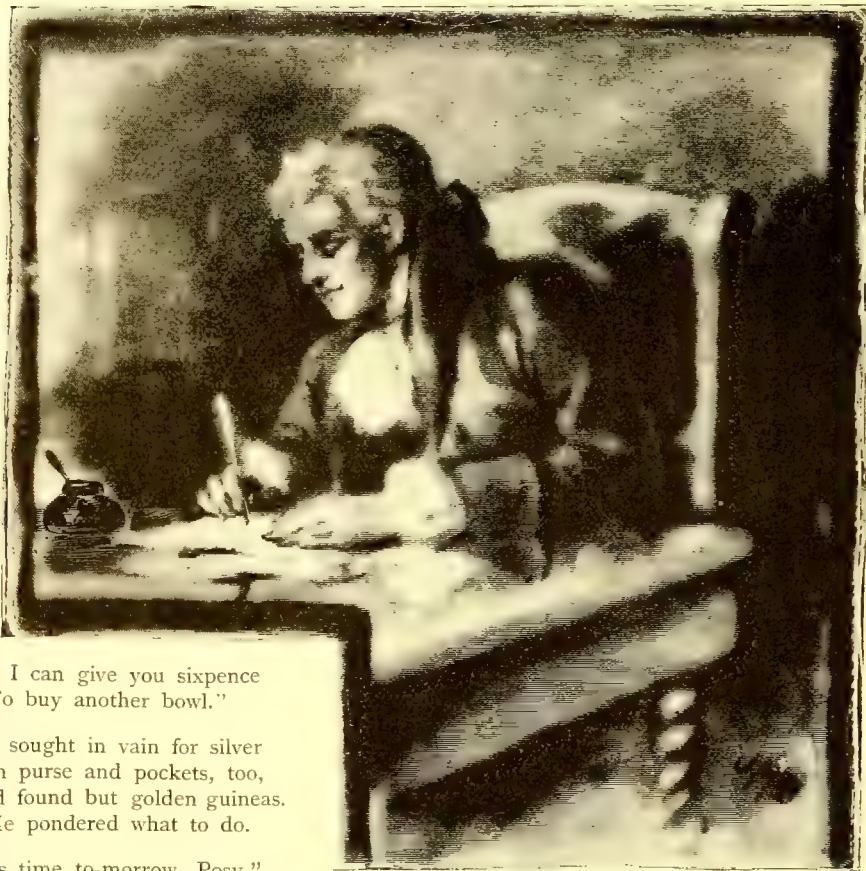
"But you can mend it, can't you?"
 Cried the despairing child
 With sudden hope, as down on her,
 Like some kind god, he smiled.

"Don't cry, poor little Posy!
 I can not make it whole,

"Will not Sir William come and dine
 To-morrow with his friends?"

The letter read: "And we've secured
 The man among all men
 You wish to meet. He will be here.
 You will not fail us then?"

To-morrow! Could he get to Bath
 And dine with dukes and earls,
 And back in time? That hour was pledged—
 It was the little girl's!



SIR WILLIAM NAPIER WRITING HIS LETTER OF EXCUSE
 TO HIS FRIENDS.

But I can give you sixpence
 To buy another bowl."

He sought in vain for silver
 In purse and pockets, too,
 And found but golden guineas.
 He pondered what to do.

"This time to-morrow, Posy,"
 He said, "again come here,
 And I will bring your sixpence.
 I promise! Never fear!"

Away went Joan rejoicing—
 A rescued child was she;
 And home went good Sir William;
 And to him presently

A footman brings a letter,
 And low before him bends:

He could not disappoint her,
 He must his friends refuse.
 So "a previous engagement"
 He pleaded as excuse.

Next day when she, all eager,
 Came o'er the fields so fair,
 As sure as of the sunrise
 That she should find him there,

He met her, and the sixpence
Laid in her little hand.
Her woe was ended, and her heart
The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,
Who had so much desired

His presence at their splendid feast,
Have wondered and admired!

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,
His praises oft are heard,—
'T was not the least of his great deeds
So to have kept his word!



THE POOR COUNT'S CHRISTMAS.—CONCLUDED.

(Began in the December number.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE day before Christmas, poor Count Cormo sat, quite disconsolate, in his castle-hall, before a hearth where there was no fire. He had sold his family bedstead, but he had received very little money for it. People said such old bedsteads were not worth much, even if they were inlaid with precious metals. So he had been able only to prepare a small tree, on which he had hung the cheapest kind of presents, and his feast was very plain and simple. The Countess, indeed, was afraid the things would not go around, for their old servant had told them that he had heard there would be more children at the castle the next day than had ever been there before. She was in favor of giving up the whole affair and of sending the children home as soon as they should come.

"What is the use," she said, "of having them here, when we have so little to give them? They will get more at home; and then if they don't come we shall have the things for ourselves."

"No, no, my dear," said the Count; "this may be the last time that we shall have the children with us, for I do not see how we can live much longer in this sorrowful condition, but the dear girls and boys must come to-morrow. I should not wish to die knowing that we had missed a Christmas. We must do the best with what we have, and I am sure we can make them happy if we try. And now let us go to bed, so as to be up early to-morrow."

The Countess sighed. There was only one little bedstead, and the poor Count had to sleep on the floor.

Christmas-day dawned bright, clear, and sparkling. The Count was in good spirits.

"It is a fine day," he said to his wife, "and that is a great thing for us."

"We need all we can get," said the Countess, "and it is well for us that fine days do not cost anything."

Very soon the Count heard the sound of many merry voices, and his eyes began to sparkle.

"They are coming!" he cried, and threw open the door of the castle, and went to meet his little guests; but when he saw them he started back.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed to the Countess, who stood behind him. "There is a long procession of them, and they are headed by a giant—the young giant Feldar! Who ever heard of such a thing as a giant coming to a children's festival! He will eat up everything we have in a few mouthfuls!"

"You might as well let him do it!" said the Countess. "There won't be enough for the others, any way. There seem to be hundreds of them; and if there is n't a band of music striking up!"

Sure enough, quite a procession was approaching the castle. First came the giant Feldar, with Tillette, the little fairy, on his finger; then four or five musicians; and after them a long line of children, all dressed in their best clothes, and marching two by two.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted the giant, as soon as he saw Count Cormo, and then all the children shouted "Merry Christmas!!" until the castle court-yard echoed with the cheerful greeting, while the band played loudly and merrily.

"Come in, my dears," cried the Count to the children. "I am glad to see you. But as for you, good giant, I fear my door is not quite large

enough. But perhaps you can stoop and squeeze yourself in."

"Count Cormo!" cried the fairy, from the giant's finger. "I have a plan to propose."

The good Count looked up in surprise.

of the line of children and just behind the musicians. Then they all marched across the great court-yard to the old wing of the castle, and when they reached the doors of the great hall, the giant swung them open, and everybody entered.



THE YOUNG GIANT FELDAR COMPELS THE WARDER TO OPEN THE SICK GIANT'S CASTLE-GATE.

"If it is n't a dear little fairy!" he exclaimed. "Why, certainly, if you have a plan to propose, I shall be happy to hear it."

"Well, then," said Tillette, "suppose we go first into the great hall in the old wing of the castle. That is so large that it will hold us all, and we can have a grand dance, if we feel like it, after we get there."

"I am afraid that the great hall would be very uncomfortable," said the Count. "No one has lived in it, nor even entered it, so far as I know, for many years; and everything must be covered with dust and cobwebs."

"But it would be so nice to march around that great hall with the music and everything. I don't believe there's any dust."

"Well, then," said the Count, "as you seem to have set your heart on it, we'll go."

So the Count and the Countess put on their hats and took their places in the procession, at the head

Never were there two such astonished people as the Count and Countess!

Right in the middle of the hall stood a great Christmas-tree, which the giant had brought in on his shoulders from the woods. On the wide-spreading branches of this tall tree were hung hundreds of presents and sparkling ornaments.

"What does this mean?" gasped the Count. "Whose tree is this?"

"It is yours! It is yours!" cried all the children in a merry chorus which made the old walls ring. "It is your Christmas-tree, and we, the children, who love you, give it to you!"

The Count looked around from one to another of the children, but did not say a word. His heart was too full for him to speak. Then the giant put the fairy on his shirt-frill, and, stooping down, took up the Count and Countess, one in each hand, holding them gently, but very firmly, and carried them around the tree, raising them up and down,

so that they could see all the presents, even those at the very top.

Everything was labeled—not with the name of the person they were for, for they were all for the Count and Countess, but with the names of those who gave them.

Presently, the Count began to read out every name aloud, and each time a child's name was called, all the other children would clap and cheer. There were a good many small bags, which looked as if they were very heavy, hanging here and there, and these were all marked "From Feldar," while some beautiful clusters of diamonds, which glittered in the sunlight that poured in through the windows, were labeled "From Tillette."

It took a long time to look at all the presents, which were rather different from the things generally seen on Christmas-trees, for the great branches and boughs held every kind of useful and ornamental articles that the Count and Countess needed. Many of these were old family treasures which they once had owned, but had been obliged to sell, to keep up their Christmas festivals.

"Now for a dance!" cried the fairy, in her clear little voice, and the music struck up, while all the children began to dance gayly around the tree.

The Count and Countess, with the giant and fairy, stood aside, while this happy play was going on, enjoying it almost as much as the children, but when the dancing began to flag, the Count thought that the time had now come when the party ought to have something to eat, and his heart failed him when he thought of the very meager repast he had to offer them.

But he need not have troubled his mind about that. As soon as the dance was done, the giant stepped to a door which led to another apartment, and throwing it open he cried:

"Enter the banquetting-hall! This is the feast the children give to the good Count Corno and his wife. He has feasted them often and often, and made them happy, for many a Christmas. It is their turn now."

Everybody trooped through the door, the children gently pushing the Count and Countess before them. The room was truly a banquetting-



QUITE A PROCESSION WAS APPROACHING THE CASTLE.

The Count and his wife were more and more delighted as they were carried around the tree, but at last this happy business was over, and the giant put them down upon the floor.

hall. A long table was covered with every kind of thing good to eat, and, on smaller tables in the corners, was ever so much more, in case it should be needed. Here and there, on the long table,

were enormous cakes, great bowls of jelly, and vast pies. Everybody knew these were for the giant.

The Count and Countess took their places at the

and she enjoyed herself as much as anybody else did.

When the banquet was

over, they all went into the great hall, where they had dances and games and singing, and there never was a merrier company before.

When evening approached, the Count stood up and made a little speech. He tried to tell the children how good he thought they were, and how happy they had made him. He did not say much, but they all understood him. When he had finished, there was a silence over the whole room. The children looked at one another, some of them smiled, and then, all together, as if they had planned it out before, they cried:

"The giant and the fairy did it all. He gave us the money and she told us what to buy."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the young giant, his face turning very red; "I thought nothing was to be said about that," and he went outside so that nobody should make a speech to him.

Now all the children came up, and each in turn bade the Count and Countess farewell, and then, headed by the giant's band of music, and singing merrily, they marched away to their homes.

But Count Corno would not let the giant

and the fairy go away so soon. He made them come with him to the dwelling part of his castle, and there, after a little squeezing and stooping by the giant at the door, they all sat down around the hearth, on which a fine blazing fire had been built.

"I don't know what to say, my dear Feldar," said the Count, "and I can never repay you ——"



THE CHILDREN DANCED GAYLY AROUND THE TREE.

head and foot of the table; and all the children gathered around, and everybody had a splendid appetite. Just in the center of the table there was a little table about three inches high, on which there were dear little morsels of the dainties the others were eating. At this table, on a little chair, the fairy Tillette sat, where she could see everything,

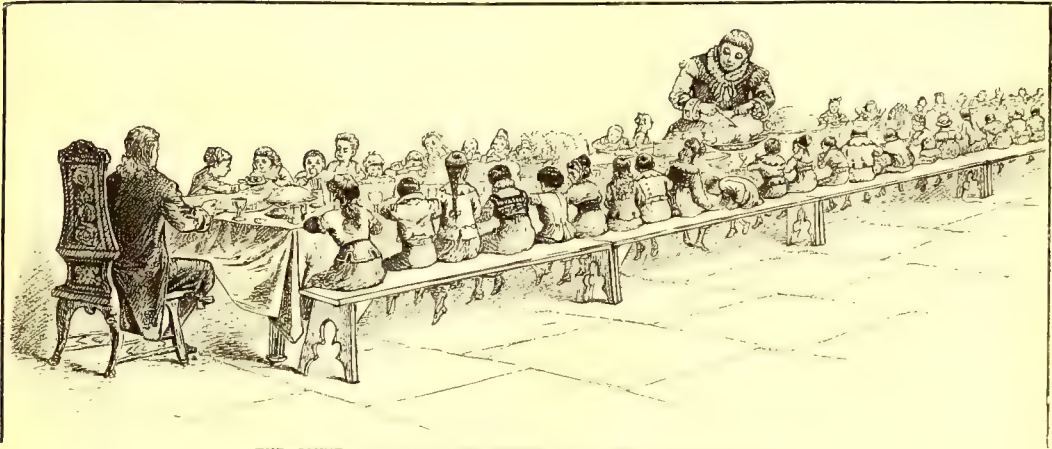
The giant was just about to exclaim that the Count need not say anything, and that he did not wish to be repaid, when, seeing he felt embarrassed, the fairy broke in:

"Oh, yes, dear Count, you can repay him. You can adopt him. You have no children, you are getting old, and are living alone. He has no parents,—even his grandfather's uncle is now dead,—and he lives all by himself in his castle on the Shattered Crag. He is rich, and you can show

young giant kneeled on the floor; and the Count got up on a table, and put his hands on the young giant's head, and adopted him.

"Now you ought to adopt her," said Feldar, after he had kissed the Count and Countess, and had sat down again by the fire.

"No," said Tillette, "I can not be adopted. But I will often come to see you, and we shall be happy together, and the children will have a splendid Christmas festival every year."



THE COUNT AND HIS HAPPY GUESTS ENJOY THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

him how to do good with his great wealth. He could come and live in the old wing of the castle, where the rooms are so large; the furniture he has inherited could be sent here, and you could all be so happy together! Will you take him?"

The Count's eyes filled with tears.

"Would you like us to adopt you?" he said to Feldar.

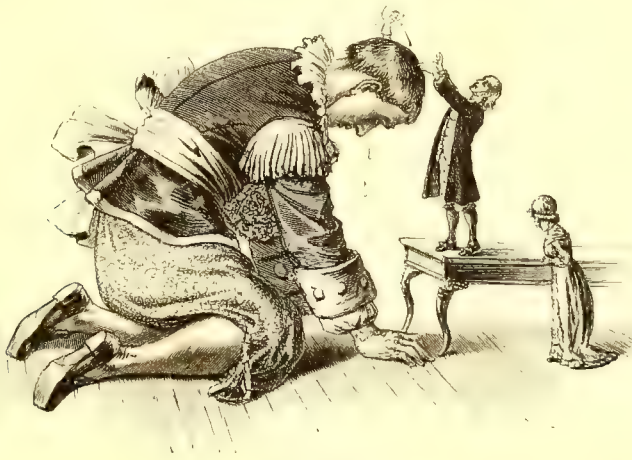
"Indeed I should," was the reply. Then the

"As long as we live," said the Count and Countess.

"As long as I live," said Feldar.

When the Count and Countess went up to their room, that night, there they found the family bedstead, all cleaned and polished, with its gold and silver ornaments sparkling like new.

"What a happy Christmas I have had!" said good Count Cormo.



COUNT CORMO ADOPTS THE YOUNG GIANT.

ABOUT OTTERS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

AMONG the animals that live partly in the water and partly on the land, that can run about on the shore and breathe the air just as well as we can, and yet dive under the water and swim like a fish, one of the most interesting is the otter. A common otter is about the size of a small dog, having a narrow body two feet long, and very short legs. It is covered with handsome fur next to its skin, and outside of this there is a coat of long, coarse hair.

As this animal is very fond of the water, and lives principally on fish, it makes its home on the shore of a creek or river. This home is a hole under-ground, generally quite close to the water. The entrance to the burrow is always under water, and leads upward to the main apartment, which is dug out as high up in a bank as possible, so that, in case of a flood in the stream, the water will not rise up along the entrance-way and into the otter's house. Sometimes the animal makes two or three chambers, one above another, so that, in case the water should rise in a lower room, he and his family could go up higher, and keep dry. He does not mind being under the water for a time, but he can not live under water. From the top of his house up to the surface of the ground he makes a small hole to let in air; so, you see, the otter is a very clever creature. The entrance to his house is hidden under water, where no dog nor other enemy is likely to find it, or to get in if they do find it; and his home is so well planned that some part of it is always dry and well ventilated.

When the otter wants his supper,—for, as he eats only at night, it may be said that he takes neither breakfast nor dinner,—he slips quietly into the water, and as soon as he sees a fish, he gives chase to it. He has large, full eyes like a seal's, and he can see in the water as well as on land. He is web-footed, and his long, flexible body and stout tail enable him to move through the water with a motion very much like that of a fish. He can thus swim very fast, and few fish are able to escape him.

During the day-time, the otter generally stays quiet in his burrow, but at night he comes out, and makes it very lively for the fish. Sometimes, when fish are scarce, he will do his midnight hunting on land, and will be glad to catch a chicken or any other small animal he may meet.

If an otter is caught when it is quite young, it may be tamed. I once saw a couple of tame ones in New York, and they were as lively and playful

as a pair of terrier dogs. Sometimes tame otters are trained to catch fish for their masters. In this kind of fishing, the otter slips quietly into the water, and generally catches first all the fish he wants to eat himself. When he has had enough, he brings the next one he catches to his master. A very well-trained otter will go into the water several times in this way, and frequently will bring out a large fish each time. Otters are occasionally employed by fishermen who use nets. The nets are first set, and then the otters go into the water and drive the fish into the nets, where they are caught.

There is a story told of a man in England who had a tame otter which followed him about on shore like a dog, and which, also, used to fish for him. The two companions would go out on the river in a boat, when the otter would jump overboard, and bring fish back to the man. If the animal staid away too long, his master would call him by his name, and he would immediately return.

One day the man was away from home, and his young son thought it would be a good idea to take his father's otter and go fishing. So he took the little animal into the boat, and rowed out upon the river. The otter jumped into the river exactly as he used to do for the boy's father, but he staid below a long time, and when the boy called him he did not come back. Either he did not know his name when spoken by a strange voice, or he did not like the boy well enough to come back to him, for he remained out of sight, and after the boy had called him in vain for a long time, he was obliged to return to shore without him.

Several days after this, the man was walking along the river-bank near the place where his son had gone fishing. He was greatly grieved at the loss of his pet otter, and I expect the boy had been whipped. The man stood at the edge of the water, and began to call the otter by his name. He did not think there was any particular use in doing this, but it reminded him of his little friend and of old fishing times. But you can scarcely imagine his astonishment when, in a few moments, his faithful otter came swimming out of the water, and lay down on the shore at his feet. If he had brought a string of fish along with him, I do not think the man could have been more surprised and delighted.

In India and some other Eastern countries, this fishing with tame otters is made quite a business.

Bishop Heber tells us that on the bank of a river in Hindostan he once saw eight or nine fine large otters tied to stakes driven into the sand. These

these otters were used for fishing, their native masters did not set them loose and allow them to swim about as they pleased ; but made them go



THE OTTER AT HIS SUPPER.

handsome fellows were either lying asleep on the shore or swimming about in the water as far as their ropes would let them. It is likely that when

into the water with the long cord still fastened to their necks. In this way the otter could swim far enough to catch fish, and his master would be

always sure of having his otter, whether he got any fish or not.

In England, otter-hunting used to be a favorite amusement, and in some parts of the country it is carried on yet. A certain kind of dog, called the otter-hound, is especially trained for this sport, and the hunters use short spears. Some of the hunters and dogs go on one side of the stream where otters are expected to be found, and some on the other. If an otter has recently been along the bank, the dogs catch his scent, and they bark and howl, and scratch the ground, and the men shout and beat the reedy bushes and the shore until the poor otter is frightened out of his house, and takes to the water. But here he is discovered by the bubbles of air which come up where he is breathing, and the men wade into the stream and strike at the place where they suppose the otter is. The dogs, too, sometimes go into the water, and in this way the otter is either killed or driven ashore. When he goes on land he generally shows fight, and the dogs often have a very hard time before he is killed.

There are otters, however, which are much better worth hunting than the common otter. These are the great sea-otters, which are found in the regions about Behring's Straits and in Kamtschatka, also in some of the waters of South America. These are much larger than the common otter, some of them weighing seventy or eighty pounds. These animals are hunted for the sake of their fur, which is very valuable, and they are probably not

so active and difficult to kill as the common otter, which has so many enemies that it is obliged to be very cunning and courageous. Up in those cold regions where the sea-otter lives, he is only occasionally disturbed by man, and probably never by any other creature. These otters do not appear to pursue ordinary fish in the water, but feed upon lobsters and other shell-fish.

Sea-otters are said to be very affectionate to their young, but it is not likely that they are more so than the common otter; the difference probably is that the sea-otter is much less wild and shy than the common otter, and its habits and disposition toward its young are therefore more easily observed. Ordinary young otters, even when mere infants, will, at the slightest sign of danger, pop into the water with their parents, and come up in some spot among the reeds and grass where it is impossible to see them.

There is an animal in this country which is placed by some writers in the otter tribe, although we do not generally consider it as such. This is the mink, or minx, and it is a great deal more troublesome to us than any ordinary otter; for it does not confine itself to catching fish, but will come into a barn-yard and kill chickens or any other poultry it can lay hold of. Its work, like that of the common otter, is done at night.

The fur of all the otter family is soft and valuable, and if it were not for this fact, there would probably be a great many more otters in the world than there are now.



THE PORTER'S IRON COLLAR.

BY DAVID KER.

ABOUT sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, in the midst of a wide plain, stands the Czar's country palace of Tsarskoe-Selo (Czar's Village), the great park of which is a very pretty place in fine summer weather. All through June and July, you may see the Russian children running about under the trees by scores, with a shouting and laughing that would do the Czar's heart good to hear, if he were anywhere within reach. In every shady spot you are pretty sure to find a picnic party making merry

on the grass, with two or three well-filled lunch-baskets beside them; and when you come to the little summer-houses near the lake, you will most likely find at least half a dozen people in each, gathered around a big bowl of *prostokvash*, which is the Russian name for curds and cream.

This lake is one of the great "sights" of the park, for it has a boat-house filled with a model of every kind of boat in the world, down to Greenland fishing-boats and Polynesian war-canoes; and

when they are all sent floating over the lake after dark, hung with colored lamps, they make a very fine show indeed. But there is something even better worth seeing a little farther on, and that is the palace museum, filled with strange presents which have been given to the Russian Czars by

lived about a hundred years ago, and was not only a count, but an admiral as well, though there were people who said that if he had had to manage the fleet by himself, instead of having three or four excellent naval commanders to help him, he would have made a poor job of it. But whatever doubts



various kings, savage or civilized, from a jeweled sword presented by the first Napoleon to a Persian carpet sent by the Ameer of Bokhara.

On a table near the door lies a very curious relic, which every one who comes in notices at once. It is a large silver dish, rolled up like a sheet of paper, so as to make a kind of funnel; and if you ask the old soldier who shows the museum how it came to be twisted up like that, he will give a knowing grin, and ask if you ever heard of Count Gregory Orloff.

This Gregory Orloff was a Russian count who

there might be about his seamanship, there could be none about his strength, for he was one of the largest and most powerful men in Russia. Like many other giants, he was, perhaps, just a little too fond of showing off his great strength. Nothing pleased him more than to bend a horse-shoe between his fingers, or pull out of the ground a stake which no one else could move; and if one of his sailors turned mutinous, and began to make a noise, Orloff would just take him by the throat, and shake him as a cat shakes a mouse, after which the brawler was usually quiet enough.

Now, it happened that one night this strong-handed admiral was at an evening party at the palace, and as he was handing a bouquet of flowers to one of the ladies, the silver paper which was wrapped around it slipped off. Orloff said nothing, but stepped to the supper-table, and taking up a silver dish, rolled it up like a piece of paper, put the bouquet into it, and handed it to the lady; and this is the same silver dish which you now see in the museum.

Not long after this, Orloff arrived in St. Petersburg from a journey, and was met at his own door by a messenger from the palace, who told him that the Empress particularly wished to see him, and that he must go to her at once. Some men would have waited to put on their finest clothes, and to make themselves look quite gay and dandified; but the admiral was used to obeying orders at once, and off he started for the palace, just as he was.

Now, while the admiral had been journeying, there had come to the palace a new hall-porter who had never seen him before. This porter was a strong fellow, although not nearly as big as Orloff, and not

a nice-tempered man by any means; so when he saw this big, coarse-looking figure (for the admiral, with all his fine titles, was terribly ugly) coming up to the door of the stately palace in a dusty traveling-dress, he shouted fiercely:

"Be off, you vagabond! You 've no business here! Who are *you*, I should like to know?"

Orloff never answered, but stooped and picked up a long iron bar that fastened the door at night. One jerk of his great strong hands twisted it around the porter's neck like a ribbon, so that the poor fellow had to hold up the ends.

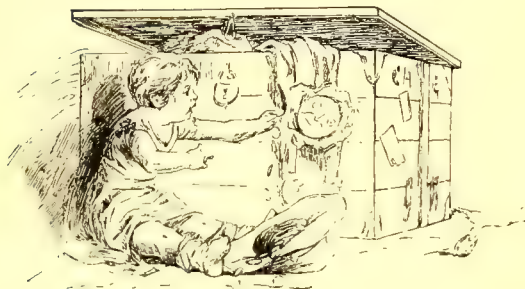
"Now, my boy," said he, with a broad grin, "go and show yourself to the Empress with that iron collar on, and she will know who I am, even if you don't!"

Then the porter knew at once that this must be the terrible Count Orloff, of whose strength he had heard so much, and he fell on his knees to ask pardon. But Orloff only laughed, and told him not to be quite so ready to judge a man by his outside another time; and, indeed, from that day forth, the porter was always wonderfully civil to everybody.

[LAST month we gave you Mr. Peirce's account of the old-time wearers of the cap-and-bells. The day of the court jester has long since passed away, but his representative—after a fashion—lives in the well-known Clown of the circus and the pantomime show. Therefore, we are glad in the present number to follow Mr. Peirce's article with a narrative poem by Miss Vandegrift, showing how our modern Clown, like his earlier fellow, is a man at heart, notwithstanding his grotesque face and his "quips and cranks and wanton wiles."—ED.]

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



IT was out on the Western frontier—

The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;

The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,

And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows did n't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;

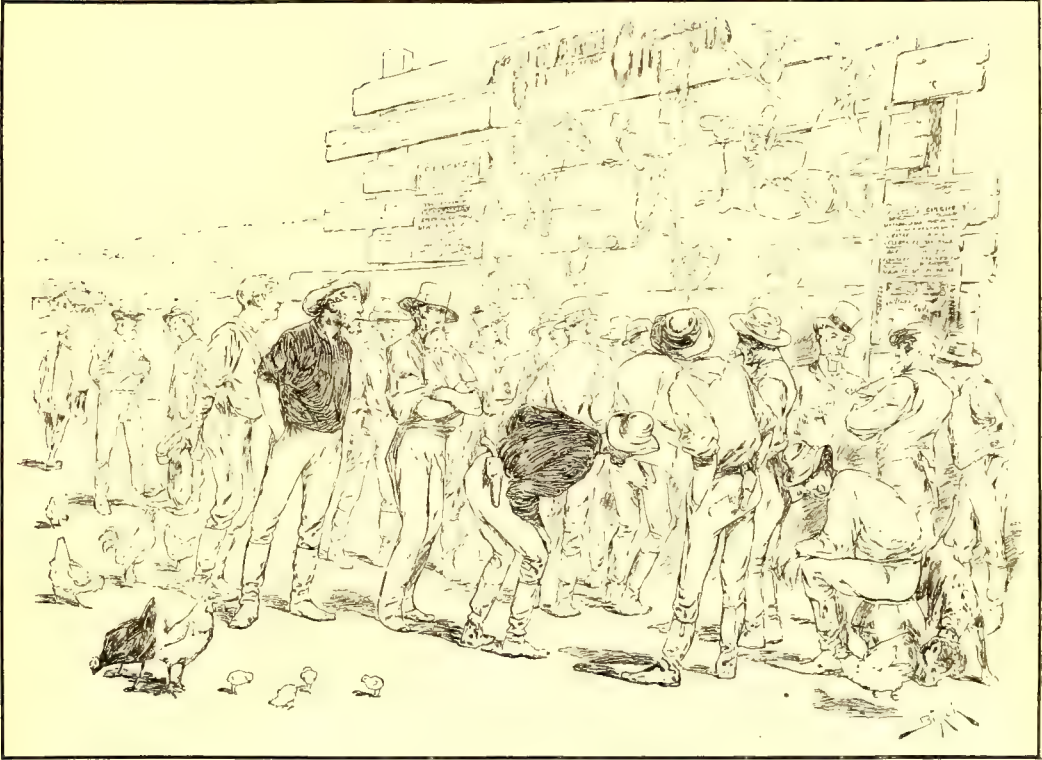
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.

And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloon stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on,

She lifted her baby gently;
"You 'll be *very* careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling!"—
How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and
paint—
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,



But the clown in vain searched wildly;
The "property-baby" was gone!

He murmured, impatiently hunting;
"It 's strange that I can not find—
There! I 've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men.
The clown bent over the cradle—
"I must take *you*, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;

Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You 'll hold him as if he was made of glass?"
Said the clown to pantaloen.

The jovial fellow nodded;
"I 've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby-laugh! It was echoed
 From the benches with a ring,
 And the roughest customer there sprang up
 With: "Boys, it's the real thing!"
 The ring was jammed in a minute,
 Not a man that did not strive
 For "a shot at holding the baby"—
 The baby that was "alive!"

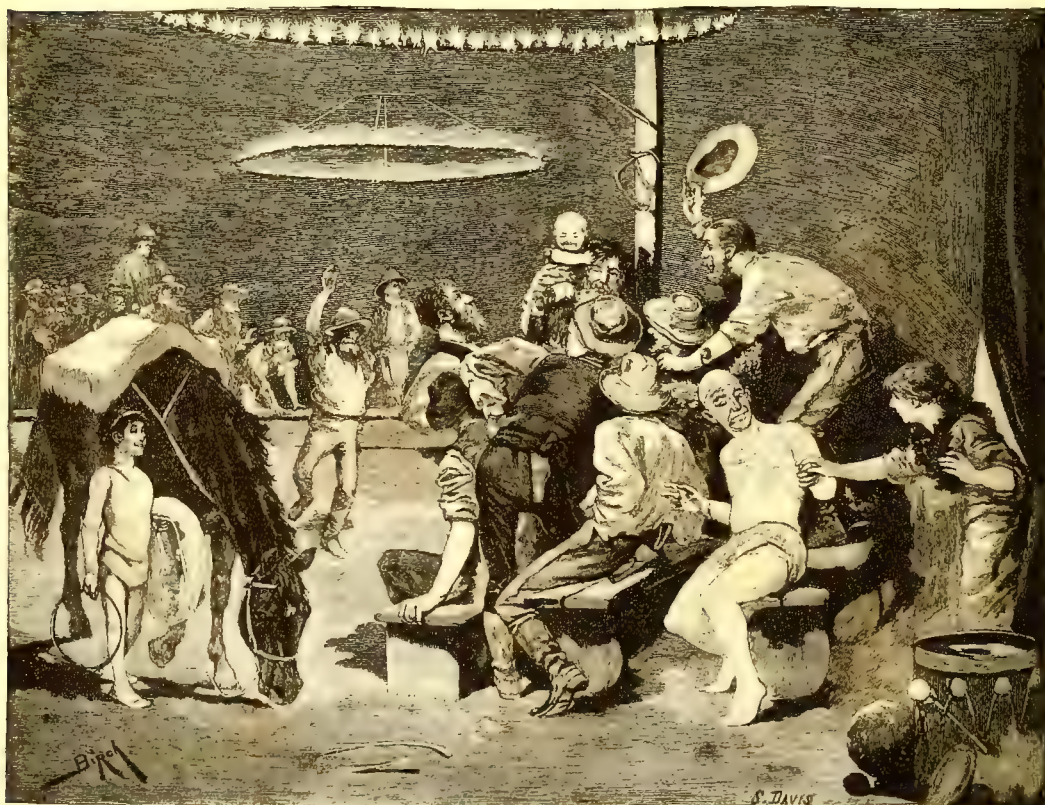
He was thronged by kneeling suitors
 In the midst of the dusty ring,
 And he held his court right royally,—
 The fair little baby-king,—
 Till one of the shouting courtiers,
 A man with a bold, hard face,
 The talk, for miles, of the country,
 And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
 And chuckled, "Look at that!"
 As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
 Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"

There never was such a hatful
 Of silver, and gold, and notes;
 People are not always penniless
 Because they don't wear coats!

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
 I tell you, those cheers were meant,
 And the way in which they were given
 Was enough to raise the tent.
 And then there was sudden silence,
 And a gruff old miner said,
 "Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
 It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
 But with faces strangely bright,
 The audience, somewhat lingeringly,
 Flocked out into the night.
 And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
 "He was n't a bit afraid!"
 He 's as game as he is good-looking—
 Boys, that was a show that *paid!*"



THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER V.

WHILING AWAY TIME.

EXCLUDED from the plays of the older fellows, Jack drew around him a circle of small boys, who were always glad to be amused with the stories of hunting, fishing, and frontier adventure that he had heard from old pioneers on Wildcat Creek. Sometimes he played "tee-tah-toe, three in a row," with the girls, using a slate and pencil in a way well known to all school-children. And he also showed them a better kind of "tee-tah-toe," learned on the Wildcat, and which may have been in the first place an Indian game, as it is played with grains of Indian corn. A piece of board is grooved with a jack-knife in the manner shown in the diagram in the next column.

One player has three red or yellow grains of corn, and the other an equal number of white ones. The player who won the last game has the "go"—that is, he first puts down a grain of corn at any place where the lines intersect, but usually in the middle, as that is the best point. Then the other player puts down one, and so on until all are down. After this, the players move alternately along any of the lines, in any direction, to the next intersection, provided it is not already occupied. The one who first succeeds in getting his three grains in a row wins the point, and the board is cleared for a new start. As there are always three vacant points, and as the rows may be formed in any direction along any of the lines, the game gives a chance for more variety of combinations than one would expect from its appearance.

Jack had also an arithmetical puzzle which he had learned from his father, and which many of the readers of this story will know, perhaps.

"Set down any number, without letting me know what it is," he said to Joanna Merwin.

She set down a number.

"Now add twelve and multiply by two."

"Well, that is done," said Joanna.

"Divide by four, subtract half of the number first set down, and your answer will be six."

"Oh, but how did you know that I put down sixty-four?" said Joanna.

"I did n't," said Jack.

"How could you tell the answer, then?"

"That 's for you to find out."

This puzzle excited a great deal of curiosity. To

add to the wonder of the scholars, Jack gave each time a different number to be added in, and sometimes he varied the multiplying and dividing. Harvey Collins, who was of a studious turn, puzzled over it a long time, and at last he found it out; but he did not tell the secret.

He contented himself with giving out a number to Jack and telling his result. To the rest it was quite miraculous, and Riley turned green with jealousy when he found the girls and boys refusing to listen to his jokes, but gathering about Jack to test his ability to "guess the answer," as they phrased it. Riley said he knew how it was done, and he was even foolish enough to try to do it, by watching the slate-pencil, or by sheer guessing, but this only brought him into ridicule.

"Try me once," said the little C. C. G. W. M. de L. Risdale, and Jack let Columbus set down a figure and carry it through the various processes until he told him the result. Lummy grew excited, pushed his thin hands up into his hair, looked at his slate a minute, and then squeaked out:

"Oh—let me see—yes—no—yes—Oh, I see! Your answer is just half the amount added in, because you have—"

But here Jack placed his hand over Columbus's mouth.

"You can see through a pine door, Lummy, but you must n't let out my secret," he said.

But Jack had a boy's heart in him, and he longed for some more boy-like amusement.

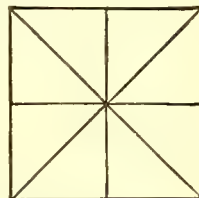


DIAGRAM OF
TEE-TAH-TOE BOARD.

CHAPTER VI.

A BATTLE.

ONE morning, when Jack proposed to play a game of ball with the boys, Riley and Pewee came up and entered the game, and objected.

"It is n't interesting to play with greenhorns," said Will. "If Jack plays, little Christopher Columbus Andsoforth will want to play, too; and then there 'll be two babies to teach. I can't be always helping babies. Let Jack play two-hole cat or Anthony-over with the little fellows." To which answer Pewee assented, of course.

That day at noon Riley came to Jack, with a most gentle tone and winning manner, and whiningly begged Jack to show him how to divide 770 by 14.

"It is n't interesting to show greenhorns," said Jack, mimicking Riley's tone on the playground that morning. "If I show you, Pewee Rose will want me to show him; then there 'll be two babies to teach. I can't be always helping babies. Go and play two-hole cat with the First-Reader boys."

That afternoon, Mr. Ball had the satisfaction of using his new beech switches on both Riley and Pewee, though indeed Pewee did not deserve to be punished for not getting his lesson. He did not make his own cannon-ball head—it was Nature's doing that his head, like a goat's, was made for butting and not for thinking.

But if he had to take whippings from the master and his father, he made it a rule to get satisfaction out of somebody else. If Jack had helped him he would n't have missed. If he had not missed his lesson badly, Mr. Ball would not have whipped him. It would be inconvenient to whip Mr. Ball in return, but Jack would be easy to manage, and as somebody must be whipped, it fell to Jack's lot to take it.

King Pewee did not fall upon his victim at the school-house door—this would have insured him another beating from the master. Nor did he attack Jack while Bob Holliday was with him. Bob was big and strong—a great fellow of sixteen. But after Jack had passed the gate of Bob's house, and was walking on toward home alone, Pewee came out from behind an alley fence, accompanied by Ben Berry and Will Riley.

"I 'm going to settle with you now," said King Pewee, sidling up to Jack like an angry bull-dog.

It was not a bright prospect for Jack, and he cast about him for a chance to escape a brutal encounter with such a bully, and yet avoid actually running away.

"Well," said Jack, "if I must fight, I must. But I suppose you wont let Riley and Berry help you."

"No, I 'll fight fair." And Pewee threw off his coat, while Jack did the same.

"You 'll quit when I say 'enough,' wont you?" said Jack.

"Yes, I 'll fight fair, and hold up when you 've got enough."

"Well, then, for that matter, I 've got enough now. I 'll take the will for the deed, and just say 'enough' before you begin," and he turned to pick up his coat.

"No, you don't get off that way," said Pewee. "You 've got to stand up and see who is the best man, or I 'll kick you all the way home."

"Did n't you ever hear about Davy Crockett's

'coon?" said Jack. "When the 'coon saw him taking aim, it said: 'Is that you, Crockett? Well, don't fire—I 'll come down anyway. I know you 'll hit anything you shoot at.' Now, I 'm that 'coon. If it was anybody but you, I 'd fight. But as it's you, Pewee, I might just as well come down before you begin."

Pewee was flattered by this way of putting the question. Had he been alone, Jack would have escaped. But Will Riley, remembering all he had endured from Jack's retorts, said:

"Oh, give it to him, Pewee; he 's always making trouble."

At which Pewee squared himself off, doubled up his fists, and came at the slenderer Jack. The latter prepared to meet him, but, after all, it was hard for Pewee to beat so good-humored a fellow as Jack. The king's heart failed him, and suddenly he backed off, saying:

"If you 'll agree to help Riley and me out with our lessons hereafter, I 'll let you off. If you don't, I 'll thrash you within an inch of your life." And Pewee stood ready to begin.

Jack wanted to escape the merciless beating that Pewee had in store for him. But he was high-spirited, and it was quite impossible for him to submit under a threat. So he answered:

"If you and Riley will treat me as you ought to, I 'll help you when you ask me, as I always have. But even if you pound me into jelly I wont agree to help you, unless you treat me right. I wont be bullied into helping you."

"Give it to him, Pewee," said Ben Berry; "he 's too sassy."

Pewee was a rather good-natured dog—he had to be set on. He now began to strike at Jack. Whether he was to be killed or not, Jack did not know, but he was resolved not to submit to the bully. Yet he could not do much at defense against Pewee's hard fists. However, Jack was active and had long limbs; he soon saw that he must do something more than stand up to be beaten. So, when King Pewee, fighting in the irregular Western fashion, and hoping to get a decided advantage at once, rushed upon Jack and pulled his head forward, Jack stooped lower than his enemy expected, and, thrusting his head between Pewee's knees, shoved his legs from under him, and by using all his strength threw Pewee over his own back, so that the king's nose and eyes fell into the dust of the village street.

"I 'll pay you for that," growled Pewee, as he recovered himself, now thoroughly infuriated; and with a single blow he sent Jack flat on his back, and then proceeded to pound him. Jack could do nothing now but shelter his eyes from Pewee's blows.

Joanna Merwin had seen the beginning of the

battle from the window of her father's house, and feeling sure that Jack would be killed, she had run swiftly down the garden walk to the back gate, through which she slipped into the alley; and then she hurried on, as fast as her feet would carry her, to the blacksmith-shop of Pewee Rose's father.

"Oh, please, Mr. Rose, come quick! Pewee's just killing a boy in the street."

"Vitin' ag'in," said Mr. Rose, who was a Pennsylvanian from the limestone country, and spoke English with difficulty. "He ees a leetle ruffien, dat poy. I'll see apout him right away a'ready, may be."

And without waiting to put off his leathern apron, he walked briskly in the direction indicated by Joanna. Pewee was hammering Jack without pity, when suddenly he was caught by the collar and lifted sharply to his feet.

"Wot you doin' down dare in de dirt wunst a'ready? Hey?" said Mr. Rose, as he shook his son with the full force of his right arm, and cuffed him with his left hand. "Did n't I dells you I'd gill you some day if you did n't guit vitin' mit oder poy, a'ready?"

"He commenced it," whimpered Pewee.

"You dells a pig lie a'ready, I beleefs, Peter, and I'll whip you fur lyin' besides wunst more. Fellers like *him*," pointing to Jack, who was brushing the dust off his clothes,—“fellers like him don't gommece on such a poy as you. You're such anoder viter I never seed.” And he shook Pewee savagely.

"I wont do it no more," begged Pewee—"pon my word and honor I wont."

"Oh, you don't gits off dat away no more, a'ready. You know what I'll giff you when I git you home, you leedle ruffien. I shows you how to vite, a'ready."

And the king disappeared down the street, begging like a spaniel, and vowing that he "would n't do it no more." But he got a severe whipping, I fear;—it is doubtful if such beatings ever do any good. The next morning Jack appeared at school with a black eye, and Pewee had some scratches, so the master whipped them both for fighting.

CHAPTER VII.

HAT-BALL AND BUFFALO.

PEWEE did not renew the quarrel with Jack—perhaps from fear of the rawhide that hung in the blacksmith's shop, or of the master's ox-gad, or of Bob Holliday's fists, or perhaps from a hope of conciliating Jack and getting occasional help in his lessons. Jack was still excluded from the favorite game of "bull-pen," or, as it is better named,

"buffalo." I am not sure that he would have been refused had he asked for admission, but he did not want to risk another refusal. He planned a less direct way of getting into the game. He asked his mother for a worn-out stocking, and he procured an old boot-top. He raveled the stocking, winding the yarn into a ball of medium hardness. Then he cut from the boot-top a square of leather large enough for his purpose. This he laid on the kitchen table, and proceeded to mark off and cut it into the shape of an orange-peel that has been quartered off the orange. But Jack left the four quarters joined together at the middle. This leather he put to soak over night. The next morning, bright and early, with a big needle and some strong thread he sewed it around his yarn-ball, stretching the wet leather to its utmost, so that when it should contract the ball should be firm and hard, and the leather well molded to it. Such a ball is far better for all play in which the player is to be hit than are those sold in the stores nowadays. I have described the manufacture of the old-fashioned home-made ball, because there are some boys, especially in the towns, who have lost the art of making yarn balls.

When Jack had finished his ball, he let it dry, while he ate his breakfast and did his chores. Then he sallied out and found Bob Holliday, and showed him the result of his work. Bob squeezed it, "hefted" it, bounced it against a wall, tossed it high in the air, caught it, and then bounced it on the ground. Having thus "put it through its paces," he pronounced it an excellent ball,—“a good deal better than Ben Berry's ball. But what are you going to do with it?” he asked. "Play Anthony-over? The little boys can play that."

I suppose there are boys in these days who do not know what "Anthony-over" is. How, indeed, can anybody play Anthony-over in a crowded city?

The old one-story village school-houses stood generally in an open green. The boys divided into two parties, the one going on one side, and the other on the opposite side of the school-house. The party that had the ball would shout, "Anthony!" The others responded, "Over!" To this, answer was made from the first party, "Over she comes!" and the ball was immediately thrown over the school-house. If any of the second party caught it, they rushed, pell-mell, around both ends of the school-house to the other side, and that one of them who held the ball essayed to hit some one of the opposite party before they could exchange sides. If a boy was hit by the ball thus thrown he was counted as captured to the opposite party, and he gave all his efforts to beat his old allies. So the game went on, until all the players of one side were captured by the others.

"I'm not going to play Anthony-over," said Jack. "I'm going to show King Pewee a new trick."

"You can't get up a game of buffalo on your own hook."

"No, I don't mean that. I'm going to show the boys how to play hat-ball—a game they used to play on the Wildcat."

"I see your point. You are going to make Pewee ask you to let him in," said Bob, and the two boys set out for school together, Jack explain-

body-Else might throw from where the ball lay, or from the hats, at the rest, and so on, until some one missed. The one who missed took up his hat and left the play, and the boy who picked up the ball proceeded to drop it into a hat, and the game went on until all but one were put out.

Hat-ball is so simple that any number can play at it, and Jack's friends found it so full of boisterous fun, that every new-comer wished to set down his hat. And thus, by the time Pewee and Riley arrived, half the larger boys in the school



JACK AMUSING THE SMALL BOYS WITH STORIES OF HUNTING, FISHING, AND FRONTIER ADVENTURE. [SEE PAGE 201.]

ing the game to Bob. They found one or two boys already there, and when Jack showed his new ball and proposed a new game, they fell in with it.

The boys stood their hats in a row on the grass. The one with the ball stood over the row of hats, and swung his hand to and fro above them, while the boys stood by him, prepared to run as soon as the ball should drop into a hat. The boy who held the ball, after one or two false motions,—now toward this hat, and now toward that one,—would drop the ball into Somebody's hat. Somebody would rush to his hat, seize the ball, and throw it at one of the other boys who were fleeing in all directions. If he hit Somebody-Else, Some-

were in the game, and there were not enough left to make a good game of buffalo.

At noon, the new game drew the attention of the boys again, and Riley and Pewee tried in vain to coax them away.

"Oh, I say, come on, fellows!" Riley would say. "Come—let's play something worth playing."

But the boys staid by the new game and the new ball. Neither Riley, nor Pewee, nor Ben Berry liked to ask to be let into the game, after what had passed. Not one of them had spoken to Jack since the battle between him and Pewee, and they did not care to play with Jack's ball in a game of his starting.

Once the other boys had broken away from

Pewee's domination, they were pleased to feel themselves free. As for Pewee and his friends, they climbed up on a fence, and sat like three crows watching the play of the others. After awhile they got down in disgust, and went off, not knowing just what to do. When once they were out of sight, Jack winked at Bob, who said :

"I say, boys, we can play hat-ball at recess when there is n't time for buffalo. Let 's have a game of buffalo now, before school takes up."

It was done in a minute. Bob Holliday and Tom Taylor "chose up sides," the bases were all ready, and by the time Pewee and his aids-de-camp had walked disconsolately to the pond and back, the boys were engaged in a good game of buffalo, or, as they called it in that day, "bull-pen."

Perhaps I ought to say something about the principles of a game so little known over the country at large. I have never seen it played anywhere but in a narrow bit of country on the Ohio River, and yet there is no merrier game played with a ball.

The ball must not be too hard. There should be four or more corners. The space inside is called the pen, and the party winning the last game always has the corners. The ball is tossed from one corner to another, and when it has gone around once, any boy on a corner may, immediately after catching the ball thrown to him from any of the four corners, throw it at any one in the pen. He must throw while "the ball is hot,"—that is, instantly on catching it. If he fails to hit anybody on the other side, he goes out. If he hits, his side leave the corners and run as they please, for the boy who has been hit may throw from where the ball fell, or from any corner, at any one of the side holding the corners. If one of them is hit, he has the same privilege; but now the men in the pen are allowed to scatter also. Whoever misses is "out," and the play is resumed from the corners until all of one side are out. When but two are left on the corners the ball is smuggled,—that is, one hides the ball in his bosom, and the other pretends that he has it also. The boys in the ring do not know which has it, and the two "run the corners," throwing from any corner. If but one is left on the corners, he is allowed also to run from corner to corner.

It happened that Jack's side lost on the toss-up for corners, and he got into the ring, where his play showed better than it would have done on the corners. As Jack was the greenhorn and the last chosen on his side, the players on the corners expected to make light work of him; but he was an adroit dodger, and he put out three of the men on the corners by his unexpected way of evading a ball. Everybody who has ever played this fine old

game knows that expertness in dodging is worth quite as much as skill in throwing. Pewee was a famous hand with a ball, Riley could dodge well, Ben Berry had a happy knack of dropping flat upon the ground and letting a ball pass over him, Bob Holliday could run well in a counter charge; but nothing could be more effective than Jack Dudley's quiet way of stepping forward or backward, bending his lithe body or spreading his legs to let the ball pass, according to the course which it took from the player's hand.

King Pewee and company came back in time to see Jack dodge three balls thrown point-blank at him from a distance of fifteen feet. It was like witchcraft—he seemed to be charmed. Every dodge was greeted with a shout, and when once he luckily caught the ball thrown at him, and thus put out the thrower, there was no end of admiration of his playing. It was now evident to all that Jack could no longer be excluded from the game, and that, next to Pewee himself, he was already the best player on the ground.

At recess that afternoon, Pewee set his hat down in the hat-ball row, and as Jack did not object, Riley and Ben Berry did the same. The next day Pewee chose Jack first in buffalo, and the game was well played.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEFENDER.

If Jack had not about this time undertaken the defense of the little boy in the Fourth Reader, whose name was large enough to cover the principal features of the history of the New World, he might have had peace, for Jack was no longer one of the newest scholars, his courage was respected by Pewee, and he kept poor Riley in continual fear of his ridicule—making him smart every day. But, just when he might have had a little peace and happiness, he became the defender of Christopher Columbus George Washington Marquis de la Fayette Risdale—little "Andsoforth," as Riley and the other boys had nicknamed him.

The strange, pinched little body of the boy, his eccentric ways, his quickness in learning, and his infantile simplicity had all conspired to win the affection of Jack, so that he would have protected him even without the solicitation of Susan Lanham. But since Susan had been Jack's own first and fast friend, he felt in honor bound to run all risks in the case of her strange little cousin.

I think that Columbus's child-like ways might have protected him even from Riley and his set, if it had not been that he was related to Susan Lanham, and under her protection. It was the only chance

for Riley to revenge himself on Susan. She was more than a match for him in wit, and she was not a proper subject for Pewee's fists. So with that heartlessness which belongs to the school-boy bully, he resolved to torment the helpless fellow in revenge for Susan's sarcasms.

One morning, smarting under some recent taunt of Susan's, Riley caught little Columbus almost alone in the school-room. Here was a boy who certainly would not be likely to strike back again. His bamboo legs, his spindling arms, his pale face, his contracted chest, all gave the coward a perfect assurance of safety. So, with a rude pretence at play, laughing all the time, he caught the lad by the throat, and in spite of his weird dignity and pleading gentleness, shoved him back against the wall behind the master's empty chair. Holding him here a minute in suspense, he began slapping him, first on this side of the face and then on that. The pale cheeks burned red with pain and fright, but Columbus did not cry out, though the constantly increasing sharpness of the blows, and the sense of weakness, degradation, and terror, stung him severely. Riley thought it funny. Like a cat playing with a condemned mouse, the cruel fellow actually enjoyed finding one person weak enough to be afraid of him.

Columbus twisted about in a vain endeavor to escape from Riley's clutches, getting only a sharper cuff for his pains. Ben Berry, arriving presently, enjoyed the sport, while some of the smaller boys and girls, coming in, looked on the scene of torture in helpless pity. And ever, as more and more of the scholars gathered, Columbus felt more and more mortified; the tears were in his great sad eyes, but he made no sound of crying or complaint.

Jack Dudley came in at last, and marched straight up to Riley, who let go his hold and backed off. "You mean, cowardly, pitiful villain!" broke out Jack, advancing on him.

"I did n't do anything to you," whined Riley, backing into a corner.

"No, but I mean to do something to you. If there's an inch of man in you, come right on and fight with me. You dare n't do it."

"I don't want any quarrel with you."

"No, you quarrel with babies."

Here all the boys and girls jeered.

"You're too hard on a fellow, Jack," whined the scared Riley, slipping out of the corner and continuing to back down the school-room, while Jack kept slowly following him.

"You're a great deal bigger than I am," said Jack. "Why don't you try to corner me? Oh, I could just beat the breath out of you, you great, big, good for nothing——"

Here Riley pulled the west door open, and Jack,

at the same moment, struck him. Riley half dropped, half fell, through the door-way, scared so badly that he went sprawling on the ground.

The boys shouted "coward" and "baby" after him as he sneaked off, but Jack went back to comfort Columbus and to get control of his temper. For it is not wise, as Jack soon reflected, even in a good cause to lose your self-control.

"It was good of you to interfere," said Susan, when she had come in and learned all about it.

"I should have been a brute if I had n't," said Jack, pleased none the less with her praise. "But it does n't take any courage to back Riley out of a school-house. One could get more fight out of a yearling calf. I suppose I've got to take a beating from Pewee, though."

"Go and see him about it, before Riley sees him," suggested Susan. And Jack saw the prudence of this course. As he left the school-house at a rapid pace, Ben Berry told Riley, who was skulking behind a fence, that Jack was afraid of Pewee.

"Pewee," said Jack, when he met him starting to school, after having done his "chores," including the milking of his cow,— "Pewee, I want to say something to you."

Jack's tone and manner flattered Pewee. One thing that keeps a rowdy is the thought that better people despise him. Pewee felt in his heart that Jack had a contempt for him, and this it was that made him hate Jack in turn. But now that the latter sought him in a friendly way, he felt himself lifted up into a dignity hitherto unknown to him. "What is it?"

"You are a kind of king among the boys," said Jack. Pewee grew an inch taller.

"They are all afraid of you. Now, why don't you make us fellows behave? You ought to protect the little boys from fellows that impose on them. Then you'd be a king worth the having. All the boys and girls would like you."

"I s'pose may be that's so," said the king.

"There's poor little Columbus Risdale——"

"I don't like him," said Pewee.

"You mean you don't like Susan. She is a little sharp with her tongue. But you would n't fight with a baby—it is n't like you."

"No, sir-ee," said Pewee.

"You'd rather take a big boy than a little one. Now, you ought to make Riley let Lummy alone."

"I'll do that," said Pewee. "Riley's about a million times bigger than Lum."

"I went to the school-house this morning," continued Jack, "and I found Riley choking and beating him. And I thought I'd just speak to you, and see if you can't make him stop it."

"I'll do that," said Pewee, walking along with great dignity.

When Ben Berry and Riley saw Pewee coming in company with Jack, they were amazed and hung their heads, afraid to say anything even to each other. Jack and Pewee walked straight up to the fence-corner in which they stood.

"I thought I'd see what King Pewee would say about your fighting with babies, Riley," said Jack.

"I want you fellows to understand," said Pewee, "that I'm not going to have that little Lum Risdale hurt. If you want to fight, why don't you fight somebody your own size? I don't fight babies myself," and here Pewee drew himself up, "and I don't stand by any boy that does."

Poor Riley felt the last support drop from under

him. Pewee had deserted him, and he was now an orphan, unprotected in an unfriendly world!

Jack knew that the truce with so vain a fellow as Pewee could not last long, but it served its purpose for the time. And when, after school, Susan Lanham took pains to go and thank Pewee for standing up for Columbus, Pewee felt himself every inch a king, and for the time he was—if not a "reformed prize-fighter," such as one hears of sometimes, at least an improved boy. The trouble with vain people like Pewee is, that they have no stability. They bend the way the wind blows, and for the most part the wind blows from the wrong quarter.

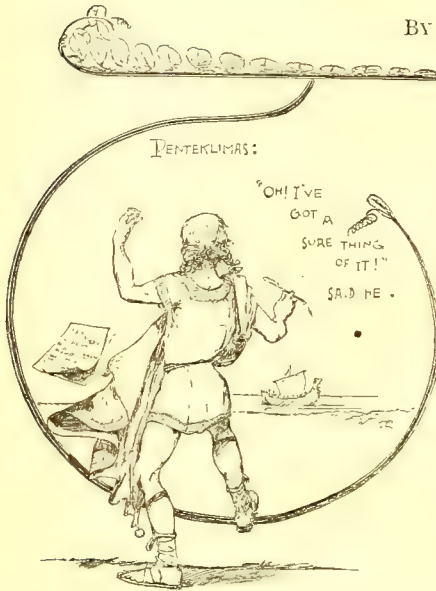
(To be continued.)



THE MAN WITH THE PEA.

(A Modern Greek Folk-story)

BY HON. JEREMIAH CURTIN.



HERE was once a countryman named Penteklimas, and one day he went forth boldly to seek his fortune.

After he had journeyed for a length of time, he discovered a pea that lay in the road, and he picked

out the pea, made his calculations anew, and concluded a contract with the seamen.

The ship-owners hastened to the king, and told him how a man had come to the harbor, who was so rich that he needed two hundred ships to carry his goods. When the king heard this, he marveled greatly, and sent for the man, so as to speak with him in person.

Penteklimas was quite stately in appearance, and when starting on his journey he had bought such fine clothes that now he had only two hundred piasters left; but he took no trouble on that account, for had n't he the pea, from which his fortune was to come? He appeared, therefore, in good spirits before the king, who asked him where he kept his property. Penteklimas answered:

"I keep it in a safe place, and need two hundred ships to bring it here."

The king then thought, "That's the husband for my daughter;" and asked him if he would n't marry his daughter.

When Penteklimas heard this, he grew very thoughtful, and said to himself:

"I am, in truth, not yet perfectly sure of my fortune, for if I now say no, the king will not let me have the ships."

When the king pressed him for an answer, Penteklimas said, at length:

"I will go first and get my property; and then we can have the wedding."

Penteklimas's thoughtfulness in thus replying to such a proposition roused the ardor of the king, who said:

"If you must make the journey first, let the betrothal at least take place before you go, and we can have the wedding when you come back."

Penteklimas was satisfied with this.

While they were speaking, evening came on. The king did not wish to let him depart, but had him spend the night in the palace. In order to find out whether his guest was used to good living, the king gave a secret command to prepare for him a bed with torn sheets and a ragged quilt. A servant was charged to watch him through the night, and to see if he would sleep,—“for if he sleeps,” thought the king, “he is a poor fellow; but if he does n't sleep, then he is well brought up, and can not rest on rags.”

Next morning the servant told the king that Penteklimas had been very restless all night, and

it up. He was about to throw it away, when it occurred to him that he had gone out to seek his fortune, and that since he had found the pea, this must be his fortune. While considering how this might be, he said to himself:

"If I put this pea in the ground, I shall have a hundred peas next year; and if I sow them I shall have ten thousand the year after; then I shall sow those, and in the fourth year I shall have no end of peas. My fortune is sure; I will take the pea."

He tied it safely in his handkerchief, and kept his thoughts fixed on it all the time, so that as often as he began any transaction he always stopped in the middle, and took out his handkerchief to see if he still had the pea. Then he would take a pen and calculate how many peas he should harvest one year, and how many the next, and so on; and when he had finished the reckoning he would say:

"Oh, I've got a sure thing of it!"

After he had passed some time in this manner, he rose up, went to the sea-shore, and made known that he wished to hire two hundred ships.

When the people asked him what he wanted so many ships for, he answered, that he wished to put his property on board.

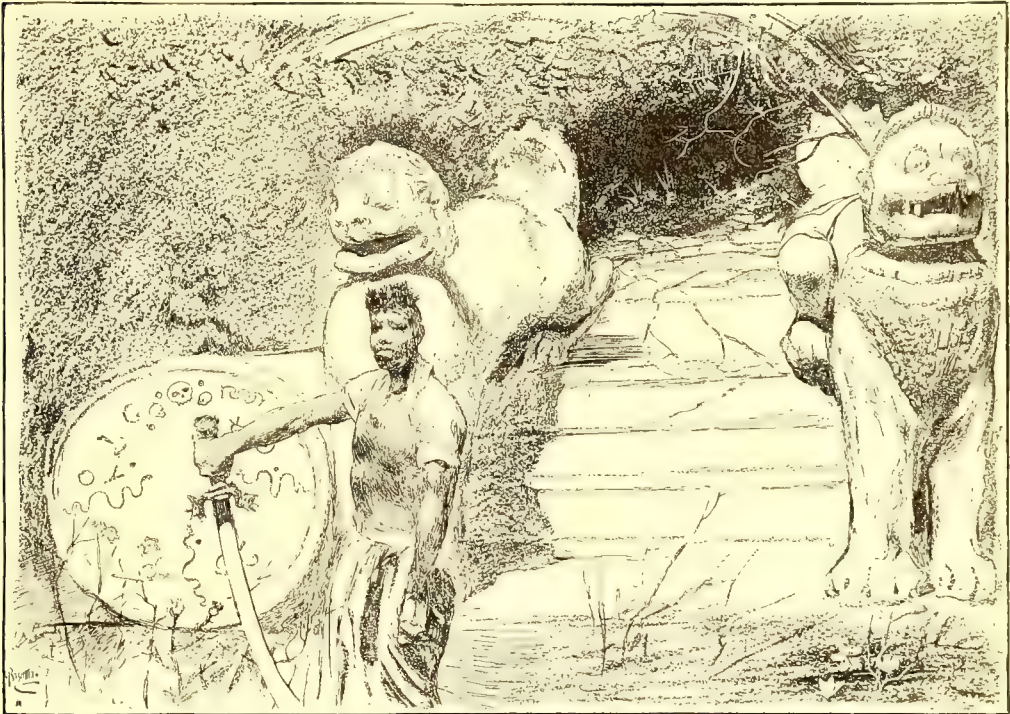
All were astonished at this reply, and thought at first that he was making sport of them. But as he kept on inquiring for ships, they demanded to know exactly how many he needed. Then he took

had n't closed an eye. The real cause of his unrest had been that he feared to lose his pea amongst the rags. He could not sleep, and was continually putting his hand on the place where he had hidden the pea, so as to make sure it was there.

The following night the king ordered as soft and beautiful a bed as possible to be given him. In this Penteklimas slept splendidly, because he had no fear of losing the pea. When the king heard of his guest's quiet slumbering, he was convinced that he had found the right husband for his daughter, and so he hastened the betrothal. On the evening of the ceremony, the bride came to Penteklimas, but he had little attention to bestow on her, for his whole mind was directed to the pea, and the harvests he expected from it. He soon left her and went to his room, and no sooner had he fallen

urged on by the king, he decided to put to sea with two hundred ships. While on the voyage, he betook himself to calculations once more, when, of a sudden, it became clear to him, as if bandages had fallen from his eyes, how silly his conduct had been, for he had not yet obtained even a piece of ground in which to plant his pea, while now he was sailing on with two hundred ships to carry back a harvest which could only come after many years! "I am mad," said he to himself; "but what shall I do now that I have deceived the king and so many people?"

After much meditation, he hit upon a pretext by which he could get away from the ships. He told the captains, when they arrived at the first favorable coast, "Put me on land here, and wait until I call; for I must be alone to find my treasures."



THE ENTRANCE TO THE TREASURE-CAVERN WAS GUARDED BY A NEGRO WITH A DRAWN SWORD.

asleep, than he dreamt that the pea was lost. He jumped up, and snatched after it so fiercely that it fell to the floor. Then he began to cry and sob: "Oh, misery, misery! where is my fortune?" until he found the pea again. And the servant, not understanding this, wondered not a little at his outcry and strange behavior.

So he continued for a short time, becoming more and more absorbed in his calculations, until at last,

When he reached the shore, he went into a forest and hid himself there, not wishing to come out until the captains, weary of waiting, should sail away.

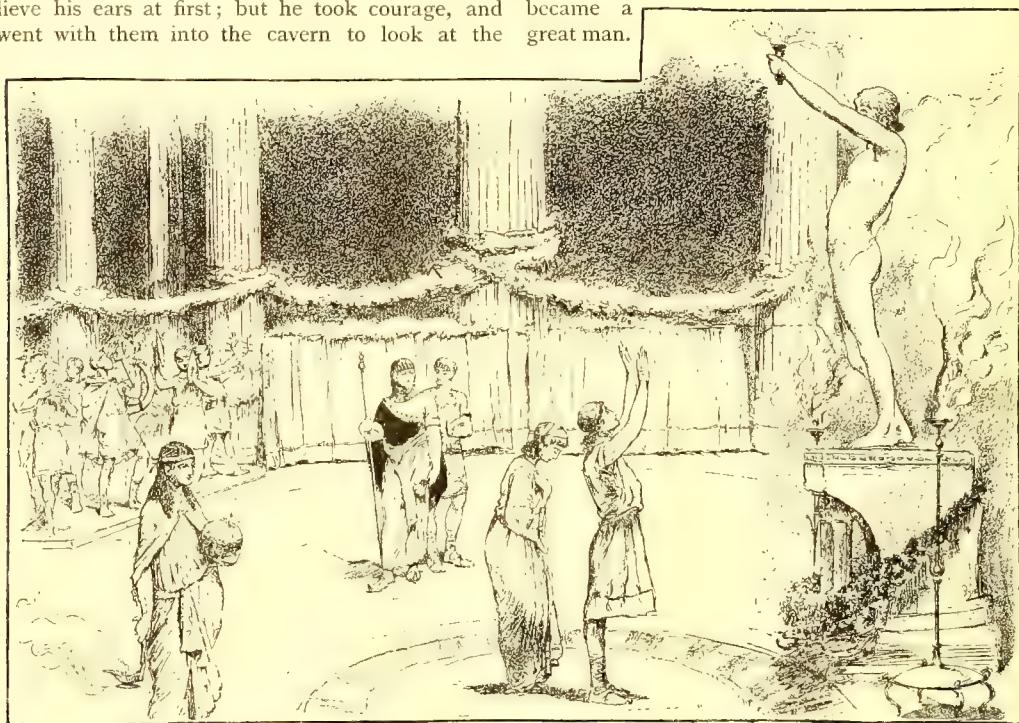
They waited for him a long time in vain, and as he did not come, they determined to look for him. They searched the whole forest through, and discovered there a cavern all filled with gold pieces, which was guarded by a negro with a drawn sword.

As the negro resisted, the sailors in their haste and greed at once slew him. Just then, Penteklimas appeared suddenly from a neighboring thicket. When he saw the sailors, he was both surprised and alarmed. But they cried out to him, "Come here—come this way—we have found your treasures!"

When he heard this, Penteklimas could not believe his ears at first; but he took courage, and went with them into the cavern to look at the

heaps of gold. Then he heaved a great sigh, and ordered the sailors to lade the two hundred ships with the treasures from the cave. After this was done, they all sailed home.

The king received his son-in-law in great magnificence, with torches and lanterns; and Penteklimas celebrated his wedding with the princess, and became a great man.



PENTEKлимAS AND THE PRINCESS ARE MARRIED BEFORE THE SHRINE OF HYMEN.

JUST FOR YOU.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

I WOULD sing a lullaby,—
Not as mother robins do,
Answering the what and why
Of the babies cradled high,—
I will tell you by and by,
Now I only sing for you.

I would sing a lullaby,—
Not as mother pussies do,
When on chilly nights they lie,
With their furry babies by,
Answering the broken cry
With a little plaintive "mew!"

I would sing a lullaby,
Just as other mothers do
When the verses that they try
Break in jarring melody,—
Sing? I know not what or why,
I will simply sing for you!

DR. HOLLAND'S BOOKS.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

It is doubtful whether any writer of books can be to the present generation of young people just what Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland was to the last generation. This is not because there are no good writers nowadays; it is partly because there are so many of them. Nor is it because the writers now living do not know how to entertain young people; scores of them are masters of that art. But a great inheritance of power and affection was waiting for somebody when Dr. Holland came, and he was the man called by Providence to enter in and take possession.

For children, distinctively, Dr. Holland wrote but little. I do not think that he had any remarkable skill in pleasing children. His mission was not to the little folks. But to the older boys and girls, and the younger men and women, he had something to say, and he contrived to say it in a way that gained their attention, and inspired their confidence.

Up to the time when "Titcomb's Letters to Young People" appeared, the young folk had heard very little talk about conduct that was not dismal and repelling. Lectures and letters to young men and women were apt to be full of cant and condescension—two very offensive things. I was a boy in those days, and I know all about it. Do I not remember the volumes of Advice to Young Men that were bestowed on me, and what I did with them? Do I not recall the kind of speeches that used to be made to us, in school and in Sunday-school, and how far away they seemed to be from the thought and life of growing boys and girls? There was often a great effort on the part of the speakers to come down to us, and this was what disgusted us most. When we saw some learned and lordly instructor ride in on a very high horse, and then with a wave of the hand proceed to come down a long ladder of condescension backward, to our level, we generally took to our heels, mentally if not literally.

So, when Timothy Titcomb's "Letters" came, they were a genuine surprise to many of us. Nobody had ever talked to us in this way before. He did not begin by addressing us as his dear young friends, nor by telling us how deeply interested he was in the moral and spiritual and eternal welfare of every one of us, nor by assuring us that Youth was the Morn of Life; he did not talk through his nose at all; he neither patronized nor condescended; he spoke to us in a plain and jolly way; he laughed

at us, and laughed with us; he hit us hard sometimes, but he always struck fair; he knew more than we did, but he felt no bigger; he understood us through and through, and he liked us, and he wanted to help us, God bless him! He was a new sort of man altogether. We took to him at once.

I was in college when the Titcomb "Letters" were first printed in the *Springfield Republican*, and I remember well the enthusiasm with which the fellows hailed the words of this new teacher.

It was not only because he talked in a fresh and unconventional way that we liked him, but also because he could talk in such a pleasant fashion concerning the highest matters. He did not undertake to amuse us; if he had, we might have applauded him more, but we should not have loved him so well. For the truth is that young people generally, even in their most exuberant days, have a genuine care for the deep things of character. They believe, quite as truly as their elders do, that wise saying of Matthew Arnold: "Conduct is three-fourths of life." To the appeal which summons them to purity and courage, and honor and faith, if it be wisely spoken, they readily respond. This was true of young people in my day, I know; and I trust that it is not less true of young people in these days. We felt ourselves honored when one who understood us, and did not try to set himself high above us, offered to talk with us about these great matters of conduct. We liked him because he believed in us enough to take it for granted that we should enjoy such talk. And there are men and women not a few in this land, who are now up in the forties and the fifties, who look back with thankfulness to the wholesome impulse given to their thoughts by these letters of Timothy Titcomb.

I have just been reading them over again. Somebody borrowed my copy fifteen or twenty years ago, and I have not seen it since. But it all seems very fresh and familiar. I have marked a few passages that I had remembered a little too well, because I had forgotten that I remembered them. I had thought that the thought was my own, and had expressed it elsewhere, in different words, of course, but precisely the same idea. It had become so much a part of me that I did not know that anybody ever gave it to me.

I do not wonder now, when I read these letters over, that they were so popular and so useful in the day when they were written. They ought to have been. They ought to be in this day. We have

had many good books for young people since these were written,—one noble book within a year—Mr. Munger's "On the Threshold"; but without making any comparisons, the exceptional success of the Titcomb "Letters" is not mysterious. The homeliness of the style, the broad but pure and genial humor, the off-hand directness and point of the counsels, entitle them to the popularity they won. I came back to them expecting that a maturer judgment might find some things that were crude and extravagant; but this is one of the books the youthful estimate of which has not needed much revision. And it is not out of date. Such homely counsels are never antiquated. The questions of behavior confronting young people in these times are the same questions that confronted their fathers and mothers; and there is as much help for our boys and girls in this little volume as there was for us. I am glad that a new and beautiful edition of it is just appearing, and I trust that the older boys and girls among the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will make the acquaintance of this sunny and sensible writer, who to their fathers and mothers was "guide, philosopher, and friend."

Others of Dr. Holland's books of essays are good books for young people, though none of them, excepting the Titcomb "Letters," is especially intended for the young. And although there is much of wise philosophy and earnest practical talk in "Gold Foil" and "Lessons in Life" and "Letters to the Joneses," yet the Titcomb "Letters" remains, even in a literary point of view, the best of his books of essays. This is a point, I confess, on which my judgment has undergone revision. I used to think "Gold Foil" finer than the "Letters," but it does not seem so now. Or perhaps I should say it *is* finer, and for that reason it is not so good writing. The "Letters" were struck off impromptu; the suggestion of the series came from Mr. Bowles, Dr. Holland's associate on the *Re-publican*, and the Doctor sat down at once and wrote the first letter, printing it the same week. They appeared regularly, after that, in the Saturday issues of a daily newspaper; they were thrown off rapidly, without thought of their preservation in book form, and in the midst of the strenuous labors of a busy journalist; their style is therefore colloquial, unambitious, straightforward. Dr. Holland has written no better prose than this little volume contains. When "Gold Foil" was written, he had begun to be an author of fame, and he naturally wanted to maintain his reputation. Because he tried a little harder to write finely, he did not succeed in writing quite as well.

This criticism refers, however, only to the style, and it applies to "Lessons in Life" much less forcibly than to "Gold Foil." By the time the

"Lessons in Life" were written, the Doctor had pretty well passed the anxieties of early authorship; his standing was assured: he therefore was at home with himself again, and he wrote simply and directly, as his nature prompted him. But you will find in all these books of essays much that the sober and right-hearted among you will greatly enjoy. As students of literature, you read Bacon's Essays, of course, and some of Addison's and Swift's, and Johnson's, and Montaigne's, but let me say to you that, though the turf has not yet begun to grow above the grave of Dr. Holland, his books of essays are quite as well worth your reading as those of these elder worthies. Not, perhaps, as models of literary style,—into that question we need not go,—but as wholesome moral tonics. The young man or woman who wants to know how to think justly, how to choose wisely, how to act a worthy part in life,—and there are many such, I trust, among those who will read these words,—will find in the essays of Dr. Holland a kind of nutriment for the better life that none of the classic essays will furnish. Not a man of all those worthies I have named had the genius for morality that Dr. Holland had.

Dr. Holland's poetry is less likely than his prose to attract young people. In "Bitter-sweet" they will find much to enjoy; and many of his minor pieces are musical and sweet. "Daniel Gray," and "The Heart of the War," and "Gradatim" are for them as much as for their elders; but the poets of the young are the poets of nature and of action, and these were not Dr. Holland's provinces.

His novels are, however, excellent books for the young. Every one of them is a novel with a purpose; there is always some point to make, some wrong to right, some reform to push; but the story does not flag; he is not a novelist who often stops to preach; the story itself preaches. I have known bright boys and girls, from fourteen to eighteen, who would read some of these stories through a dozen times; and you never do that, you know, with stupid stories. If his poems are abstract and reflective, his stories are full of life and action. The men and women in them are, for the most part, real people, and the pages throb with human interest. There is very little romance in Dr. Holland's stories; in his poetry he sometimes touches upon the marvelous, but his prose keeps close to the facts of life, and he tells us few things that may not have happened. Indeed, we are very sure that a good many things of which he tells us did happen to him.

I will not undertake to judge among his stories; all of them, from "The Bay Path" to "Nicholas Minturn," are full of fresh pleasure for the young folks who have not read them. The most dramatic

of them all, beyond a doubt, is "The Story of Sevenoaks"; but "Miss Gilbert's Career" and "Arthur Bonnicastle," and "Nicholas Minturn" are all good books for the young. And I think that the boys and girls who read these books will agree that Dr. Holland knew boys and girls; that the experiences of his own boyhood were well remembered, and that he understood, therefore, how to put himself in the places of the young folks round about him, and to interpret life as it appears to them. In most of his stories he goes well back toward the youth of his principal characters: Arthur Blague, Fanny Gilbert, Arthur Bonnicastle, Henry Hulm, Millie Bradford, Jenny Coates, are known to us from their boyhood and girlhood. In reading their histories we are brought into immediate contact with the world in which young people now live and move; we share their duties and their cares, their aspirations and their perplexities, their enthusiasms and their resentments. Life, to the young people of these stories, is the same kind of life that we are living; they make the same mistakes that we have made; and when we see them going onward to victory and peace, we know that the way by which they went is the way by which we, too, must go. Certain it is that we shall never learn from these stories to be irreverent, nor undutiful, nor babyish; that we shall get no encouragement in waiting on luck, nor in taking short cuts to fortune. Industry, and manliness, and sturdy independence are the lessons taught in every one of them.

Of Dr. Holland's stories, "Arthur Bonnicastle" is the one in which young people will find most that concerns themselves. There is more religion in it than in any of the rest of them; and I suspect that Dr. Holland has given us in Arthur's early religious struggles a bit of recollection. The experience through which the hero passes in the revival is one that could not well have been imagined. It reads like history. This peculiar experience is less common now than it was when Dr. Holland was a boy, because the theories now prevailing concerning religious life are more simple and intelligible than those of fifty years ago. Nevertheless, the story of Arthur is one which the boys of our own time can understand, and it is full of instruction for them. The childhood of this shy, sensitive, imaginative boy recalls to many of them passages in their own lives that are not yet far enough off to be forgotten; and the school life and college life of Arthur take them over familiar paths.

It is well known, I suppose, that the original of the "Birds'-Nest," to which Arthur went, was the

school called "The Gunnery," in Washington, Connecticut, named, by a doubtful pun, after its principal, and famed for its original methods of discipline, and for the great emphasis placed in all its training upon the values of character. Mr. Gunn, who is no longer living, was a teacher after Dr. Holland's own heart, and what the Doctor says about this school conveys his own notion of the right relation between boys and their teachers. "Self-direction and self-government—these," he says, "were the most important of all the lessons learned at the 'Birds'-Nest.' Our school was a little community brought together for common objects—the pursuit of useful learning, the acquisition of courteous manners, and the practice of those duties which relate to good citizenship. The only laws of the school were those which were planted in the conscience, reason, and sense of propriety of the pupils. * * * The boys were made to feel that the school was their own, and that they were responsible for its good order. Mr. Bird was only the biggest and best boy, and the accepted president of the establishment. The responsibility of the boys was not a thing of theory only: it was deeply realized in the conscience and conduct of the school. However careless or refractory a new boy might be, he soon learned that he had a whole school to deal with, and that he was not a match for the public opinion."

The idea here ascribed to Mr. Bird of giving boys liberty and teaching them to use it, is central in Dr. Holland's philosophy of education. I have sometimes questioned whether he did not put this a little too strongly. Doubtless the lesson of the use of liberty is all-important, but the lesson of obedience is not less important, and one can not help thinking, as he looks around upon life and notes the failures that grow from self-conceit and willfulness, that the first thing for every boy and girl to learn is how to obey. There is much less danger now than when Dr. Holland was a boy of tyranny in school and family government,—less danger now of tyranny than of anarchy, perhaps; and the virtue to emphasize just now is the soldierly virtue that dares to say, "I obey orders." Nevertheless, Dr. Holland nowhere countenances anything like insubordination; he only insists that boys and girls shall have a fair chance; that they shall be trusted and put upon their honor; and in this I am sure he will have them all on his side. But let them read "Arthur Bonnicastle," if they have not read it. I am not afraid that they will learn from that, nor from any other book that he ever wrote, any lessons but those of purity, and manliness, and honest faith.

HOW TO MAKE PUPPETS AND PUPPET-SHOWS.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

THE puppet-show is certainly an old institution ; and, for aught I know, the shadow pantomime may be equally ancient. But the puppet-show here to be described originated, so far as I am aware,

within our family circle, having gradually evolved itself from a simple sheet of paper

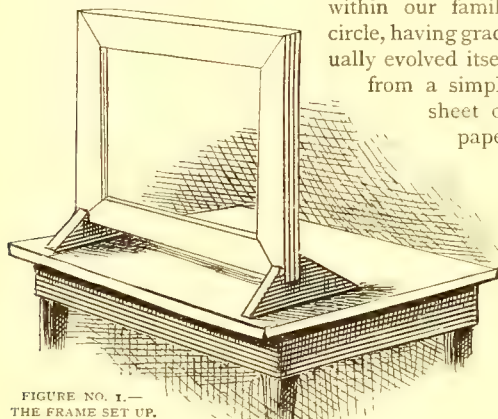


FIGURE NO. 1.—
THE FRAME SET UP.

hung on the back of a chair, with a light placed on the seat of the chair behind the paper.

The puppets (not the most graceful and artistic) originally were impaled upon broom-straws, and by this means their shadows were made to jump and dance around in the most lively manner, to the intense delight of a juvenile audience. As these juveniles advanced in years and knowledge, they developed a certain facility with pencil and scissors ; the rudimentary paper animals and fairies gradually assumed more possible forms ; the chair-back was replaced by a wooden soap or candle box with the bottom knocked out ; and the sheet of paper gave way to a piece of white muslin. Thus, step by step, grew up the puppet-show, from which so much pleasure and amusement has been derived by the writer and his young friends that he now considers it not only a pleasure, but his duty, to tell the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* how to make one like it for themselves.

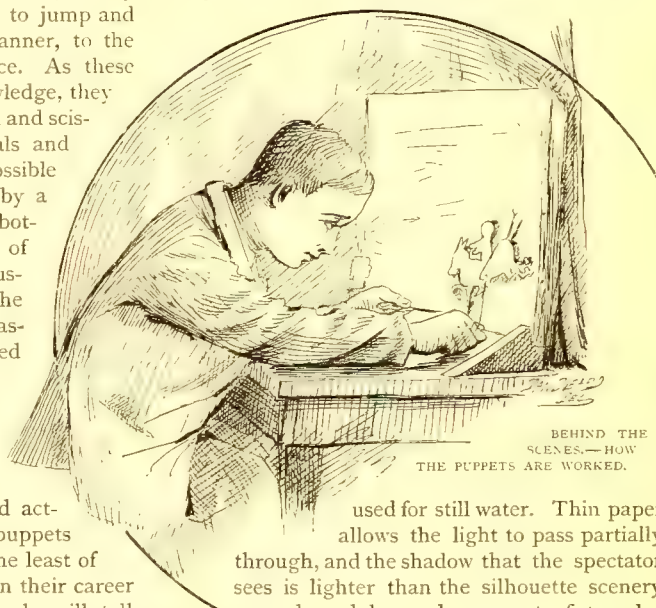
The construction of properties and actors, and the manipulation of the puppets at an exhibition, are by no means the least of the fun. To start the readers fairly in their career of stage-managers, this article not only will tell how to build the theater and make the actors, but it will give an original adaptation of an old story, prepared especially for a puppet-show.

Among the rubbish of the lumber-room, or attic, you can hardly fail to find an old frame of some kind,—one formerly used for a picture or old-fashioned mirror would be just the thing. Should your attic contain no frames, very little skill with carpenters' tools is required to manufacture a strong wooden stretcher. It need not be ornamental, but should be neat and tidy in appearance, and about two feet long by eighteen inches high.

On the back of this, tack a piece of white muslin, being careful to have it stretched perfectly tight, like a drum-head. The cloth should have no seams nor holes in it to mar the plain surface.

A simple way to support the frame in an upright position is to make a pair of "shoes," of triangular pieces of wood. In the top of each shoe a rectangular notch should be cut, deep enough to hold the frame firmly. Figure No. 1 shows a wooden frame on a table, and the manner in which the shoes should be made.

The scenery can be cut out of card-board. Very natural-looking trees may be made of sticks with bunches of pressed moss pasted upon the ends. Pressed maiden-hair fern makes splendid tropical foliage, and tissue or any other thin paper may be



BEHIND THE
SCENES.—HOW
THE PUPPETS ARE WORKED.

used for still water. Thin paper allows the light to pass partially through, and the shadow that the spectator sees is lighter than the silhouette scenery around, and hence has a sort of translucent, watery look. Scenery of all kinds should be placed flat against the cloth when in use.

And now that you have a general idea how the

show is worked, I will confine my remarks to the play in hand. It is a version of the old story of "Puss-in-Boots," and there will be given here patterns for all the puppets necessary, although in the court

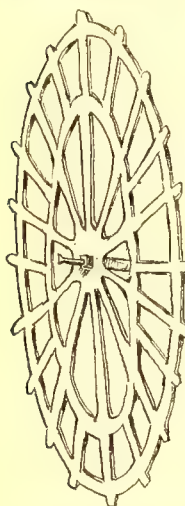


FIGURE NO. 2.—THE MILL-WHEEL.

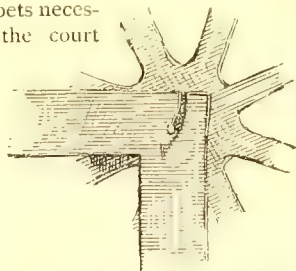


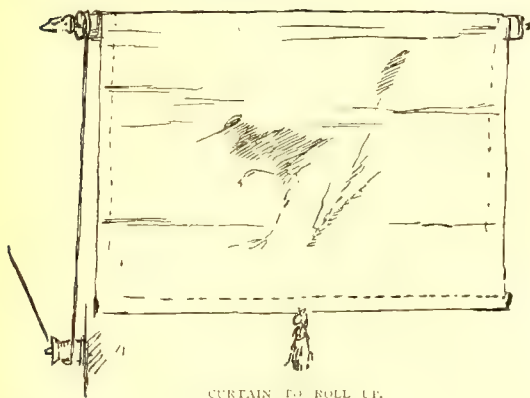
FIGURE NO. 3.—SLOT IN MILL-BEAM, WITH AXLE OF WHEEL IN PLACE.

scene you can introduce as many more as you like.

The first scene is the old mill.

This scene should be made of such a length that, with the bridge and approach, it will just fit in the frame. Take the measurement of the inside of the frame. Then take a

stiff piece of card-board of the requisite length, and with a pencil carefully copy the illustration, omitting the wheel. Lay the card-board flat upon a pine board or old kitchen table, and with a sharp knife (the file blade is the best) follow the lines you have drawn. Cut out the spaces where the water is marked, and paste tissue-paper in their place. Take another piece of card-board and cut out a wheel; in the center of this cut a small, square hole, through which push the end of a stick, as in



CURTAIN TO ROLL UP.

beams of the mill. (See Figure No. 3.) The wheel can then be made to turn at pleasure by twirling between the fingers the stick to which the wheel is attached.

To make Puss: Take a piece of tracing paper, and carefully trace with a soft pencil the outlines of the cat, from the illustration here given. Then tack the four corners of the tracing, reversed (that is, with the tracing under), on a piece of card-board. Any business-card will answer for this purpose. Now, by going over the lines (which will show paper) with a hard pencil, you will find it will leave a sufficiently strong im-

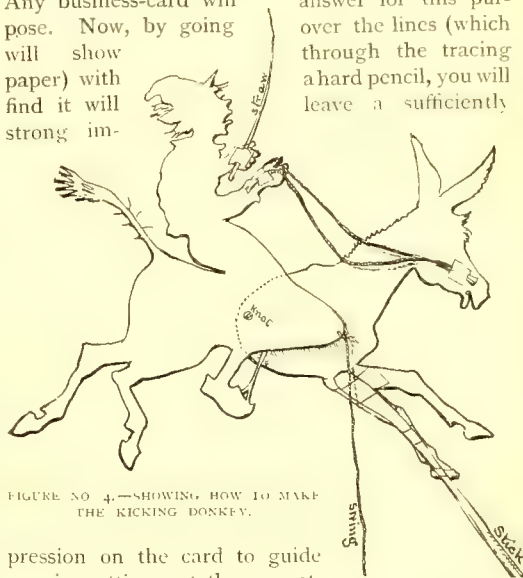
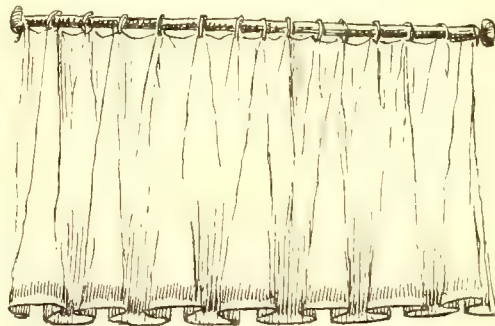


FIGURE NO. 4.—SHOWING HOW TO MAKE THE KICKING DONKEY.

pression on the card to guide you in cutting out the puppet.

Almost all the puppets can be made in the same way. Puss as he first appears, the rabbit, rat, and bag, should be impaled upon the end of a broom-straw; but the remaining puppets should each have a stick or straw attached to one leg, or some other suitable place, just as the stick is pasted to the donkey's leg as represented in Figure No. 4.



CURTAIN TO SLIDE ON A ROD.

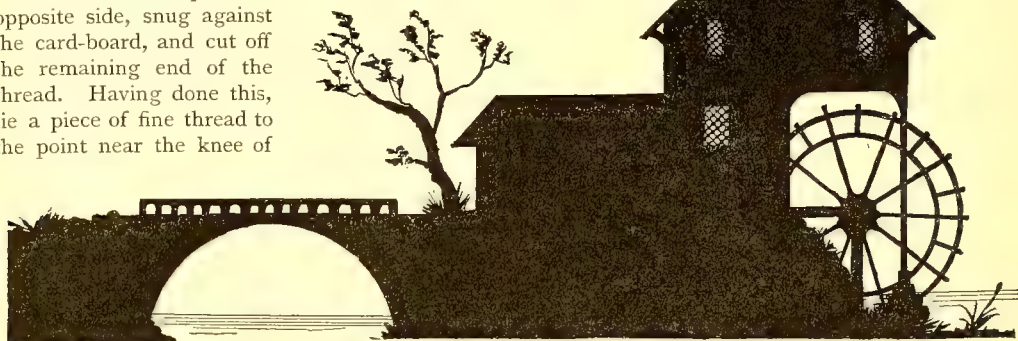
Figure No. 2. Drive a pin into the end of the stick, allowing it to protrude far enough to fit easily into a slot cut for that purpose in the cross-

Corsando and the donkey are made of two separate pieces, as indicated in Figure No. 4. The dotted line shows the continuation of the outline of

the forward piece. Cut out the two pieces in accordance with the diagram, and then place the tail-piece over the head-piece, and at the point marked "knot," make a pin-hole through both pieces of the puppet. Tie one end of a piece of heavy thread into a good hard knot; put the other end of the thread through the holes just made, draw the knotted end close up against the puppet, and then tie another knot upon the opposite side, snug against the card-board, and cut off the remaining end of the thread. Having done this, tie a piece of fine thread to the point near the knee of

King separately, and then fastening the lower end of his body to the coach in the way the two parts of the donkey are joined, he can be made to sit upright, to fall forward to look out as Puss attitude shown in trations. This the effect.

when desired, and approaches, in the one of the illustrations will add to



THE MILL, THE BRIDGE, ETC.—FIRST SCENE.

Corsando, and fasten a stick to the fore leg of the donkey, as shown in Figure No. 4. Paste a straw in one of Corsando's hands for a whip, and two pieces of string in the other hand for a halter or bridle. By holding in one hand the stick attached to



THE FIDLER BROTHER—THE MILLER.

CARABAS, AS HE FIRST APPEARS.

the leg of the donkey, and gently pulling the thread marked "string" in the diagram, the donkey can be made to kick up in a most natural and mirth-provoking manner.

When you make the King and Princess in their coach, you will have to enlarge the whole drawing proportionally, so that each horse will be about as large as Corsando's donkey. By cutting out the

In cutting out the puppet showing Carabas in a bathing-suit, use as pattern only the silhouette part of the second figure of him; by following the open outline, you will have Carabas in court dress.

To make Puss carry the Bag, the operator will have to use both hands, holding in one hand the stick attached to Puss, and in the other the straw attached to the Bag. Then, by keeping the Bag close against Pussy's paws, it will appear to the audience as if he were holding the Bag. In the same manner he is made to carry the dead Rabbit to the King. When the Rabbit seems to hop into the Bag, he, in reality, hops behind it, and then drops below the stage.

The operator must never allow his or her hands



CORSANDO (THE SECOND SON) AND HIS DONKEY.

to pass between the light and the cloth, as the shadow of an immense hand upon the cloth would ruin the whole effect. All the puppets for each scene should be carefully selected

before the curtain rises, that the operator can at hand upon the one wanted. be no talking behind the scenes; and the puppets should be kept moving in as life-like a manner as possible while their speeches are being made for them. Several rehearsals are necessary to make the show pass off successfully. With these hints, we will now go on with the play.

and so placed
once lay his
There must



PUSS.—AS HE FIRST APPEARS.

[CORSANDO turns to leave: PUSS comes out and gives the DONKEY a scratch, causing him to kick wildly as he goes off.]

CARABAS:

O Fortune, befriend me! what now shall I do?
Come, Pussy, stay by me—I depend upon you.
You are all that I have, but can do me no good,
Unless I should kill you and cook you for food.

PUSS:

Meow! Meow! Kill me not, my good master, I pray—

Have mercy upon me! Now list what I say:
I'm no common cat,
I assure you of that.

In the top of the mill, where the solemn owl hoots,

You will find, if you look, an old pair of top-boots.

Bring them to me,
With the bag you will see
Under the mill, by the roots of yon tree.



THE RABBIT
LEAPING INTO
THE BAG.

CARABAS:

Well, Puss, what you ask for I will not refuse,
Since I have all to gain and have nothing to lose.

[Exit into the mill.]

[PUSS stands a moment as if to think, then capers up and down the stage and speaks.]

PUSS: A rat? Bah! what's that?
Sir Whittington's cat
Would have grown very fat,
Had she lived upon such prey,
All the time, day after day,
Till she made a Lord Mayor of her master!

But mine shall gain a name
Through much sweeter game,
And not only climb higher but faster!

[Curtain.]

Act I. Scene II.

SCENE: Woods. Enter PUSS-IN-BOOTS, carrying BAG.

PUSS:

Mey-o-w! m-e-y-o-w!

Were it not for these boots I should sure have pegged out;

But if I 'm not mistaken, there 's game here—about.

For I scent in the air
A squirrel or hare.

I wonder now whether he 's lean, lank, or stout?



THE RABBIT,—
DEAD.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS.

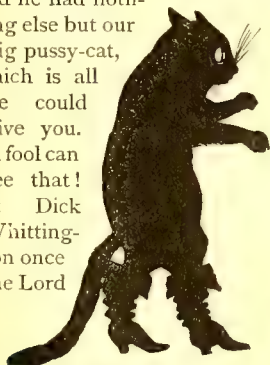
PUPPETS: CARABAS, afterward the MARQUIS; his oldest brother, the MILLER; CORSANDO, his next older brother; PUSS-IN-BOOTS; WOLFGANG, the Ogre; KING; PRINCESS; KING'S SERVANTS; DONKEY; RABBIT; BAG; RAT. Also, if desired, COURTIER.

Act I. Scene I.

SCENE: Landscape with tree, bridge, mill at one side. CORSANDO discovered riding the DONKEY backward and forward. MILLER and CARABAS emerge from the mill, and stop under tree.

MILLER:

Come, come, brother Carabas, don't be downcast!
You know, as the youngest, you must be the last.
Our father, of course, left to me the old mill,
And the ass to Corsando, for so reads the will;
And he had nothing else but our big pussy-cat,
Which is all he could give you.
A fool can see that!
Yet Dick Whittington once the Lord



PUSS-IN-BOOTS.



THE BAG.

Mayor became,
And his start and yours are precisely the same.
But see! I am wasting my time from the mill,
For while I am talking the wheels are all still.
I have nothing to give you—be that understood.
So farewell, my brother! May your fortune be good.

[Exit MILLER into Mill, when wheel begins to turn. CORSANDO approaches, and stopping the DONKEY in front of CARABAS, addresses him.]

CORSANDO:

Now, dear brother Carabas, take my advice:
Go hire out your cat to catch other men's mice.

But I know a habit
Of the shy little rabbit:

He 'll enter this bag, and then, my! wont I
grab it?

[Arranges bag, and hides; RABBIT comes out, and, after running
away several times, enters the BAG, when PUSS pounces upon
it.

PUSS:

To the King in a moment I 'll take you, my dear,
For he 's e'en over-fond of fat rabbits, I hear.

An I once gain his ear,

I see my way clear;

For I 'll tell him a story both wondrous and queer.
And then my poor master 'll have nothing to
fear—

If he acts as I bid him, good fortune is near.

[Curtain.

Act II. Scene I.

SCENE: KING'S Palace. KING discovered standing behind a throne.
PRINCESS and attendants standing around. A loud "meow!"
heard without. KING and COURT start. Enter PUSS, with RAB-
BIT in his paws.

PUSS:

Meow! My great Liege, may Your Majesty please
To smile on a slave who thus, here on his knees,
A humble offering

From Carabas doth bring.

And Sire, my master further bade me say,
If it please his gracious King, he will gladly
send each day

The choicest game that in his coverts he can find;
And your kind acceptance of it still closelier will
bind

A hand and a heart as loyal and true
As e'er swore allegiance, O King, unto you!

KING:

Your master has a happy way
Of sending gifts. Thus to him say,
That we accept his offer kind,
And some good day, perhaps, may find
A way to thank him which will prove
We value most our subjects' love.
Carabas, is your master's name?
What rank or title doth he claim?
Shall we among the high or low
Look for your lord, who loves us so?

PUSS:

A marquis is my master, Sire;
In wealth and honor none are higher.

[Aside:

(Cats must have a conscience callous!
Who work their way into a palace.)

Now, if it please Your Majesty,
I will return, and eagerly
To my marquis master bring
This kind message from his king.

[Curtain.

Act II. Scene II.

SCENE: High-road; one or two trees. CARABAS and PUSS-IN-
BOOTS discovered.

PUSS:

Meow! my good master, have patience I pray.

CARABAS:

Patience to doctors! I 'm hungry, I say!

PUSS:

All will go well if you mind me to-day,
And while the sun shines we must surely make
hay.

CARABAS:

Carry your hay to Jericho!

Who can eat hay, I 'd like to know!

PUSS:

Meow! my good master, your help I implore,
And while I help fortune, you open the door.

CARABAS:

No house do I own, so where is the door?—

Ah! Pussy, forgive me, I 'll grumble no more,

But help all I can in your nice little plan;

For I know you have brains, Puss, as well as
a man.

PUSS:

Meow! my good master, e'en though you froze,
You must bathe in yon river!

[Exit CARABAS.

And now for his clothes!

The King's coach is coming, and I 've laid a
scheme—

Though of that, I am sure, the King does n't
dream.

The coach is in sight! Now, may I be blessed
If I don't wish my master was wholly undressed!

[Loud cries without.

There! now hear him screaming—the water is
cold;

I 'll go bury his clothes, for they need it—they
're old.

[Exit PUSS, who soon returns. As he reënters, the KING's Coach
appears.

PUSS: Meow! my good master! Alas for him!
Help! Fire! Murder! My master can't swim.

[Runs to Coach.

Help! help! gracious King, or Lord Carabas
drowns!

KING:

Ho, slaves! To the rescue! A hundred gold
crowns

Will we give to the man who saves Carabas' life!

[SERVANTS rush across the stage.

[KING continues, aside:

My daughter shall soon make the marquis a wife.

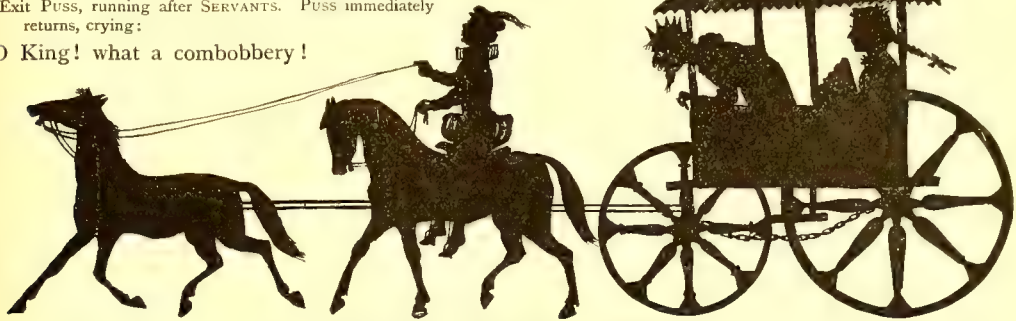
Puss (aside):

Mighty keen are a cat's ears!
Who knows all that Pussy hears!
This is better than I hoped for, by a heap.
What a very lucky thing
The blessed, kind old King

Does n't know this shallow river is n't deep!

[Exit PUSS, running after SERVANTS. PUSS immediately returns, crying:

O King! what a combobbery!



THE KING AND THE PRINCESS IN THEIR COACH.

Act III. Scene I.

SCENE: Interior of Ogre's castle. PUSS-IN-BOOTS discovered.

PUSS:

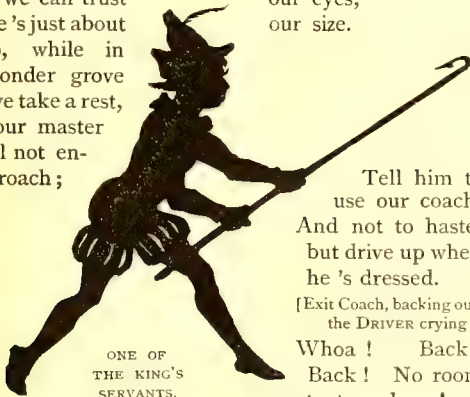
I'm here at last!
Much danger
's past;

There's been an awful robbery,
And no clothing for the marquis can we find.

KING:

That is no great disaster,
For tell your worthy master
We always pack an extra suit behind.

If we can trust our eyes,
He's just about our size.
So, while in yonder grove
we take a rest,
Your master
'll not encroach;



ONE OF
THE KING'S
SERVANTS.

Tell him to
use our coach,
And not to haste,
but drive up when
he's dressed.

[Exit Coach, backing out,
the DRIVER crying:

Whoa! Back!
Back! No room
to turn here!

But such long tramps my liking hardly
suits;

'T was wisdom when I guessed
That it was surely best
To secure these blessed, helpful old top-boots.
I was made to understand
That all this beauteous land
Belonged to this man-eating old Wolfgang.
But as down the road I sped,
To each laborer I said:

Your life upon your answer now doth hang.
When the sovereign comes
this way,
When he questions, you
straightway:

"This land belongs to Carab-
bas," must say.

[Awful growling and noise heard,
and WOLFGANG enters.

WOLFGANG:

Blood and thunder!
Who, I wonder,
Sent me such a tempting
pussy-cat for dinner?
I can't under-
stand the blunder;
But I'm glad, my pussy-cat,
that you're no thinner.

PUSS:

M-e-o-w!—my brother Wolfgang—(ah, how
rich!)

I would n't have believed
You so easily deceived.
Know that I am Catoscratch, the witch.



THE KING.

Whoa! Back! Back!

[Enter CARABAS, in bathing-suit. PUSS runs after him.

PUSS:

Meow, my good master!
I could n't do it faster.

But I've now a costly suit, and just your size.
In the King's coach you're to ride,
With the Princess by your side;
Make love to her, and praise her beauteous eyes.
And, master, list to me!

Whate'er you hear or see,
Be very sure you never show surprise.

[Curtain.

WOLFGANG: Rattledy bang!
Snake and fang!
So you 're a witch, all skilled in herbs and roots!
My power is no less,
But I must confess
That I ne'er before this saw
a cat in boots!



THE PRINCESS.

PUSS:
Meow! my brother, speak
not of my skill:
'T is true I can change
to a cat, but no more,
While fame says that you
can assume at your will
Any form that you please,
be it higher or lower.
Many a league,
With much fatigue,
From a country of ice and
snow,

On my broomstick steed
Have I come, with speed,
These great wonders to see and know.

WOLFGANG: Cuts and slashes!
Blood in splashes!
Who dares doubt what I can do?
Now tell me, old witch,

Of the many forms,
which
Shall I take to
prove this to you?

PUSS:
Meow! my great
Wolfgang, it
seems to me that
Of all 't would be
hardest to turn
to a rat!

[WOLFGANG must be drawn backward toward the light. This will cause his shadow to grow to immense proportions. After slowly lifting him over the candle, take up the RAT and just as slowly put it over the light, and move the puppet up until it touches the cloth. The audience will see WOLFGANG swell up to a shapeless mass, and then, apparently, reduce himself to a tiny rat.

PUSS must then be made to pounce upon the RAT, and by passing the RAT behind PUSS, and then letting it drop, it will look to the audience as if PUSS swallowed the RAT whole.

PUSS:
Bah! Ugh! Spat!
What a horrid rat!



THE OGRE.

[Struts up and down the stage.

Well, I think for a cat I'm pretty plucky!
Now I'll go and bring
The Princess and the King
To the castle of Lord Car-
abas, The Lucky!

[PUSS, dancing frantically, laughing and purring, nearly tumbles against the KING, CARABAS, and the PRINCESS, as they enter.

PUSS:
Pardon, most gracious
Sire, pardon, great
King!
That your humble servant
should do such a thing;
It 's because I 'm so de-
lighted,
More than if I had been
knighted,
That the marquis, my mas-
ter, should entertain the
King.



CARABAS.—FIRST, IN BATHING-SUIT; THEN IN COURT DRESS.

KING:

A truly faithful servant you must be, Pussy.
When the marquis can spare you, come to
me, Pussy.
We'll see that you're not slighted,
Even now you shall be knighted,
Sir Thomas Cat de Boots your name shall
be, Pussy.

KING, continuing, to CARABAS:

This castle, marquis brave,
Beats the very best we have.

CARABAS:

Most gracious Sire, there 's not a thing
Belongs to me ——

[PUSS rushes frantically to CARABAS, and whispers in his ear; then returns.

CARABAS:

But to my King.
For my life and all I have to thee I owe.

KING:

My Carabas, we 're pleased;
Our mind is cheered and
eased,
For we feared that this great
castle held a foe.
'T is a princely home, 't is
true,



THE RAT.

And we'll make a prince of you.
You shall wed my charming daughter, ere
we go.

PUSS: M-e-o-w! M-e-o-w! M-e-o-w!
 What would say his brothers, now,
 If they saw Lord Marquis Carabas the Great?

And until the last horn toots
 (With Sir Thomas Cat de Boots),
 He shall occupy his present high estate!

[All dance.

[Curtain.

BONES AND BOW-WOWS.

BY FRANK BELLEW.



OMMY TOODLEMACKER had grown to be nine years old, and his father and mother thought it was high time he should begin to go to school. So, as soon as the Christmas holidays were over, Tommy's mother dressed him in good warm clothes, and giving him a basket full of bread and meat and pie and doughnuts, she sent him off to the village school-house, two miles away.

On the next page is his portrait as he appeared at starting, and as it does not reveal to you the expression of his mouth, nor the form of his nose, we may as well say that in those features he did not differ greatly from the average American school-boy.

As to his clothes, although they were good and warm, they were all home-made, and they were the funniest lot of wearables ever seen in that district,—one garment having been reconstructed from an old army-coat of his father's. His father and mother owned a small farm, out of which they just managed to make a living, and that was all.

The first day that Tommy went to school, all the dogs along the road rushed out and barked at him; but he was not afraid of dogs—indeed, he was very fond of them, and so he had a pleasant word for each of these, and to two or three who looked rather lean he gave a bit of his lunch.

Every day after that, as he went to school, he would take a little parcel of scraps, such as chicken-bones, and bits of fat or bacon-rind, and give them to different dogs on the way, until at last they all looked out for the coming of Tommy Toodlemacker, and as he passed, trotted out, wagging their tails, as much as to say (provided they were Irish dogs), "There is our old friend Tommy. The top of the morning to you, Tommy"; or (if they were very sober native American dogs), "How do you do, Thomas Toodlemacker?"

This went on for some months, until, one fine morning, Tommy did not come past as usual, and when the dogs trotted out at the regular hour with their tails all ready to wag, and no Tommy came, they crawled back with their unwagged tails hanging down, for they were much disappointed.

When the second morning came, and no Tommy arrived, all the dogs grew very anxious, and one big fellow named Bruno galloped off to Tommy's house, and there learned from Tommy's own dog (for of course he had a dog) that their poor little friend was sick in bed.

This sad news was soon conveyed to all the other dogs, and they at once held a council of sympathy, and all agreed that, as Tommy was sick, he must want something to eat, and they would each save the finest bone out of his supper, and carry it over to their sick friend next morning.

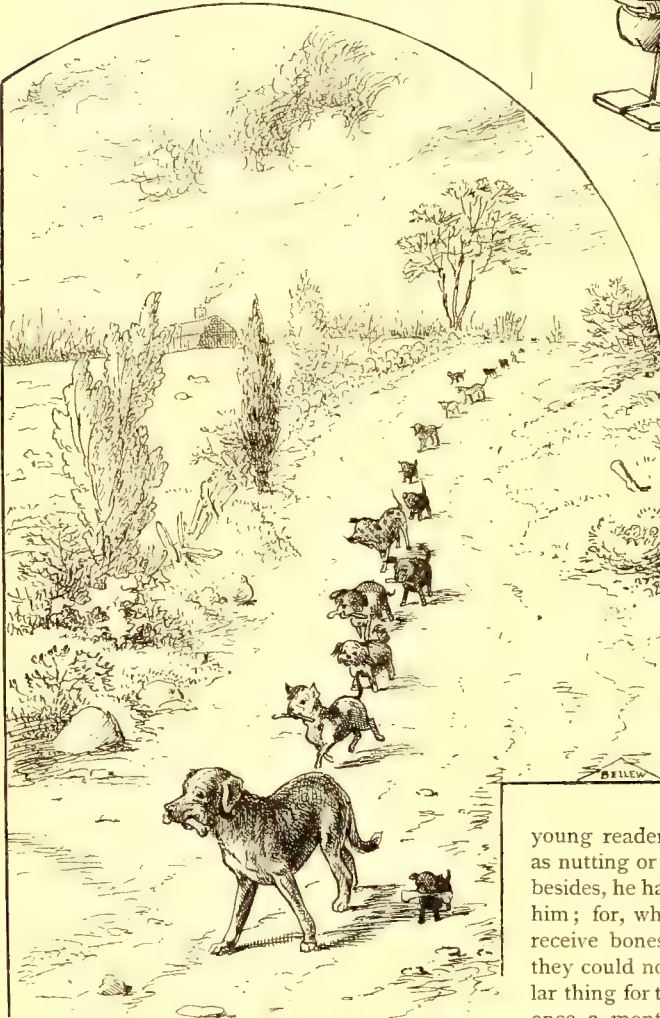
So, early the next day, a file of dogs of all sorts and sizes might have been seen, each with a bone in his mouth, marching along the road toward Tommy Toodlemacker's home. When they got there, and found he was too sick to be interviewed, each deposited his bone at the front door (just as fashionable gentlemen leave their cards), and then they marched off again.

This ceremony was repeated every morning, even after Tommy got well enough to come out and see the dogs, and pat each one on the head, and say, "How do you do?" And every morning, after they had gone, Tommy's father took the fresh pile of bones and put them in a barrel in the wood-shed.

Now, by the time Tommy was quite well, the barrel in the wood-shed was full up to the brim with bones, and Tommy scarcely knew what to do with them, for he was a tender-hearted little fellow, and was afraid the dogs' feelings might be hurt if they should find out he had not eaten the bones. Just as he was wondering whether it would be better to throw them into the river or to

bury them in the garden, along came a funny old man in an old rattle-trap of a wagon, drawn by a broken-kneed, broken-spirited old horse. And this man asked Tommy if he had any old rags, or bottles, or bones to sell. Tommy had no idea that any one ever bought bones, and you may believe that he was rather astonished when the funny old man, after looking at his stock of bones, offered him a dollar and fifty cents for them.

Tommy scarcely knew whether he stood on his head or his heels, he was so delighted; but when he found he was right-side up, and when the man



A FILE OF DOGS OF ALL SORTS AND SIZES, EACH WITH A BONE IN HIS MOUTH.

gave him a real silver dollar and a real silver half-dollar from a bag full of dollars and greenbacks, he



PORTRAIT OF TOMMY TOODLEMAKER.

thought he must be the richest man in the world, or a fairy in disguise, or something wonderful.

When he told his mother what had happened, she, too, was delighted, and advised him to put his money in a box, and when he should get any more, to save it up; for that was the way to become rich, or, at least, it was one way.

So Tommy put his money in a box, and his mind to collecting bones, and rags, and bottles, and old horseshoes, and scraps of iron. This may not seem a very nice kind of occupation to many of my young readers, but to Tommy it was as good fun as nutting or fishing, and quite as exciting. And, besides, he had all his old friends, the dogs, to help him; for, when they found it gave him pleasure to receive bones, they brought him all the big ones they could not eat. And so it came to be a regular thing for the funny old rag-man to come around once a month, when Tommy always had a stock of bones, and horseshoes, and bottles, and sometimes rags, to sell him; but as a general rule, all the rags were required for Tommy's own wardrobe.

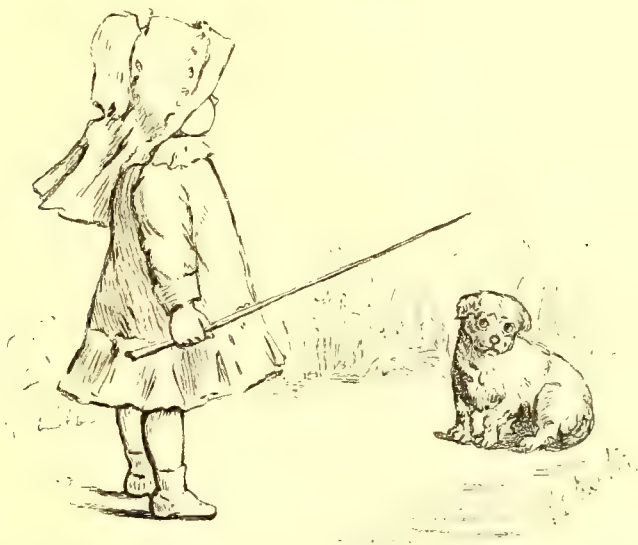
Well, this went on for three years, and then Tommy, who had talked a good deal to the funny

old man, and had learned some things about the rag and bottle business, bought himself a little light kind of wagon, which he used to drag about the country to the farmers' houses, when he would buy their old stuff, and collect it, and sell it to the funny old man at a profit. And here, too, one of his old friends among the dogs helped him: big Bruno's master died, and he came to live with Tommy, and he helped to drag his wagon around the country.

At first, Tommy used to pay in money for the bones and bottles that he bought; but after a while he found out a better plan: he went to the neighboring town, and laid in a stock of needles and

thread, and buttons, and candies, and such things, which he found tempted the women and children more than money, and besides gave him a larger profit.

And so, at length, when I last heard of him, Tommy Toodlemacker, although he was only fifteen years old, had eleven hundred and seventy-five dollars in bank, and he may yet be as rich as the great Parsee millionaire, Sir Jamsetsjee Jiggeboy (if that is the way to spell his extraordinary name), who started in life with two empty ale-bottles, and died in Calcutta one of the richest men in the world, after building hospitals, and baths, and doing great good for his fellow-creatures.



SUSIE SEEDELMEYER (WHO IS NOT LIKE TOMMY TOODLEMACKER): "DO AWAY, 'OO DRATE, BIG, UGLY DOG!"

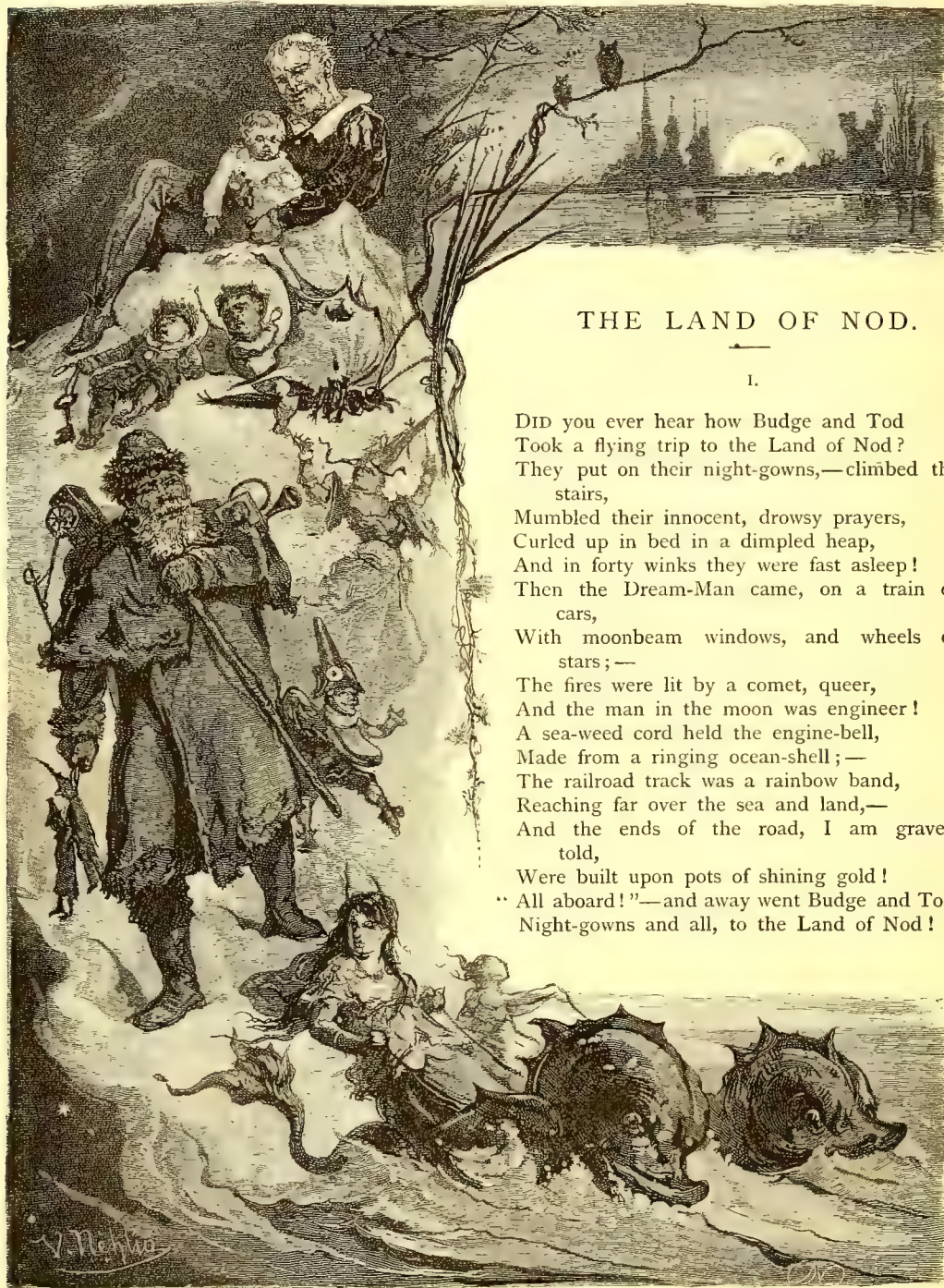
LOVE IN A NOAH'S ARK.

ONLY a wooden lady,
With but half an arm at most;
Yet her look is so quaint,
And so fresh is her paint,
My heart is forever lost!

Only a wooden lady,
Is all that your eyes can see;

But the straight up and down
Of her plain wooden gown
Has a hundred charms for me.

Only a wooden lady!
But that does n't alter my plan,
For, in spite of that clause,
I can love her, because
I'm only a wooden man!



THE LAND OF NOD.

I.

DID you ever hear how Budge and Tod
Took a flying trip to the Land of Nod?
They put on their night-gowns,—climbed the
stairs,

Mumbled their innocent, drowsy prayers,
Curled up in bed in a dimpled heap,
And in forty winks they were fast asleep!
Then the Dream-Man came, on a train of
cars,

With moonbeam windows, and wheels of
stars;—

The fires were lit by a comet, queer,
And the man in the moon was engineer!
A sea-weed cord held the engine-bell,
Made from a ringing ocean-shell;—
The railroad track was a rainbow band,
Reaching far over the sea and land,—
And the ends of the road, I am gravely
told,

Were built upon pots of shining gold!

“All aboard!”—and away went Budge and Tod,
Night-gowns and all, to the Land of Nod!



THE LAND OF NOD.

II.

THE cars were filled with a curious crew;
Sweet baby Trix, and the Wandering Jew; —
Jack with his bean-stalk,—the Giant Grim,
Little Miss Mincer and Uncle Tim,
Fairies, and Sprites, and Brownies rare,
And mermaids, wrapped in their yellow hair,
Sat, side by side, in the phantom cars
With moonbeam windows, and wheels of
stars!

On, on they sped through the silver sand
Of the beautiful streets of the Wonder-land;—
They stopped in a cloud for a drink of dew,
While the sea-shell rung and the whistle blew,—
They gathered blossoms that never die,
That grew in the land of the “By-and-by,”—
And there, at the end of the route, I’m told,
Our travelers found the Pot of Gold!—
Then the Dream-Man brought little Budge and
Tod,
Night-gowns and all, from the Land of Nod!



THE COW THAT CONSIDERED.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THE farm was perched up on the very top of Crow Hill, and everybody in the town called it the Crow's-nest, and, before long, they began to call the Jones family, that moved there, "the Crows," to distinguish them from another family of Joneses, in the town.

They began by calling them the "Crow-hill Joneses," but they were economical people in Damsonfield, and could not spend time to say all that. None of the Jones family minded having it shortened, excepting Jim: he did n't like to be called Jim Crow.

They had moved to the Crow's-nest from a manufacturing city, where the father, until his health failed, had been an overseer in one of the mills. When he became unable to work, the three older children—Enoch, and Abijah, and Priscilla—went into the mill, and earned just enough to keep the wolf from the door. There were so many mouths to feed and feet to shoe, so many sharp little elbows to stick through jacket-sleeves, so many restless knees to wear out trousers, that the father's hoard of savings melted rapidly away, and if a distant relative had not died and bequeathed this old farm to them, I am afraid they would have suffered for shelter and food. Even now they had almost forgotten how gingerbread tasted, and as for a good, crisp, rosy-cheeked apple, they knew they might as well wish for the moon.

They moved to the Crow's-nest early in April, and in the sweet, fresh, country air which he had longed for, their father breathed his last. Their mother had died three years before, and they were all alone in the world.

They held a family council to consider what they had better do. It was held in the barn, on the hay-mow. They had had so much of being shut up within four walls in their lives, that they did n't mean to have any more of it than they could help. Barns were new to their experience, and very fascinating; with the great door open, and the balmy May wind blowing through, it was even better than out-of-doors, especially to Jim and Nehemiah, because there was an opportunity to create a diversion by performing circus feats on the great beams, if the proceedings should prove uninteresting.

Enoch, as the head of the family, was the chief spokesman. He was almost sixteen, and they all thought that, if there was anybody in the world

who was wise and venerable, it was their Enoch. When he had worked hard, all day, in the mill, he went to evening school, and spent all his spare time in study. And all the other Crows boasted that the minister could n't ask Enoch a question that he could n't answer; and they declared that, if he did n't get to be President some day, it would only be because the people did n't know who was fit for President! He was strong, too, if he was slender, and he had never failed to "get the better of any fellow that pitched into him." I am afraid that all his wisdom and learning would have gone for but little with Jim and Nehemiah if he could not have done that.

Enoch said there were two alternatives: They could sell the farm, and buy a little house in the city which they had come from. The older ones could work in the mill, and support the family comfortably, since they would no longer have rent to pay, and the others could go to school. Or they could stay where they were, and try to get a living off the farm. Some people said the land was poor, and "run down," and they were young, and inexperienced in farming, and had no money to begin with, but they might try what stout hearts and willing hands could do; and there was the district school where they could all go in the winter, and a high school over in the village. (Enoch was always looking out for an education.)

"Priscilla tied her forehead up in a knot," as Abijah said, while she thought about it. She was only fourteen, but she had been the "house-mother" for a long time, and she knew they would need a thousand little things the others did n't think of, and it did not seem possible to her that all those things could grow out of that dry, stubbly-looking ground—Sunday hats, and copper-toed shoes, and all! But, when she thought of going back to the mills, she gave a great sigh, as if her heart would break, especially for little Absalom's sake; he was delicate, and needed country air.

When the question was put to vote, it came out that they were all of one mind.

With the grass growing greener every day, and the buds swelling on the fruit-trees; with Methuselah, the old gray horse, rolling and kicking up his heels like a colt on the grass; with Towzer, the great Newfoundland dog, basking in the sunshine; with the white turkey promenading through the barn, followed by her newly fledged brood—

the procession headed by the bristling, strutting gobbler, whose airs and whose scolding were a never-failing delight; with a dozen chicks—downy, chirping balls, which had that very morning pecked their way into the world from the most ordinary-looking egg-shells; with ducks that set out in a waddling procession for the brook as regularly as if they had watches in their pockets; with seven tiny, brand-new pigs in the pen, every one with a most fascinating quirk in his

could they think of going back to the narrow, stifling, brick-walled streets—to the dirt and din of the mills?

Jim, who was the belligerent one of the family, doubled up his fists and took the floor, in fighting attitude, to show his opinion of such a proposal, and little Absalom, who had discovered the advantage of making a noise in the world in order to carry his point, set up an ear-splitting howl.

"We'll hunt bears and wolves, and dress ourselves in skins, like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday," said Nehemiah, solving the problem of clothes, which Enoch had suggested.

And Nancy echoed this brilliant idea. Nehemiah and Nancy were twins, and Nehemiah furnished ideas for both. Nehemiah's ideas were not always regarded as strictly practical by other people, but they suited Nancy.

Jim said the woods were full of rabbits and partridges, and he was going to tame a gray squirrel and carry him about in his pocket; and the coasting down Crow Hill in the winter must be "immense"; he should think anybody was crazy to talk about going back to the city!

But Jim was not quite eleven, and he was not looked upon, by the older Crows, as much more of a business man than Nehemiah.

Abijah was only two years older than Jim, but they called him Solomon, he was so wise and prudent. He looked like a little old man, with his shrewd, shriveled face and stooping shoulders. In fact, Abijah was a little too prudent; he did not dare attempt much of anything, lest it should not turn out well, and he borrowed trouble whenever there was any to lend.

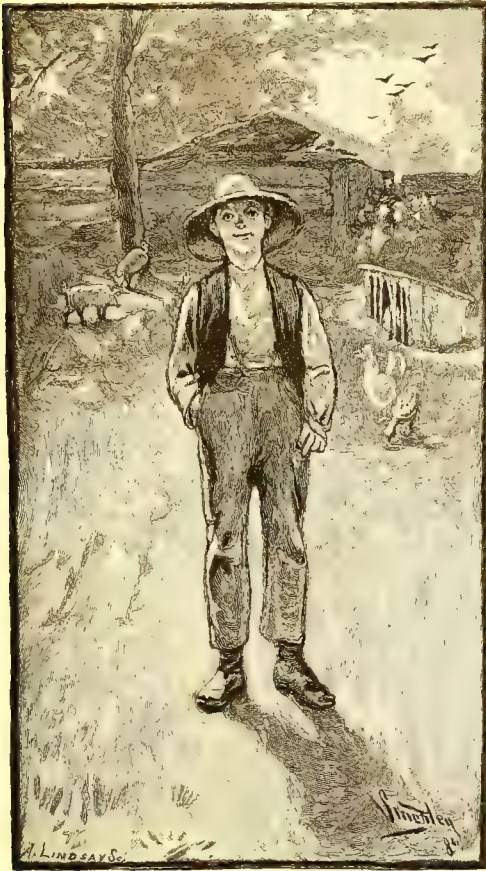
"If Absalom should get lost in the woods, and a bear should eat him, I guess we should feel bad! We should wish we had gone back to the city." This was Abijah's remark.

Little Absalom set up a dismal screaming at the prospect of this untimely end, and his mind was only diverted from it by his being allowed to take a peeping little chicken in his hand—a proceeding not countenanced by the mother hen.

"If the house should burn down, on a winter's night, we should freeze before we could get to the nearest neighbor's; and if we can't get money to pay the taxes, they'll put us all in jail; and it would be just exactly like Nancy to get choked to death with a cherry-stone!" continued Abijah, cheerfully.

But with all these catastrophes before his mental vision, Abijah still preferred staying at the Crow's-nest to going back to the city. He knew of even more perils there, because he had been thinking them up all his life.

"Then it is decided that we shall stay," said



"JIM CROW."

tail; with Buttercup the cow, and her fawn-colored calf, to be fed and petted; with a hive full of bees, that made honey which was the pride of the whole neighborhood; with a strawberry-bed, two long rows of currant-bushes, and an orchard, with cherry, and pear, as well as apple trees; with wild-strawberry vines in abundance in their south meadow, and chestnut-trees in the grove behind the house;—with all these present and prospective delights, more enchanting to these poor little Crows than any country child can possibly imagine,—

Enoch, at last; and just as he said it, the biggest rooster, who was all purple, and green, and gold, and walked as if the ground were not good enough for him to step on, mounted the saw-horse, and crowed—a triumphant cock-a-doodle-do, as if he had some especial cause for rejoicing.

"It really seems as if that were a good sign," said Priscilla, and all the wrinkles were suddenly smoothed out of her forehead.

But Jim, who did n't believe in signs, said that the rooster probably got up late, and had n't yet had time to get his crowing all done that morning.

Nehemiah and Nancy thought there was something very queer about that rooster, and that he might prove to be as wonderful and useful as Puss-in-Boots, or the Goose that laid the Golden Egg. They took to the marvelous as naturally as a duck takes to water, and they were deeply learned in giant and fairy lore. To be sure, they had never met any of those wonderful beings outside of story books, but then such folk were not supposed to live in cities. Here, in the country, they expected to meet a fairy at every turn.

They all went to work with a will to prove that, although they had everything to learn, they could be good farmers. There was one thing that frightened and discouraged them, and that was the tax-bill, which was due when the farm came into their possession, and which they were being pressed for, and had no means of paying.

If they could only be allowed to wait until their crops were harvested, they felt sure of being able to pay it, but the old farmers in the neighborhood had very little faith in their ability to raise crops, and the tax-collector was impatient. They must sell something off the farm to pay the bill, that was clear, but the question was, what had they that anybody would pay so much money for? They could not spare Methuselah, and, if they could, he was so old that nobody wanted to buy him. But they had two cows, and Buttercup was part Alderney, and very handsome, and they thought her milk was better than the other cow's, though it was all so different from city milk that they could not quite decide.

Enoch walked down to the village, one night, to try to find a purchaser for Buttercup. He came back in high spirits, saying that Doctor Douglas had seen and admired her, and offered a good price for her; it was enough to pay the tax-bill, and something over. Tony, the doctor's colored boy, would come for the cow the next morning.

There was great rejoicing at this news, although a little sorrow would mingle with it at the thought of parting with Buttercup. She had a saucy way of tossing her head, and some of the neighbors had hinted that she was not always good-tempered; but

with the Crows she had always seemed a most amicable cow, and they would have parted with Daisy, the other cow, much less sadly. Buttercup's calf would have to go, too; that was the worst of it, the children thought; it was so pretty—fawn-colored, with white spots, and with beautiful, soft, brown eyes.

They all assembled to take leave of Buttercup and the calf when Tony appeared, early the next morning. Absalom, to whose mind tax-bills were unimportant, howled piteously, and Abijah prophesied that they should never have another such cow and calf as long as they lived. But the others were so happy in the thought of having the bill paid that they thought little about Buttercup.

Buttercup's opinion, however, seemed to agree with Abijah's and little Absalom's. The moment that she saw Tony, she gave her head one of those saucy tosses, and when he approached her, rope in hand, with a sudden, vicious jerk she brought her horns into very unpleasant proximity to his jacket.

Tony retreated, but manfully returned to the charge, this time offering Buttercup a turnip as a bribe. But Buttercup used not only her horns, but her heels now, and with such effect that over went the milking-stool, sticks flew off the wood-pile, the wheelbarrow was broken into pieces, the saw-horse and the pitchfork were whisked into the air, the hens and ducks flew about, cackling and quacking; and when Tony and all the Crows had retired to a respectful distance, and left Buttercup mistress of the situation, what did that knowing rooster do but get up on the fence and crow with all his might!

Absalom clapped his hands with delight, and Abijah recalled several instances which he had heard of persons being killed by vicious cows. And Nehemiah and Nancy decided that it was probable, judging by the height to which Buttercup kicked up her heels, that she was the very cow that jumped over the moon.

Tony's wool fairly stood upright with terror, and he rolled his eyes so wildly that but little more than the whites was visible.

"Dat am a cur'us cow, no mistake!" remarked Tony, surveying Buttercup critically—from a distance. "'Pears like dere's an uncommon libelness about her. See hyar! You'd better cotch her; she mought hab a dislike to a gemman ob color." And he handed the rope to Enoch.

Abijah, and Priscilla, and Jim, all clung to Enoch, and begged him not to go near the cow, and even Nehemiah and Nancy clung to his coat-tails.

"Do you suppose I am going to let that little darkey think I am afraid?" said Enoch, in a low but awful voice.

And he shook them all off, put the rope in his pocket, so that it need not offend Buttercup's eyes, and walked boldly up to her, addressing her in persuasive and complimentary terms, such as:

"Quiet now, Buttercup! Good old Buttercup! Nice cow!"

But Buttercup was not to be deceived by flattery. She cocked her head on one side, and gave Enoch a knowing and wicked look, that was as much as to say: "You can't put a rope around my neck,

with wrath, and evidently feeling like the knight who declared it

"Eternal shame if at the front
Lord Ronald grace not battle's brunt"

The gobbler was always ready to take sides in a combat; you never found him sitting on the fence, when a fight was going on. The white turkey gathered her brood around her, and surveyed the contest from afar, with a dignified and matronly air.



"DAT AM A CUB'S COW, NO MISTAKE!" REMARKED TONY.

sir, even if you have kissed the blarney stone! If you think you can, you had better try it!"

Enoch stopped, irresolute, even with the "little darkey" looking on. Buttercup cast down her eyes, and chewed her cud with a mild and virtuous expression of countenance, and Enoch went toward her; he was near enough to put his hand upon her, when, with a dive of her horns and a fling of her heels, off she started on a run. Enoch started in pursuit, and so did Towzer, barking furiously; so did the calf, frisking and prancing, as if it were great fun; so did the gobbler, bristling all over

Jim followed the procession, turning a somersault now and then, as he went, to relieve his excited feelings, and Tony sat on the fence and cheered on Buttercup and her pursuers, first one, and then the other, with strict impartiality, self-interest evidently being lost sight of in the excitement of the contest. Buttercup, becoming tired, and perceiving that her pursuers were gaining upon her, suddenly backed up against a stone wall, and stood at bay.

Towzer barked madly at her heels, and the gobbler, standing provokingly just under her nose,

gobbled out a long tirade against her evil behavior, but Buttercup had a mind above such petty annoyances; she calmly disregarded her inferior pursuers, and fixed her eyes, with a "touch-me-if-you-dare" expression, upon Enoch.

Enoch walked up to her, with stern determination, and—threw the rope over her head—almost, but not quite! It caught upon one of her horns, and, with a playful gesture, Buttercup tossed it over the stone wall, into the field.

Enoch climbed over after it, urged on by a derisive shout from Tony, and the somewhat irritating announcement that "dis nigger was ready to bet on de cow!"

Having got Enoch out of the way, Buttercup flung out her heels at Towzer and sent him off, limping and yelping with pain; then she made a swoop upon the gobbler with her horns, and that valiant warrior retired in great confusion; and then she took to the road again, at an easy, swinging gait, as if it were really not worth the while to hurry. But when Enoch approached her again, she turned suddenly, and, taking him by surprise, tossed him over the fence with her horns, almost as lightly and airily as she had tossed the rope!

She looked over the fence after him with a deprecating air that was as much as to say, "I did n't want to, but you forced me to it!" and then she walked quietly along, feeding on the road-side grass.

Enoch was stunned for a moment, but when he recovered, he was astonished to find that his bones were all whole; he had suffered only a few slight bruises.

The whole family rushed to the spot; even Tony descended from his secure perch.

"It's no use to catch her!" said Tony, when they had all assured themselves that Enoch was unharmed. "De doctor wont hab a animile dat's possessed ob de debble!"

This brought back the thought of the tax-bill, at which Enoch's heart sank.

"She never behaved like this before," he said. "I am sure if she could once be got into the doctor's barn she would be peaceable enough."

"Pears like it aint so drefle easy to done fotch her dar! But I'll send Patsy up. Patsy can catch a streak ob chain lightnin'."

So it was decided that Patsy, the doctor's manservant, should come up the next morning, giving Buttercup time to sober down.

They all went their several ways to the day's work, leaving Buttercup to her own devices.

Enoch and Priscilla looked discouraged and anxious, and Abijah cheerfully reminded them that he had foretold that they should all be put in jail for debt.

Nehemiah and Nancy were deputed to shell corn for planting, and they perched themselves on the meal-chest in the barn, with a bushel-basket containing the corn between them. As the basket overtopped their heads, it was inconvenient and a barrier to sociability, but no better way occurred to them, and as Nehemiah was buried in thought, and Nancy always respected his silence, it did not matter as far as sociability was concerned.

But, after a while, Nancy heard a voice on the other side of the basket say:

"Do you remember whether it says that the cow did consider, Nancy? Don't you know,—

"There was a piper and he had a cow,
And he had no hay to give her,
So he took out his pipes, and played her a tune—
Consider, old cow, consider!"

"I don't think it says any more," said Nancy. "But of course she considered; she knew he was poor, and picked up anything she could find to eat."

"Well, I've been thinking that we had better play Buttercup a tune, and ask her to consider and go with the doctor's man, so that we can pay the tax-bill."

"That's a beautiful plan! Let's do it, right off!" said Nancy, dropping her apron, and letting the corn in it roll all over the floor in her excitement. "Only, don't you think, Nehemiah, that truly cows are different, some way, from the cows that Mother Goose knew about? They don't seem to have so much sense. They don't understand what you say to them."

"They do! They only pretend not to. They are deep," said Nehemiah. "And people don't know how to manage them. If they would have let me manage Buttercup, I could have made her go with Tony, just as easy!"

"Could you, really?" said Nancy, looking at him admiringly. "But you'll let me help, when you play her the tune, wont you?"

"Yes, if you don't make a noise, and let everybody know beforehand, just like a girl. You get down and pick up the corn you spilled, and all that I've dropped, too, and then I'll tell you how I'm going to do it."

Nancy got down obediently, and picked up every kernel faithfully, never minding that she got splinters into her fat little hands, and made her chubby little knees ache.

"We can't do it when anybody's near," said Nehemiah, after Nancy had climbed up on to the meal-chest again, "because they will make fun of us, and say it is n't of any use. They don't know that cows can understand. But we'll get up early in the morning, before Jim goes to milk-

ing, even, and I 'll take the old accordion, and you take a comb, and we 'll go right into Buttercup's stall, and we 'll play a 'Pinafore' tune to her—'Little Buttercup' will be just the thing, because it 's her name, you know. And then we 'll tell her all about the bill. And, after that, we 'll play a psalm tune—'Old Hundred,' or 'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.' That will kind of make her feel solemn, and think about being good. And then you see if she don't go with Patsy, when he comes! And then the tax-bill will be paid, and we 'll have new shoes awful often, and we wont eat anything but jam and pound-cake, and we 'll have a velocipede, and a balloon as big as this barn!"

The prospect of such happiness was too much for Nancy's composure, and again the corn was spilt, and this time they both had to get down and pick it up, for Abijah came and scolded them for being so slow, because Enoch already wanted the corn to plant.

The next morning, before it was light, Nancy heard a low whistle just outside her door. She slipped out of bed without waiting to get her eyes open, and very softly, so as not to wake Priscilla, and dressed herself hurriedly. Nehemiah was waiting for her at the back door, with a lantern. It seemed very queer to be up and out-of-doors while it was still dark, but there was something delightfully exciting about it.

Towzer suddenly roused from sleep, took them for burglars, and barked like mad. He seemed to recognize them after carefully smelling at their heels, but it struck him as such an unusual proceeding for them to go into the barn at that hour, that he insisted upon accompanying them.

That irrepressible rooster got up and crowed, but otherwise it was perfectly still in the barn. Buttercup was awake, chewing her cud and looking rather sad and grave, as if she were meditating upon her bad behavior.

Nehemiah hung the lantern on a nail, and then walked boldly into the stall, followed by Nancy, who was a little afraid of Buttercup, but would not hesitate to follow Nehemiah anywhere.

Nehemiah struck up "Little Buttercup" on the accordion, and Nancy chimed in on the comb. The accordion was old and wheezy, and Nehemiah was not a skillful performer, and a comb is not a pleasing musical instrument at the best; the echoes in the old barn must have been astonished when they were called upon to respond to such sounds as those! Towzer and the rooster both assisted, to the utmost extent of their powers.

Buttercup looked over her shoulder at them, with a puzzled expression, and she whisked her tail a little, but gave no other sign of emotion.

"Now, you go on, and play easy, while I tell her all about it," said Nehemiah, at length.

He put his lips very near Buttercup's ear.

"We have played you a tune, Buttercup," he said, "and now we want you to consider! You were a very bad cow, yesterday, and made your friends very unhappy, but perhaps you did n't stop to think, and did n't know how much difference it made. Before we got the farm, we were awful poor, and we shall be awful poor if we lose it, besides having to go to jail, Abijah says; and we can't pay the tax-bill unless you let yourself be sold to Doctor Douglas. Cows can be very good and smart if they try. And perhaps, when we are rich, we 'll buy you back."

Buttercup kept very quiet, and looked as if she were listening to every word.

"Now you consider and go with Patsy, without making a fuss!" said Nehemiah, in conclusion.

"We 'll have 'Old Hundred' and the 'Doxology,' and then we 'll go," he said to Nancy. "And you see if she is n't a different cow from what she was yesterday!"

They got into the house and hung the lantern in its place, just as Jim came stumbling sleepily downstairs to milking.

Nancy went back to bed, and dreamed that Buttercup, in a long trained dress and with hair done up behind, was dancing a polka with the tax-collector, while the big gobbler played for them on a comb.

It was quite disappointing to find that it was only a dream.

Nehemiah and Nancy were on hand when Patsy arrived. He was a big, good-natured Irishman, who announced himself as a remarkable cow-compeller, and declared that there was "not a baste in the wuruld that contrairy that she could get the betther iv him!"

He had provided himself with a stout stick, and with this in one hand and a rope in the other, he approached Buttercup in the boldest manner, while Nehemiah and Nancy held their breaths and watched.

But, alas for the remarkable cow-compeller! Buttercup made such a furious lunge at him that he was fain to take to his heels. And alas for Nehemiah and Nancy, whose tunes and appeals now seemed to have been thrown away! Yesterday's pranks were but mild and tame compared with those that Buttercup played to-day. She kicked and she pranced, she capered and she danced, until everything that had legs was glad to run away, and leave her in possession of the field. And Patsy was forced to go home, acknowledging that one "baste had got the betther iv him!"

Nehemiah and Nancy looked at each other in

silent surprise and disappointment. Then Nehemiah approached as near Buttercup as he dared, in the excited state of her feelings, and reproached her in strong terms for failing to consider, after the "beautiful music" with which they had favored her. Buttercup turned her head, and looked steadily at him, and uttered a long-drawn-out low. It was very different from her ordinary "moo-oo-oo." It seemed to consist of two syllables, and she looked as if it meant a great deal.

"Nehemiah, it sounds just as if she were trying to say something," said Nancy. "What *does* she mean?"

"She says, 'But-ter!' 'but-ter!'" said Nehemiah. "But I don't think she means anything. Cows are silly things, anyway!"

"Perhaps she means for us to make butter out of her milk, so that she can do us some good, even if she wont be sold."

"We might," said Nehemiah. "There 's a churn in the pantry, and you only have to turn a crank. Priscilla said we might as well sell the milk, but I guess she 'll let us try, just for the fun!"

Nancy skipped into the house, delighted that she had thought of something that Nehemiah said it would be fun to do—though, to be sure, it really was Buttercup's suggestion. She was so excited about it that before she stopped to think she had told Priscilla and Enoch all about their playing Buttercup a tune, and asking her to "consider," and that Buttercup had kept saying, "But-ter! but-ter!" And though they laughed, and made a great deal of fun of it, Priscilla gave them some cream that she had saved from Buttercup's milk, and told them they might churn it, if they liked.

She had never thought of doing such a thing. Butter was a luxury to them, and they could very well do without it, and she had not thought of making it to sell, for they had only two cows.

Nehemiah and Nancy worked with a will. It was n't altogether fun; the butter was so long in coming, and their arms ached, and Nancy would open the churn every three minutes, to see if there was some butter. At last, little thick yellowish specks appeared in the cream, and, not long after that, the crank became very hard to turn, and lo and behold! there was a mass of yellow butter inside. It was the sweetest, and the richest, and the goldenest butter that ever was tasted or seen!

Priscilla made it into balls, and Enoch bought a stamp,—a beautiful pattern, with strawberry leaves and fruit,—and, when Priscilla had stamped it, they sent some balls down to Doctor Douglas. He had been very kind to their father when he was ill, and they were delighted to have something to send him.

The doctor came up to the Crow's-nest the very next day, to say that he had never tasted such delicious butter, and that if they would keep him supplied with it, he would be willing to pay a very high price for it. And he said if that was the kind of butter they could make, he thought they had better keep a dairy farm, and nothing else; very few of the farmers in the neighborhood made butter, and there was a great demand for it in the town; and he thought their land was better adapted for dairy-farming than for anything else.

He lent them the money to pay their tax-bill, and said they need not pay him until they began to get some profit from their farm, and then what did he do but buy them another cow, which they need not pay for until they were able.

And Priscilla, and Nehemiah, and Nancy made butter—and I might say that little Absalom helped, for he drank the buttermilk!—while the others worked on the farm. The butter brought very good prices, but they made the butter from Buttercup's milk by itself, and that butter had such a reputation that it found its way into the city market; it was what the dealers called "gilt-edged" butter, and commanded a fabulous price.

And now that Buttercup's calf has grown to cowhood, and gives milk, too, you may see in the window of a large city store this sign—"Butter from Crow's-nest Dairy."

And the Crows would not begin to change places with any Rothschild of them all!

And whenever they talk about the wonderful good fortune that their dairy has brought them, and say, "What should we have done if we had sold Buttercup?" Nehemiah and Nancy look at each other. They don't like to say anything, because they have been laughed at so much, and, besides, they are older, now, and would not think of getting up at four o'clock in the morning to play tunes to a cow; but sometimes Nancy does whisper:

"They may laugh as much as they please, but I shall always believe that dear old Buttercup *did* consider."

THERE was once on a time a little boy,
And a small, greedy boy was he;
His mother gave him two plums and a pear,
And he hurriedly ate all three.

But just as he finished the very last,
He grew very gloomy and glum;
And muttered, "I think she could just as well
Have made it two pears and a plum."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

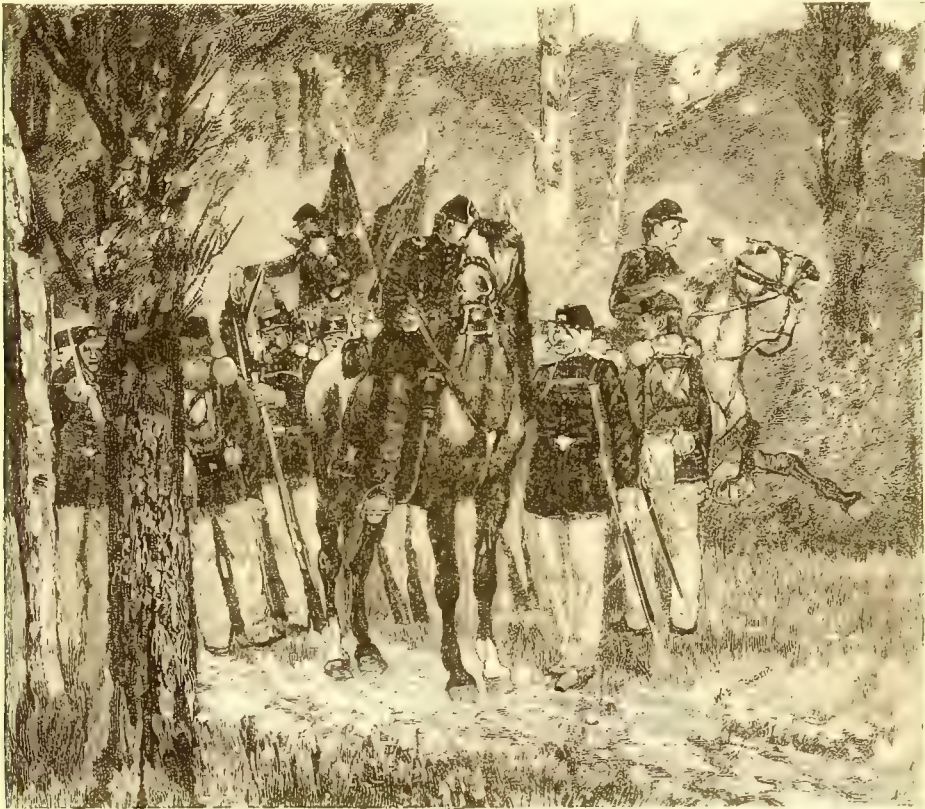
BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE WOODS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

It is no easy matter to describe a long day's march to one who knows nothing of the hardships of a soldier's life. That a body of troops marched some twenty-five or thirty miles on a certain day

soldier's powers of endurance to the very utmost. He has, in the first place, a heavy load to carry. His knapsack, haversack, canteen, ammunition, musket, and accouterments are by no means a light matter at the outset, and they grow heavier with every additional mile of the road. So true is this that, in deciding what of our clothing to take along on a march and what to throw away, we soon



"A SURGEON WRITING UPON THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE AN ORDER FOR AN AMBULANCE"

from daylight to midnight, from one point to another, seems, to one who has not tried it, no great undertaking. Thirty miles! It is but an hour's ride in the cars. Nor can the single pedestrian, who easily covers greater distances in less time, have a full idea of the fatigue of a soldier as he throws himself down by the road-side, utterly exhausted, when the day's march is done.

Unnumbered circumstances combine to test the

learned to be guided by the soldiers' proverb that "what weighs an ounce in the morning weighs a pound at night." Then, too, the soldier is not master of his own movements, as is the solitary pedestrian; for he can not pick his way, nor husband his strength by resting when and where he may choose. He marches generally "four abreast" — sometimes at double-quick, when the rear is closing up, and again at a most provokingly slow pace

when there is some impediment on the road ahead. Often his canteen is empty, no water is to be had, and he marches on in a cloud of dust, with parched throat and lips and trembling limbs—on and on, and still on, until about the midnight hour, at the final “Halt!” he drops to the ground like a shot, feverish, irritable, exhausted in body and soul.

It would seem a shame and a folly to take troops thus utterly worn out, and hurl them at midnight into a battle the issue of which hangs trembling in the balance. Yet this was what they came pretty near doing with us, after our long march from four miles below Fredericksburg to the extreme right of the army at Chancellorsville.

I have a very indistinct and cloudy recollection of that march. I can quite well remember the beginning of it, when at the early dawn the enemy's batteries drove us, under a sharp shell-fire, at a lively double-quick for the first four miles. And I can well recall how, at midnight, we threw ourselves under the great oak-trees near Chancellorsville, and were in a moment sound asleep amid the heaven-rending thunder of the guns, the unbroken roll of the musketry, and the shouts and yells of the lines charging each other a quarter of a mile to our front. But when I attempt to call up the incidents that happened by the way, I am utterly at a loss. My memory has retained nothing but a confused mass of images: here a farm house, there a mill; a company of stragglers driven on by the guard; a Surgeon writing upon the pommel of his saddle an order for an ambulance to carry a poor exhausted and but half-conscious fellow; an officer's Staff or an Orderly dashing by at a lively trot; a halt for coffee in the edge of a wood; filling a canteen (oh, blessed memory!) at some meadow stream or road-side spring; and on, and on, and on, amid the rattle of bayonet-scarbards and tin cups, mopping our faces and crunching our hard-tack as we went;—this, and such as this, is all that will now come to mind.

But of events toward night-fall the images are clearer and more sharply defined. The sun is setting, large, red, and fiery-looking, in a dull haze that hangs over the thickly wooded horizon. We are nearing the ford where we are to cross the Rappahannock. We come to some hill-top, and—hark! A deep, ominous growl comes, from how many miles away we know not; now another; then another!

On, Boys, on! There is work doing ahead, and terrible work it is, for two great armies are at each other's throat, and the battle is raging fierce and high, although we know nothing as yet of how it may be going.

On,—on,—on!

Turning sharp to the left, we enter the approach

to the ford, the road leading, in places, through a deep cut,—great high pine-trees on either side of the road shutting out the little remaining light of day. Here we find the first actual evidences of the great battle that is raging ahead: long lines of ambulances filled with wounded; yonder a poor fellow with a bandaged head, sitting by a spring; and a few steps away another, his agonies now over; here, two men, one with his arm in a sling supporting the other, who has turned his musket into a crutch; then more ambulances, and more wounded in increasing numbers; Orderlies dashing by at full gallop, while the thunder of the guns grows louder and closer as we step on the pontoons and so cross the gleaming river.

“Colonel, your men have had a hard day's march; you will now let them rest for the night.”

It is a Staff-officer whom I hear delivering this order to our Colonel, and a sweeter message I think I never heard. We cast wistful eyes at the half-extinguished camp-fires of some regiment that has been making coffee by the road-side, and has just moved off, and we think them a godsend, as the order is given to “stack arms.” But before we have time even to unsling knapsacks, the order comes, “Fall in!” and away we go again, steadily plodding on through that seemingly endless forest of scrub-pine and oak, straight in the direction of the booming guns ahead.

Why whippoorwills were made I do not know; doubtless for some wise purpose; but never before that night did I know they had been made in such countless numbers. Every tree and bush was full of them, it seemed. There were thousands of them, there were tens of thousands of them, there were millions of them! And every one whistling, as fast as it could, “Who-hoo-hoo! Who-hoo-hoo! Who-hoo-hoo!” Had they been vultures or turkey-buzzards,—vast flocks of which followed the army wherever we went, almost darkening the sky at times, and always suggesting unpleasant reflections,—they could not have appeared more execrable to me. Many were the imprecations hurled at them as we plodded on under the light of the great red moon, now above the tree-tops, while still from every bush came that monotonous half-screech, half-groan, “Who-hoo-hoo! Who-hoo-hoo!”

But, O miserable birds of ill-omen, there is something more ominous in the air than your lugubrious night-song! There is borne to our ears at every additional step the deepening growl of the cannon ahead. As the moon mounts higher, and we advance farther along the level forest-land, we hear still more distinctly another sound—the long, unbroken roll of musketry.

Forward now, at double-quick, until we are on the outskirts of the battle-field.

Shells are crashing through the tall tree-tops overhead.

"Halt! Load at will! Load!"

In the moonlight that falls shimmering across the road, as I look back over the column, I see the bright steel flashing, while the jingle of the ram-rods makes music that stirs the blood to a quicker pulse. A well-known voice calls me down the line, and Andy whispers a few hurried words into my ear, while he grasps my hand, *hard*. But we are off at a quick step. A sharp turn to the left, and—hark! The firing has ceased, and they are "charging" down there! That peculiar, and afterward well-known, "Yi! Yi! Yi!" indicates a struggle for which we are making straight and fast.

At this moment comes the order: "Colonel, you will countermarch your men, and take position down this road on the right. Follow me!" The staff-officer leads us half a mile to the right, where, sinking down utterly exhausted, we are soon sound asleep.

Of the next day or two I have but an indistinct recollection. What with the fatigue and excitement, the hunger and thirst, of the last few days, a high fever set in for me. I became half-delirious, and lay under a great oak-tree, too weak to walk, my head nearly splitting with the noise of a battery of steel cannon in position fifty yards to the left of me. That battery's beautiful but terrible drill I could plainly see. My own corps was put on reserve: the men built strong breast-works, but took no part in the battle, excepting some little skirmishing. Our day was yet to come.

One evening,—it was the last evening we spent in the woods at Chancellorsville,—a Sergeant of my company came back to where we were, with orders for me to hunt up and bring an ambulance for one of the Lieutenants who was sick.

"You see, Harry, there are rumors that we are going to retreat to-night, for the heavy rains have so swollen the Rappahannock that our pontoons are in danger of being carried away, and it appears that, for some reason or other, we've got to get out of this at once under cover of night, and Lieutenant can't stand the march. So you will go for an ambulance. You'll find the ambulance park about two miles from here. You'll take through the woods in that direction,"—pointing with his finger,—“until you come to a path; follow the path till you come to a road; follow the road, taking to the right and straight ahead, till you come to the ambulances.”

Although it was raining hard at the time, and had been raining for several days, and though I myself was probably as sick as the Lieutenant, and felt positive that the troops would have started in

retreat before I could get back, yet it was my duty to obey, and off I went.

I had no difficulty in finding the path; and I reached the road all right. Forging a stream, the corduroy bridge of which was all afloat, and walking rapidly for a half-hour, I found the ambulances all drawn up ready to retreat.

"We have orders to pull out from here at once, and can send an ambulance for no man. Your Lieutenant must take his chance."

It was getting dark fast, as I started back with this message. I was soaked to the skin, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. To make bad worse, in the darkness I turned off from the road at the wrong point, missed the path and quite lost my way! What was to be done? If I should spend much time where I was, I was certain to be left behind, for I felt sure that the troops were moving off; and yet I feared to make for any of the fires I saw through the woods, for I knew the lines of the two armies were near each other, and I might, as like as not, walk over into the lines of the enemy.

Collecting my poor fevered faculties, I determined to follow the course of a little stream I heard plashing down among the bushes to the left. By and by I fixed my eye on a certain bright camp-fire, and determined to make for it at all hazards, be it of friend or of foe. Judge of my joyful surprise when I found it was burning in front of my own tent!

Standing about our fire trying to get warm and dry, our fellows were discussing the question of the retreat about to be made. But I was tired and sick, and wet and sleepy, and did not at all relish the prospect of a night march through the woods in a drenching rain. So, putting on the only remaining dry shirt I had left (I had *two* on already, and they were soaked through), I lay down under my shelter, shivering and with chattering teeth, but soon fell sound asleep.

In the gray light of the morning we were suddenly awakened by a loud "Halloo there, you chaps! Better be digging out of this! We're the last line of cavalry pickets, and the Johnnies are on our heels!"

It was an easy matter for us to sling on our knapsacks and rush after the cavalry-man, until a double-quick of two miles brought us within the rear line of defenses thrown up to cover the retreat.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

"HARRY, I'm getting tired of this thing. It's becoming monotonous, this thing of being roused

every morning at four, with orders to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice, and then lying around here all day in the sun. I don't believe we are going anywhere, anyhow."

We had been encamped for six weeks, of which I need give no special account, only saying that in those "summer quarters," as they might be called, we went on with our endless drilling, and were baked and browned, and thoroughly hardened to the life of a soldier in the field.

The monotony of which Andy complained did not end that day, nor the next. For six successive days we were regularly roused at four o'clock in the morning, with orders to "pack up and be ready to move immediately!"—only to unpack as regularly about the middle of the afternoon. We could hear our batteries pounding away in the direction of Fredericksburg, but we did not then know that we were being held well in hand till the enemy's plan had developed itself into the great march into Pennsylvania, and we were let off in hot pursuit.

So at last, on the 12th of June, 1863, we started, at five o'clock in the morning, in a north-westerly direction. My journal says: "Very warm, dust plenty, water scarce, marching very hard. Halted at dusk at an excellent spring, and lay down for the night with aching limbs and blistered feet."

I pass over the six days' continuous marching that followed, steadily on toward the north, pausing only to relate several incidents that happened by the way.

On the 14th we were racing with the enemy—we being pushed on to the utmost of human endurance—for the possession of the defenses of Washington. From five o'clock of that morning till three the following morning,—that is to say, from daylight to daylight,—we were hurried along under a burning June sun, with no halt longer than sufficient to recruit our strength with a hasty cup of coffee at noon and nightfall. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock at night, and still on! It was almost more than flesh could endure. Men fell out of line in the darkness by the score, and tumbled over by the road-side, asleep almost before they touched the ground.

I remember how a great tall fellow in our company made us laugh along somewhere about one o'clock that morning—"Pointer," we called him; an excellent soldier, who afterward fell at his post at Spottsylvania. He had been trudging on in sullen silence for hours, when all of a sudden, coming to a halt, he brought his piece to "order arms" on the hard road with a ring, took off his cap, and in language far more forcible than elegant, began forthwith to denounce both parties to the war, "from A to Izzard," in all branches of

the service, civil and military, army and navy, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, and demanded that the enemy should come on in full force here and now, "and I'll fight them all single-handed and alone, the whole pack of 'em! I'm tired of this everlasting marching, and I want to fight!"

"Three cheers for Pointer!" cried some one, and we laughed heartily as we toiled doggedly on to Manassas, which we reached at three o'clock A. M., June 15th. I can assure you we lost no time in stretching ourselves at full length in the tall summer grass.

"James McFadden, report to the Adjutant for camp guard. James McFadden! Anybody know where Jim McFadden is?"

Now, that was rather hard, was n't it? To march from daylight to daylight, and lie down for a rest of probably two hours before starting again, and then to be called up to stand throughout those precious two hours, on guard duty!

I knew very well where McFadden was, for was n't he lying right beside me in the grass? But just then I was in no humor to tell. The camp might well go without a guard that night, or the Orderly might find McFadden in the dark if he could.

But the rules were strict, and the punishment was severe, and poor McFadden, bursting into tears of vexation, answered like a man: "Here I am, Orderly; I'll go." It was hard.

Two weeks later, both McFadden and the Orderly went where there is neither marching nor standing guard any more.

Now comes a long rest of a week in the woods near the Potomac, for we have been marching parallel with the enemy, and dare not go too fast, lest by some sudden and dexterous move in the game he should sweep past our rear in upon the defenses of Washington. And after this sweet refreshment, we cross the Potomac on pontoons, and march, perhaps with a lighter step, since we are nearing home, through the smiling fields and pleasant villages of "Maryland, my Maryland." At Poolesville, a little town on the north bank of the Potomac, we smile as we see a lot of children come trooping out of the village school,—a merry sight to men who have seen neither woman nor child these six months and more, and a touching sight to many a man in the ranks as he thinks of his little flaxen-heads in the far-away home. Aye, think of them now and think of them full tenderly, for many a man of you shall never have child climb on his knee any more!

As we enter one of these pleasant little Maryland villages, we find on the outskirts of the place two young ladies and two young gentlemen waving the good old flag as we pass, and singing "Rally round

the Flag, Boys." The excitement along the line is intense. Cheer on cheer is given by regiment after regiment as we pass along, we drummer-boys beating, at the Colonel's express orders, the old tune, "The Girl I left behind me," as a sort of response. Soon we are in among the hills again, and still the cheering goes on in the far distance to the rear.

Only ten days later we passed through the same village again, and were met by the same young ladies and gentlemen, waving the same flag and singing the same song. But though we tried twice, and tried hard, we could not cheer at all, for there's a difference between five hundred men and one hundred—is there not? So, that second time, we drooped our tattered flags, and raised our caps in silent and sorrowful salute.

"Colonel, close up your men and move on as rapidly as possible."

It is the morning of July 1st, and we are crossing a bridge over a stream, as the Staff-officer, having delivered this order for us, dashes down the line to hurry up the regiments in the rear. We get up on a high range of hills, from which we have a magnificent view. The day is bright, the air is fresh and sweet, and the sun shines out of an almost cloudless sky, and as we gaze away off yonder down the valley to the left—look! Do you see that? A puff of smoke in mid-air! Very small and miles away, as the faint and long-coming "boom" of the exploding shell indicates, but it means that something is going on yonder, away down in the valley, in which, perhaps, we may have a hand before the day is done. See! Another—and another! Faint and far away comes the long-delayed "boom!" "boom!" echoing over the hills, as the Staff-officer dashes along the lines with orders to "double-quick! double-quick!"

Four miles of almost constant double-quicking is no light work at any time, least of all on such a day as this memorable first day of July, for it is hot and dusty. But we are in our own State now, boys, and the battle is opening ahead, and it is no time to save breath. On we go, now up a hill, now over a stream, now checking our headlong rush for a moment, for we *must* breathe a little. But the word comes along the line again, "double-quick," and we settle down to it with right good-will, while the cannon ahead seem to be getting nearer and louder. There's little said in the ranks, for there is little

breath for talking, though every man is busy enough thinking. We all feel, somehow, that our day has come at last—as indeed it has!

We get in through the outskirts of Gettysburg, tearing down the fences of the town lots and outlying gardens as we go; we pass a battery of brass guns drawn up beside the Seminary, some hundred yards in front of which building, in a strip of meadow-land, we halt, and rapidly form the line of battle.

"General, shall we unsling



ON THE MARCH TO AND FROM GETTYSBURG

knapsacks?" shouts some one down the line to our Division-general, as he is dashing by.

"Never mind the knapsacks, boys; it's the State now!"

And he plunges his spurs up to the rowels in the flanks of his horse, as he takes the stake-and-rider fence at a leap and is away.

"Unfurl the flags, Color-guard!"

"Now, forward, double——"

"Colonel, we're not loaded yet!"

A laugh runs along the line as, at the command "Load at will—load!" the ramrods make their merry music, and at once the word is given, "Forward, double-quick!" and the line sweeps up that rising ground with banners gayly flying, and cheers that rend the air—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

I suppose the boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS wonder what a drummer-boy does in time of battle. Perhaps they have the same idea I used to have, namely, that it is the duty of a drummer-boy to beat his drum all the time the battle rages, to encourage the men or drown the groans of the wounded! But if they will reflect a moment, they will see that amid the confusion and noise of battle, there is little chance of martial music being either heard or heeded. Our Colonel had long ago given us our orders:

"You drummer-boys, in time of an engagement, are to lay aside your drums and take stretchers and help off the wounded. I expect you to do this, and you are to remember that, in doing it, you are just as much helping the battle on as if you were fighting with guns in your hands."

And so we sit down there on our drums, and watch the line going in with cheers. Forthwith we get a smart shelling, for there is evidently somebody else watching that advancing line besides ourselves; but they have elevated their guns a little too much, so that every shell passes quite over the line and plows up the meadow-sod about us in all directions.

Laying aside our knapsacks, we go to the Seminary, now rapidly filling with the wounded. This the enemy surely can not know, or they would n't shell the building so hard! We get stretchers at the ambulances, and start out for the line of battle. We can just see our regimental colors waving in the orchard, near a log-house about three hundred yards ahead, and we start out for it—I on the lead and Daney behind.

There is one of our batteries drawn up to our left a short distance as we run. It is engaged in a sharp artillery duel with one of the enemy's, which we can not see, although we can hear it plainly enough, and straight between the two our road lies. So, up we go, Daney and I, at a lively trot, dodging the shells as best we can, till, panting for breath, we set down our stretcher under an apple-tree in the orchard, in which, under the brow of the hill, we find the regiment lying, one or two companies being out on the skirmish line ahead.

I count six men of Company C lying yonder in the grass—killed, they say, by a single shell. Andy calls me away for a moment to look after some poor fellow whose arm is off at the shoulder; and it was just time I got away, too, for immediately a

shell plunges into the sod where I had been sitting, tearing my stretcher to tatters and plowing up a great furrow under one of the boys who had been sitting immediately behind me, and who thinks "That was rather close shaving, was n't it, now?" The bullets whistling overhead make pretty music with their ever-varying "z-i-p! z-i-p!" and we could imagine them so many bees, only they have such a terribly sharp sting. They tell me, too, of a certain cavalry-man (Dennis Buckley, Sixth Michigan cavalry it was, as I afterward learned—let history preserve the brave boy's name) who, having had his horse shot under him, and seeing that first-named shell explode in Company C with such disaster, exclaimed, "That is the company for me!" He remained with the regiment all day, doing good service with his carbine, and he escaped unhurt!

"Here they come, boys; we'll have to go in at them on a charge, I guess!" Creeping close around the corner of the log-house, I can see the long lines of gray sweeping up in fine style over the fields; but I feel the Colonel's hand on my shoulder.

"Keep back, my boy; no use exposing yourself in that way."

As I get back behind the house and look around, an old man is seen approaching our line through the orchard in the rear. He is dressed in a long, blue, swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat, and coming up to the Colonel, he asks:

"Would you let an old chap like me have a chance to fight in your ranks, Colonel?"

"Can you shoot?" inquires the Colonel.

"Oh yes, I can shoot, I reckon," says he.

"But where are your cartridges?"

"I 've got 'em here, sir," says the old man, slapping his hand on his pantaloons pocket.

And so "old John Burns," of whom every school-boy has heard, takes his place in the line and loads and fires with the best of them, and is left wounded and insensible on the field when the day is done.

Reclining there under a tree while the skirmishing is going on in front and the shells are tearing up the sod around us, I observe how evidently hard pressed is that battery yonder in the edge of the wood, about fifty yards to our right. The enemy's batteries have excellent range on the poor fellows serving it. And when the smoke lifts or rolls away in great clouds for a moment, we can see the men running, and ramming, and sighting, and firing, and swabbing, and changing position every few minutes to throw the enemy's guns out of range a little. The men are becoming terribly few, but nevertheless their guns, with a rapidity that seems unabated, belch forth great clouds of

smoke and send the shells shrieking over the plain.

Meanwhile, events occur which give us something more to think of than mere skirmishing and shelling. Our beloved Brigadier-general, stepping out a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position and movements, is seen by some sharp-shooter off in a tree, and is carried severely wounded into the barn. Our Colonel assumes command of the brigade. Our regiment facing westward, while the line on our right faces to the north, is observed to be exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, as well as from the long line of gray now appearing in full sight on our right. So our regiment must form in line and change front forward, in order to come in line with the other regiments. Accomplished swiftly, this new movement brings our line at once face to face with the enemy's, which advances to within fifty yards, and exchanges a few volleys, but is soon checked and staggered by our fire.

Yet now, see! Away to our left, and consequently on our flank, a new line appears, rapidly advancing out of the woods a half-mile away, and there must be some quick and sharp work done now, Boys, or, between the old foes in front and the new ones on our flank, we shall be annihilated. To clear us of these old assailants in front before the new line can sweep down on our flank, our brave Colonel, in a ringing command, orders a charge along the whole line. Then, before the gleaming and bristling bayonets of our "Buck-tail" brigade, as it yells and cheers, sweeping resistlessly over the field, the enemy gives way and flies in confusion. But there is little time to watch them fly, for that new line on our left is approaching at a rapid pace; and, with shells falling thick and fast into our ranks, and men dropping everywhere, our regiment must reverse the former movement by "changing front to rear," and so resume its original position facing westward, for the enemy's new line is approaching from that direction, and if it takes us in flank, we are done for.

To "change front to rear" is a difficult movement to execute even on drill, much more so under severe fire; but it is executed now steadily and without confusion, yet not a minute too soon! For the new line of gray is upon us in a mad tempest of lead, supported by a cruel artillery fire, almost before our line can steady itself to receive the shock. However, partially protected by a post-and-rail fence, we answer fiercely, and with effect so terrific that the enemy's line wavers, and at length moves off by the right flank, giving us a breathing space for a time.

During this struggle, there had been many an exciting scene all along the line as it swayed back-

ward and forward over the field—scenes which we have had no time to mention yet.

See yonder, where the colors of the regiment on our right—our sister regiment, the 149th—have been advanced a little to draw the enemy's fire, while our line sweeps on to the charge. There ensues about the flags a wild *mêlée* and close hand-to-hand encounter. Some of the enemy have seized the colors and are making off with them in triumph, shouting victory. But a squad of our own regiment dashes out, and amid yells and cheers and smoke, you see the battle-flags rise and fall, and sway hither and thither upon the surging mass, as if tossed on the billows of a tempest, until, wrenched away by strong arms, they are borne back in triumph to the line of the 149th.

See yonder, again! Our Colonel is clapping his hand to his cheek, from which a red stream is pouring; our Lieutenant-colonel is kneeling on the ground, and is having his handkerchief tied tight around his arm at the shoulder; the Major and Adjutant both lie low, pierced with balls through the chest: one Lieutenant is waving his sword to his men, although his leg is crushed at the knee; three other officers of the line are lying over there, motionless now forever. All over the field are strewn men wounded or dead, and comrades pause a moment in the mad rush to catch the last words of the dying. Incidents such as these the reader must imagine for himself, to fill in these swift sketches of how the day was won—and lost!

Aye, lost! For the balls which have so far come mainly from our front, begin now to sing in from our left and right, which means that we are being flanked. Somehow, away off to our right, a half-mile or so, our line has given way and is already on retreat through the town, while our left is being driven in, and we ourselves may shortly be surrounded and crushed—and so the retreat is sounded.

Back now along the railroad cut we go, or through the orchard and the narrow strip of woods behind it, with our dead scattered around on all sides, and the wounded crying piteously for help.

"Harry! Harry!" It is a faint cry of a dying man yonder in the grass, and I *must* see who it is.

"Why, Willie! Tell me where you are hurt?" I ask, kneeling down beside him, and I see the words come hard, for he is fast dying.

"Here in my side, Harry. Tell—Mother—Mother——"

Poor fellow, he can say no more. His head falls back, and Willie Black is at rest forever!

On, now, through that strip of woods, at the other edge of which, with my back against a stout oak, I stop and look at a beautiful and thrilling sight. Some reserves are being brought up; infantry in

the center, the colors flying and officers shouting; cavalry on the right with sabers flashing and horses on a trot; artillery on the left, with guns at full gallop sweeping into position to check the headlong pursuit—it is a grand sight and a fine rally, but a vain one; for in an hour we are swept off the field and are in full retreat through the town.

Up through the streets hurries the remnant of our shattered corps, while the enemy is pouring into the town only a few squares away from us. There is a tempest of shrieking shells and whistling balls

toward sunset, and throw ourselves down by the road in a tumult of excitement and grief, having lost the day through the overwhelming force of numbers, and yet somehow having gained it, too (although as yet we know it not), for the sacrifice of our corps has saved the position for the rest of the army, which has been marching all day, and which comes pouring in over Cemetery Ridge all night long.

Aye, the position is saved—but where is our corps? Well may our Division-general, who early



AT CLOSE QUARTERS, ON THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

about our ears. The guns of that battery by the woods we have dragged along, all the horses being disabled. The artillery-men load as we go, double-charging with grape and canister.

"Make way there, men!" is the cry, and the surging mass crowds close up on the sidewalks to right and left, leaving a long lane down the center of the street, through which the grape and canister go rattling into the ranks of the enemy's advance-guard.

And so, amid scenes which I have neither space nor power to describe, we gain Cemetery Ridge

in the day succeeded to the command when our brave Reynolds had fallen, shed tears of grief as he sits there on his horse and looks over the shattered remains of that First Army Corps, for there is but a handful of it left. Of the five hundred and fifty men that marched under our regimental colors in the morning, but one hundred remain. All our Field and Staff officers are gone. Of some twenty captains and lieutenants, but one is left without a scratch, while of my own company only thirteen out of fifty-four sleep that night on Cemetery Ridge, under the open canopy of heaven.

(To be continued.)

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE ALWAYS BEST.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE Panda and the Phalanger, the Gopher and the Yak,
Had all agreed to emigrate, and to carry in a sack
Their extra tails and claws and things—for they were not coming back.

But first they needs must settle who should carry this said sack.
The meeting opened with a grunt—the language of the Yak—
“I’ll mention it at once,” said he, “I’ve a weakness of the back,

“And a dreadful stiffness in one leg and my spinal column, and a——”
“You’ve described my case, sir, to a T,” interrupted here the Panda,
And he looked as solemn as if he thought he were all of the Propaganda.

The Gopher cleared his throat, and said, “It would be merely sport,
To carry such a load as that——” The Yak was heard to snort—
“For any one of you, I mean; *my* legs are much too short!”

The Phalanger combed out his tail—he always was so neat!
“You know,” he said, with a modest smile, and in accents low and sweet,
“That *I’m* disabled, permanently, by this webbing on my feet!”

They looked at one another long. Said the Yak, “If this be so,
I’ve an amendment to propose; suppose we do not go?
Is any minded otherwise?” The three responded “No!”

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER V.

SUPPER-TIME.



“OH, if gentlemen only
knew the nature of muffins!”

Poor Liddy! Her trig black
dress and jaunty muslin cap
seemed to mock her perturbed
feelings, as she hovered be-
tween the kitchen and the hall

door. Donald and Dorothy, neatly brushed,—cool
and pink of cheek, and very crisp in the matter of
neck-ties,—stood at one window of the supper-
room. The flaxen-haired waitress, in a bright blue
calico gown and white apron, watched, tray in
hand, at the other. A small wood-fire, just lighted,
was waking into life on the hearth. Old Nero was
dozing upon the rug, with one eye open. And all

—to say nothing of the muffins—were waiting for
Mr. George, whom the D’s had not seen since
their return from the drive, half an hour before.

When that gentleman came in he walked briskly
to his seat, and though he did not speak, his man-
ner seemed to say: “Everything is all right. I
merely came in a little late. Now for supper!”
But Nero, rising slowly from the warm rug, slipped
under the table, rubbed himself sympathetically
against his master’s legs, and finally settled down
at his feet, quite contented to serve as a foot-stool
for Donald and Dorothy, who soon were seated one
on each side of the table, while Liddy, carefully
settling her gown, took her place at the large tea-
tray.

Mr. George, as Liddy soon saw to her satisfac-
tion, did appreciate the nature of muffins.

So did Donald and Dorothy.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAMILY CONFERENCE.

AFTER supper, Uncle George, Donald and Dorothy went into the library, and there they found the soft light of a shaded lamp and another brisk fire—so brisk that Mr. George let down the windows at the top, and the two D's were glad to go and sit on the sofa at the cooler end of the spacious room.

"Liddy is determined that we shall not freeze before the winter sets in," remarked Mr. George, hardly knowing how to begin the conversation. He was not the first good man who has found himself embarrassed in the presence of frank young listeners waiting to hear him speak and sure to weigh and remember everything he might say.

The children smiled solemnly.

Thus began an interview which, in some respects, changed the lives of Donald and Dorothy.

"Liddy is a good, faithful soul," said Uncle George. "She has been with us, you know, ever since you were babies."

"And before, too," put in Dorry.

"Yes, before, too," assented Mr. George. "Some years before."

Nero, dreaming by the fire, growled softly, at which the D's, glad of a chance to partly relieve themselves, and feeling that the interview was one of grave importance, indulged in a smothered laugh.

"And Nero, poor faithful old dog, you knew us!" continued Mr. George, changing to a more cheerful tone, while Nero's tail contentedly beat time to the remark (for the good creature knew well enough that Mr. George was speaking of him); "he was hardly a year old then, the friskiest, handsomest fellow you ever saw, and brave as a lion."

"Did he know Aunt Kate?" asked the audacious Dorothy.

Donald looked frightened; Uncle George coughed; and just as Dorothy, wretchedly uncomfortable, made up her mind that it was too cruel for anything, never to be able to speak of your own aunty without raising a storm, Mr. George came out of the bright light and seated himself on the sofa between the D's, with an arm around each. Dorry, puzzled, but almost happy, drew as close as she could, but still sat upright; and Donald, manly boy that he was, felt a dignified satisfaction in his uncle's embrace, and met him with a frank, questioning look. It was the work of an instant. Dorry's startling inquiry still sounded on the fire-lit air.

"Donald," said Uncle, without replying to

Dorry's question. "Let me see. You are now fourteen years old?"

"Fourteen and ten days,—nearly half a month over fourteen," said Dorothy promptly. "Are n't we, Donald? I'm so glad!"

Donald nodded, and Uncle placidly asked why she was glad.

"Because twins can't boss—I mean domineer—each other. If Don was the least bit older than me—I—me, it would n't be half so nice as starting fair and square."

Here she gave a satisfied little cough, and to her great surprise felt her uncle's arm immediately withdrawn.

"Stop your nonsense, Dorothy," said he, almost sternly; "and don't interrupt us."

"Now Uncle 's afraid again," thought Donald, but he felt so sorry for his sister that he said, in a tone of dignified respect: "Dorry did n't mean to be rude, Uncle."

"No, no. Certainly not," said that very puzzling individual, suddenly resuming his former position, and drawing the little lady toward him. "Where were we? Oh, yes. Fourteen years and ten days, is it?"

"Yes, sir, right to a minute," replied Donald, laughing.

"Well, there is no hurry, I am glad to say. I have been thinking of late, Donald, that a little boarding-school experience is a good thing for a boy."

Dorothy started; but she had resolved rather sullenly that people should wait a long while before they would hear another word from her.

"Yes, sir," assented Donald, quickly. It would be glorious to go, he thought, and actually be a boarding-school boy, belonging to a crack base-ball club, a debating society, perhaps even a secret society; to get boxes of fruit and cake from home, and share them with his room-mates; may be have a fight or two, for a fellow must hold his own, you know;—but then how strange it would be to live without Dorry! Oh, if she only were a boy!

"I'd come home on Thanksgiving and Christmas?" asked Don, following up this last objection.

"Oh, yes. But you're not off yet, my boy. The fact is, I did think seriously of sending you this autumn, and I even looked up a few good places. But there's no special hurry. This boarding-school business has its uncomfortable side. It breaks up a household, and makes little sisters lonesome. Does n't it, Dorry?"

Dorry *could* n't speak now, though she tried, and Mr. George considerably went on: "Besides, there's another, a very good reason, why we should wait awhile. You are needed here just now."

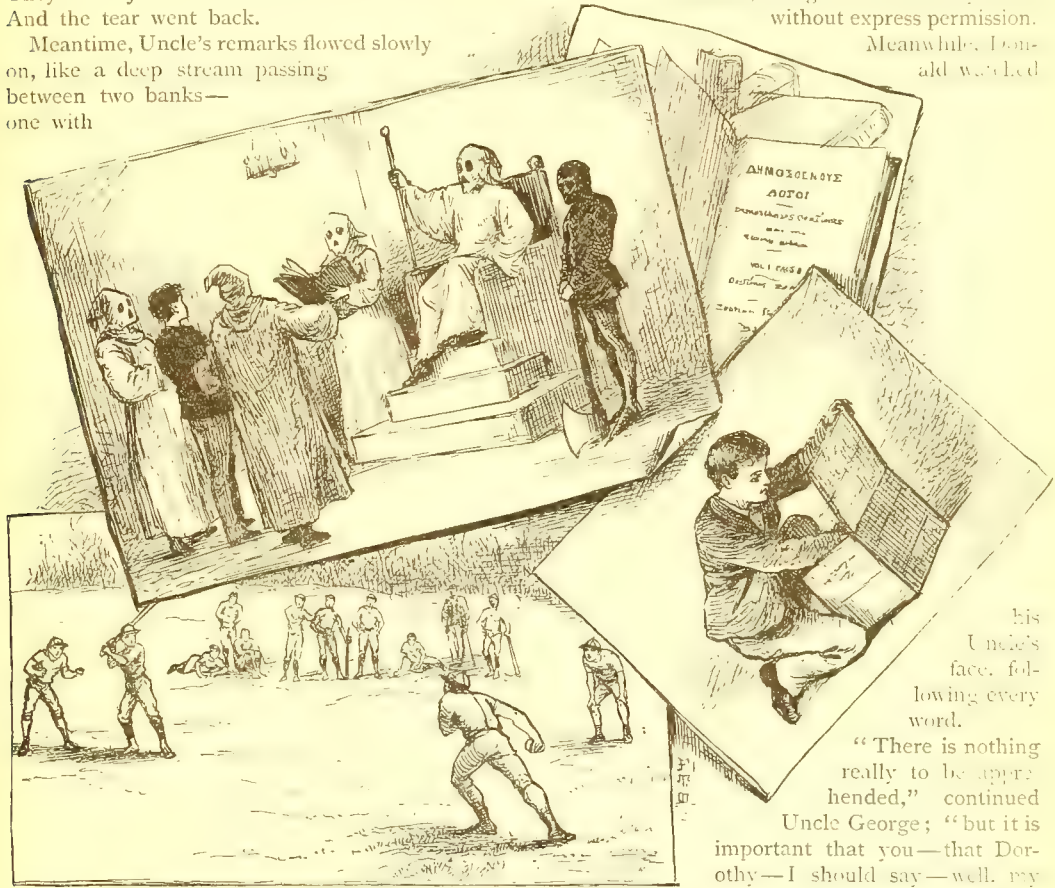
"Needed here?" thought Dorry. "I should

say so!" Uncle might as well have remarked that the sunshine, or the sky, or the air was needed here as to say that Don was needed. A big tear gathered under her lashes—"Besides, she was no more his little sister than he was her little brother. They were just even halves of each other."—And the tear went back.

Meantime, Uncle's remarks flowed slowly on, like a deep stream passing between two banks—one with

be guarded, thank you." But, for all that, she felt proud that Uncle should speak of her in this way to Donald. Probably he was going to mention fire, and remind them of the invariable rule that they must not, on any account, carry matches into the barn, or light a bonfire anywhere without express permission.

Meanwhile, Donald watched



DONALD'S THOUGHTS.

its sunny leaves and blossoms all astir in the breeze, the other bending, casting its image in the stream, and so going on with it in a closer companionship.

"You are needed here, Donald; but, as I said before, there is plenty of time. And though I shall bear this boarding-school matter in mind, I can not well spare you just now. I shall require, perhaps, some vigilance on your part, and cool-headedness,—not that anything very serious is likely to occur; in fact, there is no real reason why it should—but a brother naturally guards his sister even when no danger threatens."

"Certainly," said Don.

"Humph," thought Dorothy, "I don't want to

his
Uncle's
face, fol-
lowing every
word.

"There is nothing really to be apprehended," continued

Uncle George; "but it is important that you—that Dorothy—I should say—well, my children, perhaps you have observed—indeed, you spoke to-day.

Dorothy, of having seen something of a person who has been about here several times of late."

"Oh, yes, Uncle," responded Dorry.

But Donald waited to hear more. He had talked previously with his uncle about this same person, whom he had seen more than once lounging about the grounds.

"Well," said Mr. George, slowly, "this man, 'long and lank,' as Dorry truly described him, is not really a bad man,—at least, we'll believe he is not,—but he is one whom I wish you both to avoid. His company will do you no good."

"Would n't it be better, Uncle," suggested Dorry, now eager to help matters, "for Jack to order him off the place whenever he comes out?"

"Well, no," said Uncle George. "After all, he may not come again. But if he should, I wish you to have as little to do with him as possible."

"We could set Nero on him. Nero can't bite, but he'd scare him pretty well," insisted Dorry, with animation. "The idea of his calling me 'Sis'! the great, horrid, long——"

"There, there; that will do," said Mr. George. "All you need is to remember what I say. Do not fear this man. Above all, do not let him suppose that you fear him. But avoid him. Keep within the gates for the present."

"O-h, Uncle!" exclaimed Dorry, in consternation, while even Donald broke forth with a plaintive "Both of us, Uncle?"

"Yes, both of you,—for a few days at least, or until I direct to the contrary. And while out-of-doors, keep together."

"We'll do that, any way," replied Dorry, half-saucily.

"The man," continued Mr. George, "probably will not trouble either of you. He is a ne'er-do-well, whom I knew as a boy, but we lost sight of him long ago. I suspect he has been steadily going down for years."

"I can't see wh——," began the irrepressible Dorry, but she was checked by a firm: "You need not see, nor try to see. Only remember what I have told you, and say nothing to any one about it. Now we may talk of other things. Oh, by the way, there was one pretty good reason for thinking of making a change in schooling. Dr. Lane is going to leave us."

"Dr. Lane going to leave!" echoed Donald, in regretful surprise.

"Good! No more old algebra!" exclaimed Dorry, at the same time clapping her hand to her mouth. Her vivid imagination had instantly pictured relief and a grand holiday. But a moment's reflection made her feel quite sorry, especially when her uncle resumed:

"Yes, the good man told me yesterday that his cough grows steadily worse, and his physician has ordered him to go south for the winter. He says he must start as soon as I can find a tutor to take his place."

"Oh, don't let him wait a day, Uncle," exclaimed Dorry, earnestly,—“please don't, if going south will cure him. We've noticed his cough, have n't we, Don? We can study our lessons by ourselves, and say them to each other."

Some boys would have smiled knowingly at this somewhat suspicious outburst, but Donald knew Dorothy too well for that. She was thoroughly sincere and full of sympathy for the kind, painstaking man who, notwithstanding one or two peculiarities which she and her brother could not help observ-

ing, was really a good teacher. For more than a year, omitting only July and August, and Saturday holidays, he had been coming to Lakewood every week-day to instruct the two young Reeds in what he called the rudiments of learning. There were two visiting teachers besides Dr. Lane—the music-master, Mr. Penton, and Mademoiselle Jouvin, the French teacher. These came only twice a week, and on different days, but Dr. Lane and they managed to keep the D's very busy. Mr. Reed had preferred that his niece and nephew should receive their early education at home, and so Donald and Dorothy thus far knew nothing of school life.

What could be the matter with Uncle George? Again Dorothy's look and tone—especially her sudden expression of kindness for her tutor—evidently had given her uncle pain. He looked down at her for an instant with a piteous and (as Donald again thought) an almost frightened expression; then quickly recovering himself, went on to tell Donald that Dorry was right. It would be best to release Dr. Lane at once, and take the chances of obtaining a new teacher. In fact, he would see the doctor the very next morning, if they would let him know when the lesson-hours were over.

"Uncle!"

"Well, sir, what is it?"

"Did you go to boarding-school, when you were a boy?"

"Oh, yes. But I was older than you are now."

"Did Aunt Kate?" asked Dorry.

"There, there; that will do," was the reply. Uncle George frequently had to say, "There, there; that will do," to Dorry.

"Well," she insisted timidly, and almost in a whisper, "I *have* to ask about her, because you was n't a girl,"—Donald, reaching behind Mr. George, tried to pull her sleeve to check the careless grammar, but her soul had risen above such things,—“you was n't a girl,—and I don't expect to go to a boy's boarding-school. Oh, Uncle, I don't, I really don't mean to be naughty, but it's so hard, so awfully hard, to be a girl without any mother; and when I ask about her or Aunt Kate, you always—yes, Uncle, you really do!—you *always* get mad. Oh, no, I don't mean to say that, but it makes you feel so awful sorry, that you don't know how it sounds to me. You actually don't, Uncle. If I only could remember Mamma! But, of course, I can't; and then that picture that came to us from England looks so—so very——"

"It's lovely!" exclaimed Donald, almost indignantly.

"Yes, it's handsome, but I know Mamma would n't look that way now. It's so sort of stiff. May be it's the big lace collar—and even Liddy can't tell me whether it was a good likeness or not.

But Aunt Kate's picture in the parlor is so different. I think it's because it was painted when she was a little girl. Oh, it's so sweet and natural I want to climb up and kiss it! I really do, Uncle. That's why I want to talk about her, and why I love her so very much. You would n't speak cross to her, Uncle, if she came to life and tried to talk to you about *us*. No, I think you 'd— Oh, Uncle! Uncle! What *is* the matter? What makes you look so at me!"

Before Dorry fairly knew what had happened, Donald was at his uncle's feet, looking up at him in great distress, and Uncle George was sobbing! Only for an instant. His face was hidden in his hands, and when he lifted it, he again had full control of himself, and Dorry almost felt that she had been mistaken. She never had seen her uncle cry, or dreamed that he *could* cry; and now, as she stood with her arms clasped about his neck crying because he cried, she could only think, with an awed feeling, of his tenderness, his goodness, and inwardly blame herself for being "the hate-fullest, foolishlest girl in all the world." Looking at Donald for sympathy, she whispered: "I'm sorry, Uncle, if I did wrong. I'll try never, never to be so—so——" She was going to say "so wicked again," but the words would not come. She knew that she had not been wicked, and yet she could not at first hit upon the right term. Just as it flashed upon her to say "impetuous," and not to care a fig if Donald *did* secretly laugh at her using such a grand expression, Mr. George said, gently, but with much seriousness:

"You need not reproach yourself, my child. I can see very clearly just what you wish to say. Don and I can rough it together, but you, poor darling,"—stroking her hair softly,—"*need* just what we can not give you, a woman's—a mother's tenderness."

"Oh, yes, you do! Yes, you do, Uncle!" cried Dorothy, in sudden generosity.

"And it is only natural, my little maid, that you should long—as Donald must, too—to hear more of the mother whom I scarcely knew, whom, in fact, I saw only a few times. Wolcott—I should say, your Papa—and she sailed for Europe soon after their marriage, and there found——"

He checked himself suddenly, and Dorry took advantage of the pause to say, softly:

"But it was n't so with Aunt Kate. You knew her, Uncle, all her life. Was n't she sweet, and lovely, and——"

"Yes, yes! Sweet, lovely, everything that was noble and good, dear. You can not love her too well."

"And Papa," spoke up Donald, sturdily—"he was perfect. You've often told us so—a true, up-

right, Christian gentleman." The boy knew this phrase by heart. He had so often heard his uncle use it in speaking of the lost brother, that it seemed almost like a part of his father's name. "And Mamma we *know* was good, Dorry. Liddy says every one liked her ever so much. Uncle George says so, too. Only, how can he talk to us about our mother if he hardly knew her? She did n't ever live in this house. She lived in New York—and that made a great difference—don't you see?"

"Yes," admitted Dorry, only half-satisfied; "but you *would* have known her, Uncle George,—yes, known Mamma, and Aunt, and our Uncle Robertson [they had never learned to call that uncle by his first name]—we would have known them all—no, not all, not poor dear Papa, because he never lived to set sail from England; but all the rest, even our dear little cousin, Delia,—oh, would n't she be sweet if we had her now to love and take care of! We should all have known each other ever so well—of course we should—if the ship had landed safe."

"Yes, my darlings, if the ship had not gone down, all would have been very, very different. There would have been a happy household indeed. We should have had more than I dare to think of."

"But we have each other now, Uncle," said Dorothy, soothingly and yet with spirit. "It can't be so very miserable and dreadful with you and Donald and me left!"

"Bless you, my little comforter!—No. God be praised, we have still a great deal to be thankful for."

"Yes, and there are Liddy and Jack, and dear old Nero," said Donald, partly because he wanted to add his mite toward the cheerfuller view of things, but mainly because he felt choked, and it would be as well to say something, if only to prove to himself that he was not giving way to unmanly emotion.

"Oh, yes—Jack!" added Dorry. "If it were not for Jack where would we twins be, I'd like to know!"

Said in an ordinary tone of voice, this would have sounded rather flippant, but Dorry uttered the words with real solemnity.

"I think of that often," said Donald, in the same spirit. "It seems so wonderful, too, that we did n't get drowned, or at least die of exposure, and——"

Dorothy interrupted him with an animated "Yes, indeed!—mercy! Such little, little bits of babies!"—and Donald turned to look inquiringly at Uncle George before proceeding.

"It does seem like a miracle," Uncle George said.

"But Jack," continued Donald, warmly, "was such a wonderful swimmer."

"Yes, and wonderful catcher!" said Dorothy. "Just think how he caught us—Ugh! It makes me shiver to think of being tossed in the air over those black, raging waves—we must have looked like little bundles flying from the ship. Was n't Jack just *wonderful* to hold on to us as he did, and work so hard looking for—for the others, too. Mercy! if we only get our feet wet now, Liddy seems to think it's all over with us—and yet, look what we stood then! Little mites of babies, soaked to the skin, out in an open boat on the ocean all that terrible time."

"Much we cared for that," was Don's comment. "Probably we laughed, or played pat-a-cake, or —"

"Played pat-a-cake!" interrupted Dorry, with intense scorn of Donald's ignorance of baby ways—"babies only six weeks old playing pat-a-cake! I guess not. It's most likely we cried and screamed like everything; is n't it, Uncle?"

Uncle nodded, with a strange mixture of gravity and amusement, and Donald added, earnestly:

"Whether we cried or not, Jack was a trump. Splendid old fellow! A real hero, was n't he, Uncle? I can see him now—catching us—then, when the other boat capsized, chucking us into somebody's arms, and plunging into the sea to save all he could, but coming back alone." (The children had talked about the shipwreck so often that they felt as if they remembered the awful scene.) "He was nearly dead by that time, you know."

"Yes, and nearly dead or not, if he had n't come back," chirped Dorothy, who was growing tired of the tragic side of Donald's picture,—“if he had n't come back to take charge of us, and take us on board the big ship——”

"The 'Cumberland,'" said Don.

"Yes, the 'Cumberland,' or whatever she was called; if he had n't climbed on board with us, and wrapped us in blankets and everything, and fed us and so on, it would n't have been quite so gay!"

Now, nothing could have been in worse taste than the conclusion of this speech, and Dorothy knew it; but she had spoken in pure defiance of solemnity. There had been quite enough of that for one evening.

Uncle George, dazed, troubled, and yet in some vague way inexpressibly comforted, was quietly looking first at one speaker, then at the other, when Liddy opened the door with a significant:

"Mr. Reed, sir, did you ring?"

Oh, that artful Liddy! Uncle read "bed-time" in her countenance. It was his edict that half-past nine should be the hour; and the D's knew that their fate was sealed.

"Good-night, Uncle!" said Donald, kissing his uncle in good, hearty fashion.

"Good-night, Uncle!" said Dorothy, clinging to his neck just an instant longer than usual.

"Good-night, my blessings!" said Uncle George, reluctantly, as he closed the library door behind them.

Nero, shut up in Liddy's room, was barking furiously.

Two more orderly, well-behaved young persons never left an apartment, but I must tell the truth. When they were fairly in the hall, Donald started to go upstairs on the outside, holding on to the balusters, and Dorry ran to the front door, in spite of Liddy's remonstrances, with a frisky:

"Oh, do let me have just one breath of fresh air!"

She came back instantly, rushed past Liddy, who was slowly puffing her way up the stairs, met Donald at the first landing (he had condescended by this time to leap over to the stair side of the balusters), and whispered:

"Upon my sacred word, I saw him! He's out there, standing at the front steps!"

"Uncle ought to know it!" exclaimed Donald, turning to run down again.

But he stopped on the next step, for Mr. George had come from the library, opened the front door, and disappeared.

The two D's stole from their rooms, after Liddy bade them good-night, and sat on the top stair, whispering.

"Why did you open your window, just now, Donald?"

"Why, because I wanted to look out, of course."

"Now Don, I know better. You coughed, just to let Uncle know that you were around, if there should be any trouble. You know you did."

"Well, what if I did?" admitted Donald, reluctantly. "Hark!" and he sprang up, ready for action. "No, he's come back. It's Uncle. I say, Dorry, it will come hard on us to stay on this side of the hedge, like chickens. I wonder how long it will last."

"Goodness knows! But he did n't say we could n't go to the Danbys'. I suppose that's because we can get there by going around the back way."

"I suppose so," assented Donald. "So long as we keep off the public road, it's all right."

"How queer!"

"Yes, it *is* queer," said Donald. "However, Uncle knows best."

"Dear me, how good we are, all of a sudden!" laughed Dorry, but she kissed Donald soberly for

good-night, and after going to bed lay awake for at least fifteen minutes,—a great while for her,—thinking over the events of the day and evening.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DANBYS.

WHO were the Danbys?

They were the Reeds' nearest neighbors, and no two households could be more different. In the first place, the Reeds were a small family of three, with four servants; the Danbys were a large family of twelve, with no servants. The Reeds had a spacious country mansion, rich old furniture, pretty row-boats, fine horses, carriages, and abundant wealth; the Danbys had a little house, poor old furniture, one cow, five pigs, one home-made scow, one wheelbarrow, and no money, excepting the very moderate income earned by the father of the family and his eldest boy. There the great contrast ended. The Danbys were thoroughly respectable, worthy, and cleanly; the parents, kind and loving souls, could read and write, and the children were happy, obedient, and respectful. To be sure, it would have been very hard for the best school-master of the county to parse some of Mrs. Danby's fluent sentences, or to read at a glance Mr. Danby's remarkable penmanship. But that same learned individual would have delighted in the brightness of the sons and daughters, had he been so fortunate as to be their teacher. Alas! the poor little Danbys had enjoyed but a scant and broken schooling; but they were sharp little things, and native wit served them whenever reading, writing, and arithmetic failed. Indeed, the very fact of their intercourse with Donald and Dorothy had done wonders for their language and deportment. Yet each individual, from the big brother Ben down to the latest baby, had his or her own peculiar character and style, which not twenty Dons and Dorothys could alter.

It was not very difficult, after all, to remember the names of the young Danbys, for Mr. Danby, being a methodical man, had insisted on their being named in alphabetical order and that they each should have two names, so as to give them their choice in after life. Therefore, the first was called Amanda Arabella, who, at the present stage of our story, was a girl of seventeen, with poetical gifts of her own; the second was Benjamin Buster, aged fifteen; the third, Charity Cora, dark-eyed, thoughtful, nearly thirteen, and, the neighbors declared, never seen without a baby in her arms; the fourth, Daniel David, a robust young person of eleven; the fifth, Ella Elizabeth, red-haired, and just half-past nine, as she said. Next came Francis

Ferdinand, or "Fandy," as he was called for short, who, though only eight, was a very important member of the family; next, Gregory George, who was six,—and here the stock of double names seems to have given out, for after Master Gregory came plain little Helen, aged four,—Isabella, a wee toddler "going on three," and, last of all, little Jamie, "the sweetest, tunningest little baby that ever lived." So now you have them all: Amanda Arabella, Benjamin Buster, Charity Cora, Daniel David, Ella Elizabeth, Francis Ferdinand, Gregory George, Helen, Isabella, and roly-poly Jamie. If you can not quite remember all the children, who can blame you? Even Mrs. Danby herself, with her knowledge of the alphabet to help her, always had to name them upon her hands, allowing a child to each finger, and giving Elizabeth and Fandy the thumbs.

The stars of the family in Donald's and Dorothy's estimation were Benjamin Buster, who had seen the world, and had enjoyed adventures and hair-breadth escapes already, and was now home for the first time in four years, Charity Cora, whose big dark eyes told their own story, and little Fandy. Mr. Danby was proud of all his children, though perhaps proudest of Baby Jamie, because there was no knowing what the child might come to; but Mrs. Danby looked with absolute reverence upon her eldest—Amanda Arabella. "Such a mind as that girl has, Mr. Danby," she would say to her husband, "it is n't for us to comprehend. She might have come just so out of a book, Amanda might." And Mr. Danby would nod a pleased and puzzled assent, vaguely wondering how long he could manage to hold his high parental state over so gifted a creature.

Amanda Arabella's strong points were poetry and sentiment. To be sure, she scrubbed the floor and washed the dishes, but she did these menial duties "with her head in the clouds," as she herself had confessed to her mother. Her soul was above it, and as soon as she could, she intended to "go somewhere and perfect herself." This idea of going somewhere to perfect herself, was one which she had entertained in secret for some time, though she had not the slightest idea of where she could go, and in just what way she was to be perfected. She only knew that, at present, housework and the nine brothers and sisters were quite as much as she could attend to, excepting at odd moments when "the poetry fit was on her," as her mother expressed it—"and then wild horses could n't stop her!"

"I can't deny, Mr. Reed," said that proud mother to her kind neighbor—who, on the morning after his interview with Donald and Dorothy in his study, had halted at Mrs. Danby's whitewashed gate to

wish her a stately "Good-morning, madam!" and to ask after her family—"I can't deny, and be honest, that I'm uncommon blest in my children, though the Lord has seen fit to give us more than a extra lot of 'em. They're peart and sound as heart could wish, and so knowin'! Why," she continued, lowering her voice and drawing closer to the gate—"there's my Fandy now, only eight years old, can preach 'most like a parson! It 'ud rise your hair with surprise to hear him. An' Ben, my oldest boy, has had such adventures, an' haps an' mishaps, as ought to be writ out in a birography. An' there's Amanda Arabella, my daughter—well, if I only could set down the workin's o' my brain as that girl can, I 'd do! She has got a most uncommon lively brain. Why, the other day—But all this time you're standin', Mr. Reed. Wont you walk in, sir? Well, certainly, sir—it aint to be 'xpected you *could* take time goin' by so, as you are—Well, my 'Mandy, sir, only the other day was a-comin' out into the shed with a pan o' dish-water, and she sees a rainbow. 'Ma!' says she, a-call-in' me, 'take this 'ere dish-water!' and before 't I knowed it, she was a writin' down with her lead-pencil the beautifulest thoughts that ever was—all about that rainbow. In the evening, when her pa come, I just up and showed it to him, an' he says, says he: 'Them's the grandest thoughts I ever see put to paper!'"

"Ah!" said Mr. Reed, with an expression of



MRS. DANBY'S DREAM.

heartly interest and amusement on his honest face, yet evidently ready to take advantage of the first opportunity to go on his way.

"Yes, indeed," promptly assented Mrs. Danby,

"and she aint all. Our children, if I *do* say it, seem to have more brains than they've a fair right to—bein' poor folk's children, as you may say. It don't tire 'em one bit to learn—their pa says every study they tackle gets the worst of it—they use it up, so to speak. I dreamed th' other night I see the four English branches, 'rithmetic, writin', readin', and hist'ry, standin' exhausted waiting for them children to get through with them—But I see you're shifting yourself, sir, for going, and I ought to be ashamed to detain you this way clacking about my own flesh and blood. I've been poorly lately, I did n't tell you, Mr. Reed" (looking at him plaintively).

"No, indeed, I'm very sorry to hear it," said Mr. Reed, sympathetically. "Nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, no. One o' my billerous attacks; the spine o' my back seemed to give out somehow, and I was dreadful bad for a couple o' days. But my Thomas an' the children—bless their hearts!—got me up again. *You're* looking well, Mr. Reed. Good-morning, sir—good-morning!—Sakes! He went off so sudden I forgot."

And thus exclaiming to herself, the dear old talker went back into the house.

"Forgot what, Ma?" asked Amanda, who stood in the door-way trying to think of a rhyme for olives.

"Why, to tell Mr. Reed about that queer kind of a man, who's just engaged to lodge with us. I don't feel like trustin' him somehow, and yet it is n't for plain folks to be refusing a real boarder who wants a plain family table, and don't put on any airs. I told him," she continued, raising her voice as she went farther into the house, "that if ours was n't a family table (with ten children setting 'round it, includin' the baby, and Mr. Danby at the head), I did n't know what was. But he's to come back in 'an hour or two. Where in the world to tuck him is the question. Anyhow, you 'd better go up, dear, and ready brother's room for him. Ben's got two rabbit-skins tacked outside the window which 'll have to come down. Ben 'll have to go in with Dan and Fandy to sleep.—Mercy! Here come the twins, 'cross-lots!—an' Fandy a preachin' there in the pump-shed!"

True enough, the twins were coming around by the back way. They approached softly, and made a motion of warning to Mrs. Danby, as they drew nearer, for they could hear Fandy Danby's voice, and wished to enjoy the fun. Mrs. Danby, smiling and nodding, pointed to a place where they could stand unobserved and hear the sermon.

It was the hour for the afternoon "cleaning-up." Eight of the little Danbys, including Charity with

Baby Jamie in her arms, had assembled then to wash their hands and faces at the battered green pump under the shed, where, on a long bench, were two iron basins and a saucer containing a few fragments of brown



FANDY "PREACHES A SERMON"
TO HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

soap, while on the wall hung a roller-towel that already was on very familiar terms with Danby faces and hands. The general toilet had been rather a noisy one, owing partly to the baby objecting to having soap in its eyes, and partly to the fact that too many required the services of the Danby roller at the same instant, to say nothing of Miss Helen insisting upon slapping the water in a most unlady-like way, and so splashing Master Gregory.

This combination having brought matters to a crisis, had caused Fandy to mount a small step-ladder, and, with many original gestures, address the crowd in the following fashion:

"CHIL'REN! I'm ashamed of you! I don't know when I've been so—so umpressed with the badness of this family. How often, my hearers, do you 'spect me to stop my dressing to extort you? I did n't mean to preach no more sermons this week, but you do behave so awful bad, I must.

"Now, first, don't you know speakin' saucy is a sin? *Don't* you know it? It makes us hateful, an' it makes us cross, an' it makes people tell Ma. It aint right for Chrishen chil'ren to do such things. It don't never say in our Bible-lesson that

folks can call peoples 'mean uglies' just for want-in' the roller. An' it don't say that a good Chrishen child can say 'Pshaw for you!' for havin' not to make quite so much noise, which you, my beloved 'Gory, said just now to Charity.

"Now, we must be good an' perlite, if we want to do right and have things Chrissmas, an'

if we want to be loved on earth and in heaven. (No, sir, that aint talk-in' big, and I *do* know what I mean, too.) I say, we must be perlite. It's natural for big folks to rub noses the wrong way when they wash faces, an' to comb hair funny—they're born so. An' all we can do is to be patient an' wait till we get big, an' have chil'ren of our own.

"But what I say—what I mean, what I—what I—(Now you, Gregory, give Helen back her dolly right away, or I'll come down to you!)—what I mean is, that we all ought to be good and perlite. It's wicked to be saucy. We ought to stand one another. An' nudgin' is wicked, an' scroogin' is wicked, an' makin' faces aint the way to do. No more aint bullyin', nor mockin', nor any of those things. I go in for bein' pleasant and kind, an' havin' fun fair—only, my beloved hearers, I can't do it all alone. If we'd all be good Chrishen chil'ren, things would go better, an' there would n't be such a racket.

"Can't you cleanse your sinful hearts, my hearers? Cleanse 'em, anyhow, enough to behave? Can't you?—(Stop your answerin', David; it puts me out, and, besides, you ought n't to say that. You ought to say 'I'll try.') I notice you aint none of you real quiet and peaceful, unless I'm preachin', or you're eatin' something good. I also can see two people lookin' through the crack, which I think they'd better come in, as I would n't mind it. Now I can't extort you no more this time."

To Fandy's great disgust, the audience applauded the conclusion of his sermon, and were about to become more uproarious than ever, when the sudden appearance of Donald and Dorothy put them upon their good behavior.

"Is Ben here?" asked Donald, after the usual "How-d'ye-do's" were over, and as Fandy was taking a hasty turn at the roller-towel.

"Don't know," said Fandy; "he's mendin' a trap over there"—pointing to an inclosed corner close by the house, that had been roughly boarded over and fitted up with bench and table by Master Ben, so as to make a sort of workshop.

They all went over there, accompanied by Charity Cora, and were received in Ben's usual style, which consisted in simply ceasing to whistle aloud, though he still held his lips in whistling position while he proceeded with his work.

They watched him in silence for a moment (the young Danbys, at least, knowing that they would be sternly, but not unkindly, ordered off, if they interfered with the business in hand), and then, to their relief, saw Ben drive in the last nail and lay down the hammer.

"What's that for?—to catch yab-bits?" asked Gregory George, nicknamed 'Gory by his brothers for the fun of the thing, he was so fair-haired and gentle.

"No; it's to catch little boys," answered Ben, whereat 'Gory grinned, and looked at Don and Dorry to see if they were foolish enough to believe it.

"Hollo, Donald."

Dorry was softly talking to Cora, and at the same time coaxing the baby from its sister's arms.

"Hollo yourself!" was Donald's quick response. "Did you have any luck, Ben, last night?"

"Yes, two! Got the skins out drying. Beauties! I say, Donald, can you spare me your gun again if you're not going to use it Thanksgiving Day?"

"Certainly," answered Don; "you can have it, and welcome. Tyler and I are going to fire at a mark in the afternoon, with Uncle and the girls. But we'll use the rifle."

"What girls?" asked Charity Cora, eagerly, hoping from Donald's plural way of putting it that she and Ella Elizabeth possibly were to have a share in the sport; whereat Daniel David, guessing her thoughts, answered for Donald, with a cutting: "Why, Queen Victoria and the royal princesses, to be sure. Who did you think?"

Cora made no reply, but, feeling rather ashamed, rubbed her arms (a habit of hers whenever the baby for the moment happened to be out of them), and looked at Donald.

"Josie Manning and Ed Tyler are coming over after dinner," said Donald.

"I should think they'd rather come to dinner," spoke up Ella Elizabeth, with hungry eyes. "Turkeys and things—Oh, my! Punkin pie!"

This called forth two exclamations in a breath:

Dan David: "'Punkin pie! Oh, my!' We're getting poetical. Call 'Mandy, quick. Punkin pie—sky high."

Fandy: "Don't be so unproper. It's pumpkun

pie. Dorothy said so. And, besides, we ought to let the company do the talking."

"Humph, I guess they forget what they were talkin' about."

"Not I, Charity," laughed Donald, turning to the latest speaker. "In the first place, Josie and Ed did n't feel like leaving home on Thanksgiving Day till after dinner, and we two fellows are going to teach her and Dorry to shoot straight—and" (now addressing Ben, who by this time was wedging the handle of a hammer) "as for the gun, Ben, you're always welcome to it, so long as you return it in as good order as you did last time. You cleaned it better than I do."

"I found the rags," said Helen, slyly,— "ever so many. Did n't I, Ben?"

Ben nodded at her, and Helen, made happy for the whole day, ran off hugging a broken dolly in exact imitation of Charity and Jamie; meanwhile, her big brother, pleased at Don's compliment, remarked: "It's a prime gun, and never fails."

"Never fails *you*, Ben, you'd better say. It often fails me, never mind how carefully I aim."

"That's just it, Donald," said Ben. "There's no good in aiming so particular."

"Well, what's a fellow to do?" replied Donald. "You must take aim, and by the time you get a bird well sighted, he's gone."

"Sight? I never sight," said Ben. "I just fire ahead."

"You don't mean to say you shoot a bird without aiming at him?"

"Oh, well, I aim, of course; but I don't look through the sight, or any such nonsense."

"I don't understand," said Donald, doubtingly.

"Don't you? Why, it's just this: if the bird's flying he'll go ahead, wont he? Well, you fire ahead and meet him—that's the whole of it. You know how an Indian shoots an arrow. He does n't look along the line of the arrow for ten minutes, like a city archer; he decides, in a flash, what he's going to do, and lets fly. Practice is the thing. Now, when you're after a wild duck, you can aim exactly at him and he's safe as a turnip; but see a strip of water betwixt the nozzle of your gun and him, and he's a gone bird if you fire straight. You have to allow for diving—but practice is the thing. Learn by missing."

"Oh, that's good!" shouted Daniel David; "'learn by missing.' I'm going to try that plan in school after this. Don't you say so, Fandy?"

"No, I don't," said the inflexible Fandy, while he gazed in great admiration at the two big boys.

At this point the mother appeared at the door with an empty pail in each hand, and before she had time to call, David and Fandy rushed toward her, seized the pails, and would have been off to-

gether for the well, if Mrs. Danby had not said: "Let David get the water, Fandy, and you bring me some light wood for boiling the kettle."

"You can't boil the kettle, Ma," called out one of the children. "You boil the water."

"No more you can't," assented Mrs. Danby, with an admiring laugh.

All this time, Dorry had been tossing the struggling baby, and finally winning it to smiles, though every fiber in its plump little body was squirming in the direction of Charity Cora. Meanwhile, that much-enduring sister had made several pungent remarks, in a low tone, to her visitor, concerning babies in general and Jamie in particular.

"Now you see how nice it is! He keeps up that wriggling all day: now it's to come to me; but when I have him, it's wriggling for the chickens, and for Mother, and for everything. And if you set him down out-of-doors he sneezes, and if you set him down in the house he screams, and Ma calls out to know 'if I can't amuse that baby!' I

tote him round from morning to night—so I do!"—Here the baby's struggles became so violent and noisy that Charity Cora savagely took him from Dorry, whereat he threw his plump little arms about his sister's neck with such a satisfied baby-sigh that she kissed him over and over, and looked in placid triumph at Dorothy, apparently forgetting that she ever had made the slightest complaint against him.

"Have you begun with your new teacher yet?" she asked, hugging Jamie, and looking radiantly at Dorothy.

"Oh, no!" answered Dorry. "How did you know Dr. Lane was going?"

"Ma heard it somewhere! My, don't I wish I had a teacher to come every day and put me through! I'm just dying to learn things. Do you know, I have n't —"

And here the girls sauntered off together to sit down on a tree-stump, and have a good long talk, if the baby would allow it.

(To be continued.)



A DREAM OF LITTLE WOMEN, AND SOME OTHERS.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

I SAT one winter night beside the hearth;
Without, the north-wind 'round the chimney
screamed,
Within, the fire hummed forth its drowsy mirth,
And—I suppose I dreamed!

A little face peeped at me through the gloom—
A smutty little face, all wet with tears;
A timid figure crept across the room,
Crouching with sudden fears,—



And murmuring, "Oh!
was ever such bad
luck?

I've broken my dear
sister's best um-
brella,

And yesterday I killed
the little duck—

Unlucky Cinderella!"

A voice cried, "Cinderella! Are
you there?"

It was the sister's voice, full
well I knew it!

The culprit murmured, crouching
'neath a chair,

"I did n't go to do it!"

And the voice said, retreating as it spake,
"She knows that if I find her I shall shake her.
There is no telling what she next will break—
Was never such a breaker!"

I saw a little maid whose locks of gold
Strayed from a scarlet hood.

She bore a basket on her
chubby arm.

"Look!" she exclaimed,
"the butter is so
good,

It has not melted, though
the day is warm—

I am Red Riding-hood!"

"Oh, no!" I said. "The wolf——"
She pointed back

To where within the swamp
the marsh-grass grew.

"The wolf is *there*," she said.
"He kept my track—

I knew not what to do.



"When all at once I thought about the fen;
'T was dangerous, but, then, I am so light
That I could walk in safety on it, when
The mud would hold him tight.

"I skipped across; he followed after me,
But the black swamp has spoiled his wicked
fun—
It holds him fast. Yonder is coming, see,
The hunter with his gun."

She tripped away, and in the flickering light
A shadowy procession followed fast,
Taxing at once my memory and my sight
To know them as they passed.

There was the Fair One with the Golden Locks,
Leading the white cat, who was purring
loudly;
Sweet Beauty followed, meekly darning socks;
Her sisters stepping proudly.

The bright Scheherazade, who, as she walked,
Poured forth a wondrous tale with anxious
hurry;
The Red Queen, frowning crossly as she talked,
The White Queen in a flurry.

And then, more slowly, with a piteous look,
Driving, with anxious care, some bleating
sheep,
A little maiden came,—she bore a crook.
I should have known Bo-Peep.

And she was crying softly as she said:
"I mended them as best I could, but oh!
Although I did it with the finest thread,
The join will always show.

"And everywhere the cruel world will say,
Whenever it shall hear the name Bo-Peep:
'Ah, yes! She left the sheep to go astray,
The while she fell asleep!'"

A dismal quawk drowned the sad, faltering
words,
And after her, half-flying and half-waddling,
Went past the most forlorn of wretched birds,
With web-feet feebly paddling.

And it was quawking, "Ah! I have no use—
Me miserable!—for either wings or legs,
For I am dead, alas! I was the Goose
That laid the Golden Eggs!"

"And who, poor bird, has killed you?" mur-
mured I.
The goose, with dismal look and hopeless
tone,
Quacked forth her answer as she strove to fly:
"Who?" said she. "Every one!"

"I'm sure," I said, "I've never—" With a
quack
Full of disdain, she waddled on her way,
Hissing out angrily, as she looked back,
"That's just what they all say!"

Her hissing woke me. Starting up, I said:
"I'm glad it was a dream—and where's the use
Of questioning who killed her, now she's dead?
But—*have* I killed that goose?"



"HAPPY NEW-YEAR, BABY!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEIGH-HO! Another New Year's Day is almost here. Great times the big and little folk have upon that day, I'm told. According to all accounts, there's a vast deal of smiling and friendliness and happy good-will crowded into a few hours then,—so your Jack approves of it. I'm not much of a visitor, myself, but I'll send from my pulpit a hearty welcome, in your name, to 1882. May it prove a happy New Year to you, my beloved, one and all!

And now let us consider

BEES AS FAMILIAR PETS.

A SCIENTIFIC friend of mine sends an account of a curious performance with bees, which I should like you to read. It is copied, he says, from a life of one Mr. Thoreau, and runs as follows:

"Mr. Cotton, a clergyman, the son of a late governor of the Bank of England, took bees, in the first place, out to Australia, and afterward to the islands of the South Pacific. His behavior to his bees was the wonder of all who were in the ships with him. He would call them by certain sounds, and they came to him clustering so thickly that they almost covered him, and he would actually handle and fondle them in such a fashion as would have been to another very dangerous. Then, when he wished to relieve himself of them, he gathered them together as one would a mass of loose worsted into a ball, took the mass near to the hive, and at a given sound or signal, they flew apart and retired to their proper home."

Rather extraordinary, eh, my dears? But doubtless bees have more than one peculiarity, and, according to my friend, the Mr. Thoreau who is told about in the book was on very intimate terms himself with bees and birds and blossoms. Perhaps you've heard of him before.

If so, I must add a message from my friend's postscript, which says that most people who see the name in print call it "Tho-ró," but that the gentleman himself and his personal friends pronounced it almost exactly like the word "thorough."

No matter which way you prefer, I'm confident,

from all I hear, that you'll find pleasure and profit, one of these days, in reading some of Mr. Thoreau's own experiences.

NO-HICKORY LAND.

DEAR JACK: That October talk about hickory-nuts is tantalizing. What do you think of a country that has no "hickories" at all? They have none up here in Quebec, and the children from "the States" keep wondering why; can you tell? There are no walnuts here, either, and what shall American boys do without them? We have butternuts and beech-nuts, but what are they compared to shell-barks? Can it be that the big, strong hickory-trees are afraid of the climate? You don't fear it, and surely they need not be so cowardly. Please ask your children to tell us why this happens to be "No-hickory land."

AGNÈS GRÉGOIRE.

THE HISTORICAL PI.

A WORD FROM DEACON GREEN.

THANK you, thank you, my young friends! much obliged. Very glad to hear from you. Such attention is really overwhelming. The pile of "solutions" of the Historical Pi given you last month, is going to be delightfully large; even while I write they are coming in! Good! This is as it should be. There can not be too many. The next thing is to see how many of these answers are correct. Ah, there's the rub!

Depend on it, every one shall be carefully examined by the committee, and then ho! for the hundred prizes! Remember, competitors may send in solutions until the tenth of January. So all new readers who see these words are advised to refer at once to ST. NICHOLAS for December—the Christmas number—page 180.

With hearty good wishes, yours to command,
SILAS GREEN.

FISH THAT TALK.

DEAR JACK: Last summer we were all at Watch Hill, and Charlie and I were out fishing three times. The first fish which I caught was a strange one. His head looked and felt like a box, nearly square, with sharp corners, and on the top and sides were spines sticking out, almost like nails; they pricked my fingers badly in taking him off the hook. And he had a fin on each side, half as long as his body; these fins he spread out like wings.

But his head and his wings were not the strangest part of him. Before I could lay him down he began to "talk," as Charlie called it, though it sounded to me more like grunting; it was the same noise that a little pig makes. Pretty soon the old fisherman who rowed our boat, caught another, and when he threw him down, he, too, began to "talk," and mine seemed to answer him.

Charlie said they were trying to decide which was the greater fool for biting at the hook and being caught. But they did not speak English, and I think he was mistaken. The fisherman said they were Sea Robins; when we came ashore I asked papa, and he said that they belonged to the genus *Prionotus*, and in works on Ichthyology were called Gurnards.

J. H. T.

What next? I suppose we shall soon hear that the little Sea-Urchins are learning to read, and these Sea Robins to sing! Great things going on down there in the dampness!

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

WHAT becomes of all the old moons?

BOATS OF STONE.

DEAR JACK: Do you believe it? Did you ever see a stone floating about? Probably not; but I have, and many of them, too. On the shore of Clear Lake, north of San Francisco, in California, is a small bluff of rocks. Often, in passing it, I have picked up pieces as large as my head, and tossed them out on the lake, and away they

would go, bobbing about as lively as so many corks, and fully as light. And I am well assured that before any saw-mills were built there, and when, of course, boards were not to be obtained, the Indians sometimes lashed together a number of these stones, and thus made rafts with which they paddled themselves across the lake, — here, one or two miles wide. I have no doubt it could be done.

Now, what kind of stone can that be, you ask? Well, dear Jack, it is pumice-stone, which is as full of holes and spaces as a sponge, and the air which it contains causes it to be so light as to float on the water. Pumice-stone always comes from volcanoes, and the volcano from which this at Clear Lake came is in plain sight about five miles away, but it is a long time since it sent out any flames or smoke. The Indians call it Conoktai, which means the Chief mountain; it is 4,300 feet high, and I found its summit covered everywhere with pumice-stone.

B. H. P.

ANOTHER "MOTHERLY ROOSTER."

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In your August number, a correspondent gives an account of a rooster that took care of chickens; and he wishes to be informed if anything of that kind had ever occurred elsewhere. I answer yes, and in my barn, at Quincy, Mass., in 1867. I had a dozen "Shanghais," one of which was a rooster, and he was a gawky, huge creature, that often picked his corn from the head of a barrel. It so happened that one of the hens left her chickens a few days after they were hatched, at night; and ascended to the roost with the other fowls, when her chickens huddled together in a corner of the barn. And the second night I found the rooster brooding over them! And so he continued to do, each night, till the chickens went to roost with the hens; while by day they followed their mother. And for a number of days, after the chickens left that corner, and ascended upon the pales to roost, the rooster still squatted there without the chickens! L. R. S.

A BIRD THAT HELPS HIMSELF TO OYSTERS.

THIS wonderful fellow, I'm told, opens oysters with his bill. The longer mandible is thrust be-



tween the valves, and then turned so as to wedge open the shell; in fact, it is used as an oysterman uses his knife. The oyster is then cut away with the upper blade and swallowed. Sometimes the oyster closes upon the whole beak, in which case the bird bangs the shell against a stone so as to break the hinge and expose the inhabitant, which is immediately scooped out. He also skims along just over the surface of the sea, picking up what-

ever he can find to eat. While thus darting about, the bird utters loud and exultant cries, as if proud of its skill.



SIDE-VIEW AND TOP-VIEW OF THE BEAK OF THE SCISSOR-BILL.

WHY IT IS CALLED A "JACKKNIFE."

ONLY the other day, a Scottish acquaintance was enlightening me upon this very subject of the "jackknife." My trouserless friend went on to tell me that for centuries past, in Scotland, the article in question has been known as a "jock-te-leg," which barbarism is neither more nor less than a corruption of "Jacques de Liege," the name of a Flemish cutler whose knives were once highly esteemed in North Britain, and always bore their maker's name. No doubt Jacques de Liege sent cutlery to England as well as to Scotland, and from Jacques' knife to "jackknife" is a very short step.

The Little School-ma'am sends the above, which she clipped from a newspaper, and she says that, in the "regulation full fig" Highland costume, according to good authority, a knife is carried, stuck part way in, between the stocking and the leg. Sometimes the knife is sheathed, but generally it

is not, being placed in the stocking for ready use, when hunting deer. Begging the Scotchman's pardon, why may not this queer place for a knife—next to the leg—have been a foundation for the term "Jock-te-leg"? or is "leg" old Scotch for something else?

A SHOE-BLACK PLANT.

THE "shoe-black plant" is the name popularly given to a species of hibiscus growing in New South Wales, and remarkable for the showy appearance of its scarlet flowers, which, when dry, are used as a substitute for shoe-blackening.

The flowers contain sticky juice, which, when evenly applied, gives a glossy, varnish-like appearance; and it perfectly replaces ordinary blacking, with the advantage that it is cleanly in use, and can be applied in a few moments. Four or five flowers, with the anthers and pollen removed, are required for each boot, and a polishing brush may be applied afterward if desired.

A few blossoms of this hibiscus might be welcome just now to those of you, my boys, who intend to make calls on New Year's Day.

CHANGING BABIES.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.



ON a bright, warm day, Su-sy car-ried her ba-by broth-er out to the great farm-yard. It was a ver-y pleas-ant place. A large barn stood at one side of it, and near this was a poul-try-house. The chick-ens, ducks, and geese used to come out of it to stray a-bout the large grass-y lot. And in one cor-ner was a nice clear pond.

Su-sy knew she should find ma-n-y pret-ty things out here, and that Ba-by would like to see them too. She walked a-round till the lit-tle pet got sleep-y, and laid his head on her shoul-der. Then she car-ried him to a long, low shed, where the sheep and cat-tle were fed in win-ter. There was some hay in a man-ger; she laid him on it, and, sit-ting be-side him, sang soft-ly. This is what she sang :

"What will you give,

What will you give,
For my lit-tle ba-by fair?
Noth-ing is bright as his
bon-ny blue eyes,
Or soft as his curl-ing hair.

"What will you bring,
What will you
bring,
To trade for my
treas-ure here?
No one can show
me a thing so
sweet,
A-ny-where, far or
near."



"Moo, moo-oo!" said some-thing not far from Su-sy. "You think that 's so, do you?" And Mad-am Jer-sey Cow looked ver-y doubt-ful-ly at Ba-by. Said she: "Can he kick up his heels, and frolic all o-ver the yard?"

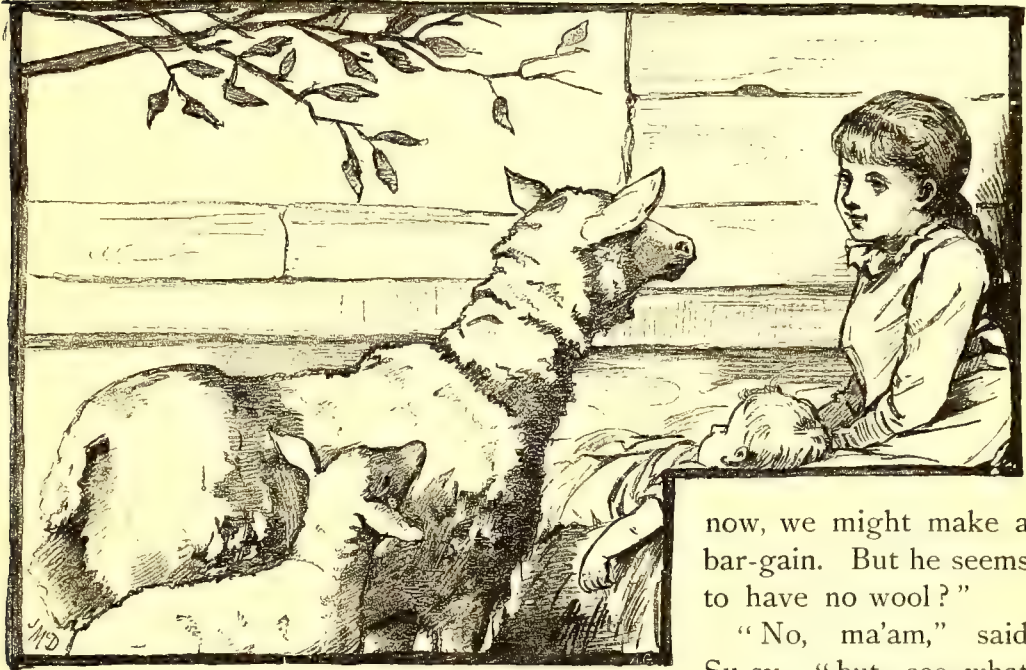
"Why, no," said Su-sy; "he can't walk yet."

"Ah; how old is he?"—"Near-ly a year old," said Su-sy.

"Near-ly a year! My child walked be-fore she was two days old!" The cow gave a scorn-ful sniff, and walked off with-out an-oth-er look.

"Baa-aa," said an old sheep, walk-ing up with a snow-white, down-y lamb. "Let *me* see. He *is* a nice lit-tle thing, sure e-nough. But has he only two legs?"—"That 's all," said Su-sy.

"Then mine is worth twice as much, of course. If you had *two* ba-bies,



now, we might make a bar-gain. But he seems to have no wool?"

"No, ma'am," said Su-sy, "but see what

pret-ty curl-y hair he has."—"I don't think I would wish to trade, thank you," and she and her lamb trot-ted a-way and went to eat grass.

"Quack! quack! quack! Let me take a look," and Mrs. Duck flew up on the edge of the man-ger.

"His feet don't look as if he 'd make a good swim-mer," she said, look-ing at Ba-by's pink dim-pled toes.

"Oh, he can't swim at all," said Su-sy.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Duck. "All my dar-lings can swim."

"Chip! chip! chip!" was the next sound Su-sy heard. From its nest in an old elm-tree which stood near, a rob-in flew down, and perched on the end of a pitch-fork. She turned her head from side to side, gaz-ing at Ba-by in a ver-y wise way. "What can he sing?" said she.

"Oh, he can't sing at all yet," said Su-sy; "he 's too lit-tle."

"Too lit-tle!" ex-claimed Mrs. Red-breast. "Why, he's tre-men-dous! Can't



he sing, 'Fee—fee—fil-ly—fil-ly—weet—weet?'"

"No, no," said Su-sy.

"All my chil-dren sang well at four months. Has he lit-tle red feath-ers on his breast?"

"No," said Su-sy.

"I should n't like to hurt your feel-ings, but you see how much I should lose on an ex-change, and I'm sure you would not wish that."

"No, I should n't," said Su-sy. And Mrs. R. Red-breast flew a-way.

"Cluck! cluck! cluck!" "Peep! peep!" Mrs. White Leg-horn Hen came a-long with her down-y chicks. No won-der she fussed and fumed and cack-led at such a rate, Su-sy thought, with twelve ba-bies to look af-ter!

"I have n't much time to look," said the hen, "and I should hard-ly be will-ing to trade. Can your ba-by say 'peep—peep' when he's hun-gry?"

"When he's hun-gry he cries—but not 'peep—peep,'" said Su-sy.

"I see his legs are not yel-low, ei-ther, so I'll bid you a ver-y good af-ter-noon." Off she went, ruf-fling her feath-ers, and cluck-ing and scratch-ing till Su-sy laughed a-loud.

"I don't won-der you laugh," purred some-thing near her. Su-sy turned in great sur-prise. There, at the oth-er end of the man-ger, in a co-zy cor-ner, was her old gray cat. That was n't all. There were three

lit-tle kits; a white one, a black one, and a gray one. Su-sy had not seen them be-fore, and she fond-led them lov-ing-ly.

"She's so proud be-cause she has twelve!" said Mrs. Puss, look-ing af-ter Mrs. W. L. Hen. "Now *I* think a small fam-i-ly is much bet-ter—three, for in-stance. Don't you think three e-nough?"

"In-deed," said Su-sy, "I think one's e-nough; if it's teeth-ing."

"Mine nev-er have trou-ble with their teeth. And per-haps I can nev-er teach your ba-by to purr, or to catch mice. Still, I be-lieve I'll take him, and let you have one kit-ten, as I have three."

"Oh, no; you don't un-der-stand me," cried Su-sy. "I don't want to change at all. I'd rath-er have my lit-tle broth-er than a-ny-thing else in the world." But Mrs. Puss took hold of him as if to car-ry him off. Ba-by gave a scream, and then Su-sy—a-woke! Then she looked a-round with a laugh, as she thought of all she had seen and heard in her dream, since she had sung her-self to sleep be-side the ba-by.

Mad-am Puss sat by a hole watch-ing for rats. There was n't a kit-ten a-ny-where. Mrs. Hen was fum-ing and cack-ling and scratch-ing hard-er than ev-er, but



Puss did not seem to care wheth-er she had twelve chick-ens or a hun-dred. The calf was feed-ing qui-et-ly by its mam-ma, and the sheep and her

lamb lay un-der the old elm. And up in the branch-es Su-sy could hear Mrs. Red-breast teach-ing her bird-ies to sing.

So then Su-sy ran up to the house and found sup-per wait-ing.

Ba-by held out his arms and was soon on his moth-er's lap, as hap-py as could be. Su-sy looked at him and said: "God has made ev-er-y-bod-y and ev-er-y-thing love their own ba-bies best, has n't he, Mam-ma?"

"Yes. We would rath-er take care of our ba-by than a-ny oth-er, would n't we?" "Yes, in-deed," said Su-sy. And as she rocked the ba-by's cradle that night, she fin-ished her lit-tle song in this way:

"Noth-ing will do, noth-ing will do;—you may trav-el the world a-round,
And nev-er, in earth, or sea, or air, will a ba-by like him be found."

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR OLD AND NEW READERS: We ask, in this beautiful holiday season, to call your attention afresh to Willie Herrick's proposition for founding a Garfield Country Home for Sick Children. You will find his letter on page 84 of the November number of ST. NICHOLAS (which opens the present volume), and from the same page you will learn what ST. NICHOLAS and THE CENTURY CO. propose, with your help, to do toward carrying out Willie's suggestion. Meantime, it is enough to say that this movement has no connection with our late President or his family, beyond the adoption of his beloved name, in the belief that the boys and girls of America will be glad to honor his memory by helping to do a great practical good. This magazine circulates mainly among what are called the well-to-do classes. Its young readers have comfortable homes and loving friends to make life bright for them; the children of the poor have almost no pleasures and much suffering. Yet, in God's sight, they are own brothers and sisters to you all!

As stated in our November number, THE CENTURY CO., publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, have volunteered to receive and credit all subscriptions for the Garfield Home that may be sent them—with the understanding that if the total amount subscribed should prove insufficient to found a home, it shall be applied as a "Children's Garfield Fund" to the benefit of "The Poor Children's Summer Home," or some kindred charity of New York City. Letters and subscriptions may be addressed to THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York. The subscriptions up to this date amount to more than three hundred dollars. But why should they not amount to more than three thousand? Children's pennies can do wonders. Dimes and quarter-dollars soon grow into a big sum when earnest young heads and hands set to work. The smallest single subscriptions will be welcome and duly recorded; but we would suggest that it is an excellent plan for young folks in any locality to band together and send in their united subscriptions. One little group already has sent in fifty dollars in this way. The present and back volumes of ST. NICHOLAS contain many home or school plays and entertainments, such as "The Acting Ballad of Mary Jane," "Puppet and Shadow Plays," "Johnny Spooner's Menagerie," "The Land of Nod," etc., etc., by which little folks can earn money for charitable purposes, and give their friends a good time besides.

We shall be glad to see the boys' and girls' contributions amount to a great deal of money this winter, all to be turned in time into comfort and joy for poor and suffering little ones.

THE replies to the September "Invitation to our Readers" are as gratifying to us as they are creditable to the senders. A large number of boys and girls, of all ages, have sent in letters, telling us, in

frank, hearty, boy-and-girl fashion, just the stories and pictures they liked best, and of what special things they wished to have more. On this latter point, there were almost as many requests as there were senders, but this result is precisely the one we had hoped for, and were most glad to see. For it proves that, of the vast army of children who read ST. NICHOLAS, each reader finds a considerable part of every number exactly suited to his or her tastes. This is as it should be, and all our readers must remember that ST. NICHOLAS is the servant and friend of young folk of all classes and ages from seven to seventeen. If it undertook to please only the little ones under ten, not only would older girls and boys who are still young enough to need and enjoy a magazine of their own, find it too young and simple for their tastes, but the wee folk themselves would soon outgrow it. Nor is this all. You will find that, in this hurrying, busy, nineteenth-century life of ours, your present tastes will change or new tastes develop more rapidly than you can now imagine, and ST. NICHOLAS, if it is to be truly your magazine, must keep pace with, and even anticipate, your growth. Thus, Master A. B. writes that he "wants more adventure-stories. He likes them more than everything else." He and all the rest shall have these, but in a year or two, Master A. B. will find that there is much more in good literature, and in the daily needs of his own life, than the finest and longest adventure-stories that ever were written; and then, though he will still, we hope, keep the natural and proper liking for such stories that we all possess, and that it would be a misfortune for any boy of spirit to lose, yet he will begin to cast about for stories of another kind as well—tales like the "Stories of Art and Artists," or "Talks with Boys"—stories that will feed the new taste which has been born within him, for information and advice to help him forward and prepare him for an active share in the work of the world. And then he will understand clearly that the papers we have named and the others like them—though good for all who read them—are meant for boys and girls who are already in the mood we have described. And that there are many young folk in that mood, he would believe soon enough if he saw in how many of these letters special practical and descriptive papers are requested.

Nevertheless, young friends, we do not mean by all this that the requests which you have made will not be acceded to, or receive due attention. They have already been helpful to us in many ways, and many of the suggestions heartily commend themselves to our judgment. And we hope that, sooner or later, each one will find his or her request answered, as far as possible, in the pages of the magazine,—not only the big boys and girls, but the little ones also. Meanwhile, we send our hearty thanks to the young writers, one and all, for the frankness, clearness, and uniform courtesy of their replies. So nearly all of our young friends have closed their letters with the

sentence, "We do not see how ST. NICHOLAS could be improved," that we can not help quoting it, because of the satisfaction it gives us. But we shall not be content ourselves until it is better than it has ever been, or than the boys and girls now conceive.

MANY thanks, young friends and old, for the very liberal response to our request for games. It is impossible at present to make a detailed report concerning the different games described. Let it suffice to say that those meeting our needs shall appear in ST. NICHOLAS, and that all matter printed shall be duly paid for, beyond the hearty thanks that we again extend to one and all who have endeavored to help the good cause of home-amusement. In cases where several descriptions of the same game have been received, we shall, of course, select the best.

THE picture of "A Future Doge," on page 207 of this number, is copied from a painting by M. Carolus Duran, one of the most popular of living French portrait-painters.

As many of you know, "Doge" was the title of the chief magistrate of the Republic of Venice, and for centuries the Doges ruled the famous city with great magnificence and nearly absolute power. We have already given you an account in ST. NICHOLAS (see "The Queen of the Sea," September, 1880) of the imposing ceremony with which the Doge married the city to the sea by dropping a ring into the waves of the Adriatic.

The little fellow shown in the picture—though interesting, indeed, when we think of the great future that is in store for him—does not differ much in face and expression from many little fellows of our own day. But the rich costume and the heavy roses are fit emblems of the magnificence to which he is to attain when he becomes a Doge.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., of Christmas-card fame, we show you on this page a reduced drawing of one of the very prettiest pictures in their new holiday-book, now coming from the press. This dainty volume, which will delight young America as well

as young England, is fitly called "At Home." Entering at the open door-way on its bright title-page, you tread your happy way through a wealth of appropriate colored pictures and lively rhymes of home life, stopping often to specially admire some exquisite bit of decoration or rich effect of color, until, at the very last page, you leave a closed door behind you, still rejoicing in the "come again" tone of its mellow "good-bye." To describe fitly this charming "AT HOME" would require more space than can be afforded. Suffice it to say, it is illustrated by J. G. Sowerby, beautifully decorated by Thomas Crane, elder brother of Walter Crane, and that all little boys and girls everywhere are cordially invited to be present.



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TENTH REPORT.

THE correspondence of the past month shows a deeper interest in our work and in the progress of the society than that of any previous month for a long time. The reports from the various chapters have been more carefully prepared, the work done by members has been more satisfactory, and the number of letters has been greater. Between thirty and forty letters are lying before me as I write, and all of these have been laid aside from day to day, as containing something of special interest for our January report. They have been answered by mail, but they each contain something which may prove of value to other members of the society.

Since the ninth report, the following new chapters have been added to our roll:

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
111.	Milford, Mass. (A) .	5.	Chas. F. Hicks, Box 642.
112.	So. Boston, Mass. (A)	5.	W. O. Hersey, 20 Mercer st.
113.	Camden, N. J. (A).....	6.	Mabel Adams.
114.	Auburn, N. Y. (A).....	4.	Sadie E. Robb.
115.	Washington, D. C. (C) .	7.	Emily Newcomb, 1336 11th street, N. W.
116.	New York, N. Y. (D) . . .	6.	Gustav Guska, 223 E. 18th st.
117.	Minneapolis, Minn. (A) . .	20.	Jennie Hughes, 1816 Fourth Ave. N.
118.	Bristow, Iowa (A)	4	John P. Playter.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

THE secretary of Chapter 113 writes: We consist of four girls and two boys. We have our own collections instead of a common

cabinet. We had our first meeting April 30, but I did not send word then, as I wanted to accomplish something before writing to you. Do you think anything can be learned from a globe of fish? I get caterpillars and keep them in little wooden boxes, with glass on top and in front. I send some drawings of the scales on the wings of some moths and butterflies. I examined them through a compound microscope. Will you tell me what you think of them?

[I think they are very well done, and if all our members who can think of "nothing to do in winter" would do likewise, and send me the results for comparison and study, would n't it be "splendid"?]

We have several beetles, green, black, and various other colors. They were all picked up on the beach after the tide had washed them up. I think this shows that they were flying over the sea and became tired and were drowned.

JOHN R. BLAKE, N. Y. (C), 26 W. 19th street.

Under date of September 23, Chapter 112 says, "per secretary": We have adopted the general constitution and the following by-laws:

First. We shall meet once a week at the houses of members.

Second. Persons wishing to join shall pay an initiation fee of five cents.

Third. The term of office is six weeks.

Fourth. A fee of five cents a month shall be paid by members.

We wish to exchange eggs. W. HERSEY.

LOWELL, MASS., Sept. 29.

I have the pleasure of informing you that the Lowell Chapter has begun its work. I noticed in ST. NICHOLAS for August that you have given our president's name instead of the secretary's, which is Frank A. Hutchinson, 25 Nesmith street.

Chapter 106 writes: Our Chapter is doing quite well. We have some quartz, limestone, granite, slate, and gypsum. We have a number of butterflies, an *Admiral*, mud-butterfly, etc. Just now we are collecting nuts. ROBERT M. ROYCE.

[Robert is one of the youngest but most enthusiastic of our members.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 28th, 1881.

Our Chapter is progressing admirably. We organized last May with five members, and have since increased to sixteen. We have a large and very fine collection of curiosities. All our members take an eager interest, and our meetings are always well attended and very interesting. Several elderly gentlemen have taken great interest in us, and we have induced one of them to join. We wish to know how to keep a number of painted tortoises (*Chrysemys picta*) and speckled tortoises (*Nannemys guttata*) through the winter. EDWARD B. MILLER, 244 Madison street.

[It is gratifying to hear of the older ones' interest in our work.]

TAUNTON, MASS., Sept. 29.

We were obliged to adjourn until September, during vacation, but though there were no meetings, you may be sure that the members were not idle; there were sea-mosses, shells, and sponges to be collected, insects to be caught, excursions into the woods and hills after fungi and minerals; and the curator had a busy time after our return in the fall. Some of the papers which have been read were on the following subjects: The Red-tailed Hawk, Baltimore Oriole, The Late Comet, Magnolia Tree, The Family of Herons.

HARRIE G. WHITE.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2, 1881.

We have again come together for winter work after the pleasantest summer, according to the unanimous expression, ever spent; simply because we have had our eyes open to the beauties of Nature. We have numerous specimens and notes, so that we can do good work when the weather grows too cold for outdoor meetings. Will you please reprint the name of our chapter, "Chicago B," with my address as secretary? C. S. BROWN, 117 Park Avenue.

CASTLE BANK, STROUD, ENGLAND.

Our Chapter is getting on pretty well, but we really are in want of some questions to answer. We are all inclined to continue our meetings through the winter. We have had a badge from the first, made of crimson cloth, with the letters "A. A." embroidered in white silk for the members, and in golden silk for the officers.

GERTRUDE RUEGG.

FRANKFORD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We are heartily in favor of a general meeting, and if it were arranged, we should send delegates to it. At our last meeting, James Johnson read a paper on "Instruments used in taking and preparing Lepidoptera." The substance of it I send to you. He says that cyanide of potassium should not be used in killing bees and other Hymenoptera, as it changes their yellow to crimson.

R. T. TAYLOR, 131 Adams street.

NO. CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 3.

We hold meetings once in two weeks. We assign for each meeting a topic, to be looked up in advance by the members. We have already had: *First*. What is an insect? *Second*. Classes of Insects. *Third*. Lepidoptera. *Fourth*. Coleoptera; and so on with the different classes. After this we are to have a separate topic given to each member for the sake of variety. We have not thought much of a badge, but a plain one is the best.

On August 14th we found several tomato-worms, perfectly healthy in appearance. In a week they had totally changed color. They were then black, the stripes being whitish yellow. Some are covered with dots. The latter have a greenish head with brown stripes, the others black heads with green stripes. They ate as usual, but when they died they collapsed, there being nothing in them. There were no ichneumonids in the box. Who will explain the change of color?

FRED. E. KEAY.

UTOPIA, N. Y., ALLEGHENY CO.

We have decided to take daily notes of what we find of interest.

ROBERT KENYON.

[A most excellent plan.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 3, 1881.

We are going to take a note of all the incidents in natural history, as you recommended in your seventh report. We have stuffed a red squirrel. We meet every Saturday, at half-past nine. The meeting usually lasts about three hours. We hope before long to buy a good microscope and a small library. We are very much interested in the badge question, and think that a white silk badge, with a monogram and some object in natural history worked in colored silk upon it, would be pretty. We are none over fourteen years.

NELSON BENNETT, 65 Cicero street.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 14.

About twenty boys and girls of Minneapolis have formed a chapter of the Agassiz Association. They all show a great deal of interest in it, and I think that other chapters will be formed here before long.

JENNIE HUGHES, Secretary, 1816 Fourth Avenue, North.

All the reports from which the above short extracts are made are excellent. They are carefully composed, and for the most part handsomely written. They show that our society has a firm hold on the hearts of its members. But we wish that every member of the "A. A." could see the beautiful report that we have just received from the Berwyn (Penn.) Chapter, dated October 7. It is the most elegant in appearance of any yet sent. I give a few quotations:

The Chapter now numbers fifteen active and two honorary members. Weekly meetings have been held since our organization, with two exceptions—one on the night when the body of President Garfield was being moved to Cleveland for burial, and the other on the night of July 22d, the day of our annual picnic. [Here follows a list of fifty-four species of minerals collected, of seventeen varieties of wood, and of about fifty miscellaneous specimens.] Microscopic examinations were made of moss, humblebees' wings and legs, human hair, small red spiders, scales of mica, clear crystals, and spiders' eggs. At each meeting questions are asked and answered. A scrap-book has been procured, in which are entered the reports from the parent society as they are published, and scraps from papers and periodicals bearing on natural history. On July 22d the Chapter held a picnic. Fifteen members and ten invited guests were taken in carriages, buggies, and one hay-wagon (here is where the most fun was, dear Parent!) to Diamond Rocks, five miles from Berwyn. A full and delightful day was spent. The rocks, rising to a height of fifty feet or more, furnished many fine specimens of quartz crystals. J. F. GLOSSER, Secretary.

EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Birds' eggs—D. S. Wing, 1221 Rock Island st., Davenport, Iowa. Correspondents on insects—Alex. C. Bates, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

Minerals—T. C. Thomas, Birchville, Nevada Co., California.

Correspondents on ornithology—Daniel E. Moran, 85 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Skates' eggs and marine objects—Harrie G. White, Taunton, Mass.

Eggs—T. Mills Clark, Southampton, Mass.

Shells, minerals, etc.—Robert Kenyon, Utopia, N. Y.

Correspondents and general exchanges—North Cambridge Chapter, F. E. Keay, Sec.

QUESTIONS.

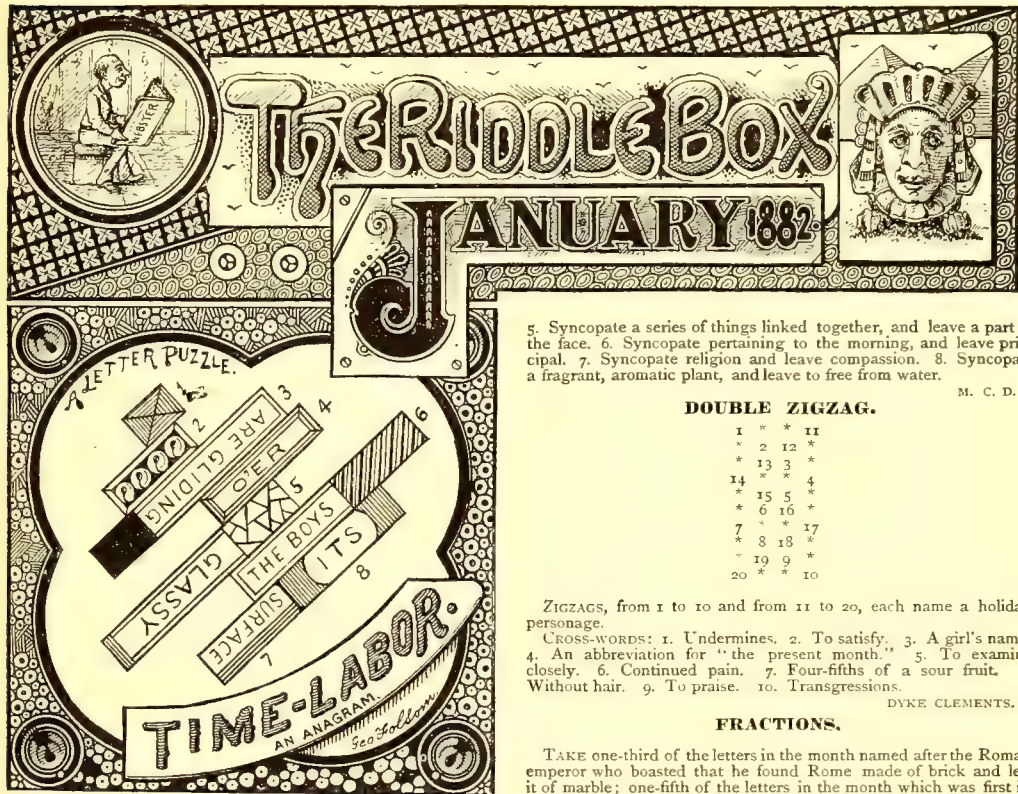
1. How many eyes has a fly?
2. Name the smallest bird, and tell where it lives.
3. How many teeth has the whale?
4. How many movable eyelids has a lizard?

5. Why are some animals called quadrupana?
6. Why are some animals called zoöphytes?
7. Of what is granite composed?
8. What is a diamond?
9. What is the botanical name of the edelweiss, what is the literal meaning of its common name, and to what family does it belong?
10. Derivation of the name "cloves"?

We shall next month present for the consideration of our one hundred and twenty presidents a systematic plan of work for the

remaining months of the year. Meantime, extend your ranks as widely as may be, get the dust off your microscopes, and send me as many drawings of snow-crystals as possible. A prize for the best set of six cards or more sent before April 1, in accordance with directions given in our report for February, 1881. All members should re-read that report preparatory to the winter's work. The plan adopted by the Berwyn Chapter of keeping all these reports in a scrap-book is excellent. Address all communications to

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN HEAD-PIECE.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

Cut out these sections eight for me,
And fashion them in letters three;
In them a sentence you may find
Descriptive of the three combined.

AN ANAGRAM.

WHAT city is literally made by *time* and *labor*?

G. F.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

THE syncopated letters, read in the order here given, spell the name of one who is called "the noblest of the ancients," and who was born 468 B. C.

1. Syncopate, sprinkled with fine sand, and leave loyal performance of obligation. 2. Syncopate a vehement and sudden outcry, and leave to close. 3. Syncopate a kind of nut, and leave a song of praise and triumph. 4. Syncopate an insect in the first stage after leaving the egg, and leave the substance ejected by a volcano.

5. Syncopate a series of things linked together, and leave a part of the face. 6. Syncopate pertaining to the morning, and leave principal. 7. Syncopate religion and leave compassion. 8. Syncopate a fragrant, aromatic plant, and leave to free from water.

M. C. D.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

I	*	*	II
*	2	12	*
*	13	3	*
I4	*	*	4
*	15	5	*
*	6	16	*
7	*	*	I7
*	8	18	*
*	I9	9	*
20	*	*	I0

ZIGZAGS, from 1 to 10 and from 11 to 20, each name a holiday personage.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Undermines. 2. To satisfy. 3. A girl's name. 4. An abbreviation for "the present month." 5. To examine closely. 6. Continued pain. 7. Four-fifths of a sour fruit. 8. Without hair. 9. To praise. 10. Transgressions.

DYKE CLEMENTS.

FRACTIONS.

TAKE one-third of the letters in the month named after the Roman emperor who boasted that he found Rome made of brick and left it of marble; one-fifth of the letters in the month which was first in the early Roman calendar; one-fifth of the letters in the month which, in Nero's time, was called Neronius; one-fourth of the letters in the month which the Romans assigned to young men; and one-half of the letters in the month originally called Quintilis. The letters represented by these fractions, when rightly selected and arranged, will spell the name of a month introduced by Numa Pompilius.

J. S. TENNANT.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-eight letters, and am a quotation from "Paradise Lost."

My 8-3-21-9 is to pursue. My 22-7-17-11-27 is to direct. My 19-10-20-5 is an exhibition. My 28-26-1 is the fruit of certain trees. My 4-25-14-6-23 is one step of a series. My 12-24-16 is an affirmation. My 2-13-18-15 is to give audience to.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals name a division of the year; the finals pertain to the commencement of the year.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A long spear. 2. Stern. 3. Of little breadth. 4. A school for all the branches of learning. 5. A gladiator. 6. Ensigns of royalty. 7. A lad.

F. A. W.

MAZE.



TRACE a way through this maze, without crossing a line, reaching at last the flags in the center.

HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS: A winter sport. ACROSS: 1. The highest military officer in France. 2. Roused from sleep. 3. To cause to tremble. 4. In winter. 5. To pinch. 6. A dignity of the church of England. 7. A species of drama originated by the Greeks. DYCIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

"SCOTT" DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Betrothed. Finals, Monastery. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Bertram. 2. Elcho. 3. Tresillian. 4. Rebecca. 5. Oate. 6. Talbot. 7. Hermon. 8. Edgar. 9. Duddle. 10. Double Cross-word ENIGMA. 1. Knecht Rupert. 2. Christmas-Day.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Sir Isaac Newton. 1. Be-S-et. 2. Po-I-se. 3. St-R-op. 4. Lo-I-re. 5. Ha-S-te. 6. Gr-A-in. 7. Sp-A-in. 8. Lu-C-re. 9. Mi-N-ce. 10. Ch-E-at. 11. Se-W-et. 12. Me-T-re. 13. Fl-O-at. 14. La-N-ce.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives.—RIDDLE. Pearl.

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC. Christmas Bells. 1. C-oronation. 2. H-allucination. 3. R-elation. 4. I-nvitation. 5. S-alutation. 6. T-ribulation. 7. M-utation. 8. A-iteration. 9. S-aturtion. 10. B-otheration. 11. E-levation. 12. L-amentation. 13. L-iberation. 14. S-eparation.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAMS. 1. Heart—mart. 2. Chess. 3. Harm—charm. 4. Time—dime. 5. Maid—aid. 6. Dress. 7. Dim—Tim. 8. Smart—tart. 9. Hide—aside. 10. Matter—chatter. 11. Me. 12. Share. 13. Hearts—tarts. 14. Christmas Tide.

THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from "Wallace of Uhlen"—Grace R. Ingraham—Charlie and Josie Treat—Grace E. Hopkins—"Uncle Dick"—Olive M. Potts—Herbert Barry—S. H. Wheeler—Two Subscribers—Bessie and her Cousin—Chuck—Queen Bess—Firefly—Alcibiades—F. C. McDonald—Martha and Eva de la Guerra.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from G. H. Fisher, 1—Fancy Bright, 3—Mignon, 4—Weston Stickney, 7—Katie L. Robertson, 2—"Professor and Co.," 9—Belle Wyman, 1—E. U. Gene, 5—Rory O'More, 4—Jeannette Edith E., 1—Clara L. Northway, 5—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Eddie North Burdick, 1—Gracie Smith, 2—John W. Blanchard, 10—Eleanor and Daisy Martin, 5—Frank Scott Bunnell, 2—Lyda P. Bostwick, 9—Minnie Blake, 6—Autumn, 2—Charlie W. Power, 11—J. Ollie Gayley, 3—J. S. Tennant, 12—"Olives and Pickles," 3—"Warren," 3—"Hazel," 4—P. S. Clarkson, 12—Bessie Taylor, 4—Caro, Emma, and Spencer, 4—Freddie Thwaites, 11—Florence Leslie Kye, 11—Daisy May, 12—Will and Lyde McKinney, 5—"Marna and Ba," 12—Henry C. Brown, 12—Herbert J. Tily, 9—G. J. and F. L. Fiske, 11—Alice Maud Kye, 12—Harriet L. Prun, 2—Sallie Viles, 11—Arabella Ward, 2. The numerals denote the number of solutions.



[See page 296.]

THE PRINCE GLANCED BACK AT HIS ENEMIES, THROUGH THE
WAVERING CLOUDS OF INCENSE."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

No. 4.

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ADVENTURES OF PRINCE NEZAHUALCOYOTL.

BY SARAH C. VERY.

EVER so many years ago,—long before white people came to America,—there lived, down in what we now call Mexico, a little Aztec prince named Nezahualcoyotl. A long, funny name, is it not? What do you suppose they called him “for short”?

But, in spite of such a long name, he proved himself, as he grew older, to be one of the bravest princes and brightest boys of whom history tells,—as an American prince should be.

Great kings, although they have beautiful palaces to live in, and everything to make them happy, endure heavy cares of government which at times make them gloomy and sad; yet one would imagine that a boy prince, too young to assume responsibilities, would have no other care than to do right, and be happy. But poor Nezahualcoyotl had more cares than you imagine.

A few years before this story opens, his father had been killed in a terrible battle, and, soon after, a wicked uncle named Moxtla was crowned king, although he knew that Nezahualcoyotl was rightfully the ruler. And when the boy's friends advised him to hide from Moxtla, who, of course, jealously watched his movements, the lad said: “Why, surely, he will not be unkind to me!”

So, on the coronation day, when everybody was gayly dressed, and a great banquet was to be held at the palace, Nezahualcoyotl dressed himself in his best and went bravely to the new king's dwelling to offer his congratulations.

But when the crowd stepped aside to let him approach his uncle, and when he knelt down and

said, “Uncle, I hope you will be happy,” and handed him a bouquet of flowers, his uncle turned rudely away and began talking with his officers. By this, Nezahualcoyotl knew that his uncle was unfriendly to him, and he hurried, as friends advised him, to a palace in a distant part of the country.

One bright morning, soon after, the prince was playing ball in the palace court-yard, and as he was laughing and tossing the plaything against the wall, an attendant came running up, and said:

“Oh, sir, there are some armed men coming from the king!” And after pausing to catch his breath, he said, “Oh, hide, or they will kill you!—quick!”

The prince turned very pale at this, but, quieting his friends and attendants, he showed them how foolish it would be to show his fright at this time, and urged them to stand by him.

In a few minutes up came the armed men, with the feathers on their heads nodding in the wind, and they were all ready to kill the prince, although he had done no harm.

But he stepped forward to greet them, and welcomed them to his palace, and invited them to dine with him. Being treated so courteously, they walked in, and soon were seated at the table.

Now, among the Mexicans (or Aztecs) of those days, it was a mark of respect to burn incense when great men were visiting at a house; so, before long, the incense began to send up its curling wreaths of smoke in the door-way leading to the next room, while Nezahualcoyotl politely entertained his cruel guests.

As he talked pleasantly with them, and they

were enjoying the meal, he quietly rose, and saying "Excuse me a moment," passed into the next room. The doors were wide open, so that his enemies did not suspect anything at his departure.

But, as the servants fed the fire of the incense, the clouds of smoke became denser and denser, and completely hid Nezahualcoyotl from the feasters. Glancing back through the wavering clouds of incense at his enemies, he saw them dreamily watching the curling smoke, and evidently not thinking of his movements. So he quietly opened a door, and there close by it lay a long pipe, through which water formerly had been brought to the palace, but which had been for some time unused. Softly closing the door behind him, he quickly dropped into the long dark pipe, and lay there safely hidden until night-fall, when he came out, and with some faithful followers hurried far away from his persecutors.

Now just think how angry Moxtla must have been when he heard of this—and how severely he would punish the men he had sent to kill the Prince Nezahualcoyotl. He immediately proclaimed that an enormous prize would be given to any one who would bring the prince to him, dead or alive.

Therefore poor Nezahualcoyotl was compelled, with a small band of friends, to wander about in the night over high mountains, and across lonely plains; and seldom in day-time could he safely venture out, for, as he knew, many persons in all parts of the country were vigilantly watching to

capture him. Poor boy! He continually urged his faithful followers to leave him, lest they should endanger their own lives. But they refused, for they loved him; and, indeed, even the cruel soldiers of his uncle thought of the little prince with tenderness.

And this was a fortunate thing for him. For, one day, as he lay concealed in some bushes, he heard the tramp of many feet, and saw the soldiers in the distance.

Nearer and nearer they came, until about sunset they pitched their tents close to the hidden prince, and ended the day by a lively dance. The keen glance of one of the soldiers spied the poor prince trying to hide among the bushes near by. Quick as a flash the kind-hearted fellow picked him up and put him into the great drum, and while the other soldiers in a ring around the camp-fire were noisily singing, they little knew how snugly the long-desired prize, for which they had traveled so far, lay concealed at their very feet.

And at last a change came for both the wicked uncle and the young prince. Men tired of Moxtla's severity and cruelty, and lamented the alteration since the peaceful rule of Nezahualcoyotl's father. Then they thought of the prince, and resolved to fight for him.

Gladly he received this good news, and returning with his faithful followers, he fought a great battle; and being so fortunate as to gain the victory, he was crowned king, and reigned over Mexico for years afterward, a wise and good ruler.

SENDING A VALENTINE.

I MIGHT begin, "The rose is red"
(Though that is not so very new),
Or this the boys all think is good:
"If you love me as I love you."

But,—seems to me,—a valentine
Is nicer, when you do not say
The same old things that every one
Keeps saying, in the same old way.

And I asked Jane, the other night,
What grown-up people write about.
She would not answer me at first,
But laughed till I began to pout.

That stopped her, for she saw I meant
The question (and she will not tease).
"Why—love," she said, "and shining eyes,
A kiss, soft hair—just what they please."

It can't be hard, if that is all,
So I'll begin by saying this:

*To my dear lady beautiful,
I send a valentine and kiss.
The valentine, because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes,
The kiss, because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies;
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known;
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same, to her alone!*

There! Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is there like it? Why, of course,
I'll send it right away to Mother!

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



"HE might have come from the moon, for all I know," said Deborah, rather crossly. She was sprinkling and folding the clothes for to-morrow's ironing, and she wanted to get them done before her "beau" should come, to take her to drive, and the tramp had hindered her; and now Jack was asking questions.

Deborah often declared that if ever she "hired out" again, it would be "with folks that did n't allow their children to ask so many questions as the little Mudgetts asked. She was all wore to skin and bone with them."

As Deborah was very buxom and rosy, she evidently intended that remark to be taken in a figurative sense; but the children *were* trying, with their endless questions,—especially Jack, the oldest boy, who never believed anything.

Stella, the youngest girl, believed everything. She never had the slightest doubt that all the wonderful things related in the Arabian Nights, Grimm's Goblins, and Mother Goose, actually happened. Stella was Deborah's favorite. She was her uncle John's favorite, too, and Uncle John was of great consequence, because he was the captain of a vessel, and had been all around the world. He was expected home in a few days from a long voyage, and all the children lay awake nights storing up

questions to ask him. He always would tell Stella stories, when he would not tell them to anybody else, because she never asked him if they were true. She asked him everything she could think of, but she never thought of that.

Jack had only asked Deborah who it was that had knocked at the door; what he wanted; of what country he had seemed to be a native; if he was well dressed; what he had on; if he had been drinking; if he had a bundle with him; if he wanted to stay all night; if he wanted anything to eat; if he got anything; if she asked him in; what she thought his name was; if he had a red nose; if his hair was curly; and where she thought he came from. And he did n't think that Deborah ought to be so cross, as if he had asked many questions!

Jack *could* ask questions when he tried, but he had not got fairly under way then.

Stella came into the kitchen with her doll, Cinderella, under her arm, just as Deborah said that. The little girl was going to sprinkle and fold Cinderella's clothes, which were always washed on Monday, and ironed on Tuesday, just like anybody's. But she forgot all about the clothes when she heard Deborah say there was a possibility that the man came from the moon. Stella was

very much interested in the moon. As she firmly believed it to be made of green cheese, and also that one man lived in it, her interest is scarcely to be wondered at.

"Oh, Deborah, was it really the Man in the Moon?" she cried.

"Well, I should n't wonder," said Deborah, and she laughed a little, though she *was* cross. "Come to think of it, he did inquire the way to Norwich. And he seemed terrible hungry, as if he had come a long journey."

"Did you give him anything to eat?" asked Jack.

"I gave him a piece of bread that he could eat if he was hungry. I aint a-goin' to pamper up tramps with my best victuals that I've wore my fingers to the bone a-cookin' of," said Deborah.

"No cheese? Oh, Deborah!" said Stella, reproachfully.

Of course the Man in the Moon was accustomed to eating cheese, since his dwelling-place was made of it,—and he might miss it very much. It was Stella's opinion that Deborah ought to have thought of that.

And why, oh, why, did n't Deborah ask him to come in! To think of coming so near to seeing the Man in the Moon, and missing it! It was very cruel of Deborah.

"Did he look much like ordinary people, Deborah?" asked Stella.

"Come to think of it, he favored a pirate, as much as anything," said Deborah. "Though that might 'a' ben owin' to his havin' but one eye, and that one kind of squinty."

"Do you think he was a cross man, Deborah?" asked Stella, after a moment of deep meditation.

"I don't know nothin' about the dispositions of folks in the moon. I've got all I can do to contend against the tryin' dispositions of them here below," said Deborah.

"There aint any folks in the moon!" said Jack, diving his head into the clothes-basket, and turning a somersault. "If there was, they'd all be like busted balloons; there is n't any air there. Stella believes everything."

"It's boys that don't believe nothin' that comes to the gallows," said Deborah, severely.

Meantime, Stella had slipped into the woodshed, to see if she could catch a glimpse of the man's retreating figure, from the door.

Oh joy! there he sat at the end of the woodpile, only a few rods away.

Stella went into the pantry, and got a huge piece of cheese; then she ran out, and sat down on a log, opposite him. She was at quite a distance from the house, it was growing dark, and the man did look rather cross, but Stella was never afraid

of anything—excepting thunder and curly dogs. Everybody has his weak points, and those were Stella's. She did not once think of being afraid of the Man from the Moon, though she did hope that he was n't cross, because cross people would never answer all the questions that one wanted to ask.

She sat and stared at him for a minute or two, the big piece of cheese in one hand, and Cinderella, held by the heels, in the other. She was casting about in her mind for some suitable way of addressing him; being entirely ignorant of the etiquette of the moon, she was afraid of seeming impolite. But at length, nothing better occurring to her, she said, blandly:

"How do you do, man?"

The man responded, civilly, but rather gruffly, that he was "as well as poor folks could expect to be."

"I suppose you don't have bread at home," remarked Stella.

"Not much, that's a fact," said the man.

"But if you live on cheese entirely, wont you eat the moon all up some day, and tumble down to the ground?" That was a problem that had been troubling Stella ever since she had first heard that the moon was made of cheese.

The man gave her a rather puzzled look, and laughed a little. "Eat the moon up? Well, I be hunger-bitten enough to do it, sometimes, that's a fact. And I'm pesky fond of cheese. I like the looks of that 'ere piece in your hand."

"I brought it on purpose for you," said Stella, presenting it, and making a low bow, to show her respect for so exalted a personage as the Man from the Moon.

The man devoured the cheese, with such great hungry bites that she was more than ever convinced that it was his natural food.

"How did you come down?" was her next question.

"Well, I come down on a broomstick, but I'm going home around by the way of Norwich," he answered.

On a broomstick! Stella wanted to ask him whether he was any relation to the old woman who went up on one to sweep the cobwebs from the sky, but she was afraid it would not be quite polite. She might be only a poor relation, of whom such a great man would not wish to be reminded. But, surely, there could not be many people who could ride on broomsticks! She and Percy, her youngest brother, had tried it, and they had n't gone up a bit.

She was anxious to ask no questions that were not strictly polite, so she was very slow and deliberate.

"Have you any children?"

"Four on 'em," answered the man, between his bites.

"Four! That is very few; there are nine of us. But perhaps it is just as well; they might fall off."

"Fall off?" repeated the man, with a start.

"Fall off of what? How come you to know——"

"Why, off the moon, of course; you live in the moon, don't you?"

The man gave her a long, puzzled look; then he tapped his forehead, significantly, with his forefinger. "*Tetched*, as sure as you 're born!" he said to himself. "Though I never did see sich a little one *tetched*. Mebbe the big one, that give me the dry bread, was loony, too; that might be

from the man all the information possible, and to use it to convince Jack.

"What kind of cheese is green cheese?" she inquired.

"Well, it is sage cheese," answered the man, after some deliberation. "Cheese with so much sage into it that it is kind of greenish complected, so to speak."

"That is what Percy and I thought!" cried Stella. "But Uncle John thought it was *new* cheese."

"There 's nobody knows much about the moon, but them as lives there," said the man, in a tone and manner full of mystery.



"WE 'RE GOIN' HOME TO THE MOON AS SOON AS WE CAN FIND A CONVEYANCE," HE SAID. [SEE PAGE 271.]

what made her sich a spitfire. It might be a lunatic hospital;" and he arose and looked back at the house, reflectively.

"Oh yes, I live in the moon," he said, seating himself again. "Sartingly, I live in the moon."

A shadow of painful doubt had been creeping into Stella's mind; he was so very much like other people; his manners were not elegant, and he was very badly dressed; but his own assertion was satisfactory. She heaved a great sigh of relief. Only the fear that he would vanish before she could return prevented her from going in search of Jack, the unbelieving, who certainly would have to believe now, she thought. She resolved to extract

"It must be very funny. But you have n't burst, have you? You don't look very limpsy. Jack says people there must be just like my balloon after he stuck a pin into it, because there is n't any air in the moon."

"Air? bless you, there 's air enough! Air and water—that 's about all there is that 's plenty where I live!" and the man laughed harshly.

Stella resolved to enlighten Jack on that point, the very first thing.

Presently, she asked: "Did you see the cow when she jumped over?"

That was another important point on which Stella wished to obtain testimony, for Jack boldly declared

his opinion that Mother Goose was not a faithful historian.

"The cow? Cows bein' such a plentiful animal, I can't rightly tell which one you mean."

Stella opened her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Don't you know

"Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon?"

"Oh, to be sure! That ere event occurred some time ago, and it had kind of slipped my mind. Yes, I see her. She gin the moon a clip with her heels when she went over, and knocked it kind of slantwise. Mebbe you've noticed, sometimes, that it looks kind of slantwise."

"Yes, I have!" cried Stella, eagerly. Surely such proof as this would convince even Jack, she thought.

"Oh, I wish I could go to the moon! You could n't possibly take me, could you? and bring me back again," she added, with a sudden thought of home.

"I expect they think a good deal of you to home, and mebbe they would n't want to spare you," said the man.

"Yes, they do. I am the youngest. Papa says he would n't take a million dollars for me. But, of course, I could come back again."

"Of course. I might take you along with me now, if you was a good girl and did n't make no noise, and I could bring you back again before they missed you," said the man.

"Oh, will you?" cried Stella, hopping on one foot. That was the way in which all the little Mudgetts expressed their greatest joy. "And Cinderella, too! It will be such a thing for Cinderella!"

Stella had heard her mother say that about Polly, their eldest, when she was invited to go on a trip to Europe. "And perhaps they don't have dolls in the moon, and will like to see her."

The man examined Cinderella critically. She was large and heavy, but she was made of wax and had "truly hair," and he said Stella might take her.

He looked cautiously around to see if anybody saw them, as he slung his worn old leather bag across his shoulder by means of a walking-stick, and, taking Stella's hand in his, started off.

Stella wondered whether they were to go up on broomsticks, but her new friend was not as talkative as he had been at first. He seemed to have got tired of answering questions, like Deborah. She could only discover that they were going "by the way of Norwich," which was a sea-port town about ten miles away. Stella had been there, often, with her uncle John; it was from there that his vessel

sailed. But she had never heard that there was any conveyance from Norwich to the moon. Jack would be very much surprised to know it. He would be very likely to say, "I don't believe it." That was almost the last distinct thought that Stella had. She grew so sleepy that she stumbled along, half-dragged by her companion. It was long past her bed-time, and sleep conquered even the delight that she felt that she was on the way to the moon. At length the man, grumblingly, lifted her in his arms, sound asleep. Her hold upon Cinderella had relaxed, and the man stuck Her Dollship, head-first, into his grimy pocket, the legs waving wildly in the air. And so this strangely assorted company traveled on in the darkness.

Stella opened her eyes upon the very queerest place they had ever seen. It was a ship's cabin,—she knew that, at a glance, having often been on board her uncle John's ship,—but the darkest, dingiest, most forlorn one imaginable. She rolled quickly out of the dirty and stifling bunk in which she was lying, and took a survey of her surroundings. One side of the cabin seemed to be a mass of broken timbers, through which came little gleams of daylight and a glimpse of waving grass. The ship was evidently not on the water, and would never be likely to be again. It was very queer, but it might be the fashion in the moon to live in a ship, Stella thought.

Three or four of the raggedest and dirtiest children Stella had ever seen were quarreling over some object. As Stella drew near them, she saw that it was—oh, horror!—the headless body of Cinderella. And the man—her acquaintance of the night before—was holding up, by its golden locks, poor Cinderella's head, for the inspection of a dirty and dejected-looking woman.

Stella screamed at that sight; it was too much even for her stout little heart to bear.

The man shook her roughly and told her to keep still. The children forgot the doll, and gathered about her, staring at her, with mouths and eyes wide open.

"If you *are* the Man in the Moon, you have n't any right to cut off my Cinderella's head!" said Stella, boldly. "If there are any policemen in the moon, I shall have you arrested. And I want to go home. I don't think I shall like the moon at all."

The man and woman both laughed. The man said something that sounded like "reg'lar little Bedlamite." The woman complained that they should find her in the way, and the man replied that he would "keep her till there was a reward offered," and that they "might as well humor her notions." They offered her some fried fish for breakfast, but, brave as she was, she was too home-

sick and frightened to eat. The children were very social, and invited her to accompany them to the deck. There was a rickety ladder, up which they scampered like squirrels, and Stella climbed after them. She looked around her with great curiosity; out-of-doors in the moon might be pleasant if the dwellings were not, she thought.

"Why, it is n't the moon, at all! It is Norwich!" she cried. "If we have n't got there, I don't think I'll go. I would rather go home!"

They were on the wreck of a fishing-schooner, which was half-imbedded in the mud, in a little retired cove just outside the harbor of Norwich. Less than a mile away lay the town.

Stella was disappointed, but a feeling of relief that she was so near home mingled with her disappointment. For the Man in the Moon had certainly not improved upon acquaintance. He was no longer agreeable; he had become very unwilling to answer questions, and he had cruelly murdered Cinderella.

"How do you get to the moon?" asked Stella.

The children looked puzzled, and giggled, and said nothing. An expression came into Stella's face that made her look like Jack.

"Do you live here all the time?" she said, solemnly.

"Oh, no! We've only been here a week. We don't live nowhere. We tramp," said the oldest boy.

This was not very intelligible to Stella. At that moment, the man came up the ladder, and at once sent his children below. Then he said:

"We've just put in here for repairs—clothes and victuals, and such. We're a-goin' home to the moon just as soon as we can find a conveyance," he said.

It was true, then; and it was very disappointing. It occurred to Stella that Mother Goose was right in saying that he came down "too soon." He might just as well never come at all!

"I think I will go home. May be you wont get a conveyance for a good while, and they'll be worried about me at home." Stella tried to be polite, but she spoke very decidedly.

"Oh, we could n't think of givin' up the pleasure of a visit from you at our beautiful home in the moon!" said the man. "Here you don't see us at our best; our ship has run aground, so to speak. My wife and I are goin' out now, to see if we can't hire a balloon to take us up to-night, and you had better wait and go with us."

It *did* sound inviting—to go in a balloon up to the moon! But Stella was thoroughly homesick. "I'm very much obliged to you, but I think I'd rather go home. Perhaps, the next time you come down, I'll go home with you," she said.

"Well, if you ha' n't changed your mind before night, when we come back with the balloon, I'll take you home," said the man.

And all Stella's pleading and tears were unavailing. The children were sent away, with empty baskets on their arms, in the direction of Norwich; then the man and his wife went off in another direction, and they took down the ladder which led up the vessel's side, so that Stella could not get down to the ground.

And as they went, Stella saw Cinderella's beautiful golden ringlets hanging out of the man's pocket, and she heard the man say to his wife that as the head was wax, and the hair real, they might perhaps sell them for a few cents!

Left alone, poor little Stella sobbed and screamed until she was exhausted. But only the echoes answered. There were woods on one side, the ocean on the other; not a living being was within reach of her voice. Now and then a vessel sailed by, but always too far off to hear her.

Before noon she was hungry enough to eat the few dry crusts which had been left for her dinner, and then she felt a little more hopeful, and, curling herself up in a corner, she forgot all her woes in sleep.

The crashing of thunder awoke her. Her greatest terror had come in the train of her other troubles.

Thunder and lightning were even worse to Stella than curly dogs. Cozily cuddled in her mother's arms a thunder-storm was bad enough, but to be all alone in this strange and solitary place, the sky black, excepting when tongues of flame splintered the clouds, and awful crashes came at intervals, was too much for the bravest little girl to endure calmly. If it had been Jack it would have been different, for he was so queer that he actually liked thunder-showers. He said the banging made it seem like the Fourth of July.

Stella was tempted to go below, where she would be out of sight of the lightning, but the cabin was so dark and close that she felt a horror of it, and it was lonelier, too. Up on deck she could see an occasional vessel, and there was a chance that one might come near enough to see her. So she staid there, and screamed as loud as she could, and waved Cinderella's headless body wildly over her head.

And a vessel did come near enough to see her. She could see a man looking at her through a glass. Stella's screaming was no small matter. She was renowned at home for her ability in that direction. Jack sometimes impolitely called her the "Great American Screecher." And Stella screamed now as she never had screamed before.

And a boat was lowered from the vessel; it was rowed rapidly ashore; a half-dozen sailors climbed

to the deck where she was. And then they asked her questions. Stella wished that Deborah could hear them, she would never say again there "never was nobody like our young ones for asking questions."

And the sailors seemed astonishingly ignorant of history, Stella thought; they had not even heard that there was a Man in the Moon!

But they took her into the boat and carried her over to the vessel, lifted her on board, and put her into her uncle John's arms.

It sounds too good to be true, yet things do happen just right sometimes in the world.

Uncle John hugged her, and kissed her, and laughed over her, and cried over her a little bit, too, big man as he was, for he seemed to think it was a dreadful thing to be carried off by a tramp in that way, and that it was wonderful that he had found her, all safe and sound. He called it just what Deborah called it when she wore her old bonnet and it rained,—“providential.”

And Uncle John would not believe,—any more

than if he had been Jack,—that the man lived in the moon.

When they reached home, they found Stella's mother and father, her eight brothers and sisters, and even Deborah, almost distracted with grief and anxiety.

The whole town was searching for Stella.

The eight brothers and sisters stood around her in a circle, while she related her adventures, and the questions they asked would fill a volume.

Jack said: "I think she dreamed it. It sounds just like a story. I don't believe it."

An officer was sent to arrest the tramp early the next morning, but the old fishing-schooner was deserted; there were scarcely any signs that anybody had ever lived there, excepting poor Cinderella's body, which he brought home.

Stella's father and Uncle John thought that the man had been frightened by Stella's escape, and had traveled off as fast as possible to avoid arrest.

But Stella's private opinion is that they got the balloon and went up to the moon that night.

SCHOOL-BOY TROUBLES.

BY ONE OF THEM.



THE witches get in my books, I know,
Or else it's fairy elves;
For when I study, they plague me so
I feel like one of themselves.
Often they whisper: "Come and play,
The sun is shining bright!"
And when I fling the book away
They flutter with delight.
They dance among the stupid words,
And twist the "rules" awry;
And fly across the page like birds,
Though I can't see them fly.
They twitch my feet, they blur my eyes,
They make me drowsy, too;
In fact, the more a fellow tries
To study, the worse they do.
They can't be heard, they can't be seen —
I know not how they look —
And yet they always lurk between
The leaves of a lesson-book.
Whatever they are I can not tell,
But this is plain as day;
I never 'll be able to study well,
As long as the book-elves stay.

THE ROUND STONE.

(A Hungarian Folk-story.)

BY HON. JEREMIAH CURTIN.



HEREVER or whenever it came to pass, there was once upon a time a poor fisherman and his wife, who had as many children as there are

could not fish. When it grew calm, on the seventh day, he went out with his net, and fished all day and well into the night. The clock had already struck two in the morning, and the cast began to grow gray and glimmer, but the poor man had not caught a single fish. Two hundred times he threw his net, and two hundred times he drew out nothing.

"I will throw it for the last time," said he to himself. "If there will be something in it, very

stars in the sky, or grass-blades in a meadow. The poor man fished and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. He was as poor as a church-mouse, or even poorer, for the mouse has, from time to time, a nibble at a cheese, or a crumb of bread, but he had only his soul and body and a fish-net.

The poor man had a very rich brother, who had as many children as there are knots on a water-reed, but if the poor man sent to his brother for a dish of flour, once in a while when he had nothing in the house to eat, the wicked man answered thus: "I will give you a dish of flour if you give me one of your children; if you don't, you may claw the air, eat ice, drink water, and for vegetables have tears and weeping."

So the poor man who had many children, had nothing to give them, not even a morsel as large as my little finger.

One time, the poor man had had no bread in the cupboard for a whole week, and the family lived on roots and stewed earth-berries. The weather was rainy and windy, so he

good; if not, 't will also be well. God's will be done!—Oh, there *is* something! my hand feels it!"

He drew out the net carefully, hauled it on shore, and behold! he took out a round stone from the water.

"If 't is only a stone, what good is it to me? My children can't eat it. A poor man has poor luck." With this, he threw the stone into the middle of the water.

Then the poor man cast in his net once more. As soon as the net moved, he drew it out very cautiously. Again he found the stone.

"What good are stones to me? I catch nothing else. I should not say a word if God had given me a stomach to digest stones." With that he threw the stone again into the middle of the water.

A third time he threw his net into the water, and a third time he drew out the stone.

"Either all the fish are turned to stone, or the witches are playing me a trick! This must be the work of an evil spirit, and not a good one. What can I do with it? If it would only turn to bread!" Then he threw in the stone a third time, but near the edge of the water.

Since the poor man had not caught a single fish, and now was very tired, he gathered up his net at last, and set out for home, sorrowful and discouraged. But he kept thinking of the round stone, as if God had whispered it to him.

Presently he turned back and fished up the stone, saying: "It will do for the children to play with, for they have no bread."

When he came near the house, his children ran out to meet him, asking: "What have you brought? Is it a present?"

"I have brought nothing but a round stone. Here it is; play with it." And he rolled it on the floor.

On the night of the seventh day the poor man's family were hungry and thirsty, but, as the children had something to play with, they played.

The poor man lay down by the chimney, and his wife on a cot-bed with the smaller children. The older ones played and played, rolling the stone about. After a while the stone began to shine, and to grow brighter and brighter, until it filled the whole cabin with light, just as if the sun were shining, although it was but three o'clock in the morning.

The great light shone straight into the eyes of the fisherman, and he cried out:

"What is this? There is neither a candle, a taper, nor a torch, but the house is all lighted. Come, Mother, get up. Just see the stone; it shines like decaying wood in the dark, like a fire-fly, like a star, and even brighter!"

"Father," said the fisherman's wife, "I have heard all my life that there is in the world a kind of stone so beautiful and bright that you can buy an ox for a piece as large as a poppy-seed; may be this is the kind."

"Oh, you simpleton! Where could we get such a stone? Stones like that are not found in every fool's cabin. But a word is a word. There must be something in this stone, for it shines so that it blinds me; and sparks come from it."

Now the poor man got up, took the round stone from the children, went to work at it, rubbed it on grass, on wood, on the wall, on the ground, on the ashes,—in a word, on whatever came under his hand, until, at last, it was altogether bright. Then he covered it with an old foot-cloth, so that it might not light up the house and keep them from sleeping.

When they rose in the morning, the poor man said to his wife:

"Well, wife, put on your best clothes, that you stitched together for a holiday, so that you might have something in which to go to worship God. Take this stone to the king as a present, and say that I sent it; and take a dish with you,—may be he'll give you a little flour. At least, you may get something to make an ash-cake for the children."

The poor man's wife put on her best dress and went to the king. When she came, she greeted him becomingly:

"God give a good day to Your Majesty!"

"God keep you, poor woman! What journey are you on?"

"My husband sends you a little present. He is the man who lives by the stream on the hill, and earns his bread by fishing. But just now neither we nor our children have aught to eat."

"Well, my good woman, what could you bring me when you have nothing yourself? But, whatever it may be, on that account it is agreeable to me, for I see that you give it with a good heart; come in, then, to my palace."

The poor woman went into the king's palace, untied her handkerchief, and placed the round stone on the golden table.

The king was scarcely able to speak from wonder, for the round stone was a diamond, and such a one, too, as neither the king's father, his grandfather, nor his great-grandfather had ever seen.

"Where did you get that, poor woman?" he asked, at last.

"My husband went fishing and caught it. Three times he threw it back into the water, and three times he drew it out. I thought in my simple mind that God gave it to him," said the poor woman, dropping a courtesy.

"Well, poor woman," said the king, "I will keep

the diamond for myself, but I will give you a thousand florins for it."

"H'm! A thousand florins!" exclaimed she, astonished at the greatness of the sum.

But the king thought she was surprised at his offering so little money for a stone that he knew must be very valuable; so he said: "If that's not enough, I'll give you two thousand."

"H'm! Two thousand?"

"Well, I'll give three."

"H'm! Three thousand?"

"Look here, poor woman. Go home and bring

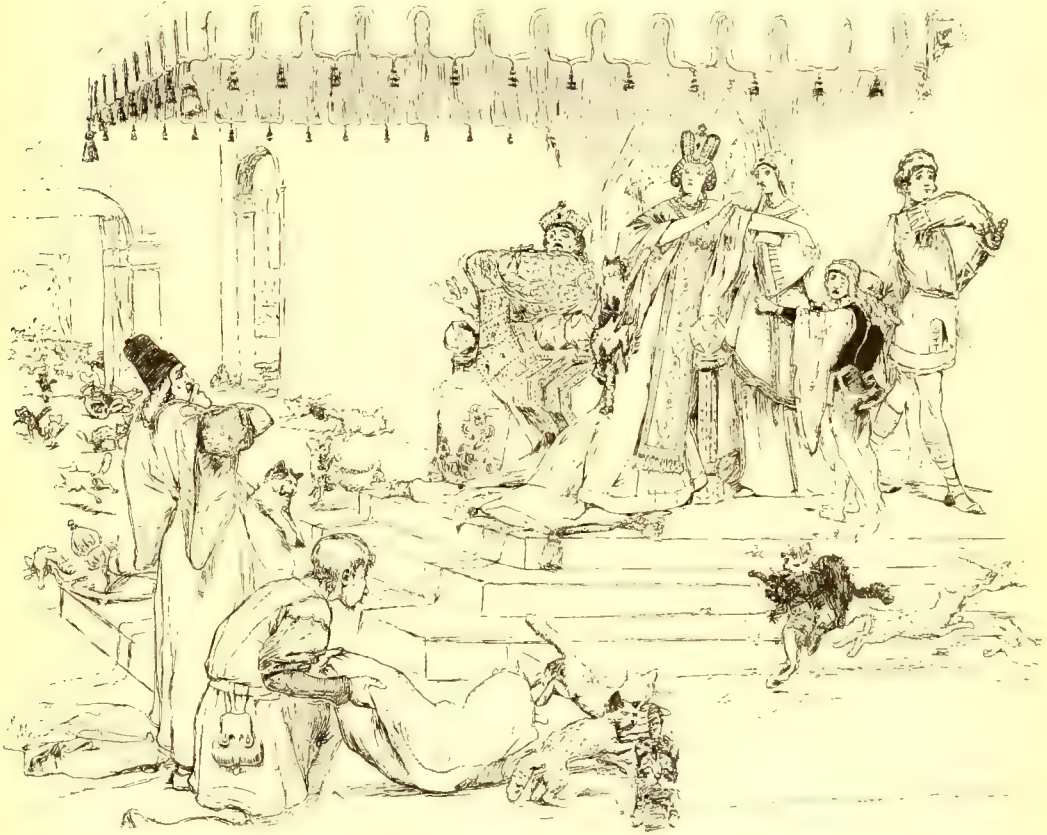
Now the poor man was so rich that you would have had to search far to find his match.

"Well, my dear wife," said the poor man, "we must measure this money so as to know how many bushels of it we have."

"All right; but we have no measure."

"We may borrow one from our stingy brother. Perhaps he will lend us a measure. We'll see if he has soul enough for that. Run, my little boy, Pishka, and ask a measure from my good brother."

Pishka ran to the stingy brother, to see if he would lend an empty measure.



THE HUNGRY CATS WERE RELEASED—THE KING CRIED OUT—THE QUEEN SCREAMED—THE LITTLE PRINCES ROARED!

three bags, and I'll fill the first one for you with gold, the second with silver, and the third with copper."

The poor woman brought three bags, and the king filled them,—the first with gold, the second with silver, and the third with copper; and, besides, he did her the kindness of having a pair of oxen yoked to a wagon in which he sent the money to her home. And when the money was safely housed, one of her sons drove back the wagon and oxen.

"An empty measure!" cried out the stingy brother. "An empty measure? Who has ever heard of such a thing? What good would it be to you, unless your father should measure you all, beginning with your mother? Do you hear me?"

"Of course I do," said the little boy. "They told me an empty measure."

"I won't lend an empty measure, without knowing why. But pack off home and ask whether an

empty measure is wanted or a full one." Thus spoke the rich brother, in a harsh voice.

The poor little fellow went home crying and sobbing, and told his parents what his uncle had said.

"That's nothing," said his father, pacifying him. "The good God will reward every man according to his works. I believe that. But, Martsi, my boy, go you, and if he asks you what it is we are measuring, tell him it is money."

Martsi, taking a pig-whip, which he had made from hemp, having braided it in three strands, ran off straightway to his uncle, and said to him:

"My father has sent me to borrow an empty measure, for we are measuring money."

"Mo-mo-mo-money! You shall have it, my boy. How many measures does he want? I can't tell how —"

"Only one."

"But hurry back, for, if the Jew comes to buy ashes, I shall need it."

Martsi ran home with the measure, and they measured their money. They had just ten bushels of it. When the poor man had finished, he sent the measure home by his son Getsi, but first he stuck pieces of gold all around it.

Getsi had scarcely returned the measure and got back home when the stingy brother strolled in after him, and cried:

"God give you a good day, my dear brother!" (This time he was "dear," but, before, never so much as "brother.")

"God keep you, Brother! We have great news in the house. Sit down here on the bench, by the fire near the hearth. What good news do you bring?"

"Oh, I have only called because I heard from your boy that you have come by a lot of money."

The poor man listened, but said nothing. He looked his brother fairly in the eyes, and knowing how deceitful and designing he was, he said, sadly, to himself: "Oh, you wicked fellow! I'll see if I can serve you a little trick that may teach you a good lesson."

"You know," said the rich brother, "I have no family. After my death all my property will be yours, for I can not take it with me to the grave, you know; so, if you tell me how you got the money, it will be all for your own good."

"Where did I get it? Well, this is how it was: Yesterday, my old cat had kittens, and at the king's palace there are so many mice, and such an army of rats, that it is impossible to take a meal's victuals in peace, for the rats run about the walls so that they are ready to eat up the king. Soldiers are obliged to guard him with pikes and swords, and it's as much as the soldiers can do to hold

their own. I had an idea. So I took the old gray cat on my shoulder and put the two little kittens on a plate, and presented them to the king. He was delighted, and in his joy could not find a place good enough for me. The queen wiped the dust from the golden bench with her apron, seated me by her side, and asked how my wife was. After that, the king measured out three bags of money for me. If you don't believe it, Brother, why I have the money up here in the loft. You can see it with your own eyes."

"We need not go to that trouble, Brother; I believe what you say. What's the need of looking? God's blessing be with you, I must go home."

"Why so soon? We have scarcely had time yet to bid you welcome."

"I have work to do at home. I forgot something, and am in a great hurry," said the cunning brother, telling a fib.

As soon as the rich man reached home, he shouted to his wife at the top of his voice. When she came he told her the whole story from beginning to end, how his brother, the fisherman, had come by the tremendous lot of money. Then they sat down, and, putting their heads together, worked out a great plan, and resolved that if their brother had taken three cats to the king they would take three bags full, and then would n't he give them a pile of money? So they collected cats from three villages. But people brought them from seven, hearing that the rich man gave a good price for cats. No wonder they heard so, for no matter what any one asked for a cat, that he got. Either a bushel of wheat, a bag of potatoes, a side of bacon, a cake of cheese, a keg of wine, or a jug of strong waters went out of the house in pay for each cat. So, when the three bags were full, the house was emptied clear and clean of provisions from cellar to garret; but, upon my life, it was well stocked with cats.

The rich brother set out on the journey with his man. He took four good horses, and packed the three bags of cats into a wagon. It is easy to imagine what a wailing and screaming the cats raised. Wherever he went, the whole world shouted at the wonder; the boys ran after the wagon from one village to another; the dogs barked; and there was such a head-splitting din that the rich man's hair turned gray.

At last, he arrived at the palace.

"Now," said the rich man to his servant, "you remain here by the wagon, so that nothing may be carried off, and I'll go in. But give me the whip, so that if those stupid rats should fall on me, I can drive them away." Then he appeared before the king.

"God give a good day to Your Majesty!"

"God guard you, rich man! What business are you on?"

"I have brought a present to Your Majesty. I have n't brought it in, because I did n't know where Your Majesty would like to have it, here or somewhere else."

"Well, what have you brought, my good man?"

"What have I brought? That which is dearest to Your Majesty, and which you pay gold and silver for."

"Well, what may it be?"

"What may it be? Your Majesty will see directly; and, although I say it, I know Your Majesty will cover me with gold for it."

"Well, but what can it be?"

"To satisfy Your Majesty's curiosity, I will say that I have brought the same as my brother brought. You are pleased to know him personally."

"I know—the man who lives by the stream on the hill, and earns his living by fishing."

"Yes, yes, he is the man; but I have brought still more than he."

"Oh, in that case, bring it in, this minute, and I will call the queen, her ladies, and the pages."

The rich man went to the wagon, and, with his serving-man, brought the three bags of cats into the White Palace, to the king's chamber. But could he find the way? Why should n't he? The chambers are twelve in a row.

When the rich brother came to the chamber, he opened the bags quickly and let out all the cats. As they had eaten nothing for a whole week, and had been in the bags all the time, the cats had grown wild and had their fur torn off. They made such confusion as man had never seen; one smashed a window, another broke a looking-glass, a

third overturned a glass case. They broke everything—glasses, vessels, cups, and goodness knows what.

The king cried out from amazement. The queen screamed, for a cat had torn its way up her snow-white arm; and the king's little sons began to cry and roar as if to split their throats.

As the doors were open from one chamber to another, the cats raced through the whole palace and smashed into bits everything that could be broken. There was scarcely a window, a looking-glass, or a vase left whole in the building.

At last, the soldiers, hearing the unearthly noise, the smashing, screaming, and "spitting," rushed in, some with clubs, others with spears and swords, and killed the legion of cats, excepting those that had jumped out through the windows. Master Yantchi, for thus they called the rich brother, was neither dead nor alive; he stood there like a boy who knows he has put the wrong stick on the fire and will suffer for it. But as the boy runs from a sound thrashing if he can, so Master Yantchi was up and away. He packed himself off in hot haste, taking no leave of the company, and ran out into the wide world like a stray horse. He never had the courage to come back again to his own village, for every one laughed at his adventure and made sport of him as "the cat-huckster."

At last, news was brought that the cat-huckster had been frozen to death near the robbers' ditch, and, not long afterward, his wife journeyed forth from this world of shadows. Since God had not blessed them with children, the poor brother who had been a fisherman inherited everything, and became so enormously rich that only the king has more money, and he has only a sixpence more.



A BIT OF ADVICE.

• WINTER •

"PRITHEE, my laddie, where go you to-day?
The strong wind is blowing, the heavens are
gray."

"I go to the Northland, far, far away."

"And wherefore, my laddie, if this we may know,
So far on this cold winter morn do you go?"

"To find out the land where there 's nothing
but snow—

"Where icicles hang like the leaves on the tree,
And one may skate merrily over the sea.

And pray, will you go, my fair lasses, with
me?"

"My sleigh is beyond, with its rapid reindeer.
Then—ho for the land where there 's snow
all the year!"

"Nay, thanks, it is quite cold enough for us here!"

"Now, prithee, my laddie, go you on your way;
Good fortune attend you wherever you stray;
But we 'll stay at home, if you please, sir!
Good-day!"





HIS BARQUE IS WORSE THAN HIS BITE.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

JUST as Donald and Dorothy were about to end their outdoor visit to the Danbys, described in our last chapter, Coachman Jack was seen in a neighboring field, trying to catch Mr. Reed's spirited mare, "Lady," that had been let out to have a run. He already had approached her without difficulty and slipped a bridle over her head, but she had started away from him, and he, feeling that she had had playtime enough, was now bent on recapturing her.

Instantly a dozen Danby eyes were following their every motion. Then Donald and Ben, not being able to resist the impulse, scampered over to join in the race, closely followed by Dan and Fandy. Gregory, too, would have gone, but Charity called him back.

It was a superb sight to see the spirited animal, one moment standing motionless at a safe distance

from Jack, and the next, leaping about the field, mane and tail flying, and every action telling of a defiant enjoyment of freedom. Soon, two grazing horses in the same field caught her spirit; even Don's pony, at first looking soberly over a hedge in the adjoining lot, began frisking and capering about on his own account, dashing past an opening in the hedge as though it were as solid a barrier as the rest. Nor were Jack and the boys less frisky. Coaxing and shouting had failed, and now it was an open chase, in which, for a time, the mare certainly had the advantage. But what horse is proof against its appetite? Clever little Fandy had rushed to Mr. Reed's barn, and brought back in his hat a light lunch of oats for the mare, which he at once bore into her presence, shaking it temptingly, at the same time slowly backing away from her. The little midget and his hateful succeeded, where big man and boys had failed. The mare came cautiously up and was about to put her nose into the cap, when Jack's sudden but stealthy effort to seize the bridle made her start sidewise

away from him. But here Donald leaped forward at the other side and caught her.

Jack was too proud of Don's quickness to appear surprised; so, disregarding the hilarious shout of the Danby boys, he took the bridle from the young master with an off-hand air, and led the now gentle animal quietly toward the stable.

But Dorothy was there before him. Out of breath after her brisk run, she was panting and tugging at a dusty side-saddle hanging in the harness-room, when Jack and the mare drew near.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "help me get this down! I mean to have some fun. I'm going to ride that mare back to the field!"

"Not you, Miss Dorry!" exclaimed Jack. "Take your own pony, an' your own saddle, an' it's a go; but this 'ere mare 'd be on her beam ends with you in no time."

"Oh, no she would n't, Jack! She knows me perfectly. (Don't you, Lady?) Oh, do, Jack! That's a good Jack. *Please* let me! Don's there, you know——"

Dorry said this as if Don were a regiment. By this time the side-saddle clattered down from its peg, with a peculiar buckle-and-leathery noise of its own.

"Wont you, Jack? Ah, *wont* you!"

"No, miss, I wont!" said Jack, resolutely.

"Why, Jack, I've been on her before. Don't you know? There is n't a horse on the place that could throw me. Uncle said so. Don't you remember?"

"So he did!" said Jack, his eyes sparkling proudly. "The Cap'n said them very words. An'," glancing weakly at the mare, "she's standin' now like a skiff in a calm. Not a breath in her sails——"

"Oh, do—*do*, Jack!" coaxed Dorry, seizing her advantage, "quick! They're all in the lot yet. Here, put it on her!"

"I'm an old fool," muttered Jack to himself, as, hindered by Dorry's busy touches, he proceeded to saddle the subdued animal; "but I can't never refuse her nothin'—that's where it is. Easy now, miss!" as Dorry, climbing up on the feed-box in laughing excitement, begged him to hurry and let her mount. "Easy now. There! You're on, high and dry. Here" (tugging at the girth), "let me tauten up a bit! Steady now! Don't try no capers with her, Miss Dorry, and come back in a minute. Get up, Lady!—get up!"

The mare left the stable so slowly and unwillingly, that Jack slapped her flank gently as she moved off.

Jog, jog went Lady out through the wide stable door-way, across the yard into the open field. Dorry, hastily arranging her skirts and settling her-

self comfortably upon the grand but dingy saddle (it had been Aunt Kate's in the days gone by), laughed to herself, thinking how astonished they all must be to see her riding Lady back to them. For a moment she playfully pretended to be unconscious of their gaze. Then she looked up.

Poor Dorry! Not a boy, not even Donald, had remained in the field! He and the little Danbys were listening to one of Ben's stories of adventure. Even the two horses and Don's pony were quietly nosing the dry grass in search of green tufts.

"I don't care," she murmured, gayly, overcoming her disappointment. "I mean to have a ride, any way. Get up, Lady!"

Lady *did* get up. She shook her head, pricked up her ears, and started off at a beautiful canter across the fields.

"How lovely!" thought Dorry, especially pleased at that moment to see several figures coming toward her from the Danby yard; "it's just like flying!"

Whether Lady missed her master's firm grip upon the rein, or whether she guessed her rider's thought, and was inspired by the sudden shouts and hurrahs of the approaching boys, can never be known. Certain it is that by the next moment Dorry, on Lady's back, was flying in earnest—flying at great speed round and round the field, but with never an idea of falling off. Her first feeling was that her uncle and Jack would n't be pleased if they knew the exact character of the ride. Next came a sense of triumph, because she felt that Don and the rest were seeing it all, and then a wild consciousness that her hat was off, her hair streaming to the wind, and that she was keeping her seat for dear life.

Lady's canter had become a run, and the run soon grew into a series of leaps. Still Dorry kept her seat. Young as she was, she was a fearless rider, and at first, as we have seen, rather enjoyed the prospect of a tussle with Lady. But as the speed increased, Dorry found herself growing deaf, dumb and blind in the breathless race. Still, if she could only hold on, all would be well; she certainly could not consent to be conquered before "those boys."

Lady seemed to go twenty feet in the air at every leap. There was no merry shouting now. The little boys stood pale and breathless. Ben, trying to hold Don back, was wondering what was to be done, and Charity was wringing her hands.

"Oh, oh! She'll be thrown!" cried the girls.

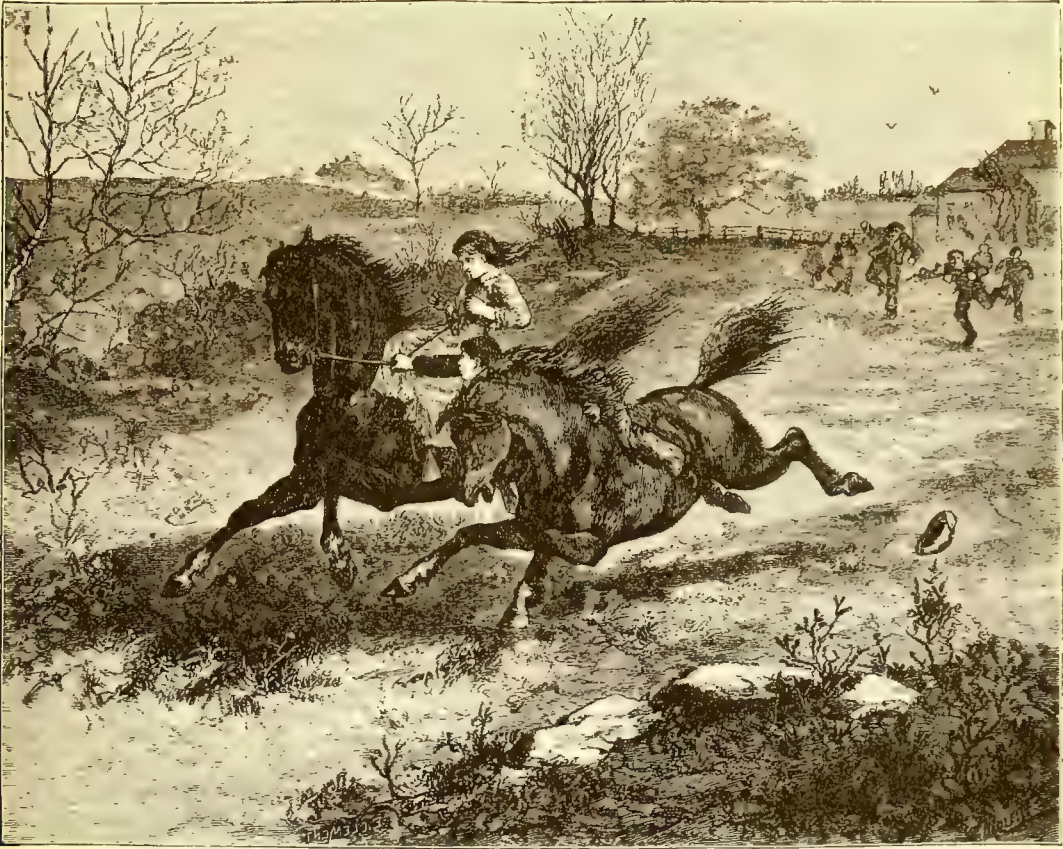
"Not a bit of it!" insisted Donald. "I've seen Dot on a horse before." (But his looks betrayed his anxiety.) "See! The mare's trying to throw her now! But she can't do it—she can't do it! Dot understands herself, I tell you,—

Whoa-o!—Let me go!" and, breaking from Ben, he tore across the field, through the opening in the hedge, and was on his pony's back in a twinkling. How he did it, he never knew. He had heard Dorry scream, and somehow that scream made him and his pony one. Together, they flew over the field; with a steady, calm purpose they cut across Lady's course, and soon were at her side. Donald's "Hold on, Dot!" was followed by his quick plunge toward the mare. It seemed that she certainly

superb grace, almost as if with a bow, and the pony was rubbing its nose against her steaming side.

"Good for you, Dot!" was Donald's first word. "You held on magnificently."

Dorothy stroked Lady's hot neck, and for a moment could not trust herself to look up. But when Jack half pulled, half lifted her from the saddle, and she felt the firm earth beneath her, she tottered and would have fallen, had not Donald, frightened



DONALD TO THE RESCUE!

would ride over him, but he never faltered. Grasping his pony's mane with one hand, he clutched Lady's bridle with the other. The mare plunged, but the boy's grip was as firm as iron. Though almost dragged from his seat, he held on, and the more she struggled, the harder he tugged,—the pony bearing itself nobly, and quivering in eager sympathy with Donald's every movement. Jack and Ben were now tearing across the field, bent on rescue; but they were not needed. Don was master of the situation. The mare had yielded with

at her white face, sprung to the ground just in time to support her.

"Shiver my timbers!" growled Jack, "if ever I let youngsters have their way again!" But his eyes shone with a strange mixture of self-reproach and satisfaction as he looked at Dorry.

"Oh, is she hurt?" cried Charity, who, having stumbled with the baby in her rush across the field, was gathering up the screaming little fellow, catching her balance, and scrambling onward at the same time—"Is she hurt?"

"Is she hurt?" echoed the others, pressing forward in breathless excitement.

"Not hurt at all," spoke up Donald, stoutly, as, still supporting his sister, he saw the color coming back to her cheek—"not hurt one bit! It's only been a splendid ride for her, and a jolly scare for us; but it is high time we were in the house. All's right, Jack. Good-bye, everybody! We'll skip along home, now."

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH SOME WELL-MEANING GROWN
FOLK APPEAR.



MR. MCSWIVER—better known as Michael by the Manning family, or, more descriptively, as "Mr. Manning's Mike," at the village store, but always as old Mr. McSwiver to our Liddy—was about to enjoy an evening out. This was a rare occurrence; for Mr. McSwiver, though he had advertised himself as having "no incum-

brance," was by no means an ease-taking man. He united in his august person the duties of coachman, butler, waiter, useful man, and body-servant to Mr. Manning. Seeing him at early dawn blacking his employer's boots, or, later, attending to the lighter duties of the coach-house (he had a stable-boy to help him), one could never imagine the grandeur of that same useful individual when dressed in his best.

"A hall-door and waitin' suit brings out a man's fine points if he has any, so it does; and it's nowise surprisin' that parties callin' after night-fall should be secretly mistakin' me for the boss himself," thought Mr. McSwiver, as he took a final, anxious look at his well-scrubbed countenance before starting to make a formal call on Liddy.

Half an hour afterward he was stalking toward the village store, talking to himself as usual, for lack of better company:

"Humph! Queen Victorior herself could n't be more high and mighty! and all because her young

lady's gone an' had a runaway on horseback! 'Is she kilt?' says I. 'Mercy, no!' says she; 'but I shall be special engaged all the ev'nin', Mr. McSwiver,' says she; and with that she fastens her eyes on me (mighty pooty ones they are, too!) a-noddin' good-bye, till I was forced, like, to take meself off. Miss Josephine herself could n't 'a' been grander to one of them young city swells at the 'cademy! Och!"

Meantime, Lydia had quite forgotten his sudden, nipped-in-the-bud visit. Old Mr. McSwiver was well enough in his own way, and at a fitting time, for he knew her cousins the Crumps; but she could not think of society matters so soon after her darling Miss Dorry had been in danger.

"Did you ever know it to turn out any other way?" said she confidentially to Donald, on that same evening,—after Dorothy, somewhat subdued by dreadful remarks on the subject of nervous shocks and internal injuries, had retired earlier than usual,—“now, did you, Master Donald? There Mr. G. had been taking extra precautions to keep her safe, and, under a merciful Providence, it was only by the skin of that dear child's teeth that she was n't sent to a better world! And, do you know, Master Donald? there's been serious goings on here, too."

"Goings on? What *do* you mean, Liddy?"

"Why, the horrid man came—the very same that looked in at my sitting-room window—and Mr. George opened the door his own self, and spoke very severe to him, and 'I can not see you to-night,' says he. 'Come on next Monday evening, at half-past nine, and not before.' I heard him say those very words."

Donald looked at her anxiously, but made no reply.

"There's no harm in my telling you," continued Liddy, softly, "because you and Mr. G. and me know about him."

"No, I don't, Liddy. I have n't heard half, and you know it!" was Donald's puzzled and indignant rejoinder. "This being let half-way into a secret does n't suit me. If Uncle were not busy this evening, I'd go in and straighten matters at once."

"Oh, hush! please do," whispered Liddy, hurriedly. "Miss Dorry'll hear you. I only meant that you and I both know that he's been hanging about these parts for a week or more, and that his presence does n't bode any good. Why, you noticed it first of anybody. Besides, I want her to sleep. The darling child! She's feeling worse than she lets on, I'm afraid, though I rubbed her back with liniment to make sure. Please don't talk any more about things to-night, my dear. To-morrow I'll ask your uncle to —"

"No, you need n't, thank you, Liddy," interrupted Don. "I 'll speak to him myself."

"Oh, my! When?"

"I don't know. When I get ready," he replied, laughing in spite of himself at Lydia's hopeless way of putting the question. "It is sure to come soon. I've had tries at this tangle from time to time without getting a fair pull at it. But I intend to straighten it out soon, or know the reason why."

"Sakes! What an air he has, to be sure!" thought Liddy, as Donald moved away. "The fact is, that boy 's getting big. We older folks 'll think of them as children to the end of our days; but it 's true as sky and water. And it 's even more so with Miss Dorry. Those twins are getting older, as sure as I live!"

Monday evening came, and with it the "long, lank man." He did not come before half-past nine; and then, to Lydia's great disappointment (for she had rather enjoyed the luxury of dreading this mysterious visit), he rang the door-bell like any other visitor, and asked, familiarly, for Mr. Reed.

"Mr. Reed is at home, sir," responded Liddy, in a tone of cold disapprobation.

"All right. You 're the housekeeper, I s'pose?"

Trembling within, but outwardly calm, silent, and majestic, Liddy threw open the study-door, and saw Mr. Reed rise to receive his guest.

The good woman's sitting-room was directly under the study. Consequently, the rumble of voices overhead soon became somewhat exasperating. But she calmed herself with the thought that Mr. George knew his own business. It was evident that he had something very important to talk over with "that person"; and if a wild thought of carrying in glasses and a pitcher of water *did* enter her head, it met with such a chilling reception from Liddy's better self that it was glad to creep away again.

This, then, was why Lydia, busily engaged at her little sewing-table, was right glad, late as it was, to see Mr. Jack's shining face and newly combed locks appear at the sitting-room door.

"Hullo, messmate! My service to you," was that worthy's salutation.

"Good-evening, sir," said Lydia, severely. "My name is Blum—Miss Lydia Blum, though you 've known it these twelve years, and been told of it twenty times as often."

"Miss Blum, then, at your service," growled Jack, bowing very low, and still remaining near the door. "It struck me, Miss Blum, that a chap from the fore-castle might drop into your pretty

cabin for a friendly chat this fine evening, Mrs. Blum."

"Yes, indeed, and welcome," was the laughing reply. "Take a seat, Mr. Jack."

He always was "Mr. Jack," evenings, and she, Miss Blum, each enjoying the other's society all the more because of the mutual conviction that he was no ordinary coachman, and she was far from being an every-day servant. Nora, the red-checked house-maid, and Kassy, the cook, felt this; and though treated kindly, even cordially, by both these mighty powers, they understood their distance well enough, and that they were not a part of the family, as Jack and Lydia Blum were.

"Mr. Jack," spoke Lydia, suddenly, "do you know who is upstairs?"

"Aye, aye."

"Did you come on that account?"

Here Jack looked knowing, and said she must not question the man on the lookout.

"Not that I 've had even a hint of such a thing from the Captain," added Jack, as his companion nodded approvingly; "but your good sailor looks to the scupper before the ship fills—which does n't apply in particular, but it has its meaning, nevertheless. Young parties turned in, yet?"

"Master Donald and Miss Dorothy have retired, Mr. Jack," corrected Miss Blum, loftily. "That is, I presume so. At any rate, they are in their rooms, bless them!"

"Bless 'em again!" echoed Mr. Jack, heartily, ignoring the reproof. "A smarter, smiler pair of beauties never came in my range on sea or land. There 's Master Donald, now, with the spirit of a man-o'-war in his boy's hull. My, but he 's a fine one! And yet so civil and biddable! Always full set when there 's fun in the air. Can't tell you, Mistress Blum, how I dote on that 'ere boy. Then there 's Miss Dorothy,—the trimmest, neatest little craft I ever see. It seemed, t' other day, that the deck was slipping from under me when I see that child scudding around the lot on Lady's back. You could n't 'a' told, at first, whether she was a-runnin' away with Lady, or Lady a-runnin' away with her. But did n't the skeer follow mighty quick on us? I tell you the wind blew four quarters to once fur a spell, but before one could get there Master Donald had her. Whew! It was mirac'fus! Never see such a boy—no, nor girl either—as them two twins!"

"Nor I," said Liddy, fervently.

"And what babbies they were!" proceeded Jack. "I can see 'em, now, as I first saw 'em after the wreck,—poor, thin, pinched mites, sneezin' their little heads off, 'most. And then, when you took hold on 'em, Mistress Blum, with your tender care, night an' day, day an' night, always studyin'

their babby naturs so particular and insistin' upon their havin' their grog from one tap ——"

"Mr. Jack, I 'm ashamed of you! How often I've requested you not to put it that way! Milk from one cow is a common-sense rule. Every one knows that babies brought up by hand must be treated just so particular. Well, they throve on it, did n't they?"—her eyes kindling.

"Throve! Shiver my timbers, I—ahem! Beg parding! Throve! Why, they just bounded! I never see anything like it! The brightest, liveliest little pair o' sea-gulls I ever set eyes on; an' grow? *Grow*, Miss Blum? Well, throw me to the sharks if ever I see anything grow like them babbies!"

"Did n't they!" exclaimed Miss Blum, so happy



"I USED TO STAND AND WONDER AT THEM, WHEN I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WORKIN'."

in recalling her success with the precious, darling little D's that she quite forgot to check Mr. Jack's inelegance. "Ah, many a time I used to stand and wonder at them when I should have been workin'! Why, do you know, Mr. Jack——"

A bell rang violently.

"It's the master!" cried Liddy, and as she sprang up the stairs, Jack followed her rapidly and lightly on tiptoe.

But it was not Mr. George at all. When Liddy hastily opened the library door with a "Did you ring, sir?" and Mr. Reed responded with a surprised "No, thank you!" the good woman ran up the next flight of stairs, and Jack went down again, whistling softly to himself.

Lydia found Donald in tribulation. He had remained up to write a letter to a friend at boarding-school, and somehow had managed to upset his inkstand. His attempts to prevent serious damage had only increased the mischief. A pale but very large ink-stain stared up at him from the wet carpet.

"De-struction!" exclaimed Lydia, as, standing at the open door, she took in the situation at a glance. "If you 'd only rubbed it with blotting-paper the instant it happened," she continued, kneeling upon the floor, and rubbing vigorously with a piece that she had snatched from the table, "there would n't have been a trace of it by this time. Sakes!" glancing at the fine towel which Donald had recklessly used, "if you have n't ruined *that*, too! Well," she sighed, slowly rising, "nothing but sour milk can help the carpet now, and I have n't a drop in the house!"

"Never mind," said Donald; "what's a little ink-stain? You can't expect a bachelor's apartment to look like a parlor. I'll fling the rug over the place—so!"

"Not now, Master Donald. Do wait till it dries!" cried Lydia, checking him in the act, and laughing at his bewildered look. She ran downstairs with a half-reproachful "My, what a boy!"—while Donald, carefully putting a little water into the inkstand, to make up for recent waste, went on with his letter, which, it happened, was all about matters not immediately connected with this story.

CHAPTER X.

WHICH PRESENTS A FAITHFUL REPORT OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. REED AND HIS MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

"HOPE the young folks are at home," remarked the "long, lank man," with an off-hand air of familiarity, comfortably settling himself in an arm-chair before the smoldering fire, and thrusting out his ungainly feet as far as possible. "Would be glad to make their acquaintance."

"My nephew and niece have retired for the night, sir," was the stiff reply.

"Ah? Hardly past nine, too. You hold to old-fashioned customs here, I perceive. Early to bed, etcetera, etcetera. And yet they're no chickens. Let me see; I'm thirty-nine. According to my reckoning, they must carry about fourteen years apiece by this time. Dorothy looks it; but the boy seems younger, in spite of his big ways. Why not sit down, George?"

"Dorothy!—George!" echoed Mr. Reed's thought, indignantly. But with a stern resolve to be patient, he seated himself.

"Look here, George, as this is likely to be a

long session, let's have a little more of a blaze here. I got chilled through waiting for that door to open. Ah, that 's something like !”

Meanwhile this cordial person, carefully selecting suitable pieces from the wood-basket on the hearth, and re-arranging the fire, had seized the bellows and begun to blow vigorously, nearly shutting up his long figure, like a big clasp-knife, in the act.

“Excuse my making myself to home,” he continued, jauntily poking a small log into place with the bellows, and then brushing his seedy trousers with his hand; “it was always my style. Most men that's been knocked about all their lives get shy and wary. But that aint Eben Slade. Well, when are you going to begin?”

“I am ready now, Mr. Slade.”

“Pshaw! Don't Mr. Slade me. Call me Eben, plain Eben. Just as Kate did.”

Mr. Reed's face flushed angrily.

“See here, George,” the visitor went on, suddenly changing his sportive style to a manner that was designed to appear quite confidential and friendly, — “see here, I don't want to quarrel with you nor any other man. This here is just a chat between two almost relatives—sort of left-handed brothers, you know, and for my —”

“Slade !” exclaimed Mr. Reed, savagely, rising from his chair, but at once seating himself again, and speaking with forced calmness: “While I have allowed you this interview, I must request you to understand now and for all time, as you have understood very plainly heretofore, that there can be no connection or implied relationship between us. We are strangers, and from this night must remain so !”

“Ex—actly !” interrupted Slade, cheerily — “the kind of strangers two chaps naturally would be, having the same sister—my sister by blood, yours by adoption.”

Certainly this was a strong point with Mr. Slade, for he leaned forward and looked boldly into the other's face, as he finished the sentence.

“Yes,” said Mr. Reed, with a solemn dignity, “precisely such strangers as the scape-grace brother of a noble girl must be to those who rescued this girl in her earliest childhood, sheltered her, taught her, honored and loved her as true brothers should, and to whom she clung with all a sister's fondness and loyalty.”

“Pre—cisely !” observed Mr. Slade, with a mocking air of being deeply impressed. “Go on.”

“You know the conditions under which you were adopted by Squire Hinsley, and Kate was adopted by my father, when you were left orphans, homeless, destitute —”

“Thank you. You are right. Quite destitute; —I may say, desperately destitute; though as I was

six years of age at the time, and Kate but two, I have forgotten the painful particulars. Proceed.”

“You know well,” continued Mr. Reed, with quiet precision, “the agreement, signed, sealed, and delivered, in the presence of witnesses, between my parents and John Hinsley on the one side, and your uncle and lawful guardian, Samuel Slade, on the other. The adoption was absolute. Kate was to have no legal claim on John Hinsley or his family, and you were to have none upon my father and his family. She was to be to my father, in all respects but birth, his own child,—his, Henry Reed's, to support and educate, sharing the fortune of his own children during his life, and receiving an equal share of his estate at his death; all of which was literally and faithfully fulfilled. And you were adopted by John Hinsley under similar conditions, excepting that they were, in fact, more favorable. He and his wife were childless, and rich in worldly goods; and they agreed to shelter and educate you—in fact, so long as you continued to obey and honor them, to treat you in all respects as their son and heir. You know the sequel. You had a pleasant home, tender care, and conscientious training, but, in spite of all, you were lazy, worthless, treacherous—a source of constant grief and anxiety to the good pair who had hoped to find in you a son to comfort their old age.”

“Thank you, again !” exclaimed Eben Slade. “I always liked frankness.”

“In time, and with good cause, they discarded you,” continued Mr. Reed, without noticing the interruption, “and my father, for Kate's sake, did all in his power to win you to a good life, but in vain. Later, in dire want and trouble, when even your worthless companions threw you off, you appealed to me, and I induced Mr. and Mrs. Hinsley to give you one more trial. But you fell into bad company again and ran away, deserting your adopted parents just when they were beginning to trust you. Your subsequent course I do not know, nor where you have been from that day to this. I only know that, although during your boyhood you were free to visit your sister, you never showed the slightest interest in her, nor seemed to care whether she were living or dead. Even when we brought you together, you were cold and selfish in your treatment of her, moved by a jealous bitterness which even her trustful love for you could not dispel. These are disagreeable truths, but I intend that we shall understand each other.”

“So I see,” muttered Eben.

“Meantime,” continued Mr. Reed, in a different tone, and almost as if he were talking to himself and had forgotten the presence of his visitor, “Kate grew in sweetness, in truth, and nobility of nature, into a strong, beautiful girlhood, honored by all,

and idolized by her new parents and by her two brothers, Wolcott and myself. Bearing our name from her babyhood, and coming with us, soon after, into this new neighborhood as our only sister, her relationship never was questioned —”

Eben Slade had been listening in sullen patience, but now he asked, quickly:

“Do they, do the youngsters——”

“My brother’s children?” asked Mr. Reed.

“Well, your brother’s children, if you wish; do *they* know that she was adopted by their grandparents, that she was not their own flesh-and-blood aunt?”

“They think of her always as the beloved sister of their father and myself, as she was,” replied Mr. Reed. “From the first, it was the custom of our household to consider her purely as one of the family. Kate, herself, would have resented any other view of the case—therefore——”

“Therefore the children have been kept in the dark about it,” exclaimed Eben Slade, exultingly, as though it were his turn now to utter plain truths.

“The question has never been raised by them. They were but six weeks old when they were brought to this house—and as they grew older, they learned to know of her and love her as their Aunt Kate. If ever they ask me the question direct, I shall answer it. Till then I shall consider Kate Reed—I should say Mrs. Kate Robertson—as my sister and their aunt.”

“And I likewise shall continue to consider her as *my* sister, with your permission,” remarked Eben, with a disagreeable laugh.

“Yes, and a true sister she would have been. The letters which she wrote you during your boyhood, and which you never answered, showed her interest in your welfare.”

“If she had known enough to put money in them, now,” sneered Eben Slade. “I was kept down in the closest way, and a little offering of that kind might—but that’s neither here nor there, and I don’t see the drift of all this talk. What I want to know—what in fact I came for, and what I intend to keep coming for, is to see her will.”

“Her will?” asked Mr. Reed with surprise, and in an unconscious tone of relief.

“Yes, now you’ve hit it! Her adopted parents were dead. She had inherited one-third of their estate. With such a fortune as that, she must have left a will. Where is it? I want to know what became of that money, and why you kept——”

“Silence!” commanded Mr. Reed, sorely tempted to lay hands on the fellow, and thrust him from the house. “No insolence, sir!”

Just then Lydia opened the door, and, as we already know, vanished as soon as she learned her presence had not been called for.

“What I want to know”—began Eben again, in a high key.

“Not so loud,” said Mr. Reed, quietly.

His visitor’s voice dropped, as, crooking his elbows, and resting a hand on each arm of his chair, he started afresh: “So Miss Kate Reed, as she called herself, and as you called her, never wrote me again after that, eh?”

This was uttered so significantly that his listener responded with a quick:

“Well! what do you mean?”

“What do *you* mean?” echoed Mr. Slade, with a darkening face. “Why didn’t she ever write to me afterward?”

This was a bit of acting designed to mislead; for at that moment a yellow, worn letter, written nearly fourteen years before, was tucked snugly away in the visitor’s pocket. And it was on the strength of this same letter that he hoped yet to obtain heavy favors from George Reed. Eben knew well enough what had become of the money, but, for some cunning reason of his own, chose to plead ignorance.

“I will ask you a question in return,” said Mr. Reed. “Why, if you took so keen an interest in your sister’s fortune, did you not apply to me long ago for information?”

“Because,” replied Eben Slade, boldly, “I had my reasons. I knew the money was safe; and I could bide my time.”

“What!” exclaimed Mr. Reed, “do you pretend to be ignorant of the fact that, two years after my sister Kate’s marriage, she started with her husband and baby to return to America, absolutely penniless?”

“Who paid their passage, then?” asked Eben;—but meeting Mr. Reed’s eyes, he went on in an injured tone, “I know nothing but what you choose to tell me. True, you forgot to advertise for me to come and hear of something to my advantage, but I supposed, very naturally, that coming here I should find Kate had left me a share of her fortune as a matter of course, and that I could go back and settle myself respectably in the far-West. I may as well tell you I have a wife somewhere out there, and if I had means to buy up a splendid mining property which can be had now for a mere song, I’d just buy it clean and settle down to a steady life.”

During this speech, Eben Slade’s expression of face had become so very frank and innocent that Mr. Reed’s conviction began to waver. He had felt sure that Slade remembered well enough having long ago written him two letters—one asking for information concerning Kate’s property, the other bemoaning the fact that all was lost, and appealing for help. But now it seemed evident that these

documents, still in Mr. Reed's good keeping, had quite escaped his visitor's memory.

"I don't want to go to law about this thing," continued Slade, slowly, as if to demand closer attention, "especially as it would stir up your home affairs for the public benefit, and so, as I say, I hoped to settle things quietly. If I only had what ought to be coming to me, I would n't be here at all. It would be lonesome for my many friends in this favored spot, but I should be far away, making a man of myself, as they say in the books."

"What is all this to me?" said Mr. Reed, coldly. "You have had your answer concerning Mrs. Robertson's property. It is getting late. Have you any more questions to ask?"

"Well, yes, a few. What about the wreck? No, let's hear from the date of the marriage." And Mr. Slade, inwardly surprised at Mr. Reed's patience, yet unable to forego the luxury of being as familiar and pert as possible, settled himself to listen to the story which Mr. Reed had permitted him to come and hear.

"They sailed," began that gentleman, "early in —"

Slade, leaning back in his easy-chair, waved his hand with a sprightly: "Beg pardon! Go back a little. This Robertson —"

"This Robertson," said Mr. Reed, as though it quite suited him to go back, "was a stranger to me; a friend of the lady whom my brother Wolcott afterward married—indeed, Kate formed his acquaintance while visiting at this lady's home in New York. He was a fascinating, handsome man, of a romantic turn, and without a grain of business capacity."

"Like myself," interrupted the listener, with an ugly attempt at a smile.

"From the first, I opposed the marriage," continued Mr. Reed—"but the poor girl, reasonable in everything else, would listen neither to argument nor to appeal. She was sure that in time we all should know him and love him as she did. I would not even attend the wedding, which took place at her friend's house. Though, by the terms of my father's will, and very much against our judgment, my brother Wolcott and myself, who were her guardians up to the date of her marriage, gave up to her unconditionally one-third of the family estate on her wedding-day. The result was as we had feared. They sailed immediately for England, and once there, he entered into various wild speculations, and in less than two years the little fortune was utterly gone."

"Can you prove it?" interrupted Mr. Slade, suspiciously.

"Meantime," said Mr. Reed, looking at him as

though he were a vicious spaniel, "my brother had married, and had gone with his bride to Europe to remain two years. In a twelvemonth his wife became the mother of twins, a boy and a girl, and before two weeks had passed their father was stricken with fever, and died. News then came to me, not only of this grief, but telling how my sister Kate had become destitute, and had been too proud to let us know of her misfortunes, and finally how, at the moment the letter was written, she and her husband, Robertson, with their baby daughter, then only three weeks old, were living solely on the bounty of Wolcott's widow.

"There was but one thing to be done. The widow was broken-hearted, totally unable to attend to her affairs, and Mr. Robertson was the last man whom I could trust to look after them all. But he at least could come with them to America, and I sent word for them all to come—and bring the three babies—leaving nothing undone which could tend to their comfort and safety on the voyage. They sailed——" Here Mr. Reed paused, bracing himself for the remainder of the recital, which he had resolved should be complete and full. He had at hand legal papers proving that his adopted sister Kate, at the time of her marriage, had received her rightful third of his father's estate; but he did not feel in any way compelled to show these to his unpleasant visitor.

Eben Slade for an instant respected the silence. But he had a point to gain.

"Yes," said he, "but this is sudden news as to the loss of her property. I don't understand it. She must at some time have made a will. Show me documents!"

"There was no will," said Mr. Reed. "As for documents,"—here he arose, walked to a high, old-fashioned secretary, unlocked a drawer, and produced two letters,—"you may recognize these!" and he unfolded the yellow, time-worn sheets before Mr. Slade's astonished eyes—astonished, not that they were his own letters, betraying his full knowledge of his sister's loss of property, but that Mr. Reed should be able to produce them after all these fourteen years.

"You see?" said that gentleman, pointing to these heartless words in Slade's own handwriting: "It's terrible news, for *now that Kate's money is all gone, as well as herself, I know there's nothing more to look for in that quarter.*"

Slade peered at the words with well-feigned curiosity. But he had his revenge ready.

"Seeing as you've a fancy for old letters, George, may be this 'ere will interest you?"

Was it magic? Another yellow letter, very much soiled and worn, appeared to jump from Slade's pocket and open itself before Mr. Reed's eyes. He

recognized Kate's clear, bright penmanship at a glance.

"Read it," said Eben, still holding the letter:

"In my extremity, Eben, I turn to you. By this time you may be yourself again, turned from all evil ways. I married against my brother George's consent—and he has as good as cast me off. We are penniless; my husband seems completely broken down. My brother Wolcott has just died. I am too proud to go to his widow, or to my brother George. Oh, Eben, if I starve, if I die, will you take my baby-girl? Will you care for her for our dead mother's sake?"

"I'd have done my duty by that baby," said Eben Slade, slowly folding the letter, and looking with hateful triumph into Mr. Reed's pale face. "I'd have had my rights, too, and you never should have seen hide nor hair of the child if it had lived. I wish it had; she'd 'a' been handy about the house by this time, and my wife, whose temper is none of the best, would have had some one to help her with the chores and keep her in

(To be continued.)

good humor. What have you got belonging to her? What 's her's is mine. Where 's the baby-clothes? The things that must have been sent on afterward from England?"

"There was nothing sent," almost whispered Mr. Reed, with a stunned look; but in an instant, he turned his eyes full upon Slade, causing the miserable creature to cringe before him:

"If you had the soul of a man, I could wish for your sake that something had been saved, but there was nothing. My sister was not herself when she wrote that letter. She was frantic with grief and trouble, else she would have known that I would forgive and cherish her. And now, sir, if you are satisfied, I bid you good-evening!"

"I am *not* satisfied," said Eben, doggedly.

"Where is the man who saw the shipwreck?"

Mr. Reed opened the window. Seizing something that hung there, he blew a shrill whistle, then lowered the sash and sat down.

Neither spoke a word. Quick steps sounded upon the stairs. The door opened.

"Aye, aye, Captain!" said Jack. Nero stood beside him, growling.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL SUGGESTED THE INVENTION OF THE TELESCOPE.

SOME of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally; and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago, there was living in the town of Middelburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, Papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

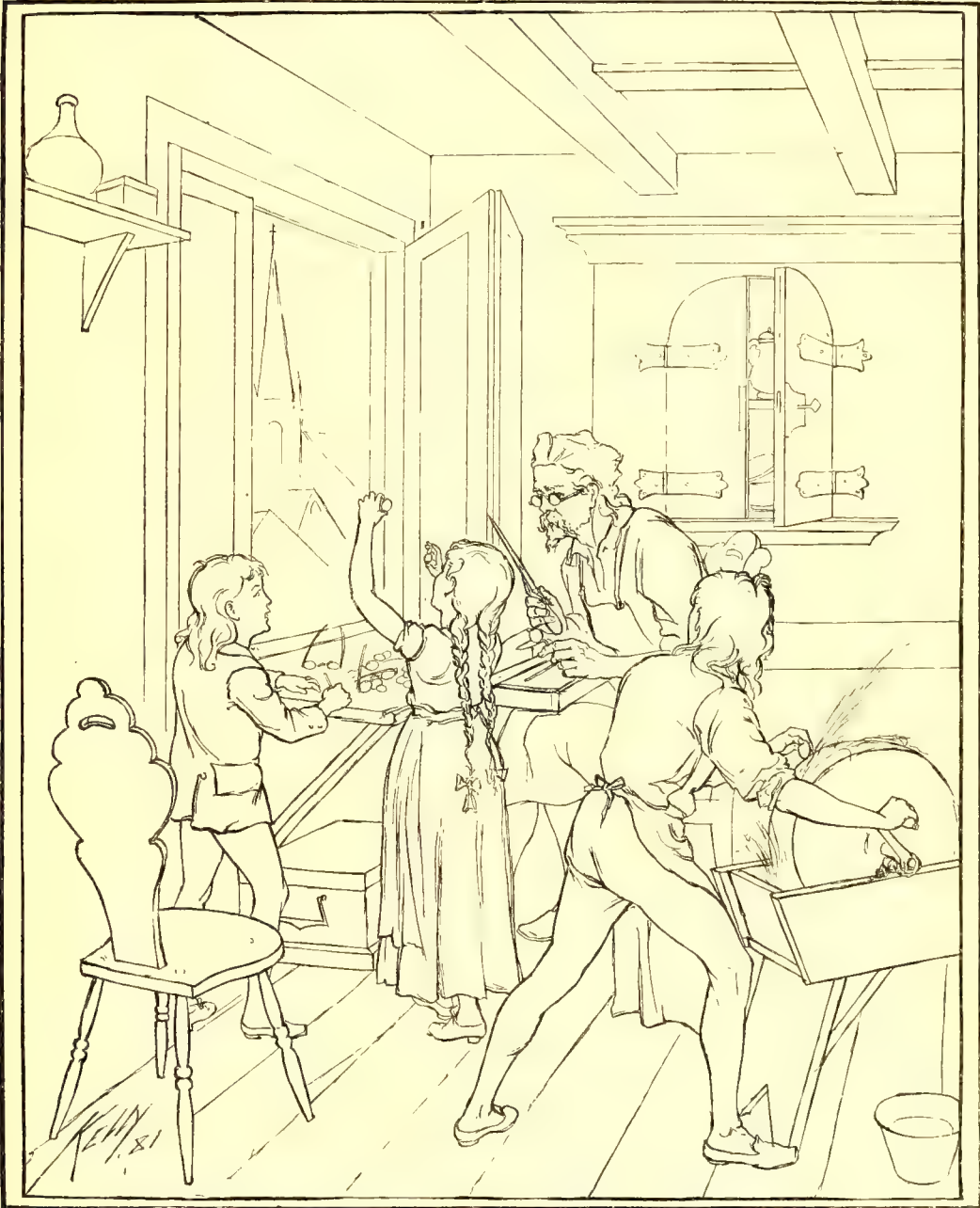
Half-startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning toward her, he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, and the other at arm's length; and, calling his daughter to his

side, he noticed that the eye-lens was plano-concave (or flat on one side and hollowed out on the other), while the one held at a distance was plano-convex (or flat on one side and bulging on the other). Then, taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit and skilled invention saw in this accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses firmly at their exact focus.

This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on October 22, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his government three telescopes made by himself, calling them "instruments by means of which to see at a distance."

Not long afterward another man, Jacob Adriansz, or Metius, of Alkmaar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the

principle of the telescope two years earlier than nor heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally acknowledged so, if Adriansz had not lived we still should owe



"OH, PAPA! SEE HOW NEAR THE STEEPLE COMES!"

edged that to one of these two men belongs the honor of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Hans Lippersheim had never known to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit, and his little daughter's lucky meddling, one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions.



"UP IN THE MORNING EARLY!"

HOW TO RUN.

BY THEO. B. WILLSON.

VERY few boys know how to run.

"Ho, ho!" say a dozen boys. "Just bring on the boy that can run faster than I can!"

But, stop a moment. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty, of those who may read this, who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping?

It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us?

Take the smallest terrier-dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and this with legs not more than six inches long. I have a hound so active that he always runs at least seventy-five miles when I stay a day in the woods with him; for he certainly runs more than seven miles an hour, and if I am gone ten hours, you see he must travel about seventy-five miles of distance. And then, a good hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than three hundred and fifty miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping.

Then, you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances—hundreds of miles—carrying dispatches, and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who can not run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners.

But I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I'm going to give you the secret:

Breathe through your nose!

I had been thinking what poor runners we are, and wondering why the animals can run so far, and it came to me that perhaps this might account for the difference, that they always take air through the nose, while we usually begin to puff through our mouths before we have gone many rods. Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool themselves, and not because they can not get air enough through their noses.

I found once, through a sad experience with a pet dog, that dogs must die if their nostrils become stopped. They will breathe through the mouth only while it is forcibly held open; if left to themselves they always breathe through the nose.

So, possibly, we are intended to take all our breath through the nose, unless necessity drives us to breathe through the mouth.

There are many other reasons why we ought to make our noses furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist, like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and make trouble, are caught and kept out by this little hairy network. Then the passages of the nose are longer, and smaller, and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as it passes through them the air becomes warm. But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan, they will soon see what a difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up; keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this. A little practice of this method will go far to make you the best runner in the neighborhood.

"LITTLE BIRD WITH BOSOM RED."

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

WHEN the winds of winter blow,
And the air is thick with snow,

Drifting over hill and hollow,
Whitening all the naked trees,—
Then the bluebird and the jay
And the oriole fly away,

Where the bobolink and swallow
Flew before them at their ease.

You may look, and look in vain,
For you will not see again

Any flash of blue or yellow
Flitting door and window by;
They have spread their dainty wings,
All the sunshine-loving things,

Gone to pipe away their mellow
Tunes beneath a Southern sky.

But we are not left alone,
Though the summer birds have flown,

Though the honey-bees have vanished,
And the katydids are dead;
Still a cheery ringing note
From a dear melodious throat,

Tells that winter has not banished
"Little bird with bosom red."

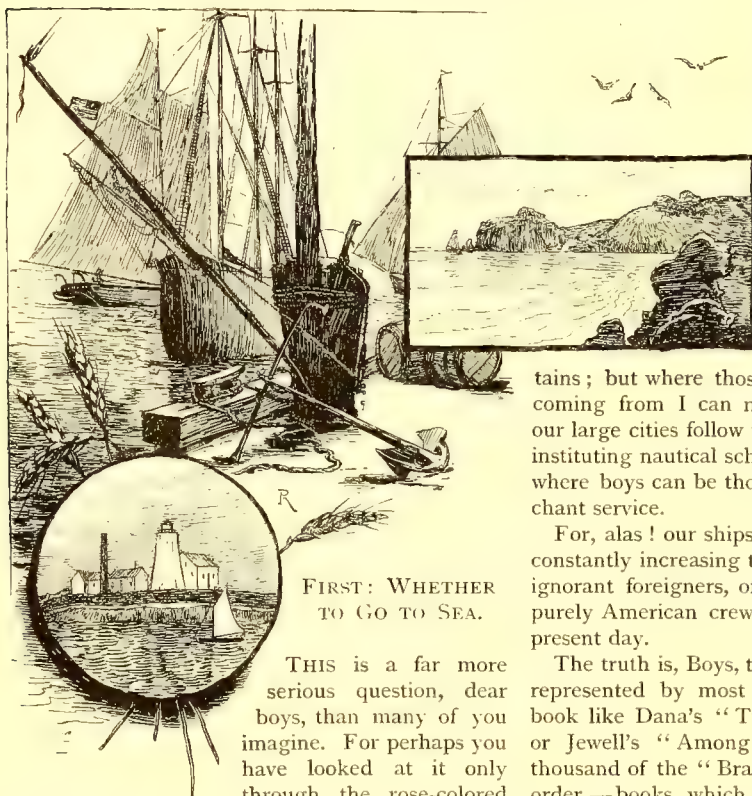
Pipe away, you bonny bird!
Sweeter song I never heard,

For it seems to say, Remember!
God, our Father, sits above;
Though the world is full of wrong,
Though the winter days are long,

He can fill the bleak December
With the sunshine of His love.

GOING TO SEA—A TALK WITH BOYS.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.



FIRST: WHETHER
TO GO TO SEA.

THIS is a far more serious question, dear boys, than many of you imagine. For perhaps you have looked at it only through the rose-colored spectacles of Mr. Cooper or Mr. Marryatt, and it may be that some have even used the more glaring ones furnished gratis by the sensational-story writer of to-day. And thus fancying that a sailor must be a sort of combined Jack Easy and Ralph Rackstraw, I know from experience how eager becomes the desire for "a life on the ocean wave." But both Cooper and Marryatt wrote of sea life as it was connected with the naval service of their day, giving only the very brightest side of the picture at that. And the naval service of then or now is as unlike the merchant service as can possibly be imagined.

The time has been when a boy with a natural aptitude for sea life could ship on board some of our American vessels, and the discipline be good for him, whether he ultimately followed the sea or not. This was when crews were made up of some, from our own sea-board towns, whose purpose in going to sea was to fit themselves for the quarter-

deck, as rapidly as good habits, energy, and application would do it. They were, as a rule, intelligent, clean-lived young men, respecting themselves, and respected by their officers, who were too wise and too upright to use toward them the language and abuse so common at the present day. From such as these sprang many of our best American cap-

tains; but where those of the next generation are coming from I can not imagine, unless more of our large cities follow the example of New York in instituting nautical school-ships like "St. Mary's," where boys can be thoroughly trained for the merchant service.

For, alas! our ships' forecassles are filled with a constantly increasing throng of vicious and grossly ignorant foreigners, of many nationalities, while a purely American crew is very seldom seen at the present day.

The truth is, Boys, that sea-going is terribly misrepresented by most nautical writers. For one book like Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," or Jewell's "Among our Sailors," there are a thousand of the "Brave Bill, the Boy Buccaneer" order,—books which represent sea-going as an adventurous, romantic, jolly sort of life, abounding in marvelous incidents by sea and land. Nothing is said of the wearying round of unpleasant tasks, of hardships most terrible, sufferings almost incredible, dangers without number, shipwreck—death. I do not wonder that boys who read these books get false views of sea life, as well as false views of life in general.

"Ah," I hear you say, "we know that there are hardships and dangers to be met with in a sailor's life; we expect them."

But bless you, Boys, while I don't mean to be impolite, I must flatly contradict you, and say that you don't know anything about it, excepting in the vaguest sort of way—excepting as you imagine yourself, on your return, saying to some of your admiring school-mates: "I tell you, fellows, it was lively times the night we lost our to'gallant-masts, and I had four fingers frost-bitten reefing topsails off Cape Horn, last December," or, "I say, my

lads, how would you like to have been in my shoes a year ago to-day, when the old 'Susan' went ashore in a living gale, and only three of us were saved out of the whole ship's company?" You may fancy such incidents interesting to recount, but their actual suffering and terror you can not begin to realize in advance.

However, my object in writing this paper is not to throw cold water on any projected sea-going, if it is honestly, knowingly, and properly entered into. But it is always a good plan to look squarely at both sides of so important a question as whether to go to sea or not.

If a boy has not some natural aptitude for a sea life, he would better by far stay at home. He may be strong, active, and courageous, and yet be entirely unfit for a sailor. And one trouble is, that boys who are attacked with "ship-fever" often mistake for aptitude what is merely inclination. Out of one hundred and forty-eight boys admitted to the "St. Mary's" nautical school, seventy-eight were discharged before the end of the year,—cured. Yet in the code of regulations for admittance to membership, it is specially stated that boys who make application "must evince some aptitude or inclination for a sea life." And I can not help thinking that if such boys could not accustom themselves to the gentle discipline and admirable routine of that most excellent nautical school, what would they have done on board the average merchant-vessel, where they certainly could not leave at the first, nor the twentieth, touch of hardship?

But beyond all this, the would-be sailor must be strong and resolute, for the system of "four hours off that you're never sure of, and four hours on, that you're always sure of" (to use Jack Tar's expression), is a most exhausting one in itself. Through day and night, storm or calm, heat or cold, at the end of the alternate four hours' sleep which the sailor may be lucky enough to get in the foul atmosphere of a dirty fore-castle, a vigorous pounding on the door summons him from his slumbers. And on shipboard one can not say in answer, "I don't feel very well—I guess I won't get up yet awhile." No, indeed. Then follow two hours at the wheel, or on the lookout, where he must attend strictly to business, though drenched, it may be, to the skin, or shivering in the most piercing of midwinter blasts. And, leaving this task, he may be sent immediately aloft, where for an hour or two longer he balances himself on a slippery foot-rope, and, clinging by his elbows to a swaying yard, battles with the stiffened, slatting canvas, his fingers benumbed, and his ears and nose almost freezing.

Through it all, or while about his ordinary duties on deck, he must accustom himself to hear

his name coupled with harsh words or reproaches, according to the fancy of those in authority over him. And I do not mean by this the extraordinary personal abuse which has been, and is occasionally at the present day, carried to such terrible lengths. On shore, one may at least defend himself from word or blow. But remember that, on shipboard, to even look your resentment is almost to take your life in your hand.

A boy may be better born and better educated than the officers over him, but the great social gulf between fore-castle and quarter-deck will seldom be bridged by kindly, never by familiar, words. And however hungry he may become for congenial companionship, he must not expect to find it in the fore-castle. Many of the sailors whom he will meet there at the present day are worse than ignorant; they are foul-mouthed and profane.

Associated with a boy's dreams of sea life is almost always the delightful hope of sight-seeing in foreign lands. But if he stays by his ship in port—the only safe thing for him to do—he is kept continually at work, from early dawn till dark. And sight-seeing in a foreign city after dark has numberless disadvantages. If he is foolish enough to leave his ship when she arrives in port, he not only loses the chance of joining her again, but the thousand allurements on every hand are almost sure to lead a boy, thus separated from all restraint, into the downward path.

Such is a very small part of the unvarnished side of merchant-service sea life, of which more especially I have written because so few boys can take the navy as a medium for sea-going. And having thus shown you some of its actualities, and finding that, after all, you have elected for yourself to go to sea, let us now look at the other question:

HOW TO GO TO SEA.

HAVING made up your mind that you are of the right sort of sailor-material, both physically and morally, and that in fact Nature has designed you for a sailor, what are your actual plans as to your proposed sea life; or, in other words, why and how are you going?

Is it "to have a good time generally," as the expression is? You will be terribly disappointed if that is all; as, also, you will be, if you are going "to see the world," in the sense of "seeing life," as some phrase it. For such generally see only the worst of life, no matter what part of the world they may be in.

Of course, I expect better things of you than would justify my asking whether you only propose to learn seamanship enough to qualify you as an

able seaman, at eighteen or twenty dollars a month. Yet I have known boys of good parentage and education to stop right there, and remain stranded



in a ship's forecandle the rest of their days, without energy or ambition to be anything higher than a common sailor.

But, proceeding now to the other extreme, I hope you do not go on board ship with the expectation of springing at one bound from the forecandle to the quarter-deck, or think that, once there, nothing remains but to walk around with a spy-glass under one arm, giving orders. For, if so, again you are doomed to disappointment. The gradual advancement from foremast-hand to second mate, first mate, and finally captain, is only attained by the most laborious and painful exertion, while the life of the ship-master himself is one from which great care and responsibility are never absent.

Well, I hear you say that none of these guesses of mine is correct—that, purposing to make the sea your profession, you mean to shun its evils, as far as you can—God helping you—and learn its duties step by step, until you have reached a captaincy. Very good. Since you have this praiseworthy end in view, I will try to tell you, in part at least, how to go to sea.

And first, no sensible boy will go without his parents' consent—that is a matter of course. I will suppose, then, your father and mother have said that, when you are sixteen or seventeen, as the case may be, you may make your trial voyage. Now, if I were you, I should fill up all my spare time with such studies and profitable reading as I could

well manage. In addition to the study of navigation, I should perfect myself in mathematics and physical geography, and get a fair knowledge of French and Spanish. I should read carefully "Maury's Sailing Directions," and also see how much general information I could get as to the laws of commerce. Not that all these are absolutely essential, but if you are really to be a sailor, you will find them wonderfully helpful.

When the time for leaving home draws near, and the question of "outfit" comes up, by all means consult some sailor friend as to clothing, etc. You will find a difference of opinion between what you think advisable to take and what he thinks necessary, but you will be wise to abide by his decision.

Mother and father will give you much tender counsel. Treasure up just as much of it as possible. The most pithy advice I ever heard came from the father of a shipmate of mine, as he and I started away from home together, on our first voyage.

"Harry," he said, "remember your earthly mother and your Heavenly Father. Try to live so that you 'll not be ashamed at any moment to meet either of them. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

I might add that Harry not only heard the advice, but took it with him into the "Rochester's" forecandle. And by sobriety, energy, hard study, and harder work, he rose in five years to be the smartest young ship-master sailing out of a "down East" port.

I presume that all boys who read this have an average share of common sense, and it is not to be supposed that any such would start off at hap-hazard to look up a ship for themselves. They will, of course, have had some friend who is interested in shipping matters, and acquainted with captains, to do this for them. Through his influence, the captain will probably promise to "keep an eye on them." But this must be taken in its most literal sense. Don't fancy for a moment—if you are one of these boys—that it suggests the remotest shadow of any favor to be shown to you. In one ship, my berth-mate, Joe, was the captain's only brother. And yet, Captain R—— addressed a remark to Joe only once during an eighty days' passage; and then he told him that, if he could n't steer any straighter, he'd send another man to take his place at the wheel. We two boys thought, then, that this was pretty hard. I see now, though, that it is only a part of the wholesome discipline which helps to make the thorough seaman.

If you are fortunate in getting a good ship—and you 'll know at the end of your first voyage what I mean by this—stick to her. Staying in one ship, with one captain, is the surest possible step toward advancement, if there's anything in you to advance.

But remember, besides ability you must have good, steady habits.

It may seem a small thing to run out of an evening in Liverpool or London for a glass of ale, or in Håvre or Cadiz for a tumbler of red wine, but in this matter, if in no other, the captain will keep his eye on you. For no one knows better than he that the one rock on which sailor and officer alike too often make shipwreck is intemperance. And no one knows better than a captain how to appreciate the services of a thoroughly sober second or first mate—especially in port, when he himself is absent from the ship.

The boy, at his first going on board, looks with dismay at the maze of cordage above and around him. Each of the ropes, having its particular name and office, must be readily found in the darkest night. But spars, sails and rigging, braces, hal-yards, and running-gear, as well as learning “to knot, splice, hand, reef, and steer,” are—so to speak—“object lessons,” and, as such, are far more readily acquired by patient perseverance than you now imagine. I have no fear that the boy intended for a sailor will not readily learn these matters,—I am far more anxious about the things he ought not to learn.

For a ship's forecabin will try a boy's moral worth to the very utmost. If one can carry what Mr. Hughes calls “the manliness of Christ” untarnished through his forecabin life, I will trust him anywhere in the world. For I am sorry to say that, in almost every crew, there are some who seem to take a wicked delight in trying to make others as bad as themselves.

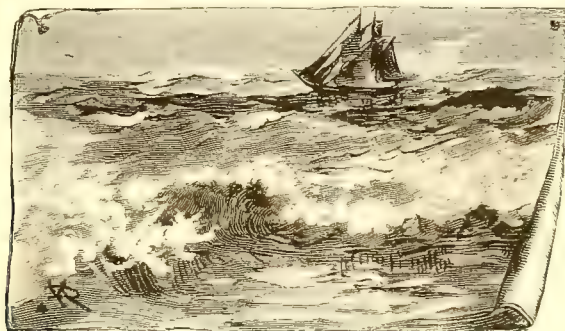
The only way to do is to show your colors at the very outset, and then nail them to the mast. Make up your mind that, come what will, Mother's teaching and Father's advice shall be your safeguard. When it is found that you can not be shaken in your stand against wrong doing and

wrong saying, you will not only be let severely alone, but you will secretly be respected. I remember a striking example of this in the case of a little Boston boy, who, though wholly unfitted by birth and natural tastes for a sailor's life, took it into his head that it would be a delightful thing to go to sea, and happened to ship in the same crew with myself. He was a delicate, pale-faced lad, with rather effeminate tastes, and as pure-minded a boy as I ever knew. But, although effeminate in some things, he was manly enough to stand out against the evil which beset him on every hand, and no coaxing, persuasion, or threats could shake his good resolutions.

“Why,” said old Bolan,—a packet-sailor of thirty years,—as he spoke to me afterward on the subject, “blowed if that there little thread-paper cove 'ad n't more pluck in 'is little finger than I've got in the 'ole of this battered ol' 'ulks o' mine.” It was roughly expressed, but true enough.

Don't try to ape the manners of the old sailor, especially as to his vices. It is not necessary even to learn to use tobacco in order to be a thorough seaman. But be respectful and obliging to all, so far as it is possible. And if in the crew you find some one—as is sometimes the case—who has much of good underlying his rough nature, cultivate his friendship. It will be of great value to yourself, while you may, without doubt, do him good—who shall say?

You will see, even from this imperfect showing, that not only should a sea life not be entered into lightly, but that it is well to know the wrong and the right way of entering. It is a noble profession for those who are fitted for it, and there is a strange fascination for such in its very hardships and dangers. But, truth to tell, unless I should be perfectly satisfied that a boy was well qualified for this profession, my advice to him would be that of Mr. Punch to those about to marry: “Don't.”



CORNWALLIS'S BUCKLES.

By A. J. C.



I AM not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party, was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general can not be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him!"

"It is of great importance, and I can not stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general!"

"But, my little girl, I can not let you pass until you tell me whence you come, and what your business is within these lines."

"I come from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!"

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighborhood,

with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to head-quarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British

only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman, kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.



"I WANT MY COW!"

officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the general," was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the general; and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her, Cornwallis in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented

A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General

Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

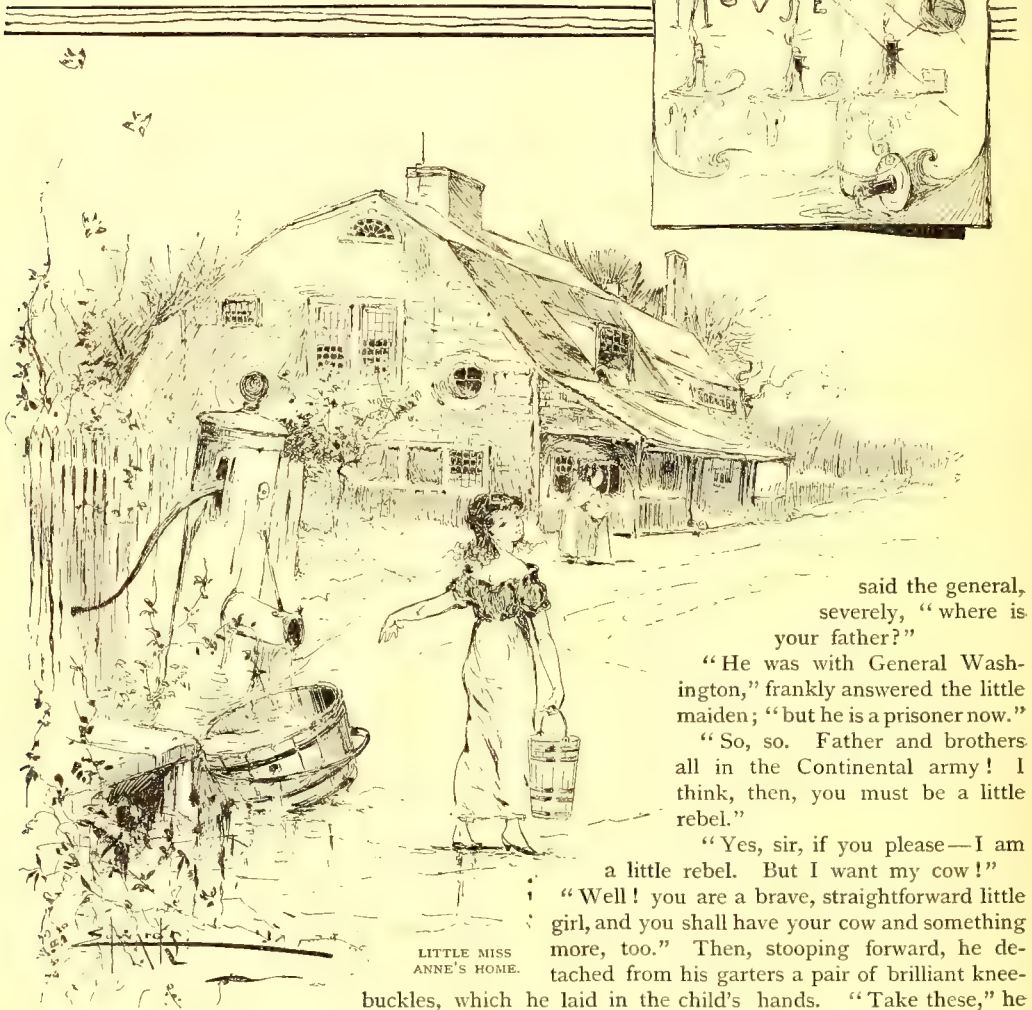
"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now,"



said the general, severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well! you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-

buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe

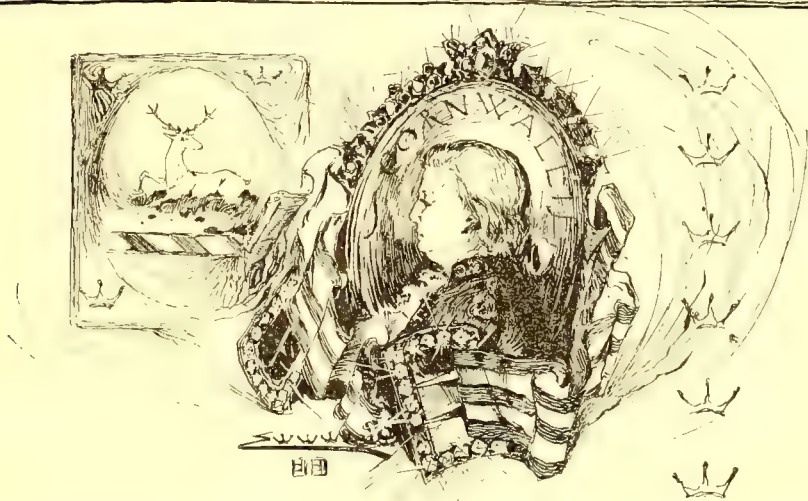
that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow! And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.

In the spring following this event, the same young lady had the pleasure of witnessing the celebrated "Meschianza," a very brilliant farewell entertainment of the British officers to Philadel-

phia, planned and carried out by the unfortunate André. Time sped on, and the little Annè grew to be a wife, a mother, and at last a widow; but many years still remained to her, and she lived to see a fourth generation of descendants, who loved to gather in a group about her arm-chair and listen to her stories of the Revolution. Then, one winter, a fall on the ice disabled her, and from that time the dear old grandmother remained on her couch.

Now, mark the indomitable spirit of this girl of the Revolution! Eighty years of age, bedridden and suffering, she would permit no watcher to

remain with her at night, not even an attendant to sleep in the same room; but with a wax candle on her table, within reach, and her knitting beside her, with which to occupy her hours of restlessness and quiet her nerves, alone she would fight through the silent watches of the night. One morning, when the attendant early entered her room, the candle was burning low in the socket, the venerable form was sitting up in the bed, knitting in hand, with the needles crossed in the act of forming a stitch,—but the heart that once beat so high and free was now still forever, and the brave spirit was at rest.



CRADLE SONG.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

To and fro,
So soft and slow,
Swingeth the baby's cradle O!
Still he lies
With laughing eyes,
And will not into Dreamland go.

Lullaby!
The crickets cry,
The twinkling stars are in the sky.
Soft dews fall,
While robins call,
And homeward swift the swallows fly.

Sleep, oh, sleep!
In slumber deep.
Sweet dreams across thine eyes shall creep,
And all night
The soft moonlight
Within thy curtained cradle peep.

Hush! he sighs—
The laughter flies
All swiftly from his drowsy eyes.
To and fro,
More soft—more slow—
And fast asleep the baby lies.

PARTNERSHIP.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



You know very well that, the day she was found,
If I had n't cried, she 'd have surely been drowned,
And you ought to be thankful she 's here safe and sound!

She is only just crying because she 's a goose;
I'm *not* squeezing her—look, now!—my hands are quite loose;
And she may as well hush, for it 's not any use.

And *you* may as well get right down and go 'way!
You 're not in the thing we are going to play,
And, remember, it is n't your half of the day.

You 're forgetting the bargain we made—
and so soon!
In the morning she 's mine, and yours all afternoon,
And *you* could n't teach her to eat with a spoon!

YOU need not be looking around at me so;
She 's my kitten, as much as your kitten, you know,
And I 'll take her wherever I wish her to go!

So don't let me hear you give one single mew.
Do you know what will happen, right off, if you do?
She 'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons too!

A CURIOUS DRAMA.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

IT is more than four years since I saw that quaint and touching drama arranged from the second part of "Pilgrim's Progress," by Mrs. George MacDonald, and acted by her sons and daughters, with the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald. A kind invitation for me to see the play came one day, when I was obliged to answer that I had another engagement at that hour.

I was disappointed that I could not accept the invitation, for I had heard very favorable and enthusiastic accounts of the drama from those who had seen it. Besides, I was a lover of Dr. George

MacDonald and his stories—such as "Robert Falconer," "Alec Forbes," and "David Elginbrod." I hope the young readers of these lines have seen his lovely fairy story, "The Princess and the Goblin." You surely ought to read that, if you love a story that may be truly called heavenly for its delightfulness. And while I am about it, there is also "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood," a sweet, brave, manly story for boys, written by MacDonald, which I wish to recommend to boys whose taste is not yet spoiled by reading too much literary pepper-sauce and spicery.

It was with sincere regret, as you may believe, that I got into a cab to keep my engagement in a remote quarter of London. When I reached my destination, I found that a sudden turn in events had left me free to pass the afternoon as I pleased. There was hardly time then to drive to the mansion in Portman Square in which the drama was to be given. Luckily I found my cabman yet standing where I had discharged him, hoping, perhaps, that I should want him again.

"If you'll reach Portman Square in an hour, I'll make it right with you," I said.

At this hint of extra pay my driver sprang alertly to his seat, away up behind, seized the reins, and by the time I was fairly in my place in front, he was whirling his two-wheeled hansom cab away through the crowded streets of Eastern London.

On we dashed and twisted and turned, in and out among the vehicles, plunging into the throng of Fleet street, and thence into the roar of the Strand, through Charing Cross, past the insignificant-looking statue of Nelson on the tall column with four great lions at its base, and then bowling away, as though for dear life, through the clean, airy, aristocratic streets of the West End. The change was sudden from the poverty-stricken east, and the crowded streets of the "city," to the lofty and exclusive-looking region of Portman Square.

When the cabman landed me in front of the house in which the representation was to take place, there were carriages with coats-of-arms and liveried coachmen all about, for the house was that of a noble earl, and people of the "upper class" (as they say, frankly, in England) were coming to see *Christiana* and her children journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

The large dining-room was fitted up with a little stage, and with seats, and was quite filled, so that the hostess—a lady better known in London by her intellectual gifts and her intelligent helpfulness to the poor than by her high rank—was obliged to order chairs for the vacant spaces in the room, and two young gentlemen actually took seats on the buffet!

They say that Americans like to know the cost of everything, and it may interest you to be told that the admission fee was ten shillings and sixpence. Being an American, I was puzzled at first to know why that odd sixpence was charged. But I remembered that ten shillings and a half was just half a guinea. There is to-day no such coin as the guinea in circulation in England; yet the prices of certain articles are always counted in guineas. The guinea is a gentleman; the pound, or sovereign, is nobody in particular. You pay your domestic servant in pounds and shillings, but you buy a work of art in guineas. You purchase your

corn and flour for so many pounds; but for a fine horse you must pay in guineas. So the odd sixpence in the price of admission to the "Pilgrim's Progress" was the most natural thing in the world to an Englishman. It was a mark of entire respectability.

At last the audience is getting packed away, and even the young gentlemen who took seats on the buffet are provided with chairs.

I can not help thinking how time turns round the wheel and brings changes. Two hundred years ago, Bunyan, who wrote "Pilgrim's Progress," put on a wagoner's smock-frock and held a cart-whip in his hand while preaching, to disguise himself, and so keep the officers from putting him back into the wretched Bedford jail, where he had already passed twelve years. The "upper class" of that time laughed and railed at him as an ignorant tinker, who wrote in rough prose and doggerel verse. No gentleman of standing, and certainly no nobleman, ever invited him into wide halls or elegant dining-rooms. His writings were good enough rubbish for the uneducated; ladies and gentlemen of culture laughed at them. But now Bunyan's statue stands in Bedford, where he was once imprisoned, and his "Pilgrim" is revered everywhere; great critics write about him, and his little story is turned into a quaint and beautiful drama, and acted by the family of a favorite writer, in the houses of earls and dukes, while persons of the upper class crowd the room, and wipe the tears from their eyes as they listen to the tender words and touching passages written by the rough but inspired tinker in Bedford jail.

Time turns things round, but I am not sure that Bunyan, the "Baptist bishop," as they used to nickname him, would have gone to see *Christiana* on the stage. I am afraid that even so good a play as this would have seemed a little naughty to the good tinker. Indeed, Mrs. MacDonald does not call her arrangement a drama. It is announced, modestly, as "Representations of Passages from the second part of Pilgrim's Progress."

While I am thinking about this, the curtain has risen, and we are in the City of Destruction, in the house of *Christiana*, wife of *Christian*, the pilgrim, who left some time ago to make a pilgrimage. We are witness to a touching scene between the sorrowful *Christiana* and her four boys, who try to comfort her, and immediately we are made to laugh at *Mrs. Bat's-Eyes*, in green goggles, and *Mrs. Timorous*, who, coming in, seek to dissuade the family from setting out to follow *Christian*.

Mercy, another neighbor, joins *Christiana* and her boys, and, laughed at by their neighbors, they set forth together to seek the heavenly city.

One of the most striking scenes and some of the

finest acting come when *Mercy* is left outside, while the rest are received at the Wicket Gate. In this scene, *Christiana* was the realization of motherly sweetness and heavenly grace, while the part of *Mercy* was a perfect picture of maidenly simplicity, sincerity, and earnestness. Her alternations of hope and despair moved the audience deeply.

The parts borne by the sons of the family were also excellent. One whose acting particularly impressed me will assist no more in the drama—the noble youth has himself been called by the King's messenger to the other side of the river.

The scenes in the House Beautiful are in Bunyan's most poetic vein, and their spirit is charmingly preserved in the dramatic arrangement of Mrs. MacDonald, who takes the part of *Prudence*.

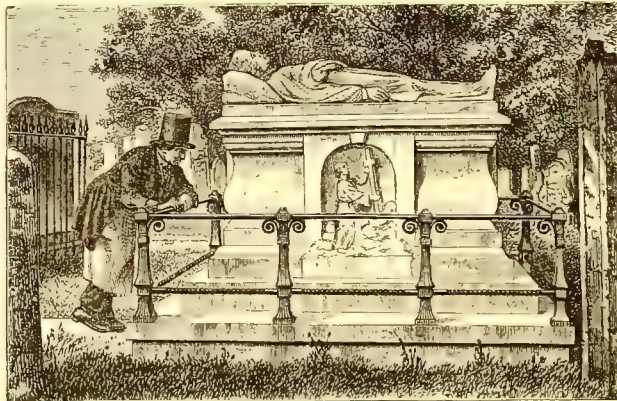
Mr. MacDonald did not intend to take a part himself; but, when he saw the play given, he was so much pleased with it that he consented to act in the part of *Greatheart*, and thus the family act all together in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Dr. MacDonald, indeed, has no need to feign. Nature made him a *Greatheart*, and he only acts out himself. It adds to the quaintness of the piece to find *Greatheart* speaking with a distinct Scotch burr. Mr. MacDonald also took the part of *Evangelist*, who appears only in the first scene. And I am told that in later representations a strong impression has been made by his appearance in this part, clad in a peculiar robe of gold-colored satin cloth. For, indeed, his looks would become a prophet or heavenly messenger.

In the fifth part the play reached its climax. *Old Mr. Honesty* and the good brother *Ready-to-Halt* were both amusing and pathetic in their goings-on and their takings-off. But when *Christiana* came to bid adieu to her children, and to her companion, *Mercy*, the simple, human feeling, expressed by

strong, restrained, and "natural" acting, brought tears to all eyes, and I heard many sobs. A gentleman sitting near me, who did not believe much in the attempting to put a religious subject into a play, cried like a good fellow along with all the rest of us, and declared to me that there probably was not another family in all England whose members possessed such deep religious feeling joined with such rare acting ability. I met another gentleman, a few days later, who was a friend of Mr. MacDonald's family, but who could not bear to see the drama, because it moved him to tears. You know that a man does hate to cry!

All good things have an end, and the audience slowly passed to the street through the wide hall. With true English hospitality, a table had been spread in an anteroom, and each person was courteously invited by a servant to stop and take coffee. I mention these little things because they will interest many young readers whose life and circumstances are very different from the life in a great European capital like London.

Dr. MacDonald's family were living at that time in a pleasant house overlooking the Thames, near Hammersmith bridge. The house had a deep garden behind it, and a pleasant yard full of shrubbery in front. It will amuse the young American readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* to be told that, to enter this and most other houses of its kind in the suburbs of London and other European cities, one must ring at the gate and be admitted through the high wall or fence by a "wicket gate," or something corresponding to it. The MacDonalds no longer live at Hammersmith, but have now a house in the Riviera, the pleasantest coast in Italy. They return to England every now and then, and when they are in England the "Pilgrim's Progress" is in great request. I heard that it was given nine times there in the early part of last summer.



TOMB OF JOHN BUNYAN, IN BUNHILL FIELDS CEMETERY,
LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE snow lay heavy upon hill and valley. The wind had ceased, and in unsheltered places the sun had turned the snow into little rivulets, that ran merrily away from their starting-points.

"Good-morning, Peedee, and may thy choice be a happy one," said one little bird to another, as he flew down upon the glittering snow.

"The same blessing to yourself, Peeree, and thank God for a pleasant Fourteenth," returned Peedee.

"I thank God," said Peeree, "although I could choose my mate to-day, even if there were no sunlight to help me."

"Well said, friend; and where do you think of building?"

"I am looking about."

"Try an elm near Squire Johnson's back door. I shall build near there, God willing."

"The very spot I selected!" cried Peeree; "but the mate I would choose happened to see the new moon over her left wing as she went the first time to visit it."

"And wilt thou give it up for that, Peeree?"

"I have visited it often by myself, Peedee; the house-dog talks in his sleep."

"Be frank! Tell me all, dear friend. I would not build in an unlucky place."

"I had it all from the house-dog that talks in his sleep."

"Yes, yes. Does he dream of cats, or of boys who can climb?"

"Nay, nay! The old Squire keeps no cats, but he is a cruel man, I trow. Think you, Peedee, that a man who will not visit his own folk, but drives them from his door, would save a crumb for birds?"

"If this be true, Peeree, I've heard it in good time. I saw the grand old trees, and did forget the crumbs; but more than grub or crumb, I seek a peaceful spot."

"Then follow me, Peedee."

And the two birds spread their wings, and flew away.

When they alighted, it was before the door of a very humble little house, with blue painted steps.

"What is that round bundle with a red top, on the steps?" asked Peedee.

"Round bundle indeed!" returned Peeree, indignantly. "Why, that's Lady Ann herself!"

Just then the round bundle turned about, and Peedee saw a plump little girl, with a red hood of coarse flannel upon her head, and shining rubber boots upon her feet.

The sun had had his own way here, for the melted snow was trickling rapidly away in many little streams down the blue steps. Lady Ann tried to stop it by planting her small, almost round, foot firmly in its way; but the melted snow, with a gurgle of delight, shot around the toe and heel of the small rubber boot, and sped onward in its course. Perhaps there was something in its perseverance that touched Lady Ann, for, like many a persecutor before her, she suddenly turned reformer, and could hardly sweep the melting flakes fast enough down the steps with her tiny broom toward the snow below.

As she stopped a moment to rest, a red pung, with heavy bells, drove up to the gate, and a merry, boyish voice sang out: "Lady Ann, wilt thou be mine, and may I call thee Valentine?"

With a joyful little cry, Lady Ann threw down her broom: "Oh, Billy, Billy! Mamma has gone to carry home the sewing, but I can open the door. Did you bring me anything, Billy?"

"Ah! Lady Ann," said Billy, with a pathetic shake of his stubby old whip, "although I get up by the light of a lantern, take down shutters, and sweep out the store, carry sugar and tea, from morn till dewy eve, to say nothing of slow molasses on cold mornings, and all for two dollars per week, and eat off myself, yet would I have it known that on St. Valentine's day no grocery-man in all Brookfield brings his lady so fine a valentine as I!"

"What is a waluntine, Billy?"

He looked down at her, with a wise, explanatory expression upon his broad, freckled face. "A *waluntine*, Lady Ann, is a—a—well, if you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two, and I send you a waluntine. No, that is n't quite right, because I might be violently attached to you,

and you not be able to resipercate my affections, as some of 'em say, but still I might send you a waluntine—see?"

"Well, what is it, Billy?"

"It 's a softener," said Billy.

"A softener!" she repeated. "Let me see it." He handed her a valentine he could ill afford to buy.

"Why, it 's a pretty letter, with flowers and birds on it! Oh, you good Billy!"

"I hope the 'sentiment,' as they call it, is all right," he said. "I had n't time to read it. I'm off now to carry sugar and flour to Squire Johnson's; may the flour make heavy bread, and the sugar sweeten less than sand. Your grandfather is a double-dyed villain; did you know it, Lady Ann?"

"I—w-i-l-l," said Lady Ann, spelling out the words on her valentine.

"He is a scoundrel, Lady Ann!"

"Is he?" she said, mildly. "A little girl told me he would chase me away if I went to his house; but I don't want to go to his house."

"He would n't."

"Why not?" she said, indifferently.

"'Cause he could n't."

"Can't he run?"

"No."

"Has he broke his foot?" Lady Ann's tone had a slight touch of sympathy.

"No," said Billy, as he took up the reins, "but he is sick. When folks lock their doors on their own children, and then swallow the key, it 'most generally makes 'em sick."

"Billy!" exclaimed Lady Ann, "has Grandpa swallowed a key?"

"Yes, and it lies heavy," said Billy, "and good enough for him. Rich as he is, no one will send him a waluntine to-day, Lady Ann."

"Say, Billy——"

But the red pung, with its heavy bells, had gone on its way.

Left alone, Lady Ann gave up the spelling and kept thinking to herself: "Billy says my grandpa has swallowed a key, and no matter if his pocket is full of money, nobody will send him a waluntine, even if he *is* sick!"

Looking through the snow-laden trees, she could see the great house where her grandfather lived. She opened the valentine, smelt at one of the painted roses, and kissed the two doves that looked out at her. Simple little Lady Ann! At the same moment there came into her thoughts the few words her mother had taught her to say every night in her prayer for her grandfather, whose hand she had never touched.

"He *shall* have a waluntine!" she said, firmly,

and the stubby little boots started up the hill as fast as her fat baby legs could propel them.

"Dost thou suppose, Peeree, that yonder horrid boy can call that music?" said Peedee, as the birds flew back, after the red pung was well out of hearing.

"Billy's ears are so big," said Peeree, "that a fine, bird-like sound might be lost in traveling through them; but his heart moves as quickly as a bird's. There would have been no valentine for little Lady Ann to-day if Billy had forgotten her."

"See!" said Peedee. "The Lady Ann is trudging fast away, and she has not thrown us a crumb."

"And hast thou earned thy crumb, Peedee? Come, let us fly fast before her and tell the house-dog she is coming, that he may have a care of her."

"Why need we haste, Peeree? Short legs travel but slowly through deep snow."

"Aye; but a warm heart breaketh a path like the sun, Peedee."

By the time Lady Ann reached the great house, her breath came very fast, and she was obliged to sit down on the stone steps to rest. As she sat there, a huge dog came and rubbed his cold nose on her red cheek and wagged his tail most politely. When she was rested, she walked up and down the wide piazza and looked in through the long windows. There, at last, the housekeeper saw her, came out, and told her gently to go away. "Are you not little Ann?" she said. "The Squire is in pain to-day, and if he should see you he would be very angry."

"The key hurts him very much," thought Lady Ann, but she said: "Here is a waluntine for him; will you put it in his hand?"

"I dare not, little Ann," said the woman.

"Why?" said Lady Ann, in wild astonishment. "Don't you dare give him a waluntine, big though you are! Then let me go in."

"Well, then, come in," said the housekeeper, kindly, adding under her breath, "may be, good will come of it."

With the house-dog close following at her heels, and her "waluntine" so tightly clutched that the doves and flowers within were sadly mixed, little Lady Ann, for the first time, entered her grandfather's house.

In a great chair before the open fire of his own room sat the Squire, with his head back and his eyes closed.

"This is Mary's child," said the old dog, coming in before Lady Ann, as if he felt called upon to introduce her. And then he thought within himself: "This child's mother fed me when I was a pup. Should a dog remember better than his master?"

It may be the Squire understood him, for he raised his cane high in the air, and cried sternly: "Begone, sir!" But when he saw the round little figure of Lady Ann, he dropped the cane, pulled down the gold spectacles from the top of his head, and stared at her without a word. And as she advanced and placed the valentine upon the old man's knee, he pulled his tail slowly. "What is this?" demanded the crusty Squire, knitting his brows. "A waluntine," said she, not without a small pang, as she thought of the beautiful doves and flowers, now lost to her forever. "What's a 'waluntine'?" he asked, looking down at her bright little face.

"A waluntine is a softener," she said instantly, rather proud that she had not forgotten Billy's definition.



LADY ANN ADVANCED AND PLACED THE VALENTINE
UPON THE OLD MAN'S KNEE.

"A *what*?" exclaimed the Squire, frowning fiercely.

"A *softener*," said Lady Ann, not at all afraid, and sure that the word must mean something very nice. And then she added, in a coaxing tone: "Read it."

God seldom closes every channel to an old man's heart. Proud, unforgiving, even cruel sometimes, the old Squire still had a rare sense of the ridiculous, and he read aloud:

"I will not part from thee, I will not let thee free,
Till thou dost promise me my Valentine to be."

When he had read these lines, and looked over the top of the valentine, and when he saw the small Lady Ann sitting before the fire, he wondered if she meant to sit there until he had promised. He thought he saw a patient determination in every feature, not excepting the stubby rubber boot which

persistently pointed at him, on account of its owner being obliged to hold it up across the other to rest the little short legs which had trudged so far to give him pleasure. He never could tell just how it was—he only knew he laughed as he had not laughed for years, which opened the one channel to his heart so wide that, almost before he knew it, the little Lady Ann went drifting in, coarse red hood, rubber boots, and all!

"What name do you bear?" he asked, as he wiped away the tears that followed the laugh.

"My name?" she said, laughing too.

"Yes, what name does your—what do they call you?"

"Ann."

"Just Ann, plain Ann?" he said. "No i-e's nor e-y's?"

"Billy calls me Lady Ann," she answered.

"Aye! that beggar Billy. I know him—drives Stone's grocery-wagon. When I see him, he shall feel my cane on his back."

"What, Billy! my Billy! Why he gave me the valentine!"

"Oh, he did, did he? Told you to fetch it to me, may be."

"No, he did n't, but he told me you would n't have any, and he told me about the key."

"What key, child? Billy seems very well informed about me—knows more than I myself."

"He said you locked all your doors and swallowed the key, and it hurt you—but I guess now that he just said it for fun—but I b'lieved him—at first." She shrugged her small shoulders, laughed, and looked up at the Squire as if she felt quite willing that he, as well as herself, should enjoy her simple confidence in Billy.

"Well, I almost believe the young scamp was half-right, Lady Ann; for when we turn the key against our own, it rusts in the heart in spite of ourselves, and that makes pain."

Lady Ann smiled cheerfully, and rubbed her boots, polishing first one and then the other with her bright mitten. What had she to do with anything so old as pain in the heart?

The winter sunshine flooded the room. The old dog slept by the fire, and did not even talk in his sleep.

"Go home, little Ann," said the Squire, "and take this bunch of keys to—to Mary, your mother, and tell her they unlock every door of her home! But, Lady Ann—*hang your father!* Yet hold, child, a moment; you need not say that."

"No," said Lady Ann, with the same cheerful smile; "I wont say that."

When the merry sun went down, Lady Ann was sleeping in the great house. Two queer-looking rubber boots rested, after their day's work, before the fire. When one fell, as if it missed a little round foot and stout leg and could not stand without them, the grandfather set it right again, and laughed in spite of the pain it cost him to move. The house-dog opened his eye just enough to see that Lady Ann's crushed "*waluntine*" still lay in the old Squire's hand.

"I tell thee, Peedee, I had it all from the dog—all straight from the dog, and not in his sleep."

"Then tell me again, if thou wilt, Peereee, for if the spot be pure and free from selfish anger, I should like naught so well as that thou shouldst build near me."

"May our children be friends, Peedee."

"You say the Squire forgives all, and peace dwells in the house; but will you not tell me, Peereee, what made all the trouble at first?"

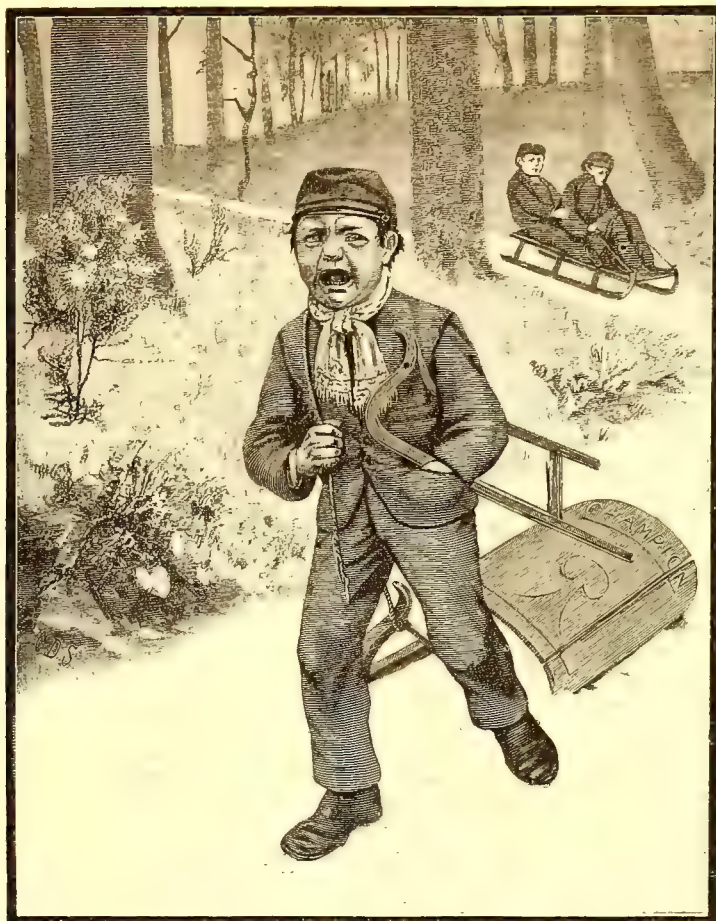
"Ah! Peedee, Peedee! When the sun shines so bright, is it a bird that would ask the reason of a storm that is all over? Why, Peedee!"

"Thou dost ever chide one so gently, Peereee; but answer me this: would the Squire have opened his heart so wide had the child not been called for *his own mother*?"

"Dost thou not see fresh crumbs at the kitchen door, Peereee?"

"Thank God for this happy Fourteenth, Peedee! And may Mrs. Peereee, that is to be, never see the new moon over her left wing any more!"





THE WINTER OF LIFE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

I HAD many times seen pictures of battle-fields and had often read about them, but the most terrible scenes of carnage my boyish imagination had ever figured fell far short of the dreadful reality as I beheld it after the great battle of the war. It was the evening of Sunday, July 5, 1863, when, at the sug-

gestion of Andy, we took our way across the breast-works, stone fences, and redoubts to look over the battle-field. Our shattered brigade had been mainly on reserve during the last three days; and as we made our way through the troops lying in our front, and over the defenses of stone and earth and ragged rocks, the scene among our troops was one for the pencil of a great artist.

Scattered about irregularly were groups of men discussing the battle and its results, or relating

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exciting incidents and adventures of the fray; here, one fellow pointing out bullet-holes in his coat or cap, or a great rent in the sleeve of his blouse made by a flying piece of shell; there, a man laughing as he held up his crushed canteen, or showed his tobacco-box with a hole in the lid and a bullet among his "fine cut"; yonder, knots of men frying steaks and cooking coffee about the fire, or making ready for sleep.

Before we pass beyond our own front line, evidences of the terrible carnage of the battle environ us on all sides. Fresh, hastily dug graves are there, with rude head-boards telling the poor fellows' names and regiments; yonder, a tree on whose smooth bark the names of three Confederate generals, who fell here in the gallant charge, have been carved by some thoughtful hand. The trees round about are chipped by the balls and stripped almost bare by the leaden hail, while a log-house near by in the clearing has been so riddled with shot and shell that scarcely a whole shingle is left to its roof.

But sights still more fearful await us as we step out beyond the front line, pick our way carefully among the great rocks, and walk down the slope to the scene of the fearful charge. The ground has been soaked with the recent rains, and the heavy mist which hangs like a pall over the field, together with the growing darkness, renders objects but indistinctly visible and all the more ghastly. As the eye ranges over so much of the field as the shrouding mist allows us to see, we behold a scene of destruction terrible indeed, if ever there was one in all this wide world! Dis-mounted gun-carriages, shattered caissons, knapsacks, haversacks, muskets, bayonets, accouterments, scattered over the field in wildest confusion,—horses (poor creatures!) dead and dying,—and, worst and most awful of all, dead men by the hundreds! Most of the men in blue have been buried already, and the pioneers yonder in the mist are busy digging trenches for the poor fellows in gray.

As we pass along, we stop to observe how thickly they lie, here and there, like grain before the scythe in summer-time,—how firmly some have grasped their guns, with high, defiant looks,—and how calm are the countenances of others in their last solemn sleep; while more than one has clutched in his stiffened fingers a piece of white paper, which he waved, poor soul, in his death-agony, as a plea for quarter, when the great wave of battle had receded and left him there, mortally wounded, on the field.

I sicken of the dreadful scene,—can endure it no longer,—and beg Andy to "Come away! Come away! It's too awful to look at any more!"

And so we get back to our place in the breast-works with sad, heavy hearts, and wonder how we ever could have imagined war so grand and gallant a thing when, after all, it is so horribly wicked and cruel. We lie down—the thirteen of us that are left in the company—on a big flat rock, sleeping without shelter, and shielding our faces from the drizzling rain with our caps as best we may, thinking of the dreadful scene in front there, and of the sad, heavy hearts there will be all over the land for weary years, till kindly sleep comes to us with sweet forgetfulness of all.

Our clothes were damp with the heavy mists and drizzling rain when we awoke next morning, and hastily prepared for the march off the field and the long pursuit of the foe through the waving grain-fields of Maryland. Having cooked our coffee in our blackened tin cups, and roasted our slices of fresh beef, stuck on the end of a ramrod and thrust into the crackling fires, we were ready in a moment for the march, for we had but little to pack up.

Straight over the field we go, through that valley of death where the heavy charging had been done, and thousands of men had been swept away, line after line, in the mad and furious tempest of the battle. Heavy mists still overhang the field, even dumb Nature seeming to be in sympathy with the scene, while all around us, as we march along, are sights at which the most callous turn faint. Interesting enough we find the evidences of conflict, save only where human life is concerned.

We stop to wonder at the immense furrow yonder which some shell has plowed up in the ground, we call one another's attention to a caisson shivered to atoms by an explosion, or to a tree cut clean off by a solid shot, or bored through and through by a shell. With pity we contemplate the poor artillery horses hobbling, wounded and mangled, about the field, and we think it a mercy to shoot them as we pass. But the dead men! Hundreds of torn and distorted bodies yet on the field, although thousands already lie buried in the trenches. Even the roughest and rudest among us marches awed and silent, as he is forced to think of the terrible suffering endured in this place, and of the sorrow and tears there will be among the mountains of the North, and the rice-fields of the far-off South.

We were quiet, I remember,—very quiet,—as we marched off that great field; and not only then, but for days afterward, as we tramped through the pleasant fields of Maryland. We had little to say, and we all were pretty busily thinking. Where were the boys who, but a week before, had marched with us through those same fragrant fields, blithe as a sunshiny morn in May? And so, as I have told you, when those young ladies and gentlemen came out to the end of that Maryland village to

meet and cheer us after the battle, as they had met and cheered us before it, we did not know how heavy-hearted we were until, in response to their song of "Rally round the Flag, Boys," some one proposed three cheers for them. But the cheers would not come. Somehow, after the first hurrah, the other two stuck in our throats or died away soundless on the air. And so we only said: "God bless you, young friends: but we can't cheer to-day, you see!"

CHAPTER X.

THROUGH "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

OUR course now lay through Maryland, and we performed endless marches and countermarches over turnpikes, and through field and forest.

After crossing South Mountain,—but stop, I just *must* tell you about that—it will take but a paragraph or two. South Mountain Pass we entered one July evening, after a drenching rain, on the Middletown side, and marched along through that deep mountain gorge, with a high cliff on either side and a delightful stream of fresh water flowing along the road, emerging on the other side at the close of day. Breaking off the line of march by the right flank, we suddenly crossed the stream and were ordered up the mountain-side in the gathering darkness. We climbed very slowly at first, and more slowly still as the darkness deepened and the path grew steeper and more difficult. At about nine o'clock, orders were given to "sleep on arms," and then, from sheer fatigue, we all fell sound asleep, some lying on the rocks, some sitting bolt upright against the trees, some stretched out at full length on beds of moss or clumps of bushes.

What a magnificent sight awaited us the next morning! Opening our eyes at peep o' day, we found ourselves high up on top of a mountain-bluff overlooking the lovely valley about Boonesboro. The rains were past; the sun was just beginning to break through the clouds; great billows of mist were rolling up from the hollows below, where we could catch occasional glimpses of the movements of troops,—cavalry dashing about in squads, and infantry marching in solid columns. What may have been the object of sending us up that mountain, or what the intention in ordering us to fell the trees from the mountain-top and build breastworks hundreds of feet above the valley, I have never learned. That one morning amid the mists of the mountain, and that one grand view of the lovely valley beneath, were to my mind sufficient reason for being there.

Refreshed by a day's rest on the mountain-top, we march down into the valley on the 10th, exhilarated by the sweet, fresh mountain air, as well as by the prospect, as we suppose, of a speedy

end being put to this cruel war. For we know that the enemy is somewhere crossing the swollen Potomac back into Virginia, in a crippled condition, and we are sure he will be finally crushed in the next great battle, which can not now be many hours distant. And so we march leisurely along, over turnpikes and through grain-fields, on the edge of one of which, by and by, we halt in line of battle, stack arms, and, with three cheers, rush in a line for a stake-and-rider fence, with the rails of which we are to build breastworks. It is wonderful how rapidly that Maryland farmer's fence disappears! Each man seizing a rail, the fence literally walks off, and in less than fifteen minutes it re-appears in the shape of a compact and well-built line of breastworks.

But scarcely is the work completed when we are ordered into the road again, and up this we advance a half-mile or so, and form in line on the left of the road and on the skirt of another wheat-field. We are about to stack arms and build a second line of works, when—

Z-i-p! z-i-p! z-i-p!

Ah! It is music we know right well by this time! Three light puffs of smoke rise yonder in the wheat-field, a hundred yards or so away, where the enemy's pickets are lying concealed in the tall grain. Three balls go singing merrily over my head—intended, no doubt, for the Lieutenant who is Acting-adjutant, and who rides immediately in front of me, with a bandage over his forehead, but who is too busy forming the line to give much heed to his danger.

"We'll take you out o' that grass a-hopping, you long-legged rascals!" shouts Pointer, as the command is given:

"Deploy to right and left, as skirmishers,"—while a battery of artillery is brought up at a gallop, and the guns are trained on a certain red barn away across the field, from which the enemy's sharp-shooters are picking off our men.

Bang! Hur-r-r! Boom! One, two, three, four shells go crashing through the red barn, while the shingles and boards fly like feathers and the sharp-shooters pour out from it in wild haste. The pickets are popping away at one another out there along the field and in the edge of the wood beyond; the enemy is driven in and retreats, but we do not advance, and the expected battle does not come off after all, as we had hoped it would. For, in the great war-council held about that time, as we afterward learned, our generals, by a close vote, have decided not to risk a general engagement, but to let the enemy get back into Virginia again, crippled indeed, but not crushed, as every man in the ranks believes he well might be.

As we step on the swaying pontoons to recross

the Potomac into old Virginia, there are murmurs of disappointment all along the line.

"Why did n't they let us fight? We could have thrashed them now, if ever we could. We are tired of this everlasting marching and counter-marching up and down, and we want to fight it out and be done with it."

But for all our feelings and wishes, we are back again on the south side of the river, and the column of blue soon is marching along gayly enough among the hills and pleasant fields about Waterford.

We did not go very fast nor very far those hot July days, because we had very little to eat. Somehow or other our provision trains had lost their reckoning, and in consequence we were left to subsist as best we could. We were a worn, haggard-looking, hungry, ragged set of men. As for me—out at knee and elbow, my hair sticking out in tufts through holes in the top of my hat, my shoes in shreds, and my haversack empty—I must have presented a forlorn appearance, indeed. Fortunately, however, blackberries were ripe and plentiful. All along the road and all through the fields, as we approached Warrenton, these delicious berries hung on the vines in great luscious clusters. Yet, blackberries for supper and blackberries for breakfast give a man but little strength for marching under a July sun all day long. So Corporal Harter and I thought, as we sat one morning in a clover-field where we were resting for the day, busy boiling a chicken at our camp-fire.

"Where did you get that chicken, Corporal?" said I.

"Well, you see, Harry, I did n't steal her, and I did n't buy her, neither. Late last night, while we were crossing that creek, I heard some fellow say he had carried that old chicken all day since morning, and she was getting too heavy for him, and he was going to throw her into the creek; and so I said I'd take her, and I did, and carried her all night, and here she is now in the pan, sizzling away, Harry."

"I'm afraid, Corporal, this is a fowl trick."

"Fair or fowl, we'll have a good dinner, anyway."

With an appetite ever growing keener as we caught savory whiffs from the steaming mess-pan, we piled up the rails on the fire and boiled the biddy, and boiled, and boiled, and boiled her from morn till noon and from noon to night, and couldn't eat her then, she was so tough!

"May the dogs take the old grizzle-gizzard! I'm not going to break my teeth on this old buzzard any more," shouted the corporal, as he flung the whole cartilaginous mass into a pile of brush near by. "It was a fowl trick, after all, Harry, was n't it?"

Thus it chanced that, when we marched out of

Warrenton early one sultry summer morning, we started with empty stomachs and haversacks, and marched on till noon with nothing to eat. Halting then in a wood, we threw ourselves under the trees, utterly exhausted. About three o'clock, as we lay there, a whole staff of officers came riding down the line—the Quartermaster-General of the Army of the Potomac and staff, they said it was. Just the very man we wanted to see! Then broke forth such a yell from hundreds of famished men as the Quartermaster-General had probably never heard before nor ever wished to hear again:

"Hard-tack!"

"Coffee!"

"Pork!"

"Beef!"

"Sugar!"

"Salt!"

"Pepper!"

"Hard-tack! Hard-tack!"

The Quartermaster and Staff put their spurs to their horses and dashed away in a cloud of dust, and at last, about night-fall, we got something to eat.

By the way, this reminds me of an incident that occurred on one of our long marches; and I tell it just to show what sometimes is the effect of short rations.

We drummer-boys were, by the colonel's orders, put in the care of our regimental surgeon,—a man far too old, nervous, and peevish for the service. He established his quarters a short distance to the rear of the breastworks, on the bank of a little stream, and here we pitched our tents. Rations were getting scarce, for we were in an immense forest,—a continuation, indeed, of that great "Wilderness" in which we saw another fight one year later. The roads were bad, transportation was difficult, and we were putting ourselves on short allowance.

"I wish I had some meat, Harry," said Pete Grove, anxiously inspecting the contents of his haversack; "I'm awful hungry for meat."

"Well, Pete," said I, "I saw some jumping around here pretty lively a while ago. May be you could catch it."

"Meat jumping around here? Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, frogs to be sure—frogs, Pete. Did you never eat frogs?"

"Bah! I think I'd be a great deal hungrier than I am now, ever to eat a frog! Ugh! No, indeed! But where is he? I'd like the fun of hunting him, anyhow."

So saying, he loaded his revolver and we sallied forth along the stream, and Pete, who was a good marksman, in a short time had laid out Mr. Froggy at the first shot.

"Now, Pcte, we 'll skin him, and you shall have a feast fit for a king."

So, putting the meat into a tin cup with a little water, salt, and pepper, boiling it for a few minutes, and breaking some hard-tack into it when done, I set it before him, being myself still too feverish to eat. I need hardly say that when he had once tasted the dish he speedily devoured it, and when he had devoured it, he looked up his revolver and hunted frogs for the rest of that afternoon.

Drum and fife have more to do with the discipline of an army than an inexperienced person would imagine. The drum is the tongue of the camp. It wakes the men in the morning, mounts the guard, announces the dinner-hour, gives a peculiar charm to dress-parade in the evening, and calls the men to quarters with its pleasant tattoo at night. For months, however, we had had no drums. Ours had been lost, with our knapsacks, at Gettysburg. [And I will here pause to say that if any good friend across the border has in his possession a snare-drum with the name and regiment of the writer clearly marked on the inside of the body, and will return the same to the owner thereof, he will confer no small favor, and will be overwhelmed with an ocean of thanks!]

We did not know how really important a thing a drum is until, one late September day, we were ordered to prepare for a dress-parade—a species of regimental luxury in which we had not indulged since the early days of June.

"Major, you don't expect us drummer-boys to turn out, do you?"

"Certainly. And why not, my boy?"

"Why, we have no drums, Major!"

"Well, your fifiers have fifes, have n't they? We'll do without the drums; but you must all turn out, and the fifiers can play."

So, when we stood drawn up in line on the parade-ground among the woods and the order was given:

"Parade, rest! Troop, beat off!"—

Out we drummers and fifiers wheeled from the head of the line, with three shrill fifes screaming out the rolls, and started at a slow march down the line, while every man in the ranks grinned, and we drummer-boys laughed and the officers joined us, until at last the whole line, officers and men alike, broke out into loud haw-haws at the sight. The fifiers could n't whistle for laughing, and the major ordered us all back to our places when only half down the line, and never even attempted another parade until a full supply of brand-new drums arrived for us from Washington.

Then the major picked out mine for me, I remember, and it proved to be the best in the lot.

CHAPTER XI.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

WHAT glorious camp-fires we used to have in the fall of that year! It makes one rub his hands together yet, just to think of them. The nights were getting cold and frosty, so that it was impossible to sleep under our little shelters with comfort; and so half the night was spent around the blazing fires at the ends of the company streets.

I always took care that there should be a blazing good fire for our little company, anyhow. My duties were light, and left me time which I found I could spend with pleasure in swinging an ax. Hickory and white-oak saplings were my favorites; and with these cut into lengths of ten feet and piled up as high as my head on wooden fire-dogs, what a glorious crackle we would have by midnight! Go out there what time of night you might please,—and you were pretty sure to go out to the fire three or four times a night, for it was too bitterly cold to sleep in the tent more than an hour at a stretch,—you would always find a half-dozen of the boys sitting about the fire on logs, smoking their pipes, telling yarns, or singing odd catches of song. As I recall those weird night-scenes of army life,—the blazing fire, the groups of swarthy men gathered about, the thick darkness of the forest where the lights and shadows danced and played all night long, and the rows of little white tents covered with frost,—it looks quite poetical in the retrospect; but I fear it was sometimes prosy enough in the reality.

"If you fellows would stop your everlasting arguing there, and go out and bring in some wood, it would be a good deal better; for if we don't have a big camp-fire to night we 'll freeze in this snow-storm."

So saying, Pointer threw down the butt-end of a pine sapling he had been half-dragging, half-carrying out of the woods in the edge of which we were to camp, and, ax in hand, fell to work at it with a will.

There was, indeed, some need of following Pointer's good advice, for it was snowing fast and was bitterly cold. It was Christmas Eve, 1863, and here we were with no protection but our little shelters pitched on the hard, frozen ground.

Why did we not build winter quarters, do you ask? Well, we had already built two sets of winter quarters, and had been ordered out of them in both instances to take part in some expedition or other; and it was a little hard to be houseless and homeless at this merry season of the year, when folks up North were having such happy times, was n't it?

But it is wonderful how elastic the spirits of a soldier are, and how jolly he can be under the most adverse circumstances.

"Well, Pointer, they had n't any business to put me out of the mess. That was a mean trick, any way you take it."

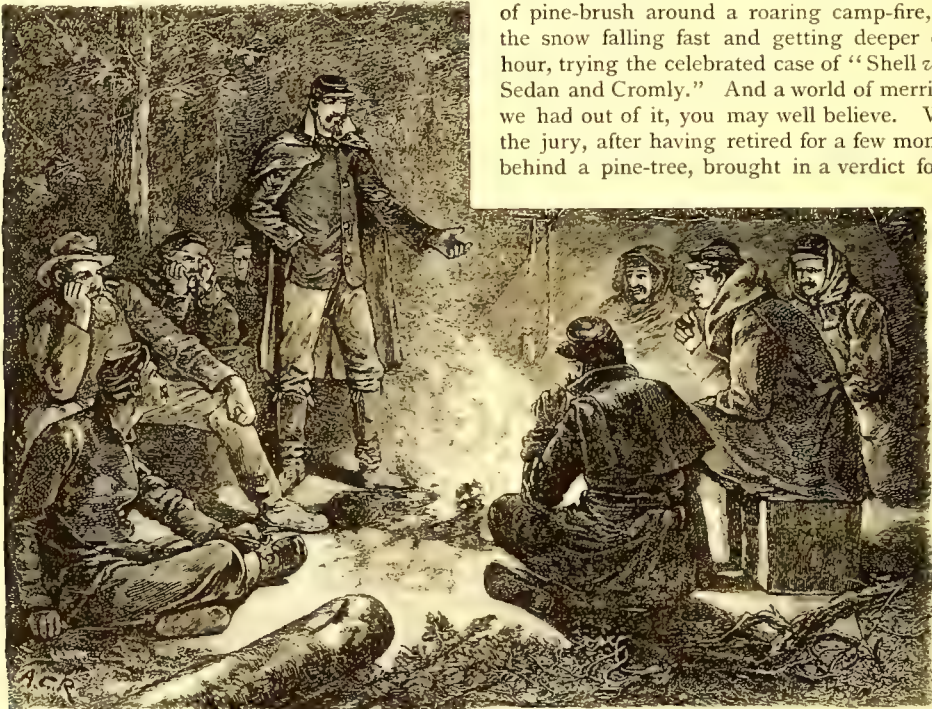
"If we had n't put you out of our mess, you'd have eaten up our whole box from home in one night. He's an awful glutton, Pointer."

"Say, boys, I move we organize ourselves into a court, and try this case," said Sergeant Cummings. "They've been arguing and arguing about this thing the whole day, and it's time to take it up

the cold charities of the camp; and he, the said Shell, now lodges a due and formal complaint before this honorable court, presently sitting on this pile of pine-brush, and humbly prays and petitions re-instatement in his just rights and claims, *sine qua non, e pluribus unum pro bono publico!*"

"Silence in the court!"

To organize ourselves into a court of justice was a matter of a few moments. Cummings was declared judge, Reed and Slocum his assistants. A jury of twelve men, good and true, was speedily impaneled. Attorneys and tipstaves, sheriff and clerk were appointed, and in less time than it takes to narrate it, there we were, seated on piles of pine-brush around a roaring camp-fire, with the snow falling fast and getting deeper every hour, trying the celebrated case of "Shell *versus* Sedan and Cromly." And a world of merriment we had out of it, you may well believe. When the jury, after having retired for a few moments behind a pine-tree, brought in a verdict for the



CHRISTMAS-EVE AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

and put an end to it. The case is—let's see; what'll we call it? I'm not a very good hand at the legal lingo, but I suppose if we call it a 'motion to quash a writ of ejectment,' or something of that sort, we'll be within the lines of the law. Let me now state the case: Shell *versus* Sedan and Cromly. These three, all members of Company D, after having lived, messed, and sojourned together peaceably for a year or more, have had of late some disagreement, quarrel, squabble, fracas, or general tearing out, the result of which said disagreement, quarrel, squabble, et cetera, et cetera, has been that the hereinbeforementioned Shell has been thrown out of the mess and left to

plaintiff, it was full one o'clock on Christmas morning, and we began to drop off to sleep, some rolling themselves up in their blankets and overcoats and lying down, Indian fashion, feet to the fire; while others crept off to their cold shelters under the snow-laden pine-trees for what poor rest they could find, jocularly wishing one another a "Merry Christmas."

Time wore away monotonously in the camp we established there, near Culpepper Court-house. All the more weary a winter was it for me, because I was so sick that I could scarcely drag myself about. So miserable did I look that one day a Company B Boy said, as I was passing his tent:

"Young mon, an' if ye don't be afther pickin' up a bit, it's my opinion ye 'll be gathered home to your fathers purty soon."

I was sick with the same disease which slew more men than fell in actual battle. We had had a late fall campaign, and had suffered much from exposure, of which one instance may suffice :

We had been sent into Thoroughfare Gap to hold that mountain pass.

Breaking camp there at daylight in a drenching rain, we marched all day long, through mud up to our knees, and soaked to the skin by the cold rain; at night we forded a creek waist-deep, and marched on with clothes frozen almost stiff; at one o'clock the next morning we lay down utterly exhausted, shivering helplessly, in wet clothes, without fire, and exposed to the north-west wind that swept the vast plain keen and cold as a razor. Whoever visits the Soldiers' Cemetery near Culpepper will there find a part of the sequel of that night-march; the remainder is scattered far and wide over the hills of Virginia, and in forgotten places among the pines.

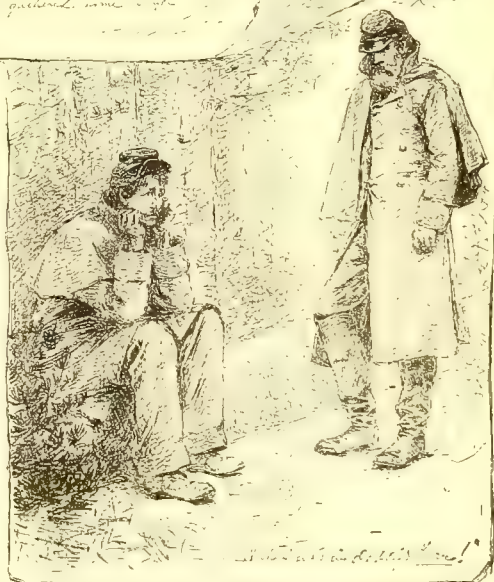
Could we have had home care and home diet, many would have recovered. But what is to be done for a sick man whose only choice of diet must be made from pork, beans, sugar, and hard-tack? Home? Ah, yes, if we only *could* get home for a month! Homesick? Well, no, not exactly. Still we were not entire strangers to the feelings of that poor recruit who was one day found by his lieutenant sitting on a fallen pine-tree in the woods, crying as if his heart would break.

"Why," said the Lieutenant, "what are you crying for, you big baby, you?"

"I wish I was in my daddy's barn, boo, hoo!"



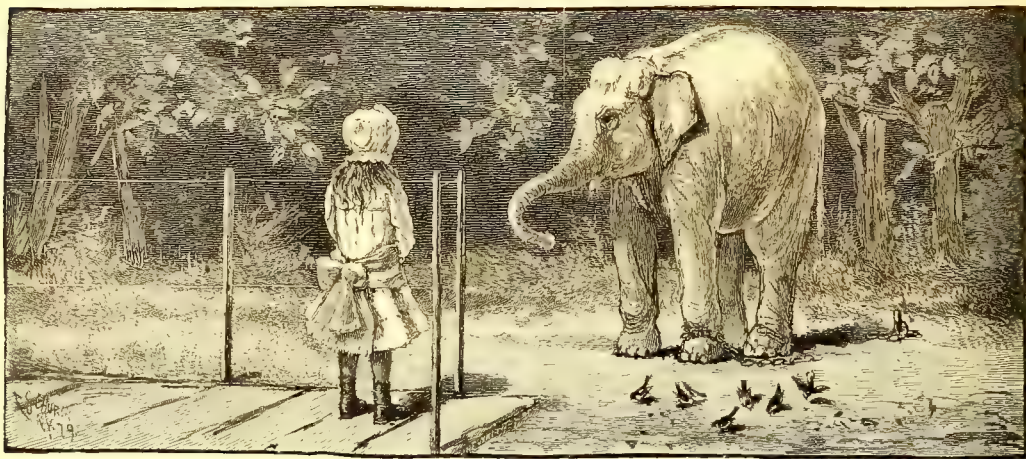
"Young man, an' if ye don't be afther pickin' up a bit, it's my opinion ye 'll be gathered home to your fathers purty soon!"



"And what would you do if you were?"

The poor fellow replied, between his sobs: "Why, if I was in my daddy's barn, I'd go into the house mighty quick!"

(To be continued.)



"OH, WHAT A CUNNING LITTLE BABY-ELEPHANT!"

MEN-AND-ANIMAL SHOWS, AND HOW THEY ARE MOVED ABOUT.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

WHEN a modern "circus-menagerie" is in motion, there is a good-sized town on wheels. When one is set up for exhibition, there is a strange and wonderful city on the ground that was so open and bare only the day before. It is a well-peopled city, even if you leave out of sight the crowds that come to it as paying visitors.

And the object of this article is to explain, very briefly, some of the ways and customs of this great, movable, wonderful city of tents and cages.

There probably was never a time when people were not fond of staring at "shows." Getting up shows to be stared at is therefore as old as almost anything else in history. The ancient Romans understood it perfectly, and sent all over the world for materials for new and startling sights in their amphitheaters, at Rome itself and in other cities. Their shows differed very much from ours. The great aim of their costliest exhibitions seems to have been to see, during the show, as many as possible of the performers killed, both men and wild beasts. Nowadays we are willing that all the performers should remain alive, and we are satisfied if it merely looks as if somebody were quite likely to be either killed or eaten.

In the Middle Ages, the greatest "shows" were given by warlike knights in armor, and vast crowds

gathered to see them charge against one another on horseback, or hack at one another with swords and battle-axes. Some of them were really splendid performers, and they were very apt to be hurt badly, in spite of their armor and their skill.

As the world has grown more civilized, the character of its shows has changed, and now nearly all the excitement is among the people outside of the "ring." It is hard work and regular business to the people on the sawdust and to all the other inhabitants of the tent-city.

There are great shows in some countries of Europe, but it is only within a few years that they have been transported long distances. They have settled in great central cities, like London or Paris. The national boundaries were too numerous for convenience, and the people of each country were too jealous of foreigners, or unable to understand the jokes of the clown in a different language. Even now, few European shows travel so far on land as ours do, or carry so much with them. One reason may be the small number of European boys and girls with enough pocket-money to buy tickets. America is the country for the show business.

Not a great many years ago, there were several different kinds of shows, but, as time went on, it was found profitable to gather all the varied attrac-

tions possible into one concern. And now, although there are many shows, there is a strong family resemblance among them, and the show-bills of one would answer for another, very nearly, if the names and dates were changed.

The "menagerie," in the last generation, often was called a "caravan," and, for a while, these collections held out stoutly for separate existence. Then the circuses began to have a few cages of beasts as a sort of "side show," and the days of the "caravans" were numbered, for their owners discovered that nothing that they could carry around would gather a paying crowd.

One secret of this was that the wildest beasts had ceased to be strangers in the eyes of American young people; as soon as the country became flooded with illustrated books, magazines, and papers, and boys and girls knew as much about giraffes and boa-constrictors as their grandparents had known

which the books and papers have not told all about beforehand. Most youngsters who pay their way into a tent know every animal at sight, and, as soon as they have nodded recognition at him, are sure to ask:

"What can he do?"

For this reason, almost every dangerous creature in the best recent collections has been both wild and tame. The lions, the tigers, the panthers, are as large and terrible-looking as ever, and it would be just as dreadful a thing if they should get loose among the spectators. It is worth while, therefore, to see them all playfully submissive to a little man or woman with a mere whip in hand.

A direct consequence of all this is, that the more a wild beast can be taught, the more he is worth, but there is no telling how stupid some lions and other savages are. The very best of them, even after all kinds of good schooling, retain a lurking



A TOURNAMENT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

about rabbits and rattlesnakes. So, after having seen them once, living serpents and antelopes ceased to be regarded as an attraction.

The menagerie managers learned a costly lesson, and the circus men learned another. The latter are still compelled to carry along a goodly number of rare beasts with their other attractions. No circus-menagerie would be called "great" without the cages, but these must now contain something

disposition to make a meal of their keeper, or of anybody else, if a good opportunity is given for it. "Taming" is a process which has to be constantly renewed, for the tamest tiger is a tiger still, and there has been no change in his born conviction that all other living creatures are "game" for him. The best lion and tiger "kings" of to-day say that every time they enter a cage containing these fierce creatures they carry their lives in their hands.

"Gentle?" remarked one of these venturesome folk the other day. "Those tigers of mine?—Why, do you see that whip? I know, as well as I



TIGERS DRINKING.

know anything, that if I drop that whip when I am in that cage, they 'll be on me. Their idea of obedience is connected with the whip, first; then with my voice; then with my face. Severity? Cruelty? No use at all. I never use cruelty in training them. Only patience. When I take on a new cage of beasts I work to get them used to me; feeding them; cleaning the cage; talking to them; all that sort of thing; before I go in among them. Then I do that. It's a ticklish piece of business, going in the first time; and I pick my chance for it when they're specially peaceable. I go right in, just as if it were a matter of course, but I keep my eyes about me. It's all humbug that a man's eye has any power over a wild beast. Your eyes are to watch their motions—that's all. They'll find out quickly enough if you're getting careless. They're sure enough to be watching you all the time. Are they intelligent? Well, there's as much difference among 'em as there is among men. I can train a really intelligent lion, right from the wild, in about four weeks, so he will do all that the lion kings make them do. A lioness always takes a couple of weeks longer, and so does a leopard or a tiger. You can't get a hyena well in hand inside of two months. They're the meanest of brutes. They never understand anything but a club. The easiest to train, because they know the most, are pumas. I can teach a puma all it needs to know, in four weeks. Affection? Teach those fellows to love you? That's all nonsense. They'll fawn and fawn on you, and you'll think you've done it, may be. Then you go into the cage, if you want to, without your whip, or when they're in bad temper, and find out for yourself what they'll do. See that dent in the side of my head and those deep scars on my arm! There are more down

here,"—patting his leg. "Got 'em from the best-trained lions you ever saw. It's awful, sometimes, to have one of those fellows kind o' smell of you and yawn and shut his jaws, say, close to one of your knees! See my wife, there? She's the 'Panther Queen,' just as I'm a 'Tiger King,' and that fellow yonder's a 'Lion King.' Her pets are playing with her now, but they've scratched her well, I tell you. There's great odds among them, though, and that young puma with her head up to be kissed is what you might call gentle. Only they're all treacherous. Every lion king gets sick of it after a while. I could name more than a dozen of the best who have given it up right in the prime of life. Once they give it up, nothing'll tempt 'em inside of a cage again. You see, every now and then, some other tamer gets badly clawed and bitten. They've all been clawed and bitten more or less themselves. The strain on a man's nerves is pretty sharp,—sure death around him all the while. And the pay is n't anything like what it was."

It may be true that the strictly predatory animals of the cat kind are never to be trusted, but the now three-years-old hippopotamus of the leading American "show" seems to have formed a genuine attachment for his keeper, a young Italian. He is savage enough to all other men, and when out of his den for his very limited exercise, it is fun for all but the person chased to see how clumsily, yet swiftly, he will make a sudden "charge" after a luckless bystander. After that, he will crustily and gruntingly obey his keeper, and permit himself to be half enticed, half shouldered into his den again. There should be more room for brains and, consequently, for affection, in the splendid front of a lion, than between the sullen eyes of even a very youthful hippopotamus.

The "keeper" question is one of prime importance in collecting and managing wild animals. Trainers of the right kind are scarce, and although high pay hardly can be afforded, it will not do to put rare and costly animals in the care of stupid or ignorant men. Such qualities as courage, patience, good temper, and natural aptitude for the occupation are also needful, and they are not always to be had for the asking. Unless the right men are secured, however, the failure of the menagerie is only a question of time. As for the "specimens" themselves, it is much easier to obtain them than it once was, owing to the better facilities for transporting them from the several "wild-beast countries." Catching them in their native wildernesses has been a regular trade for ages. There have been "wild-beast merchants," and their trade has

been carried on as systematically as any other, since the earliest days of commerce. The head-quarters of this trade have for a long time been at Hamburg, with branches, agencies, and correspondents wherever in the known world there are "show animals" to be captured. Some of the leading showmen, however, having capital as well as enterprise, send out hunters on their own account, or trusty agents, who travel in savage lands and purchase whatever the native hunters may bring them that will answer their purposes.

The market price of a menagerie animal of any kind varies from time to time, like that of other merchandise, according to the demand and supply. A writer stated recently that zebras are sold at a little over \$2,000 a pair, gnus at about \$800 a pair, while rhinoceroses cost some \$6,000 per pair, and tigers about \$1,500 each. A short time ago, however, and perhaps now, a very good "uneducated" tiger could be bought in London for from \$500 to \$800. The same beast, the moment he takes kindly to learning and promises to be sparing of his keepers, doubles and trebles in value. There is no telling what he would be worth should he show further signs of intellect or good morals, but he is like a human being in this respect—the more

Managers find that a moderate number of first-class animals, including as many well-trained notabilities as can be had, will "draw" better, and cost less for keeping and feeding, than a mere mob of all sorts, however crowded with "rare specimens."

It is, indeed, an easy matter to lose a menagerie, after all the toil and cost of getting it together. A lion or tiger will eat fifty pounds of raw beef per day, if he can get it, but it must be specially prepared for him. All the bones must be taken out, lest he hurt his mouth upon them, for he will not grind away at them so patiently in his cage as in his forest lair.

All the fat must be cut away for him or any other great cat of the woods, or, as he has little exercise, a fatty deposit will form around his lungs and he will die. His den must be kept clean, and he himself must be vigorously encouraged in good personal habits, or various diseases will assail him, and he will die before his time.

Other animals, such as the hippopotamus, polar bear, and sea lion, accustomed in their wild state to abundant water, must have their bath liberally supplied, and frequently renewed. If, as is often the case, they exhibit, like some boys, a froward and unhealthy dislike for it, they must be shoved



PERSUADING THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS TO GET INTO HIS WAGON.

he knows, the more it will pay to give for him. The same rule applies to the entire list, from elephants to monkeys, so that no precise idea can be given of the probable cost of a menagerie.

in, even at the risk of brief quarrels with their keepers.

All care of this sort, and much more, must be given to the most ferocious beasts, not only during



A CIRCUS-WAGON IN THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS, BEFORE THE SHOW.

the show season, but in the winter retirement. They must also be carefully attended to while in process of transportation from place to place, and there are difficulties enough on land, but it is at sea that the keeper and trainer meets his most trying obstacles, and the owner his heaviest losses.

Animals on board ship are very much like human beings, for while some of them get seasick in bad weather, others of the same kind will endure all the pitching and rolling of the vessel like "old salts." There is nothing quite so disconsolate as a bilious elephant in a gale of wind. There is so very much of him to be seasick.

The worst of it is that the sickness clings to many of the poor beasts after they reach the shore, and not a few of them die on land in consequence of a rough voyage. On the other hand, large collections have been safely carried to distant countries, visiting even such far-off places as Australia.

After his collection is made, the showman's cost and risk begin before the show is set in motion. Trained animals, as they are trained nowadays,

stand for much more than their original cost. They represent time spent in preparation. That means weeks and often months of care and labor, when they were earning nothing, and eating well, and when their keepers were on full pay. Nor do mere "food and attendance" include all the large items of a quadruped savage's board bill. Every menagerie, with enough of capital or success to keep it out of the sheriff's hands, must be provided with ample and permanent "winter quarters," or, in other words, space and buildings for its accommodation during that part of the year when no kind of show would tempt a crowd to spend its time under the cold shelter of a tent.

That, too, is the time of the year when an exposure of tropical beasts and birds to the changes of the weather, the dampness and the cold, would simply entail upon the manager the additional expense of funerals for his costliest curiosities.

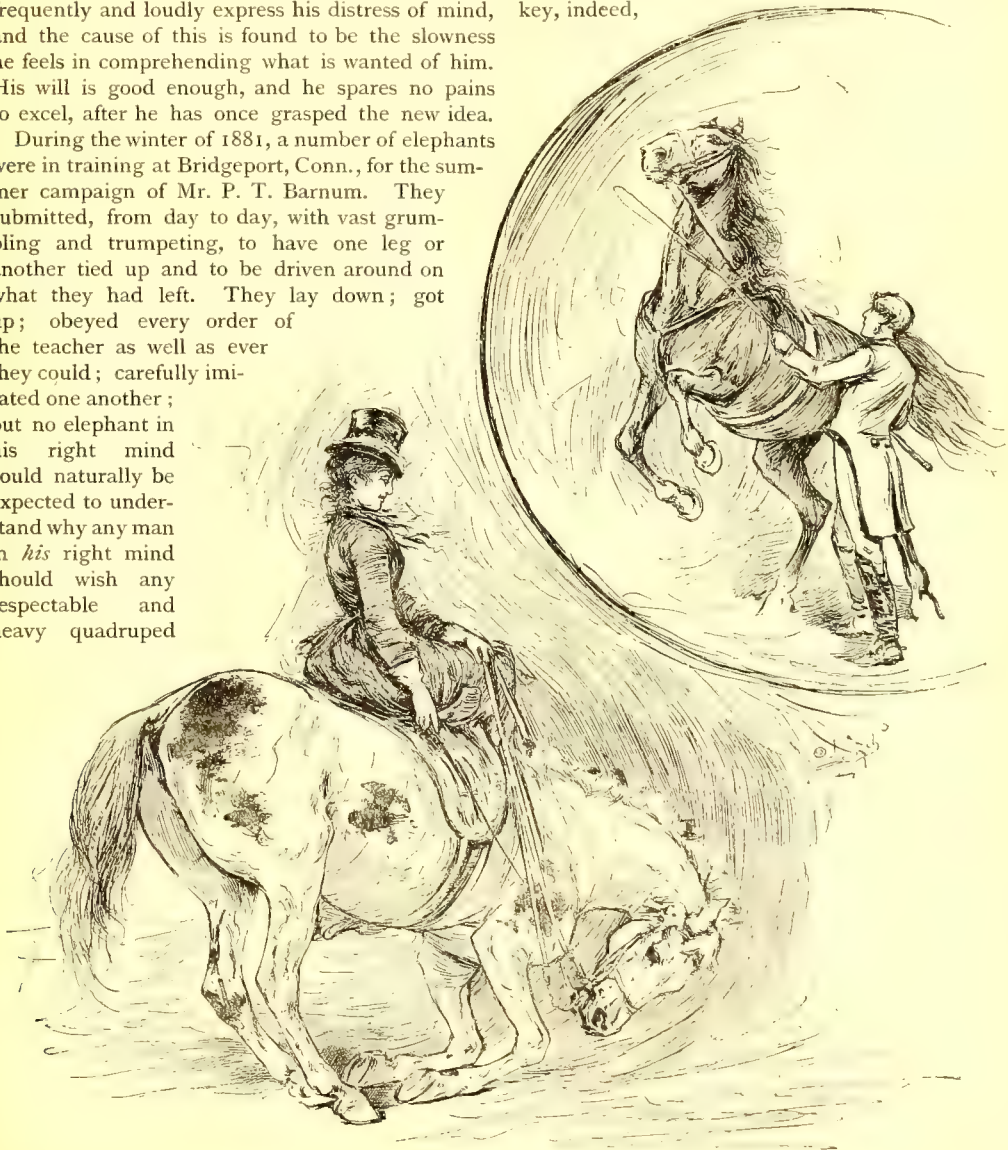
Nevertheless, vacation time is by no means idle time for the showman. Training involves hard and patient toil, and it receives a sort of compensation

from the larger and more intelligent animals, in the dumb earnestness with which many of them will meet their human friends half-way, and strive to learn the lessons set them. The anecdotes of the sagacity of horses, for instance, are innumerable, but there are points at which the elephant may be said to have fairly beaten all animals below man. He is even able to offer a good example to some men, for it is found that the great unwieldy brute is himself desirous of obtaining a liberal education. In the earlier stages of his instruction, while he is studying, so to speak, the "primer" of any given "trick" or duty, he will frequently and loudly express his distress of mind, and the cause of this is found to be the slowness he feels in comprehending what is wanted of him. His will is good enough, and he spares no pains to excel, after he has once grasped the new idea.

During the winter of 1881, a number of elephants were in training at Bridgeport, Conn., for the summer campaign of Mr. P. T. Barnum. They submitted, from day to day, with vast grumbling and trumpeting, to have one leg or another tied up and to be driven around on what they had left. They lay down; got up; obeyed every order of the teacher as well as ever they could; carefully imitated one another; but no elephant in his right mind could naturally be expected to understand why any man in *his* right mind should wish any respectable and heavy quadruped

to stand upon three or two legs, or upon his dignified head. Their great sagacity was shown after the animals were left a little to themselves. The keepers observed them on their exercise ground, with no human teacher near to offer a word of suggestion or explanation, and yet, singly or in pairs, the huge scholars gravely repeated their lessons and did their "practicing" on their own account. This was the secret of the wonderful proficiency they afterward exhibited in the ring.

Up to this time, it seems, no such intelligent self-help can be looked for from any other wild animal. The monkey, indeed,



"TRAINED HORSES."

will "practice" all sorts of things, with more or less understanding, but he is more than likely to select performances not on the programme, and omit those he has been taught. In this, and other doings, the monkey is a queer caricature of humanity.

Special attention must be paid to the health of creatures that have cost so much, and the keeper is a kind of attending physician, with a sharp eye for all doubtful symptoms. Two of Mr. Barnum's wisest elephants, one day last winter, after careless exposure to wet and cold, were found shivering with a sudden chill. Nothing could be more dangerous to their valuable lives. Several gallons of the best whisky were procured as soon as possible, and the gigantic "shakers" were forced to take it. They were then put to bed in their shelter, warmly covered up, and anxiously watched. It was not long before the remedy had its effect, and the half-tipsy patients wanted to get up and stagger around and trumpet the fact that they felt better. The chill was broken, and for a while they felt very well indeed. Next morning, when their keeper approached them, they began, with one accord, to shake all over, as a strong intimation that they

matter how short may be the distance. At the hour for moving, the manager must be sure that he is provided with every man, woman, and child required for every service connected with his advertised performances, and that every one of these knows exactly what to do and when and where to do it. He also must know that he has supplied himself with every van, wagon, car, tent, rope, tool, implement, of whatever kind, which any part of his huge establishment may need, and that all



THE PANTHER QUEEN AND HER PETS.

needed more of that medicine; but the doctor was too sharp for them, and roared at the nearest one:

"No, sir. You can't have a drop!"

They understood, and the chill disappeared.

The animals themselves, their care and training, by no means supply all the winter-work of preparing a circus-menagerie for its summer tour. The tent-city must be complete in all its appliances before the day comes for its first transportation, no

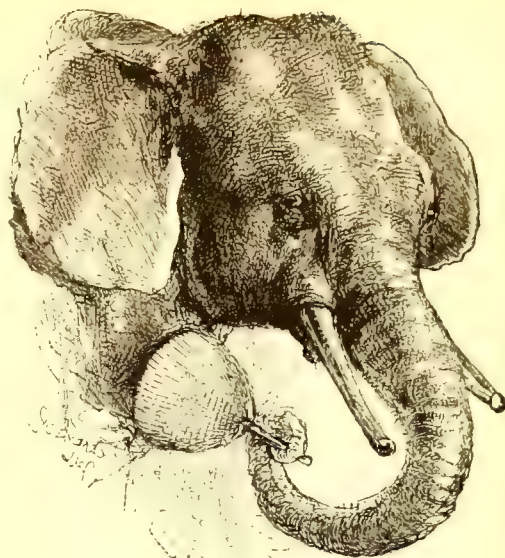
these are in place, ready for instant use when the order to start is actually given.

The circus part of the great show is not less interesting than its "better half," and it is in every way attended with great costs and difficulties. The circus has also its winter quarters, but they are not like those of the menagerie. No troupe of performers comprises just the same persons during two successive exhibition seasons. Its entire membership,

excepting perhaps the managers and a few prime favorites, breaks up and scatters over the country at the close of a season's engagements. Each particular wonder or group of wonders takes care of itself as best it can during the idle months.

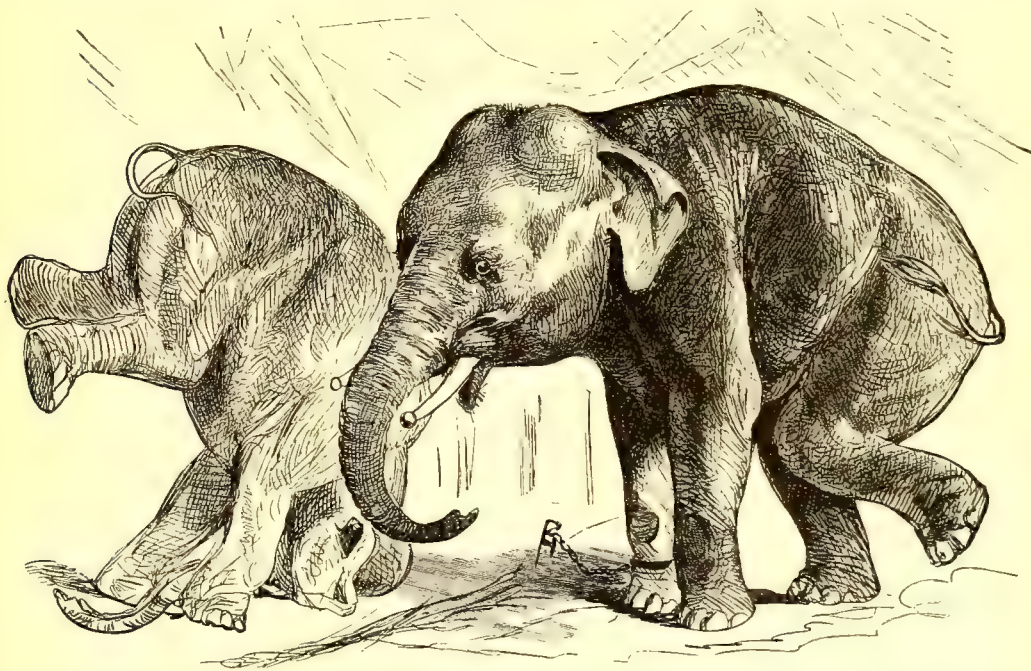
Each season, therefore, the attractions to be offered must be sought, corresponded for, gathered, organized anew. All engagements are made early enough in advance, but not in any case without careful inquiry and inspection by the manager as to the physical and moral condition of the person or persons he is bargaining with. The special abilities of all capable performers, such as riders, acrobats, giants, dwarfs, magicians, clowns, pantomimists, are well known to the trade, and so are all their particular failings. No manager in his senses will engage a performer who has permitted himself or herself to get out of practice or to acquire such bad habits as will endanger the regularity and attractiveness of the season's "appearances."

The human members of the show are scattered, indeed, but they can not be altogether idle, for they must be in perfect training when they come to be inspected by the keen eyes of the man who is to direct their movements, after deciding whether or not they will answer his purposes. He can not afford to hire an intemperate man at any wages.



"PHEW! CIRCUS FEATS ARE WARM WORK!"

ing all the while. Generally, he is at least part owner of the concern he is to manage, or is directly



ELEPHANTS PRACTICING DURING THE TEACHER'S ABSENCE.

The manager may be one man, or two or three men acting as one, but he is in anxious train-

interested in its profits and losses, and has therefore a sharp and watchful eye upon every question,

great or small, which the business under his care may present.

His first anxiety, as well as outlay, is in getting his show well together, and right along with the winning of that victory comes a trial which fully tests all his capacity for management and good generalship. All that huge aggregate of animals, tents, wagons, machinery, and appliances must be cut down to the smallest possible weight, the "fat man" and the giant excepted. Then everything, with or without life, must be packed into the smallest possible space for transportation. There can not be employed nor carried one needless man, or boy, or beast, nor can one that will be needed be safely left behind. All are picked and disciplined beforehand. All other requisite things must be provided, since it will not do, even in a great city, to trust to luck, nor to waste precious time in finding the right thing, whether it be a horseshoe-nail or a breakfast.

Time was when small shows, and even some of pretty good size, could depend upon hotels for food, and upon railways and steam-boats for transportation; but it will not do to run any such risks with the monster shows which are brought together nowadays. Hotels and steamers have no spare accommodations for the entertainment of a suddenly arriving "city." On the railways the case is similar, and the very sleeping-cars for the performers are the property of the managers, as also are the baggage-cars and platform cars for all the

over with patient care, for instruction and drill, and each department or section is under a sort of foreman, that the eyes of the master may be multiplied. While a manager is wrestling with his packing problem, he is also dealing with another which is hardly less important. A valuable part of his varied learning is the knowledge he has of the country through which his show is to be carried and exhibited, and of the peculiar tastes and demands of its several local populations. If anybody supposes these requirements to be the same, or nearly so, North, South, East, and West, he is very much mistaken.

The show which suits one set of people may fail to suit another. As soon as a manager has studied the field of his coming campaign, and decided upon the best tour for just such a show as the one he has prepared, his next business is to send ahead experienced and competent men to prepare the way.

Spaces in which to exhibit have to be contracted for in advance, and the most suitable sites soon become known to all the managers. A tent pitched in some spot difficult of access, or to which the people were unaccustomed, might fail to have any audience under it, no matter what else should be there.

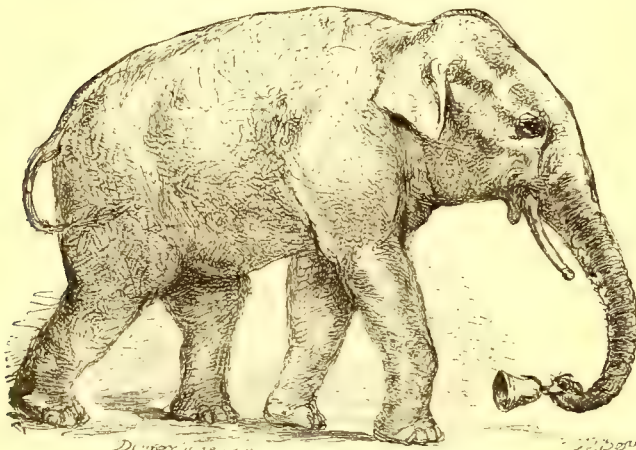
A few energetic men, with due instruction, can attend to this branch of the business, but there are so many other duties to be performed before the arrival of the show, that a great circus has been known to have more than "seventy men sent on

ahead," the manager knowing exactly what each man had gone for. For instance, there were supplies of lumber to be procured, and of such other materials as the setting up of the show called for. There is often a good deal of carpenter work required, in addition to all that is carried along or that can be done by the regular carpenters of the concern. There are fresh meat to be obtained for the wild animals, and grain and forage for the tame ones. All must be ready at the hour of arrival, and among the other necessities the heavy "marketing" must be on hand for the uses of the circus cooks. Not one article can be waited for after the train with the show on board pulls up on the switch at its stopping-place. If there were lack of knowl-

edge concerning stock on hand or deficiencies, or failure to send ahead and provide, the tent-city would soon fall to pieces.

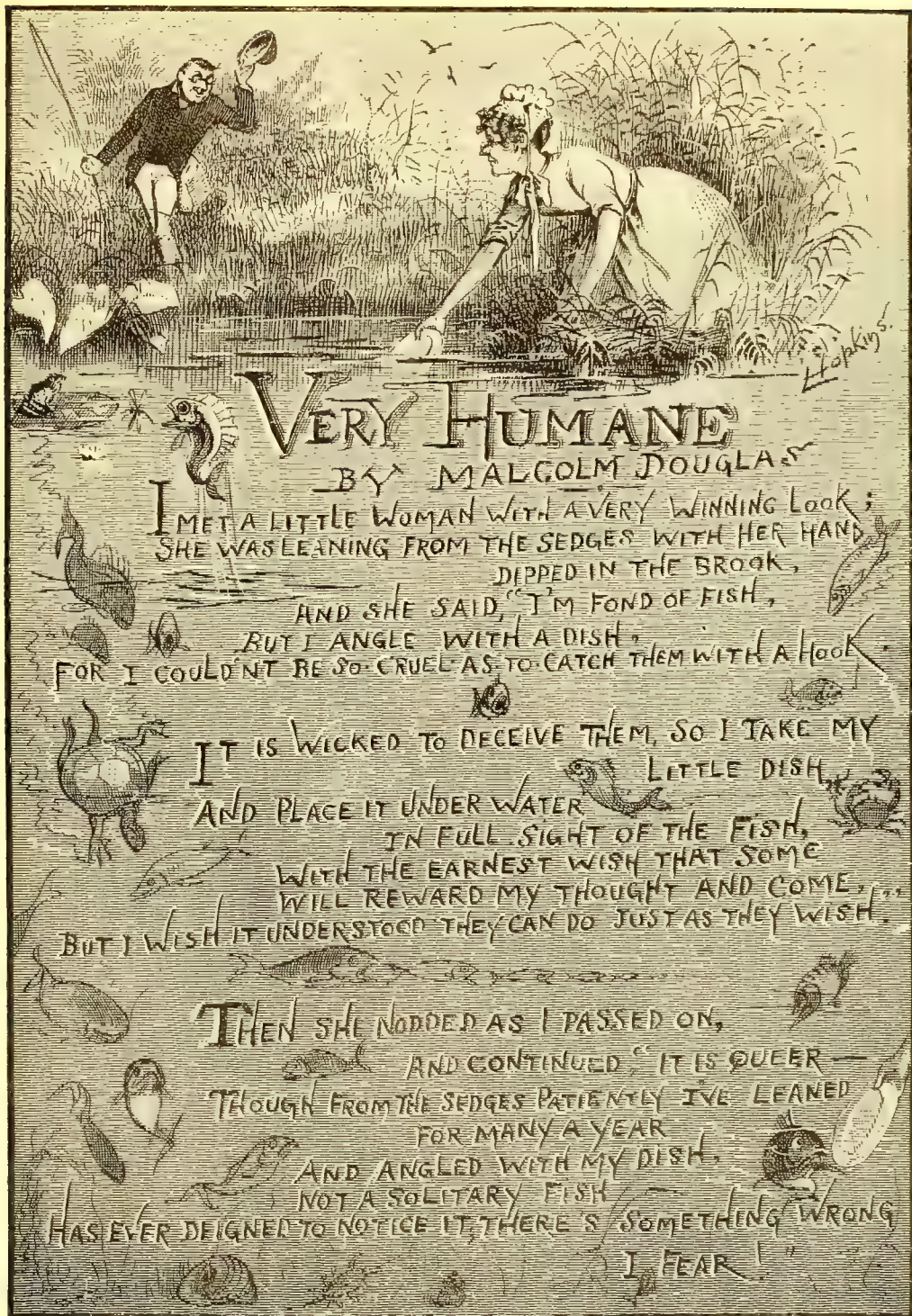
One great trial is fairly passed when the railway train with the show on board gets under way for the first time.

(To be concluded next month.)



RINGING THE BELL FOR DINNER.

immense store of material. On these cars, too, every article has its exact place and space, from which it comes, and into which it goes again according to an established rule, and the men in charge know, therefore, where it is when it is wanted. The first "packing" is done over and



VERY HUMANE

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS

I MET A LITTLE WOMAN WITH A VERY WINNING LOOK;
SHE WAS LEANING FROM THE SEDGES WITH HER HAND
DIPPED IN THE BROOK,
AND SHE SAID, "I'M FOND OF FISH,
BUT I ANGLE WITH A DISH,
FOR I COULDN'T BE SO CRUEL AS TO CATCH THEM WITH A HOOK."

IT IS WICKED TO DECEIVE THEM, SO I TAKE MY
LITTLE DISH,
AND PLACE IT UNDER WATER
IN FULL SIGHT OF THE FISH,
WITH THE EARNEST WISH THAT SOME
WILL REWARD MY THOUGHT AND COME,
BUT I WISH IT UNDERSTOOD THEY CAN DO JUST AS THEY WISH.

THEN SHE NODDED AS I PASSED ON,
AND CONTINUED "IT IS QUEER—
THOUGH FROM THE SEDGES PATIENTLY I'VE LEANED
FOR MANY A YEAR
AND ANGLED WITH MY DISH,
NOT A SOLITARY FISH
HAS EVER DEIGNED TO NOTICE IT, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG
I FEAR!"

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER IX.

PIGEON POT-PIE.

HAPPY boys and girls that go to school nowadays! You have to study harder than the generations before you, it is true; you miss the jolly spelling-schools, and the good old games that were not half so scientific as base-ball, lawn tennis, or lacrosse, but that had ten times more fun and frolic in them; but all this is made up to you by the fact that you escape the tyrannical old master. Whatever faults the teachers of this day may have, they do not generally lacerate the backs of their pupils, as did some of the old teachers.

At the time of which I write, thirty years ago, a better race of school-masters was crowding out the old, but many of the latter class, with their terrible switches and cruel beatings, kept their ground until they died off one by one, and relieved the world of their odious ways.

Mr. Ball would n't die to please anybody. He was a bachelor, had no liking for children, but taught school five or six months in winter to avoid having to work on a farm in the summer. He had taught in Greenbank every winter for a quarter of a century, and having never learned to win anybody's affection, had been obliged to teach those who disliked him. This atmosphere of mutual dislike will sour the sweetest temper, and Mr. Ball's temper had not been honey to begin with. Year by year he grew more and more severe—he whipped for poor lessons, he whipped for speaking in school, he took down his switch for not speaking loud enough in class, he whipped for coming late to school, he whipped because a scholar made a noise with his feet, and he whipped because he himself had eaten something unwholesome for his breakfast. The brutality of a master produces like qualities in scholars. The boys drew caricatures on the blackboard, put living cats or dead ones into Mr. Ball's desk, and tried to drive him wild by their many devices.

He would walk up and down the school-room seeking a victim, and he had as much pleasure in beating a girl or a little boy as in punishing an overgrown fellow.

And yet I can not say that Mr. Ball was impartial. There were some pupils that escaped. Susan Lanham was not punished, because her father, Dr. Lanham, was a very influential man in the town;

and the faults of Henry Weathervane and his sister were always overlooked after their father became a school trustee.

Many efforts had been made to put a new master into the school. But Mr. Ball's brother-in-law was one of the principal merchants in the place, and the old man had had the school so long that it seemed like robbery to deprive him of it. It had come, in some sort, to belong to him. People hated to see him moved. He would die some day, they said, and nobody could deny that, though it often seemed to the boys and girls that he would never die; he was more likely to dry up and blow away. And it was a long time to wait for that.

And yet I think Greenbank might have had to wait for something like that if there had n't come a great flight of pigeons just at this time. For whenever Susan Lanham suggested to her father that he should try to get Mr. Ball removed and a new teacher appointed, Dr. Lanham smiled and said "he hated to move against the old man; he'd been there so long, you know, and he probably would n't live long, anyhow. Something ought to be done, perhaps, but he could n't meddle with him." For older people forgot the beatings they had endured, and remembered the old man only as one of the venerable landmarks of their childhood.

And so, by favor of Henry Weathervane's father, whose children he did not punish, and by favor of other people's neglect and forgetfulness, the Greenbank children might have had to face and fear the old ogre down to this day, or until he dried up and blew away, if it had n't been, as I said, that there came a great flight of pigeons.

A flight of pigeons is not uncommon in the Ohio River country. Audubon, the great naturalist, saw them in his day, and in old colonial times such flights took place in the settlements on the seaboard, and sometimes the starving colonists were able to knock down pigeons with sticks. The mathematician is not yet born who can count the number of pigeons in one of these sky-darkening flocks, which are often many miles in length, and which follow one another for a whole day. The birds, for the most part, fly at a considerable height from the earth, but when they are crossing a wide valley, like that of the Ohio River, they drop down to a lower level, and so reach the hills quite close to the ground, and within easy gunshot.

When the pigeon flight comes on Saturday, it is

very convenient for those boys that have guns. If these pigeons had only come on Saturday instead of on Monday, Mr. Ball might have taught the Greenbank school until to-day,—that is to say, if he had n't quite dried up and blown off meanwhile.

For when Riley and Ben Berry saw this flight of pigeons begin on Monday morning, they remembered that the geography lesson was a hard one, and so they played "hookey," and, taking their guns with them, hid in the bushes at the top of the hill. Then, as the birds struck the hill, and beat their way up over the brow of it, the boys, lying in ambush, had only to fire into the flock without taking aim, and the birds would drop all around them. The discharge of the guns made Bob Holliday so hungry for pigeon pot-pie, that he, too, ran away from school, at recess, and took his place among the pigeon-slayers in the paw-paw patch on the hill-top.

Tuesday morning, Mr. Ball came in with darkened brows, and two extra switches. Riley, Berry, and Holliday were called up as soon as school began. They had pigeon pot-pie for dinner, but they also had sore backs for three days, and Bob laughingly said that he knew just how a pigeon felt when it was basted.

The day after the whipping and the pigeon pot-pie, when the sun shone warm at noon, the fire was allowed to go down in the stove. All were at play in the sunshine, excepting Columbus Risdale, who sat solitary, like a disconsolate screech-owl, in one corner of the room. Riley and Ben Berry, still smarting from yesterday, entered, and without observing Lummy's presence, proceeded to put some gunpowder in the stove, taking pains to surround it with cool ashes, so that it should not explode until the stirring of the fire, as the chill of the afternoon should come on. When they had finished this dangerous transaction, they discovered the presence of Columbus in his corner, looking at them with large-eyed wonder and alarm.

"If you ever tell a living soul about that, we'll kill you," said Ben Berry.

Will also threatened the scared little rabbit, and both felt safe from detection.

An hour after school had resumed its session, Columbus, who had sat shivering with terror all the time, wrote on his slate:

"Will Riley and Ben B. put something in the stove. Said they would kill me if I told on them."

This he passed to Jack, who sat next to him. Jack rubbed it out as soon as he had read it, and wrote:

"Don't tell anybody."

Jack could not guess what they had put in. It might be coffee-nuts, which would explode harmlessly; it might be something that would give a bad

smell in burning, such as chicken-feathers. If he could have believed that it was gunpowder, he would have plucked up courage enough to give the master some warning, though he might have got only a whipping for his pains. While Jack was debating what he should do, the master called the Fourth-Reader class. At the close of the lesson he noticed that Columbus was shivering, though indeed it was more from terror than from cold.

"Go to the stove and stir up the fire, and get warm," he said, sternly.

"I'd—I'd rather not," said Lum, shaking with fright at the idea.

"Umph!" said Mr. Ball, looking hard at the lad, with half a mind to make him go. Then he changed his purpose and went to the stove himself, raked forward the coals, and made up the fire. Just as he was shutting the stove-door, the explosion came—the ashes flew out all over the master, the stove was thrown down from the bricks on which its four legs rested, the long pipe fell in many pieces on the floor, and the children set up a general howl in all parts of the room.

As soon as Mr. Ball had shaken off the ashes from his coat, he said: "Be quiet—there's no more danger. Columbus Risdale, come here."

"He did not do it," spoke up Susan Lanham.

"Be quiet, Susan. You know all about this," continued the master to poor little Columbus, who was so frightened as hardly to be able to stand. After looking at Columbus a moment, the master took down a great beech switch. "Now, I shall whip you until you tell me who did it. You were afraid to go to the stove. You knew there was powder there. Who put it there? That's the question. Answer, quick, or I shall make you."

The little skin-and-bones trembled between two terrors, and Jack, seeing his perplexity, got up and stood by him.

"He did n't do it, Mr. Ball. I know who did it. If Columbus should tell you, he would be beaten for telling. The boy who did it is just mean enough to let Lummy get the whipping. Please let him off."

"You know, do you? I shall whip you both. You knew there was gunpowder in the fire, and you gave no warning. I shall whip you both—the severest whipping you ever had, too."

And the master put up the switch he had taken down, as not effective enough, and proceeded to take another.

"If we had known it was gunpowder," said Jack, beginning to tremble, "you would have been warned. But we did n't. We only knew that something had been put in."

"If you'll tell all about it, I'll let you off easier; if you don't, I shall give you all the whipping I

know how to give." And by way of giving impressiveness to his threat he took a turn about the room, while there was an awful stillness among the terrified scholars.

I do not know what was in Bob Holliday's head, but about this time he managed to open the western door while the master's back was turned. Bob's desk was near the door.

Poor little Columbus was ready to die, and Jack was afraid that, if the master should beat him as he threatened to, the child would die outright. Luckily, at the second cruel blow, the master broke his switch and turned to get another. Seeing the door open, Jack whispered to Columbus:

"Run home as fast as you can go."

The little fellow needed no second bidding. He tottered on his trembling legs to the door, and was out before Mr. Ball had detected the motion. When the master saw his prey disappearing out of the door, he ran after him, but it happened curiously enough, in the excitement, that Bob Holliday, who sat behind the door, rose up, as if to look out, and stumbled against the door, thus pushing it shut, so that by the time Mr. Ball got his stiff legs outside the door, the frightened child was under such headway that, fearing to have the whole school in rebellion, the teacher gave over the pursuit, and came back prepared to wreak his vengeance on Jack.

While Mr. Ball was outside the door, Bob Holliday called to Jack, in a loud whisper, that he had better run, too, or the old master would "skin him alive." But Jack had been trained to submit to authority, and to run away now would lose him his winter's schooling, on which he had set great store. He made up his mind to face the punishment as best he could, fleeing only as a last resort if the beating should be unendurable.

"Now," said the master to Jack, "will you tell me who put that gunpowder in the stove? If you don't, I'll take it out of your skin."

Jack could not bear to tell, especially under a threat. I think that boys are not wholly right in their notion that it is dishonorable to inform on a school-mate, especially in the case of so bad an offense as that of which Will and Ben were guilty. But, on the other hand, the last thing a master ought to seek is to turn boys into habitual spies and informers on one another. In the present instance, Jack ought, perhaps, to have told, for the offense was criminal; but it is hard for a high-spirited lad to yield to a brutal threat.

Jack caught sight of Susan Lanham telegraphing from behind the master, by spelling with her fingers:

"Tell or run."

But he could not make up his mind to do either,

though Bob Holliday had again mysteriously opened the western door.

The master summoned all his strength and struck him half a dozen blows, that made poor Jack writhe. Then he walked up and down the room awhile, to give the victim time to consider whether he would tell or not.

"Run," spelled out Susan on her fingers.

"The school-house is on fire!" called out Bob Holliday. Some of the coals that had spilled from the capsized stove were burning the floor—not dangerously, but Bob wished to make a diversion. He rushed for a pail of water in the corner, and all the rest, aching with suppressed excitement, crowded around the fallen stove, so that it was hard for the master to tell whether there was any fire or not. Bob whispered to Jack to "cut sticks," but Jack only went to his seat.

"Lay hold, boys, and let's put up the stove," said Bob, taking the matter quite out of the master's hands. Of course, the stove-pipe would not fit without a great deal of trouble. Did ever stove-pipe go together without trouble? Somehow, all the joints that Bob joined together flew asunder over and over again, though he seemed to work most zealously to get the stove set up. After half an hour of this confusion, the pipe was fixed, and the master, having had time, like the stove, to cool off, and seeing Jack bent over his book, concluded to let the matter drop. It proved, however, to be a matter that would not drop.

CHAPTER X.

JACK AND HIS MOTHER.

JACK went home that night very sore on his back and in his feelings. He felt humiliated to be beaten like a dog, and even a dog feels degraded in being beaten. He told his mother about it—the tall, dignified, sweet-faced mother, very patient in trouble and very full of a high goodness that did not talk much about goodness. She did not keep telling Jack to be good, but she always took it for granted that *her* boy would not do anything mean. She made a healthy atmosphere for a brave boy to grow in. Jack told her of his whipping, with some heat, while he sat at supper. She did not say much then, but after Jack's evening chores were all finished, she sat down by the lamp where he was trying to get out some sums, and questioned him carefully.

"Why did n't you tell who did it?" she asked.

"Because it makes a boy mean to tell, and all the boys would have thought me a sneak."

"It is a little hard to face a general opinion like that," she said.

"But," said Jack, "if I had told, the master would have whipped Columbus all the same, and the boys would probably have pounded him too. I ought to have told beforehand," said Jack, after a pause. "But I thought it was only some coffee-nuts that they had put in. The mean fellows, to let Columbus take a whipping for them! But the way Mr. Ball beats us is enough to make a boy mean and cowardly."

After a long silence, the mother said: "I think we shall have to give it up, Jack."

"What, Mother?"

"The schooling for this winter. I don't want you to go where boys are beaten in that way. In the morning, go and get your books and see what you can do at home."

Then, after a long pause, in which neither liked to speak, Mrs. Dudley said:

"I want you to be an educated man. You learn quickly; you have a taste for books, and you will be happier if you get knowledge. If I could collect the money that Gray owes your father's estate, or even a part of it, I should be able to keep you in school one winter after this. But there seems to be no hope for that."

"But he is a rich man, is n't he?"

"Yes, but not in his own name. He persuaded your father, who was a most kind-hearted man, to release a mortgage, promising to give him some other security the next week. But, meantime, he put his property in such a shape as to cheat all his creditors. I don't think we shall ever get anything."

"I am going to be an educated man, anyhow."

"But you will have to go to work at something next fall," said the mother.

"That will make it harder, but I mean to study a little every day. I wish I could get a chance to spend next winter in school."

"We'll see what can be done."

And long after Jack went to bed that night the mother sat still by the candle with her sewing, trying to think what she could do to help her boy to get on with his studies.

Jack woke up after eleven o'clock, and saw her light still burning in the sitting-room.

"I say, Mother," he called out, "don't you sit there worrying about me. We shall come through this all right."

Some of Jack's hopefulness got into the mother's heart, and she took her light and went to bed.

Wearied, and sore, and disappointed, Jack did not easily get to sleep himself after his cheerful speech to his mother. He lay awake long, making boy's plans for his future. He would go and collect money by some hook or crook from the rascally Gray; he would make a great invention; he would discover a gold mine; he would find some rich

cousin who would send him through college; he would —, but just then he grew more wakeful and realized that all his plans had no foundation of probability.

CHAPTER XI.

COLUMBUS AND HIS FRIENDS.

WHEN he waked up in the morning, Jack remembered that he had not seen Columbus Risdale go past the door after his cow the evening before, and he was afraid that he might be ill. Why had he not thought to go down and drive up the cow himself? It was yet early, and he arose and went down to the little rusty, brown, unpainted house in which the Risdales, who were poor people, had their home. Just as he pushed open the gate, Bob Holliday came out of the door, looking tired and sleepy.

"Hello, Bob!" said Jack. "How 's Columbus? Is he sick?"

"Awful sick," said Bob. "Clean out of his head all night."

"Have you been here all night?"

"Yes, I heerd he was sick last night, and I come over and sot up with him."

"You good, big-hearted Bob!" said Jack.

"You're the best fellow in the world, I believe."

"What a quare feller you air to talk, Jack," said Bob, choking up. "Air you goin' to school to-day?"

"No. Mother 'd rather have me not go any more."

"I'm not going any more. I hate old Ball. Neither 's Susan Lanham going. She 's in there," and Bob made a motion toward the house with his thumb, and passed out of the gate, while Jack knocked at the door. He was admitted by Susan.

"Oh, Jack! I'm so glad to see you," she whispered. "Columbus has asked for you a good many times during the night. You 've stood by him splendidly."

Jack blushed, and asked how Lummy was now.

"Out of his head most of the time. Bob Holliday staid with him all night. What a good fellow Bob Holliday is!"

"I almost hugged him, just now," said Jack, and Susan could n't help laughing at this frank confession.

When Jack passed into the next room, he saw Columbus's mother sitting by his bed, and the poor little fellow with his big head resting on the white pillow. Columbus turned his large eyes on Jack, and then reached out both his puny arms.

"Come, Jack, dear old fellow," he said.

Jack bent over him, while the wan-faced Columbus put the poor little reed-like arms about his neck.

"Jack," he sobbed, "the old master's right over there in the corner all the time, straightening out his ugly long switches. He says he's going to beat me again. But I know you won't let him. Will you, Jack, you dear old fellow?"

"No, he sha' n't touch you."

"Let 's run away, Jack," he said, presently. And so the poor little fellow went on, his great disordered brain producing feverish images of terror from which he continually besought "dear good old Jack" to deliver him.

When at last he dropped into a troubled sleep, Jack slipped away and drove up the Risdale cow, and then went back to his breakfast. He was a boy whose anger kindled slowly; but the more he thought about it, the more angry he became at the master who had given Columbus such a fright as to throw him into a brain fever, and at the "mean, sneaking, contemptible villains," as he hotly called them, who would n't come forward and confess their trick, rather than to have the poor little lad beaten.

"Let us make some allowances," his mother said, quietly.

"That's what you always say, Mother. You're always making allowances."

After breakfast and chores, Jack thought to go again to see his little friend. On issuing from the gate, he saw Will Riley and Ben Berry waiting for him at the corner. Whether they meant to attack him or not he could not tell, but he felt too angry to care.

"I say, Jack," said Riley, "how did you know who put the powder in the stove? Did Columbus tell you?"

"Mind your own business," said Jack, in a tone not so polite as it might be. "The less you say about gunpowder, hereafter, the better for you both. Why did n't you walk up and tell, and save that little fellow a beating?"

"Look here, Jack," said Berry, "don't you tell what you know about it. There's going to be a row. They say that Doctor Lanham's taken Susan, and all the other children, out of school, because the master thrashed Lummy, and they say Bob Holliday's quit, and that you're going to quit, and Doctor Lanham's gone to work this morning to get the master put out at the end of the term. Mr. Ball did n't know that Columbus was kin to the Lanhams, or he'd have let him alone, like he does the Lanhams and the Weathervanes. There is going to be a big row, and everybody'll want to know who put the powder in the stove. We want you to be quiet about it."

"You *do*?" said Jack, with a sneer. "You do?"

"Yes, we do," said Riley, coaxingly.

"You do? *You come to me* and ask me to keep it secret, after letting me and that poor little baby take your whipping! You want me to hide what you did, when that poor little Columbus lies over there sick abed and like to die, all because you sneaking scoundrels let him be whipped for what you did!"

"Is he sick?" said Riley, in terror.

"Going to die, I expect," said Jack, bitterly.

"Well," said Ben Berry, "you be careful what you say about us, or we'll get Pewee to get even with you."

"Oh, that's your game! You think you can scare me, do you?"

Here Jack grew more and more angry. Seeing a group of school-boys on the other side of the street, he called them over.

"Look here, boys," said Jack, "I took a whipping yesterday to keep from telling on these fellows, and now they have the face to ask me not to tell that they put the powder in the stove, and they promise me a beating from Pewee if I do. These are the two boys that let a poor sickly baby take the whipping they ought to have had. They have just as good as killed him, I suppose, and now they come sneaking around here and trying to scare me into keeping still about it. I didn't back down from the master, and I won't from Pewee. Oh, no! I won't tell anybody. But if any of you boys should happen to guess that Will Riley and Ben Berry were the cowards who did that mean trick, I am not going to say they were n't. It would n't be of any use to deny it. There are only two boys in school mean enough to play such a contemptible trick as that."

Riley and Berry stood sheepishly silent, but just here Pewee came in sight, and seeing the squad of boys gathered around Jack, strode over quickly and pushed his sturdy form into the midst.

"Pewee," said Riley, "I think you ought to pound Jack. He says you can't back him down."

"I did n't," said Jack. "I said *you* could n't scare me out of telling who tried to blow up the school-house stove, and let other boys take the whipping, by promising me a drubbing from Pewee Rose. If Pewee wants to put himself in as mean a crowd as yours, and be your puppy dog to fight for you, let him come on. He's a fool if he does, that's all I have to say. The whole town will want to ship you two fellows off before night, and Pewee is n't going to fight your battles. What do you think, Pewee, of fellows that put powder in a stove where they might blow up a lot of little children? What do you think of two fellows that want me to keep quiet after they let little Lum Risdale take a whipping for them, and that talk about setting you on to me if I tell?"

Thus brought face to face with both parties, to his own home, declaring that he was going King Pewee only looked foolish and said nothing, to tell everybody in town. But when he entered



"COUSIN SUEBY," SAID LITTLE COLUMBUS, COAXINGLY, "I WANT TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU." [SEE PAGE 331.]

Jack had worked himself into such a passion the house and looked into the quiet, self-controlled face of his mother, he began to feel cooler.

"Let us remember that some allowances are to be made for such boys," was all that she said.

"That 's what you always say, Mother," said Jack, impatiently. "I believe you 'd make allowances for Satan himself."

"That would depend on his bringing up," smiled Mrs. Dudley. "Some boys have bad streaks naturally, and some have been cowed and brutalized by ill-treatment, and some have been spoiled by indulgence."

Jack felt more calm after a while. He went back to the bedside of Columbus, but he could n't bring himself to make allowances, as his mother did.

CHAPTER XII.

GREENBANK WAKES UP.

If the pigeons had not crossed the valley on Monday, nobody would have played truant, and if nobody had played truant on Monday, there would not have been occasion to beat three boys on Tuesday morning, and if Ben Berry and Riley had escaped a beating on Tuesday morning, they would not have thought of putting gunpowder into the stove on Wednesday at noon, and if they had omitted that bad joke, Columbus would not have got into trouble and run away from school, and if he had escaped the fright and the flight, he might not have had the fever, and the town would not have been waked up, and other things would not have happened.

So then, you see, this world of ours is just like the House that Jack Built: one thing is tied to another and another to that, and that to this, and this to something, and something to something else, and so on to the very end of all things.

So it was that the village was thrown into a great excitement as the result of a flock of innocent pigeons going over the heads of some lazy boys. In the first place, Susan Lanham talked about things. She talked to her aunts, and she talked to her uncles, and, above all, she talked to her father. Now Susan was the brightest girl in the town, and she had a tongue, as all the world knew, and when she set out to tell people what a brute the old master was, how he had beaten two innocent boys, how bravely Jack had carried himself, how frightened little Columbus was, and how sick it had made him, and how mean the boys were to put the powder there, and then to let the others take the whipping,—I say, when Susan set out to tell all these things, in her eloquent way, to everybody she knew, you might expect a waking up in the sleepy old town. Some of the people took Susan's side and removed their children from the school, lest they, too, should get a whipping and run home and have brain fever. But many stood up for

the old master, mostly because they were people of the sort that never can bear to see anything changed. "The boys ought to have told who put the powder in the stove," they said. "It served them right."

"How could the master know that Jack and Columbus did not do it themselves?" said others. "May be they did!"

"Don't tell me!" cried old Mrs. Horne. "Don't tell me! Boys can't be managed without whipping, and plenty of it. 'Bring up a child and away he goes,' as the Bible says. When you hire a master, you want a master, says I."

"What a tongue that Sue Lanham has got!" said Mr. Higbie, Mr. Ball's brother-in-law.

The excitement spread over the whole village. Doctor Lanham talked about it, and the ministers, and the lawyers, and the loafers in the stores, and the people who came to the post-office for their letters. Of course, it broke out furiously in the "Maternal Association," a meeting of mothers held at the house of one of the ministers.

"Mr. Ball can do every sum in the arithmetic," urged Mrs. Weathervane.

"He's a master hand at figures, they do say," said Mother Brownson.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dudley, "I don't doubt it. Jack's back is covered with figures of Mr. Ball's making. For my part, I should rather have a master that did his figuring on a slate."

Susan Lanham got hold of this retort, and took pains that it should be known all over the village.

When Greenbank once gets waked up on any question, it never goes to sleep until that particular question is settled. But it does n't wake up more than once or twice in twenty years. Most of the time it is only talking in its sleep. Now that Greenbank had its eyes open for a little time, it was surprised to see that while the cities along the river had all adopted graded schools,—*de*-graded schools, as they were called by the people opposed to them,—and while even the little villages in the hill country had younger and more enlightened teachers, the county-town of Greenbank had made no advance. It employed yet, under the rule of President Fillmore, the same hard old stick of a master that had beaten the boys in the log school-house in the days of John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson. But, now it was awake, Greenbank kept its eyes open on the school question. The boys wrote on the fences, in chalk:

DOWN WITH OLD BAWL!

and thought the bad spelling of the name a good joke, while men and women began to talk about getting a new master.

Will Riley and Ben Berry had the hardest time. For the most part they staid at home during the excitement, only slinking out in the evening. The boys nicknamed them "Gunpowder cowards," and wrote the words on the fences. Even the loafers about the street asked them whether Old Ball had given them that whipping yet, and how they liked "powder and Ball."

CHAPTER XIII.

PROFESSOR SUSAN.

MR. BALL did not let go easily. He had been engaged for the term, and he declared that he would go on to the end of the term, if there should be nothing but empty benches. In truth, he and his partisans hoped that the storm would blow over and the old man be allowed to go on teaching and thrashing as heretofore. He had a great advantage in that he had been trained in all the common branches better than most masters, and was regarded as a miracle of skill in arithmetical calculations. He even knew how to survey land.

Jack was much disappointed to miss his winter's schooling, and there was no probability that he would be able to attend school again. He went on as best he could at home, but he stuck fast in the middle of the arithmetic. Columbus had by this time begun to recover his slender health, and he was even able to walk over to Jack's house occasionally. Finding Jack in despair over some of his "sums," he said:

"Why don't you ask Susan Lanham to show you? I believe she would; and she has been clean through the arithmetic, and she is 'most as good as the master himself."

"I don't like to," said Jack. "She would n't want to take the trouble."

But the next morning Christopher Columbus managed to creep over to the Lanhams:

"Cousin Sukey," he said, coaxingly, "I wish you 'd do something for me. I want to ask a favor of you."

"What is it, Columbus?" said Sue. "Anything you ask shall be given, to the half of my kingdom!" and she struck an attitude, as Isabella of Castile, addressing the great Columbus, with the dust-brush for a scepter, and the towel, which she had pinned about her head, for a crown.

"You are so funny," he said, with a faint smile. "But I wish you 'd be sober a minute."

"Have n't had but one cup of coffee this morning. But what do you want?"

"Jack ——"

"Oh, yes, it's always Jack with you. But that's right—Jack deserves it."

"Jack can't do his sums, and he wont ask you to help him."

"And so he got you to ask?"

"No, he did n't. He would n't let me, if he knew. He thinks a young lady like you would n't want to take the trouble to help him."

"Do you tell that stupid Jack, that if he does n't want to offend me so that I'll never, never forgive him, he is to bring his slate and pencil over here after supper this evening. And you'll come, too, with your geography. Yours truly, Susan Lanham, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science in the Greenbank Independent and Miscellaneous Academy. Do you hear?"

"All right." And Columbus, smiling faintly, went off to tell Jack the good news. That evening Susan had, besides her own brother and two sisters, two pupils who learned more arithmetic than they would have gotten in the same time from Mr. Ball, though she did keep them laughing at her drollery. The next evening, little Joanna Merwin joined the party, and Professor Susan felt quite proud of her "academy," as she called it.

Bob Holliday caught the infection, and went to studying at home. As he was not so far advanced as Jack, he contented himself with asking Jack's help when he was in trouble. At length, he had a difficulty that Jack could not solve.

"Why don't you take that to the professor?" asked Jack. "I'll ask her to show you."

"I durs n't," said Bob, with a frightened look.

"Nonsense!" said Jack.

That evening, when the lessons were ended, Jack said:

"Professor Susan, there was a story in the old First Reader we had in the first school that I went to, about a dog who had a lame foot. A doctor cured his foot, and some time after, the patient brought another lame dog to the doctor, and showed by signs that he wanted this other dog cured, too."

"That's rather a good dog-story," said Susan. "But what made you think of it?"

"Because I'm that first dog."

"You are?"

"Yes. You've helped me, but there's Bob Holliday. I've been helping him, but he's got to a place where I don't quite understand the thing myself. Now Bob would n't dare ask you to help him——"

"Bring him along. How the Greenbank Academy grows!" laughed Susan, turning to her father.

Bob was afraid of Susan at first—his large fingers trembled so much that he had trouble to use his slate-pencil. But by the third evening his shyness had worn off, so that he got on well.

One evening, after a week of attendance, he was

missing. The next morning he came to Jack's house with his face scratched and his eye bruised.

"What 's the matter?" asked Jack.

"Well, you see, yesterday I was at the school-house at noon, and Pewee, egged on by Riley, said something he ought n't to, about Susan, and I could n't stand there and hear that girl made fun of, and so I up and downed him, and made him take it back. I can't go till my face looks better, you know, for I would n't want her to know anything about it."

But the professor heard all about it from Joanna, who had it from one of the school-boys. Susan sent Columbus to tell Bob that she knew all about it, and that he must come back to school.

"So you've been fighting, have you?" she said, severely, when Bob appeared. The poor fellow was glad she took that tone—if she had thanked him he would n't have been able to reply.

"Yes."

"Well, don't you do it any more. It's very wrong to fight. It makes boys brutal. A girl with ability enough to teach the Greenbank Academy can take care of herself, and she does n't want her scholars to fight."

"All right," said Bob. "But I 'll thrash him all the same, and more than ever, if he ever says anything like that again."

CHAPTER XIV.

CROWING AFTER VICTORY.

GREENBANK was awake, and the old master had to go. Mr. Weathervane stood up for him as long as he thought that the excitement was temporary.

But when he found that Greenbank really was awake, and not just talking in its sleep, as it did for the most part, he changed sides,—not all at once, but by degrees. At first he softened down a little, "hemmed and hawed," as folks say. He said he did

not know but that Mr. Ball had been hasty, but he meant well. The next day he took another step, and said that the old master meant well, but he was *often* too hasty in his temper. The next week he let himself down another peg in saying that "may be" the old man meant well, but he was altogether too hot in his temper for a school-master. A little while later, he found out that Mr. Ball's way of teaching was quite out of date. Before a month had elapsed, he was sure that the old curmudgeon ought to be put out, and

thus at last Mr. Weathervane found himself where he liked to be, in the popular party.

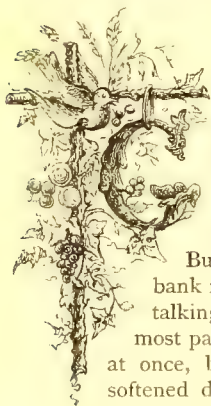
And so the old master came to his last day in the brick school-house. Whatever feelings he may have had in leaving behind him the scenes of his twenty-five years of labor, he said nothing. He only compressed his lips a little more tightly, scowled as severely as ever, removed his books and pens from his desk, gave a last look at his long beech switches on the wall, turned the key in the door of the brick school-house, carried it to Mr. Weathervane, received his pay, and walked slowly home to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Higbie.

The boys had determined to have a demonstration. All their pent-up wrath against the master now found vent, since there was no longer any danger that the old man would have a chance to retaliate. They would serenade him. Bob Holliday was full of it. Harry Weathervane was very active. He was going to pound on his mother's bread-pan. Every sort of instrument for making a noise was brought into requisition. Dinner-bells, tin-pails, conch-shell dinner-horns, tin-horns, and even the village bass-drum, were to be used.

Would Jack go? Bob came over to inquire. All the boys were going to celebrate the downfall of a harsh master. He deserved it for beating Columbus. So Jack resolved to go.

But after the boys had departed, Jack began to doubt whether he ought to go or not. It did not seem quite right; yet his feelings had become so enlisted in the conflict for the old man's removal, that he had grown to be a bitter partisan, and the recollection of all he had suffered, and of all Columbus had endured during his sickness, reconciled Jack to the appearance of crowing over a fallen foe, which this burlesque serenade would have. Nevertheless, his conscience was not clear on the point, and he concluded to submit the matter to his mother, when she should come home to supper.

Unfortunately for Jack, his mother staid away to tea, sending Jack word that he would have to get his own supper, and that she would come home early in the evening. Jack ate his bowl of bread and milk in solitude, trying to make himself believe that his mother would approve of his taking part in the "shiveree" of the old master. But when he had finished his supper, he concluded that if his mother did not come home in time for him to consult her, he would remain at home. He drew up by the light and tried to study, but he longed to be out with the boys. After a while, Bob Holliday and Harry Weathervane came to the door and importuned Jack to come with them. It was lonesome at home; it would be good fun to celebrate



the downfall of the old master's cruel rule, so, taking down an old dinner-bell, Jack went off to join the rest. He was a little disgusted when he found Riley, Pewee, and Ben Berry in the company, but, once in the crowd, there was little chance to back out with credit. The boys crept through the back alleys until they came in front of Mr. Higbie's house, at half-past eight o'clock. There was but one light visible, and that was in Mr. Ball's room. Jack dropped behind, a little faint of heart about the expedition. He felt sure in himself that his mother would shake her head if she knew of it. At length, at a signal from Bob, the tin pans, big and little, the skillet-lids grinding together, the horns, both conch-shell and tin, and the big bass-drum, set up a hideous clattering, banging, booming, roaring, and racketing. Jack rang his dinner-bell rather faintly, and stood back behind all the rest.

"Jack's afraid," said Pewee. "Why don't you come up to the front, like a man?"

Jack could not stand a taunt like this, but came forward into the cluster of half-frightened peace-breakers. Just then, the door of Mr. Higbie's house was opened, and some one came out.

"It's Mr. Higbie," said Ben Berry. "He's going to shoot."

"It's Bugbee, the watchman, going to arrest us," said Pewee.

"It's Mr. Ball himself," said Riley, "and he'll whip us all." And he fled, followed pell-mell by the whole crowd, excepting Jack, who had a constitutional aversion to running away. He only slunk up close to the fence and so stood still.

"Hello! Who are you?" The voice was not that of Mr. Higbie, nor that of the old master, nor of the watchman, Bugbee. With some difficulty, Jack recognized the figure of Doctor Lanham. "Oh, it's Jack Dudley, is it?" said the doctor, after examining him in the feeble moonlight.

"Yes," said Jack, sheepishly.

"You're the one that got that whipping from the old master. I don't wonder you came out to-night."

"I do," said Jack, "and I would rather now that I had taken another such whipping than to find myself here."

"Well, well," said the doctor, "boys will be boys."

"And fools will be fools, I suppose," said Jack.

"Mr. Ball is very ill," continued the doctor.

"Find the others and tell them they must n't come here again to-night, or they'll kill him. I would n't have had this happen for anything. The old man's just broken down by the strain he has been under. He has deserved it all, but I think you might let him have a little peace now."

"So do I," said Jack, more ashamed of himself than ever.

The doctor went back into the house, and Jack Dudley and his dinner-bell started off down the street in search of Harry Weathervane and his tin pan, and Bob Holliday and his skillet-lids, and Ben Berry and the bass-drum.

"Hello, Jack!" called out Bob from an alley. "You stood your ground the best of all, did n't you?"

"I wish I'd stood my ground in the first place against you and Harry, and staid at home."

"Why, what's the matter? Who was it?"

By this time the other boys were creeping out of their hiding-places and gathering about Jack.

"Well, it was the doctor," said Jack. "Mr. Ball's very sick and we've 'most killed him; that's all. We're a pack of cowards to go tooting at a poor old man when he's already down, and we ought to be kicked, every one of us. That's the way I feel about it," and Jack set out for home, not waiting for any leave-taking with the rest, who, for their part, slunk away in various directions, anxious to get their instruments of noise and torment hidden away out of sight.

Jack stuck the dinner-bell under the hay in the stable-loft, whence he could smuggle it into the house before his mother should get down-stairs in the morning. Then he went into the house.

"Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Dudley. "I came home early so that you need n't be lonesome."

"Bob Holliday and Harry Weathervane came for me, and I found it so lonesome here that I went out with them."

"Have you got your lessons?"

"No, ma'am," said Jack, sheepishly.

He was evidently not at ease, but his mother said no more. He went off to bed early, and lay awake a good part of the night. The next morning he brought the old dinner-bell and set it down in the very middle of the breakfast-table. Then he told his mother all about it. And she agreed with him that he had done a very mean thing.

And so do I, for that matter.

(To be continued.)



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHEW! How cold it is. Are you all dressed warmly, my chicks? And do you know of any little chap who is not? or of any little shivering girl? If you *do*, don't stay here and listen to me, my muffled ones, but run right straight off and talk to Father or Mother about it. See if something can not be done; and when it is settled that the other little body shall be warm, then bring your rosy cheeks and happy eyes here. We've many subjects before us this time. All sorts of things, I may say; but we'll make a beginning with:

THE LAUGHING PLANT.

THIS is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travelers are to be believed. A boy-friend writes me that he has just been reading about it. It grows in Arabia, and is called the Laughing Plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing-gas. The flowers, he says, are of a bright yellow, and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus-clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing, and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

GOOD TASTE AMONG THE MIGHTY.

THE more I think about elephants the more wonderful they seem to be. The great, clumsy creatures are so very knowing, so very loving, and so like human beings in many of their qualities.

They know their power well, and they also know just when they must not use it. Deacon Green tells me that keepers and trainers of elephants often lie down on the ground and let the huge fellows step right over them; and that they feel perfectly safe in doing so, because they know the elephants will pick their way carefully over the prostrate forms, never so much as touching them, still less treading on them. Yet the mighty creatures can brush a man out of existence as easily as a man can brush away a fly. And what delicate tastes they have—delighted, I'm told, with strawberries, gum-drops, or any little dainty of that kind! They are fond of bright colors, too, and travelers tell wonderful tales of seeing elephants gather flowers with the greatest care, and smell them, apparently with the keenest pleasure.

It is true they *eat* the same flowers afterward, but dear me! I've seen girls do the same thing! Many a time I've watched a little lady pluck a wild rose, look at it a moment, sigh "how lovely!" then open her pretty lips and swallow the petals one by one.

Why should n't an elephant?

A LONG WAGON, A LONG TEAM, AND A VERY LONG WHIP.

THE birds have brought me a true letter about a very wonderful sort of team, the like of which has never been seen in my meadow. But you shall read the letter yourselves, my chicks, and then let me see who can guess at the length of the entire thing—train, animals, whip, and all:

DEAR JACK: A friend was telling me a few days ago about the kind of wagon they used in Cape Colony, when he was there twenty-two years ago. It was six yards long, and but little over a yard in width; about two feet and a half in depth at the front, but deeper at the back. The canvas tent added five feet to the wagon's height. The "fore-clap" and "after-clap" are the curtains which hung in the front and in the rear of the wagon; they reached to within a few inches of the ground. The vehicle was steered by a pole called the dissel-boom, at the end of which was a long tow-line.

Now, imagine twelve oxen yoked to this wagon, or, twenty-six, as my friend often saw when a vehicle was caught in the mire, with a leader at the tow-line, and a driver on the wagon-seat. But the picture is not complete till your mind paints in the driver's whip. The handle of this whip is a bamboo pole more than twenty feet in length: the thing is at least twenty-five feet; to this last is fastened the "after-slock," and to the end of this again is sewed the "fore-slock," which corresponds to the little whip-cord lash of our carriage-whips, or the "cracker." This is at least a yard in length, so that from tip to tip the Cape wagon-whip would measure between fifty and sixty feet. Yet, immense as it is, the driver wields it with dexterity and grace. He establishes, by its reports, as he "cracks" it—and they are as loud as a gun's—a system of signals by which he communicates with the man who is leading at the end of the tow-line. Even when this man is herding the oxen a mile away, the driver's whip will tell him to bring up the beasts to be "spanned."—Your friend,

S.

VALELLA-SAPHOIDEA.

THIS pretty Latin name means "a little sail, like a boat," and it very exactly describes the tiny, animated boat which spreads its own sail, and steers itself. The small, round, flat sail-boat is only a little valella, or living plate, of a light but firm material, covered with a coat of perfectly transparent jelly. From the upper surface of the plate rises a thin strip of cartilage, which serves as a mast. On this is spread a sail, delicate and gossamer-like enough to make a sail for the Fairy

Queen's own boat. From the lower surface of the plate extend slender tentacles, or threads, like fish-lines, ever on the watch for food; for even a varella, fairy-like as it looks, must eat to live.

GOLDEN WIRE.

A VERY curious thing, I'm told, is a gold wire as fine as a thread of a spider's web, and interesting to see men make it. They cover a gold wire with silver, and then draw it as fine as they can make a wire, which is smaller than a hair, let me tell you. After this they put it into an acid which eats off the silver, and exposes the delicate thread of gold inside, which is exquisitely fine.

Deacon Green says that some writers treat fine ideas in a similar way as to spinning out, but forget to tell you how to find the original golden thread again.

AN EEL THAT CURLED NATURALLY.

THIS eel lived by mistake in a fine river along with a number of very straight pikes and sword-fish, who evidently envied him his curl, for they always were chasing him. But the more they chased him, the more he curled, until one day, becoming rather —

[Eh? How? Oh, is that you, my dear? You beg pardon, but you 'd be glad if I 'd leave off, for this month, and let you print something that has just come in?

Oh, certainly, my dear, with pleasure.]

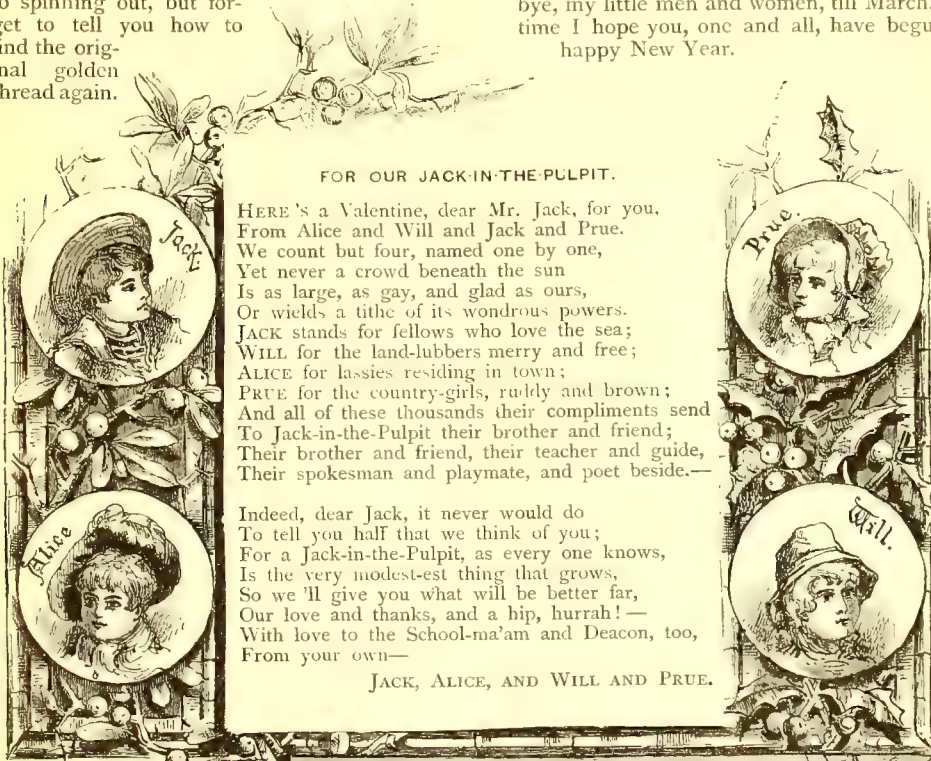
Now, what can it be? I never can refuse that blessed Little School-ma'am anything. So good-bye, my little men and women, till March. Meantime I hope you, one and all, have begun a very happy New Year.

FOR OUR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE'S a Valentine, dear Mr. Jack, for you,
From Alice and Will and Jack and Prue.
We count but four, named one by one,
Yet never a crowd beneath the sun
Is as large, as gay, and glad as ours,
Or wields a tithe of its wondrous powers.
JACK stands for fellows who love the sea;
WILL for the land-lubbers merry and free;
ALICE for lassies residing in town;
PRUE for the country-girls, ruddy and brown;
And all of these thousands their compliments send
To Jack-in-the-Pulpit their brother and friend;
Their brother and friend, their teacher and guide,
Their spokesman and playmate, and poet beside.—

Indeed, dear Jack, it never would do
To tell you half that we think of you;
For a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, as every one knows,
Is the very modest-est thing that grows,
So we'll give you what will be better far,
Our love and thanks, and a hip, hurrah! —
With love to the School-ma'am and Deacon, too,
From your own—

JACK, ALICE, AND WILL AND PRUE.



WHAT STRANGE MAN-NERS.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



ONCE a man went in-to a house to make a vis-it, and his lit-tle dog Jack went with him. The man took off his hat and coat and laid them on a chair, and told Jack to wait for him. So the lit-tle dog sat down to wait while his mas-ter went in-to an-oth-er room.

The lit-tle dog had nev-er been in that house be-fore, and aft-er sit-ting ver-y still for a min-ute, he looked a-bout to see what sort of a place it might be. He had been sit-ting on a foot-stool, for he was

rath-er short, and on look-ing a-round he saw an-oth-er lit-tle dog. As Jack was a ver-y po-lite dog, he stood up and said: "Good-morn-ing, sir."

The oth-er o-pened his mouth, but did not say a word.

"Good-morn-ing, sir," said Jack a-gain, but the oth-er on-ly o-pened his mouth a-gain and did not an-swer.

As Jack was a stran-ger in the house, he thought it best to say no more, so he smiled and wait-ed for the oth-er to speak.

"He may be deaf," said Jack, aft-er a while, "but, dear me! I wish he would say some-thing or sit down. I'm tired of stand-ing." All this he said to him-self, and then he smiled a-gain in a kind way. At once the oth-er dog smiled, too, but still he did not speak.

"It's a beau-ti-ful day," said Jack.

The oth-er o-pened his mouth, as if he meant to say it was tru-ly a love-ly day, but he nev-er said a word.

"If you'll ex-cuse me, I'll sit down," said Jack.

As the oth-er did not speak, Jack sat down on the foot-stool. At once the oth-er dog sat down, too.

"Re-al-ly! He's ver-y strange! I'll stand up," thought Jack.

But, just as Jack rose, up jumped the oth-er dog!

Jack thought, now, that the oth-er dog was mak-ing fun of him, and so he frowned. But the oth-er frowned, too. Jack be-gan to be an-gry and walked to-ward the oth-er dog, who be-gan at once to walk to-ward him. "I've a great mind to tell him how rude-ly he be-haves," thought, Jack.

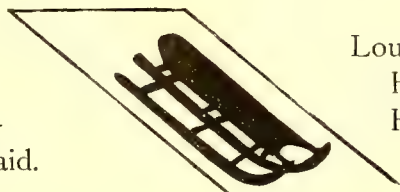
"He is a ver-y bad dog, and now he looks ver-y an-gry."

Just then, Jack's mas-ter called him, and, as they left the room, Jack turned and made a face at the oth-er dog. But at the same time the oth-er dog turned a-round and made a face at Jack!

"What strange man-ners!" said Jack, as the door closed. "I'll nev-er come to this house a-gain!"

Fred

Has a sled
Paint-ed red,—
So he said.



Lou

Has one, too;
Hers is blue;
What have you?

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and I want to know if a set of sails made as described in your January number, 1881 (only with a single yard, with a hole in the middle of its length, instead of the compound one described), could be fastened to a mast in the middle of a sled, by having a shoulder on the mast to fit through the hole in the yard. It could be worked more easily, I think, than when on either side.—Yours, F. K. F.

MR. NORDON, the author of the article on "Skate Sailing," answers F. K. F. as follows:

Never make a hole in a spar when it can possibly be avoided. I have known a mast break at a point where two or three tacks were driven into it. And a hole large enough for the purpose named in your letter would weaken it where it should be strongest. Lash a ring to the spar, or make a lashing with a loop standing out from it, and slip this over your mast.

The middle of the sled is a good place for the mast, but it is more in the way than if placed at the side, as recommended in ST. NICHOLAS (January number), and, moreover, there is nothing to fasten it to, unless you put on a cross-piece near the runners (which would be awkward in case of lumps on the ice), or have a system of braces "on deck"—so to speak—which would be very much in the way. At the side of the sled the mast can be securely stepped, with very little trouble.

HERE is an interesting little letter sent from Fort Omaha, Nebraska, by a little girl of nine years, to her aunt in Connecticut:

DEAR AUNT C.: I want to tell you about a place which we visited before we left Fort McKinney. It is called "Old Fort Phil Kearney," and it is seventeen miles from McKinney. The post was destroyed by the Indians some time ago. It happened in this way: The commanding officer of the post sent a detachment of soldiers up into the mountains to cut wood. When they had enough, they were coming home, when the Indians attacked them; so they sent in one or two of the soldiers to tell that the Indians were upon them. When General Fetterman (who commanded the post) heard this, he got all the troops together, and went after the Indians; but when he got there, the Indians had killed the wood-party, and were pretending to run away, as though they were afraid of them; so they ran up into the mountains, and the troops followed them; but when the Indians got them up far enough, they turned around and killed every person. The Indians wanted to kill some more, but Red Cloud said they had enough blood for one day. The soldiers' graves were in a hollow, and a broken fence around them, and a monument to tell them; but the Indians destroyed everything they could lay hands on.

Mamma brought home a horseshoe, and Mammy [the nurse] found a door-latch. We had a very nice ride, and a long one. Fort Fetterman was named after General Fetterman, who was killed in the fight.

From your niece,

KATY P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS how to make a pig-a-graph. I made a book out of writing paper, with a brown-paper cover, took it to school, and got a great many girls to draw a pig in it with their eyes shut. It was great fun to see how ridiculous some of the drawings looked. One little girl was so enthusiastic over it that she made a pig-a-graph, a horse-a-graph, and an elephant-a-graph. The elephant did not take as well as the pig and horse, as it is almost impossible to draw an elephant well, even with the eyes open.—Yours truly, B. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The snow "jack-o'-lantern" I am going to tell you of may be used as the head of a snow-man, or to light a snow-house, such as you told us how to build in February, 1880.

The directions are, first, roll a large snow-ball, and let it freeze so that it will not break while preparing, then cut out the inside, and make the features of a face.

Bits of colored paper will cause the eyes to have a singular effect when the lamp or candle is put in and lighted.

The top should be of wood, because the flame will melt snow.

A hollow snow-pyramid may also serve to light a snow-house. The way to make this is to cut squares of snow-crust during a thaw, each a little smaller than the other, hollow them out, and place one

on the other till you come to the top, then cut small windows on the front and sides. You may put thin, colored paper at the windows, and at the back there should be a hole large enough to put your hand in to light the lamp. The effect is fine; but the pyramid takes a long while to make, and should be sixteen inches wide at base and three feet high.

An empty barrel is better than a snow-ball for the door of a fort or snow-house, as the snow-ball is apt to break.—Yours truly,

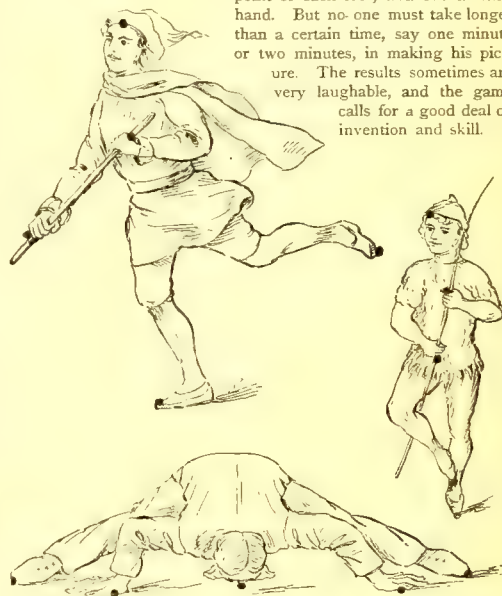
CHARLES W. JEROME, twelve years.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in a very lonely place and we have no brothers, and so we don't see many boys; we are both afraid of boys; but we have you, and that is a comfort, and one aged sister, who is going to be married. We are all very fond of reading your magazine—it is so interesting. I am studying Spanish, as I am going to spend next winter in Spain; and my sister, who is writing with me, is studying Russian, as she is going to stay all next summer with our uncle in Russia. Good-bye.—From your constant readers,

CLEOPATRA DORCAS OSHKOSK.
WILHELMINA SPIDALE OSHKOSK.

D. J. SENDS some clever drawings, each of which was made in one minute, during a "Five-dot Game"; and, as some of our readers may like to try the pastime, we here give the pictures and an explanation:

Any number can play. Paper and pencils being ready, each player marks five dots in any arrangement on the piece of paper before him, and passes it to his next neighbor at the left hand. He then takes the dotted paper which has been handed to him, and tries to draw on it some human figure in such a posture as to bring one of the five dots at the middle of the top of the forehead, one at the point of each foot, and one at each hand. But no one must take longer than a certain time, say one minute or two minutes, in making his picture. The results sometimes are very laughable, and the game calls for a good deal of invention and skill.



DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You seem like a bunch of Christmas trees every month, and I hope all the good people you meet have had a great, white, rich Christmas. I am glad you think of the Garfield home. The President loved children, I guess. Last fall, about a week before the election, I sent him a funny card. It was a picture of a black man holding up a can of beef, and saying: "De candidate

dat eats dis yah beef is de man to be 'lected," and I wrote him a letter to tell him I hoped he'd eat the beef and get elected; that I'd like to vote for him, but I was n't ten years old. He mailed me from Mentor a fine picture of himself, with his fresh-written name under it. I suppose he ate the beef.

I went with Mamma to visit Mr. Whittier and Mr. Longfellow. They both like boys. Mr. Longfellow said: "Now, Vickers, I want you to sit in this chair, which the Cambridge children gave me." You know it's a great big chair, made out of an old chestnut-tree, but it has a green spring seat, and is very pretty. The people must have thought Mr. Longfellow large and stout, but he is n't at all. Mr. Whittier is more of a long fellow; he is very kind, and I love him more than any man, most, but Papa. I never saw a fat poet. Good-bye. I hope you'd all have Christmas all the year.

VICKERS OBERHOLTZER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As some of the boys who read you may be in the same fix that I was in, I want to tell them in the "Letter-box" how I got out of it.

I am nine years old. Papa bought me a beautiful pair of skates, but Mamma would not let me use them, because we have no skating-rink in this town, and she was afraid I should get drowned if I should go on the river. I felt awfully bad, but Papa said he would try to fix it some way. So one morning he went on the lawn that was covered with snow, and marked out a big circle. Then he had Joe heap up the snow all around the circle, and just before dark, when it was freezing hard, he had Joe put the hose on the pump and fill the ring with two or three inches of water. The next morning I had a beautiful sheet of ice. And now when it gets cut up we only have to flood it again, and let it freeze, to have the best kind of skating.

Will Sterling and the rest of the boys come over every day, and we have lots of fun.—Your friend,

HORACE T. CONANT

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen so many letters from your readers telling of their wonderful pet animals of nearly every kind, that I thought I should like to tell you about our pets. My brother Harry and I have two dogs, more than a hundred chickens of different kinds, a cat, a canary, and a lamb called "Billy." One of the dogs is an Irish setter, the other a Gordon setter; their names are respectively "Shot" and "Beau."

Beau is all that his name expresses—beautiful, glossy, black. He is very intelligent and very wonderful, we think. Last spring, in the back of his kennel, a hen hatched out a large brood of chicks. Whenever the hen went off the nest, Beau would lie patiently outside the kennel until Mother Hen came back. He was careful of the eggs, and never injured them. Don't you think that was nice of our doggie? He is very uneasy if the roosters fight, and he tries to separate them. Although a bird-dog, he never chases the fowls, but, indeed, tries to watch over them.

Shot is a splendid watch-dog, and Papa has good sport shooting prairie chickens over him each year; for he points beautifully. In winter we harness him to our sled and he drags us (one at a time) all around.

Billy, the lamb, is our next favorite. Although not "as white as snow," he is very pretty, and has a bell tied around his neck. We got him very young. He runs after Harry like a dog, and will follow him everywhere, no rope nor cord on him at all.

It would take too long to tell of the doings of our other pets, excepting to say my canary is seven or eight years old, and is still lively and nimble, and sings sweetly. How long do they usually live? I should like to know.—Your loving admirer,

HELEN McILVAINE, thirteen years.

In ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1877, there is "A Talk about Canaries," in which Helen will find an answer to her question, besides many pictures, and useful suggestions about caring for these cheerful singing-birds.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I made from holly wood, with my fret-saw, a puzzle square like the one pictured in the October "Riddle-box," and after cutting the pieces apart, I mixed them up and handed them to my little brother to put together again. He was ever so long about it,—for which Ma thanked me afterward privately,—and when he had succeeded, he felt as proud and looked as happy as little Jack Horner when he had picked out the plum and cried, "What a brave boy am I!"—Yours truly,

J. E. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can match the incident of a cat being fond of music, which Harry MacCord relates in the August ST. NICHOLAS, for 1881. I live in the South, where there are a great many negroes. I once had a cat that was so fond of music that when she was a little kitten she would lie under the piano when I practiced. One day there was no one at home excepting our old negro servant. When I came home she said: "Law, Honey! I was in your mamma's room and I heer'd, bless your soul, somethin' playin' on the piano. And, law, Honey! I thought it must be a ghost. So I jes' gather up all my courage, and I jes' bolt in de par-

lor, and if that little black cat wasn't 'er runnin' up an' down de piano keys, my name ain't Aunt Sarah." C. P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read with much interest the first two installments of "Recollections of a Drummer boy," and an intimate acquaintance with the author prompts me to relate to you a most interesting fact, which I know Harry M. Kieffer himself would never mention.

He is one of four brothers, who each graduated at the head of his class, and all are clergymen. These circumstances appear to me so unusual, perhaps without a parallel in the country, that it may prove interesting to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS to know them.

We were college mates, though not classmates—he of the class of '70, I of '68—at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., and a friendship, born of distant relationship and membership in the same literary society, frequently brought us together at Sunnyside, a delightful place, where he boarded, immediately opposite Wheatland, the residence of President James Buchanan.

Many a pleasant hour we spent together, and many a tale of his army experience he rehearsed as we sat round the fire at Sunnyside, and when I say that no one knows better how to tell a story, I leave your readers to imagine what is in store for them from Harry Kieffer's pen; and though no longer a boy, I always await with impatience the appearance of ST. NICHOLAS to see what Harry has to say.—Hoping the facts mentioned may be of interest, I remain,

Very truly yours,

EDW. P. KREMER

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask if any of your readers can tell us any recipe for marshmallow candy? We should like recipes for any other kinds of confectionery, but particularly for that one.—Yours truly,

TWO WESTERN GIRLS

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a slip which I cut from a newspaper, and I think it will interest you:

"Taken as a whole, Vienna speaks highly of the courtesy of the royal guests from Italy. Our own country certainly can find no fault in the attention paid by them to its representative. The Ministers Depretis and Mancini called at the American Legation. During their short stay at the royal reception of the diplomatic corps, King Humbert expressed to Mr. Phelps his personal regret for President Garfield's death, as well as his hearty admiration for America. A pleasing incident of the occasion was when Queen Margherita told Mr. Phelps that he might speak English to her,—the conversation with the King had been in French,—and laughingly told how she had learned it by reading American books to her children. 'I read your ST. NICHOLAS to them,' said she, 'and I like the stories as well as they do.' I wonder how many American boys who pore over their ST. NICHOLAS would have believed that its pictures and puzzles, and tales brought delight to the nursery of the Roman Court." M. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Are you sure Mr. Hebard, in his complaint of the abuse of Mr. Up in September number, has not misused Mr. Passed and slighted Mr. Adopted in the last sentence of his article?—Your friend and reader,

LESTER AINSWORTH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At our house we were much interested by the story of "Master Hyrax," in your September number; and I was deputed to write to you some more curious facts about that funny no-tailed creature. Although it is so small, it is related to the gigantic hippopotamus and rhinoceros. Its teeth resemble very closely those of the hippopotamus, and besides, it has no claws; but each of its toes ends in a tiny black hoof, the exact shape of the hoof of a rhinoceros. Yet the little rabbit-like animal can climb a ragged tree-trunk without the least difficulty. It is an interesting creature to naturalists, who mention it as the "missing link," uniting the families of its two great relatives; and it is very interesting also to unscientific persons, on account of its being a dainty article of food.—Yours truly,

T. G. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the way Christmas Eve is celebrated in some parts of northern Germany. They have no Santa Claus there, but a reverend personage whom they name Knecht Rupert. If the village is not large, all the parents in it send the presents they intend for their children to some one man; and on the evening before Christmas Knecht Rupert knocks at the cottage door. The parents go to let him in, and the children peep around doors and corners to catch a glimpse of him.

He is a big, stout person, with a false face that wears a serious look. On his feet are great boots, and he wears a long white robe and long, thick flaxen hair. He is received with great ceremony, and presently he calls for the children, who all stand before him.

Then he asks the parents about the conduct of their little ones during the year, and when handing a present to a child he adds a few words of praise or blame, as the case may be; but the having to give so many nice presents must be such a pleasant task that I suppose he finds it goes against the grain to say anything very severe, even to a really naughty boy or girl, if he should chance to find one.—Yours truly,
A. A. C.

UTRECHT, HOLLAND.

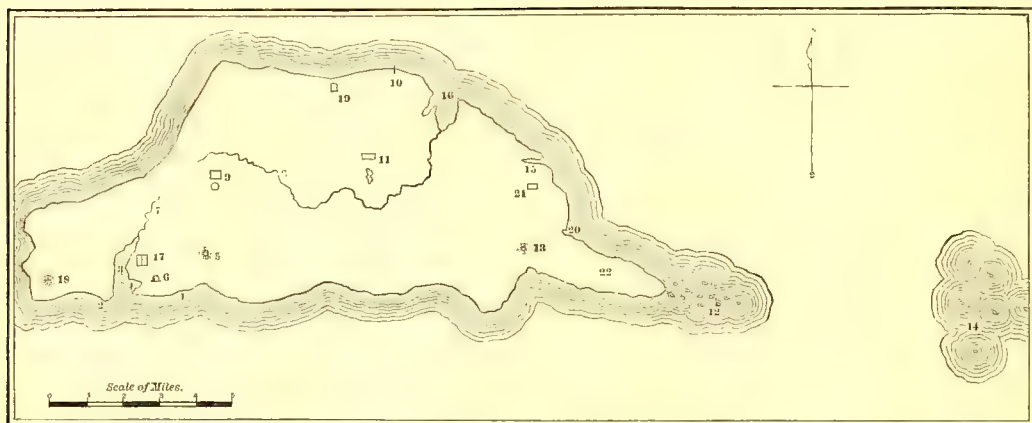
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you a little about the peculiar way the lower classes of our country celebrate the St. Nicholas feast. It is on the sixth of December. The children all believe in the good saint; and in very many families a friend or relative dresses up, and comes in, followed by his black servant, who always accompanies the saint. The good children get a great many sweets and presents, which St. Nicholas strews out of a large bag that his servant carries. The naughty children only receive a rod, and are threatened that the black servant will carry them off; at this they are very frightened. This is one way of celebrating the sixth of December; but the following way is still more general:

On the evening of the fifth, each of the children takes his or her "klomp," or wooden shoe, and fills it with fresh, sweet hay. The hay is intended for the saint's horse, which is supposed to be very tired by going around to so many children, and by having traveled so far. (St. Nicholas is supposed to live in Spain.) The parents take out the hay when the little ones are asleep, and they all think that it has been eaten by the horse. The parents then fill the "klomp" with sweets and little presents. Some people, however, content themselves with sending each other numerous anonymous

presents, packed up in the strangest manner; they also arrange funny surprises; for instance, a large basket of potatoes is brought in, and in one of the potatoes a diamond ear-ring is hidden. Of course, then it is a great trouble to find it, as one must cut open every potato to find the present. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—I remain, your constant reader,
CLARA TWISS, thirteen years.

A FRIENDLY correspondent, who is a great admirer of Daniel Defoe's famous story, "Robinson Crusoe," sends us the map given below. He made it up, he says, by comparing forty-eight passages in the narrative. Besides showing what seems to have been Defoe's idea of the general shape of the island, the map indicates the following interesting landmarks:

1. Where he first came on shore. 2. Where the boat was washed up. 3. The little creek. 4. The cove where he landed his raft. 5. The hill used for an outlook. 6. His house, facing north by west. 7. The brook. 8. The stream, flowing north. 9. The bower and goat-pen. 10. The pole set up for a landmark. 11. The valley where he was lost, with the goat-pen and cave. 12. The point of rocks partly under water. 13. The hill overlooking the sea. 14. The rock out at sea, where the Spanish vessel was wrecked. 15. The cave where he slept all night in his boat. 16. The bay and harbor where he kept his boat. 17. The two grain-fields. 18. The hill where he watched for savages. 19. Where the two Englishmen settled. 20. The cove where he hid his boat from the savages. 21. Where the three Englishmen settled. 22. The point to which the thirty-seven savages were confined.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—ELEVENTH REPORT.

In response to repeated and urgent requests, and according to our promise of last month, we will briefly outline a somewhat systematic course of work for the members of the several Chapters. We have hesitated seriously about doing this, fearing lest our study should in some way slip into a routine of text-book reading.

Nature must be studied out-of-doors. Natural objects must be studied from the specimens themselves. The rocks must be broken open, the flowers must be studied as they grow, and animals must be watched as they live freely in their own strange homes. Listen to quaint old Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of "Paul and Virginia": "Botanists mislead us. They must have magnifying glasses and scales in order to class the trees of a forest! To show me the character of a flower, it is presented to me dry, discolored, and spread out on the leaf of an herbary. Who can discover the queen of the flowers in a dried rose? In order to its being an object at once of love and of philosophy, it must be viewed when, issuing from the cleft of a humid rock, it shines on its native verdure, when the zephyr sways it, on a stem armed with thorns."

Nothing can take the place of personal contact with Nature. No great naturalist has learned his lessons from books.

Agassiz had learned more about fishes before he ever saw a fish-book, than he found in the book after he got it.

Audubon lived in the woods and learned the voices of all the birds, and could tell them also by their flight.

Thomas Edward, the Scottish naturalist, used to lie in caves all night, watching the habits of each prowling beast.

Gilbert White wrote charming letters about the swallows under his eaves, the cricket on his hearth, and the old tortoise that lived in his kitchen-garden.

W. W. Bailey braves the frosts of winter, and rambles by the icy brooks, or through the snow-carpeted aisles of the naked forest, to see what Nature does when summer is ended. Hear him:

"The pretty little stream is bordered by a fringe of white ice, under which we can see great bubbles press, squeezing themselves into very curious forms. The stream murmurs some pleasant story of the summer violets. On its still pools float leaf-gondolas of curious patterns. Great fern-feathers, unwithered by the frost, droop over the brook, and velvety mosses cushion the shores."

These men have the right notions about Nature. They enter into the spirit of her mighty, throbbing life, and interpret the secrets of her wondrous lore.

But if you have ever known what it is to feel a great love for the

very earth, so that on some sunny day you have wandered off alone, and under the fragrant shade of an ancient pine have thrown yourself upon her broad bosom, like a tired child; or if, when the wind was bending the long grass, you have lain among the daisies, like Robert Falconer, watched your kite floating far up in the blue sky, and wondered what there was beyond the kite, and beyond the sky, or if, on some dark day in December, when the gray clouds were skurrying across the sky, you have climbed alone a hill, and from a swaying perch in a leafless beech watched the driving and drifting snow as it wrapped the cold world in a robe of kindly crime, — then you may believe that a portion of the spirit which animated Agassiz, and Edward, and Audubon, and White, and Wordsworth has fallen upon you. A naturalist must be a poet. You will understand that by and by, if not yet.

Remember, then, that our Constitution makes the prime object of our Association the study of natural objects, and not of books. With this warning, I yield reluctantly to a many-vocal request for a "systematic plan."

The Presidents of those Chapters which desire to study the scientific classification of the objects of Nature will do well to follow some such method as this: Consider, first, the three great kingdoms—Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral. Let one meeting be devoted to the study of each as a kingdom. Let all the objects in your collection be classified so far as to determine regarding each whether it belongs to the first, second, or third of these kingdoms. Determine the same regarding a multitude of substances—as air, water, milk, sugar, amber, alcohol, ink, paper, steel, paint, silk, flannel, steam, smoke, coal, kerosene, vinegar, etc.

Next take up the branches into which the several kingdoms are subdivided. These are for Animals:

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| I. Protozoa. | V. Arthropoda. |
| II. Coelenterata. | VI. Molluscoiden |
| III. Echinodermata. | VII. Mollusca. |
| IV. Vermes | VIII. Tunicata. |
| IX. Vertebrata. | |

Let these be carefully studied one by one, and thoroughly discussed, and illustrated by specimens, until any animal can readily be referred to its proper branch. If the books which contain this later classification are not at your command, you will do very well with the older divisions after Cuvier, viz: 1. Vertebrates; 2. Articulates; 3. Molluscs; 4. Radiates; 5. Protozoans.

These you will find in ordinary text-books, and I may mention as peculiarly adapted to young people, Tenney's "Zoölogy."

The subdivisions of the Vegetable kingdom are given in Bessey's "Botany," which is one of the best and latest authorities on this subject; and in Gray's various botanical works—the best of which for the general student is his "Lessons and Manual," or for younger ones, "School and Field Botany." These divisions are: Series I., PHENOGAMOUS, or Flowering Plants. Series II., CRYPTOGAMOUS, or Flowerless Plants. These and their further subdivisions should be studied, as in the case of the animals, carefully and patiently. The mineral kingdom is divided into metallic and non-metallic substances, and these again comprise objects which exhibit different degrees of hardness, of fusibility, of specific gravity, etc., regard being had also to their chemical composition and their peculiar forms of crystallization. This is the most difficult kingdom for an unaided student. Dana's "Mineralogy" is a good popular guide, and Brush's "Determinative Mineralogy and Blow-pipe Analysis" is an excellent manual for more advanced students.

The object of this division and subdivision in the several kingdoms is so to classify all natural objects that we may afterward determine the precise name of any specimen we may find. The more minute the subdivision, as a rule, the more difficult becomes the analysis made with a view to classification. Thus, it is usually an easy matter to distinguish between an animal and a vegetable. It is not difficult to determine whether we are examining an *insect*. If we find an insect, we may presently refer it to the lepidoptera, and then to the butterflies; but when it comes to distinguishing between the various *vanessas*, with their curious punctuation marks, the matter grows more serious, and we are at least compelled to obtain a book more restricted in scope than any zoölogy, and, indeed, than most entomologies.

As a result of this, it becomes necessary for him who would accurately study any department of Nature to limit himself early

to a small field. One will choose, for instance, *dragon-flies*, and by devoting years to them will become a specialist and an authority in that department. It is the tendency of the times to produce specialists. For one, I confess that I should be unwilling to spend my life in a microscopical investigation of the minute characteristics which cause one spring beetle to differ from another. I had rather range freely over mountain and along stream, and having acquired the power to analyze a flower or determine a mineral, if need be, I had rather leave the one to nod and smile at its dewy stem in undivided beauty, and the other to sparkle in the sunlight, instead of crackling in the reducing flame of a compound blow-pipe. Yet we must have strict scientists, and must honor the men who, for the sake of expanding the world's knowledge, are found willing to confine their researches to a narrow field.

For those, then, who are old enough to pursue a systematic course, we have briefly outlined a plan which may be followed in any department of Natural Science. It consists in first obtaining a general view of the whole field, and then in learning its successive subdivisions, until analysis is complete.

For the rest of you, and especially for you, my little folk of ten years old and under, leave the Latin names unsaid and the big books unopened. Watch the minnows dart about in the crystal water; count the daisy flowers to find whether "he loves you or loves you not"; blow off the dandelion's feathers to see if Mother wants you; test your love for butter by the yellow glimmer of the buttercup beneath your chin; find pretty pebbles by the brook and keep them bright in glasses of water; gather brilliant autumn leaves and press them for the days when their colors will be in the sky; study the beautiful crystals of the snow lightly falling on your sleeve as you plod to school; learn to love the music of the rain, and the singing of the wind, and the moaning of the sea, and remember that

"... the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

But, ah me! here is the end of my paper! This will never do. I must give you a chance to be heard. Next month I promise to be as still as a mouse, and let you all chatter away to your hearts' content. You shall tell what you've been doing, and what exchanges you wish, and what you think of the badge, and what you think of having over 1,600 members already, and anything else you wish.

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

CHAPTERS RECENTLY ORGANIZED.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
119.	Oskaloosa, Iowa (A)	10.	Miss R. Anna Morris.
120.	Detroit, Mich. (B)	8.	Miss Ella M. Leggett, 62 Miami ave
121.	St. Paul, Minn. (A).	15.	Frank Ramaley.
122.	Orono, Maine (A).	8.	A. P. Starrett.
123.	Waterbury, Ct. (A).	7.	H. N. Johnson.
124.	Jamaica Plain, Mass.	4.	George W. Wheelwright.
125.	Nashua, N. H. (C)	4.	Charles Howard.
126.	Philadelphia (F)	5.	Raymond Kaighn, 214 Ridge ave
127.	Beverly, Mass. (A).	11.	Geo. O. Swasey
128.	Eaton, O. (A)	9.	William E. Loy (Preble Co.).
129.	Zanesville, O. (A)	6.	Miss Lulu Lillibridge.
130.	Champaigne, Ill. (A)	11.	Miss Anna Shattuck.
131.	Nevada City, Cal. (A)	11.	Watson Charles.
132.	Buffalo, N. Y. (B)	8.	Herbert N. Williams, 163 Delaware st.
133.	Greenwood Lake, Ky. (A).	7.	Miss L. M. Bedinger.
134.	Le Pere, Wis. (A).	17.	George Marston (Brown Co.).
135.	Jackson, Mich. (A).	13.	Chas. C. Ames, 321 Main st.

NOTES BY MEMBERS.

NEUCHÂTEL, SWITZERLAND, Oct. 1, 1881.

Professor Agassiz was born just opposite here, on the other side of the lake (Geneva), and we are within half a mile of the college where he taught for twelve years. The upper part of this building is a museum which he started. When Agassiz was young he was very poor. He had a collection of fishes, and wanted to get some book relating to them. At last he managed to get one, when what was his disgust to find that he had more kinds and knew more about fishes than the book did! I send you some Alpine flowers arranged on a card, and if you know of any one who would like to trade

something for cards like it, please give him my address, and ask him to write, telling whether he wants black or white cards, and what he will give in exchange, before he sends me anything. I prefer pressed flowers and small autumn-leaves. Ferns and mosses also desired.

My sister and my mother and I made up this badge. The Swiss cross is appropriate, as Agassiz was a Swiss.

KENNETH BROWN,
7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

[Kenneth's design for a badge commends itself to us as exceedingly appropriate. On the lower arm of the cross is to be engraved the name of the chapter; on the others, either the words "Animal," "Vegetable," and "Mineral," or, perhaps better, a picture of a representative of each kingdom—*i. e.*, a butterfly, a fern-leaf, and a crystal of quartz. The adoption of this as our badge will not at all interfere with the ribbon badge described already, for the Swiss cross can be worn upon the ribbon by those who can afford something a little expensive, while for the rest of us the ribbon serves an excellent purpose. If some artist among us will elaborate this idea, and send us a finished design based upon these hints, we will show it to some good jeweler and obtain his price for manufacturing these crosses in gold and silver.]

Edward Moran writes: The Bat makes an excellent subject in comparative anatomy. The five fingers of each hand are nicely shown in the wing, and there are just five claws at the ends of the legs. For birds I use "Coues's Key to N. A. Birds," and I have never known it to fail.

I find patent porous paper a great success for pressing flowers.
F. M. POLHAMUS, Hot Springs, Ark.

My little sister and I keep caterpillars in boxes, and give them leaves to eat. Their feet are very queer when you look at them through a microscope. They are light yellow, and they have sixteen little red toes that they hook around things when they walk. Our cat catches fish, but she won't eat them. She brings them to the house alive sometimes, and we put them into the fountain with the gold-fish. One day, Mamma saw a fly on the window that had something hanging to its side. The fly was very weak. The thing was a horrid-looking tick. It looked like a crab. It had six claws, and was fastened to the fly. My "Packard's Common Insects" gave a picture of some ticks that looked nearly like it, but there was none that looked exactly like it.

IRENE PUTNAM, Bennington, Vt.

One of my birthday books was about catching and mounting insects, by W. P. Manton. It told how to rout the cabinet insect if he gains possession. *Give the box, insects and all, a good baking in an oven.* ANNIE L. BOSWORTH, Woonsocket, R. I.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE OBSERVATORY,
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., October 3, 1881.

As my report for September I send you the results in barometric hypsometry obtained by me in August, 1881. I send only final results, but I will forward a copy of the observations and reductions if you desire. The altitude of Greylock (the highest mountain in Massachusetts) is the mean of six observations, with a probable error of 3.10 feet; other determinations from single observations.

Station.	Above sea level.
Greylock.....	3539.6 feet.
Bald Mountain.....	2596.9 "
Vista Mountain.....	2380.6 "

Very truly yours, JOHN TATLOCK, JR.

HILLSBORO, ILL., Oct. 1, 1881.

I noticed a green worm at the foot of a tree. The worm was about an inch long. Soon I saw a wasp circle around and get nearer and nearer to it. At last it stung the worm, and straddling it, dragged it along the ground very swiftly. It soon came to a small hole in the ground. The wasp entered and began to drag the worm in. It then ran out and pushed the worm in the rest of the way. The worm fitted the hole exactly. The wasp then filled the top of the hole with dirt. Did the wasp dig the hole to fit the worm? Will the wasp return to eat the worm? Was it a Digger-wasp or not?

WARRICK R. EDWARDS.

Who will answer Warrick?

Here is a report from D. M. Perine, aged twelve:

The cat-bird is one of the commonest birds of North America. Its coloring is not very striking, its back being light slate, crown dark slate, beak black, wings dark slate, tail dark slate, and feet the same. This bird measures nine inches in length. Its nest is built of dead leaves, sticks, pieces of paper, and rags. The inside is lined with dried grass. The nest is generally posed in a briar-bush or a sapling, and sometimes in a vine. The cat-bird lays four or five eggs of a bluish green. [The writer forgot to inclose his address.]

The American woodbine, with which our piazzas are covered, is somewhat infested with a large, handsome green worm. We have found ever so many of them covered with little white things, about the size of kernels of rice. On examining them, we found them to be perfect little cocoons. Will you give some explanation of this?

DELIA M. L. SHERILL, Sandy Hill, N. Y.

St. Louis (B) has a very neat card printed, as follows:

The Agassiz Association,

St. Louis Branch B.

Meetings held at
1622 Carr st. Friday evenings.

Address communications to
H. B. Trucknell, 1233 N. 21st.

A brave girl writes from a plantation near Baton Rouge:

I can not get up a chapter, as the nearest town is across the river; but will try to do the best I can by myself.

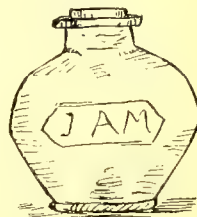
Pansy Smith, of Aurora, Ill., says she is studying botany out of school, and adds:

Before the flowers come, I count the birds'-nests on my way to school. There is an oriole's nest that I want dreadfully, for I am sure it is not occupied, though I understand it is for rent.

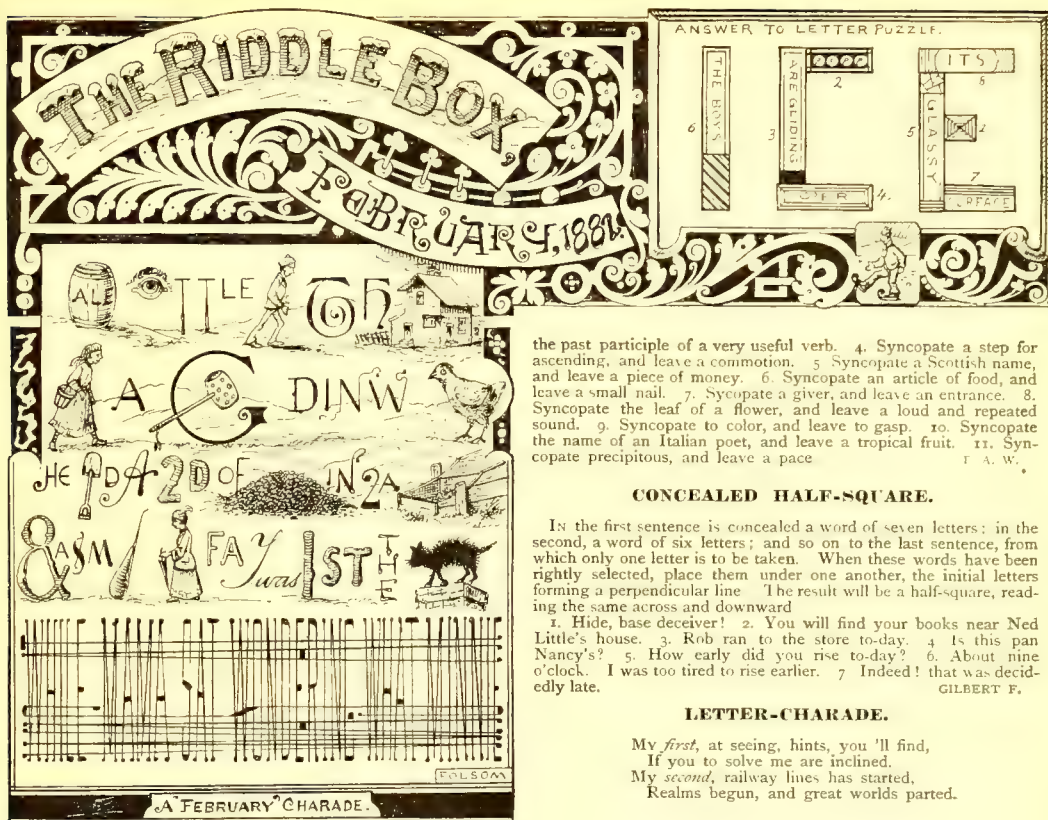
Here is the way a Massachusetts girl goes to work:

I have a small sand-dollar, a sea-urchin, and several kinds of shells. They are all from Cape Ann. In the sea-urchin, the mouth is situated in the hole on the under side, and it has five sharp teeth, all pointing toward the center. It is covered with spines, with little ball-and-socket joints. Besides the spines, long, transparent stems, with knobs at the end, branch out from all parts of the body. I have found all of these in the summer; have made aquaria for them, and watched them all.

MARION E. CROCKER.



WHAT BECAME OF THE LITTLE BOY WHO ATE TOO MUCH JAM. (DRAWN BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.)



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

THE answer to the above puzzle is a word of ten letters. To solve this puzzle, first read the picture as a rebus. The result will be a four-line stanza, which is the text of the charade. G. F.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS, a daughter of Sol, celebrated for her skill in magic. FINALS, a daughter of Tantalus, whom grief turned to stone.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The ferry-man of the river Styx. 2. The people over whom Boadicea reigned. 3. A kind of florid ornamentation. 4. A subterraneous place of burial. 5. The Muse that presides over wind instruments. N. B. S.

CHARADE.

BORN in the North, where winter rages,
My *first* the Summer's heat assuages.

If my *second* you be,
For the doctor you send;
And my *third* you remain
Till the trouble shall end.

When Summer 's near gone,
Of my *second* and *third*
The sound, in the grain-field,
Is frequently heard.

My *whole*, while growing, day by day,
Forever downward takes its way. W. H. A.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a saint, who was executed by order of the Emperor Claudius, and who is especially brought to mind in February.

1. Syncopate a name, and leave a plate of baked clay. 2. Syncopate a number, and leave

the past participle of a very useful verb. 3. Syncopate a step for ascending, and leave a commotion. 4. Syncopate a Scottish name, and leave a piece of money. 5. Syncopate an article of food, and leave a small nail. 6. Syncopate a giver, and leave an entrance. 7. Syncopate the leaf of a flower, and leave a loud and repeated sound. 8. Syncopate to color, and leave to gasp. 9. Syncopate the name of an Italian poet, and leave a tropical fruit. 10. Syncopate precipitous, and leave a pace. T. A. W.

CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.

IN the first sentence is concealed a word of seven letters; in the second, a word of six letters; and so on to the last sentence, from which only one letter is to be taken. When these words have been rightly selected, place them under one another, the initial letters forming a perpendicular line. The result will be a half-square, reading the same across and downward.

1. Hide, base deceiver! 2. You will find your books near Ned Little's house. 3. Rob ran to the store to-day. 4. Is this pan Nancy's? 5. How early did you rise to-day? 6. About nine o'clock. I was too tired to rise earlier. 7. Indeed! that was decidedly late. GILBERT F.

LETTER-CHARADE.

My *first*, at seeing, hints, you 'll find,
If you to solve me are inclined.
My *second*, railway lines has started,
Realms begun, and great worlds parted.

My *third*, 'mid joys of home and love,
Forever in a round doth move.
My *last*, though head of nations, fain
Must come to naught and end in vain.

Through *me* more men have lost their lives—
Though who partakes of me revives—
Than ever died the wide world o'er,
By other cause, on any shore.

Industry is advanced by *me*
More than by aught on land or sea;
On land, on water, under-ground,
By all who seek I can be found. F. M. H.

CHANGED HEADS.

FOR each sentence, find a suitable word to fill the first blank, changing only its initial letter for each succeeding blank.

1. Harry's — bore more flowers than any of the others. 2. — was the son of Ham. 3. They stood upon the embankment to see the water — out. 4. The mother laid aside her work, that she might — the baby. 5. The meadow-grass was — and green. 6. Anne was naughty, and would not eat her —. 7. A little — will sometimes move a great weight. 8. The sheriff started off with a —, in hope of overtaking the man. 9. " —!" exclaimed the farmer, "I never will believe it." M. C. D.

QUINCUNX.

ACROSS: 1. Lazy. 2. To touch gently. 3. Armorial ensigns. 4. Chance. 5. Short sleeps. DIAGONALS, reading downward from left to right, beginning at the lower left-hand letter: 1. In winter. 2. An exclamation. 3. A narrow piece of leather. 4. Lights. 5. The goddess of plenty. 6. In winter. DYCIE.

CHARADE.

TOMMY was eating my first, when his sister, whose name was my second, called him and sent him to a neighbor's to borrow my whole, which she used to season her apple-pie.

M.

PL.

"TEL teh derilos, eh darabo fi ch lilw, eh nea od gothnin ni tshi gea heeTr si tonhear rompeget, a nagpeeros lse- pignmosi ni het syee fo seom, herpsap gnictisnani. Teh chosol-starme si dabaro, nad I strut of mhi, merad itwh hsi miprer, stainag het ridelos ni flul timilyar ayrar."

LORD BROUGHAM

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

THIS cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram, the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming the adjacent diamonds, which would be incomplete without them. Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times; once as a point of its own block of stars, and once as a point of each of the two neighboring diamonds. The words of each diamond read the same across as up and down.

I. Upper Left-hand Diamond. 1. In cheap. 2. To tap. 3. A city of Europe. 4. To bind. 5. In brisk.

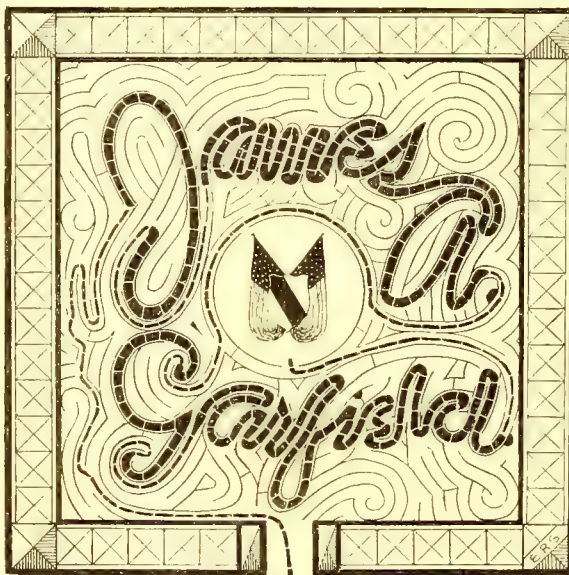
II. Upper Right-hand Diamond. 1. In ask. 2. Ready. 3. A country of Europe. 4. The extremity. 5. In ending.

III. Central Diamond. 1. In ponds. 2. To consume. 3. A glossy silk cloth. 4. A metal. 5. In riding.

IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond. 1. In satyr. 2. A rodent. 3. A kind of antelope that is found in India. 4. A twitching of the muscles of the face. 5. In uncertain.

V. Lower Right-hand Diamond. 1. In pruning. 2. A small horse. 3. Uncovered. 4. A precious stone. 5. In end.

"WILL O. TREE."



SOLUTION TO JANUARY MAZE.

UNIONS.

EXAMPLE: Unite, by a vowel, a quick blow and a large town, and make seizure by force. ANSWER: Rap-a-city.

1. Unite, by a vowel, a part of a wheel and a piece of land, and make the town where King Arthur is supposed to have held his court. 2. Unite, by a vowel, musical instruments and a combination of tones, and make an old-fashioned musical instrument. 3. Unite, by a vowel, a domestic animal and a high hill, and make a wild animal. 4. Unite, by a vowel, closely confined and expense, and make a solemn festival of the Jews. 5. Unite, by a vowel, a person and a sheep-pen, and make numerous. 6. Unite, by a vowel, to write, and a portable lodge, and make a person who repents of his sins. 7. Unite, by a vowel, equal value and a darling, and make a wall or rampart. 8. Unite, by a vowel, a word or expression and a people, and make an end. 9. Unite, by a vowel, quick breathing and a mimic, and make a play without words. 10. Unite, by a vowel, a conjunction and a human being, and make the name of some East Indian islands.

MABEL.

TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. ONE hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet. 2. The name of a famous mosque. 3. To contend in running. 4. Caused to follow. II. 1. Cold to look at, but a warm covering. 2. A river of Europe. 3. A warm spot when dinner is cooking. 4. A slender rod.

J. AND J.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

WHEN the right word is set in one of the blanks in each sentence, the letters of that word may be transposed to fill each of the remaining blanks, and make sense.

1. The — wore a dark brown —, and his wife had on a dress which for — and — might have vied with a princess's robe. 2. On account of a dispute which arose, every — was obliged to — his place: and at present peace — in the choir. 3. In crossing a field, Charles saw an — near an old, stone wall; but, having a great — of such venomous creatures, he — not go near enough to kill it. 4. — has a — crow, and is anxious to get a — for it, that she may harness them in a — and teach them tricks. 5. A terrific — of thunder sounded through the courtroom: the lawyer stopped short in his —, the accused turned —, and there were few present whose hearts did not witness his sudden fear. D. C. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES. A Letter Puzzle. Ice (see illustrated head-piece, page 343). An Anagram: Baltimore.

SYNOPTATIONS. Socrates. 1. Du Sty. 2. Sh-Out. 3. Pe-Can. 4. La-R-a-a. 5. Ch-A-in. 6. Ma-T in. 7. Pi-E-ty. 8. Ba-S-ill. DOUBLE ZIG-ZAG. Santa Claus—St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. SapS. 2. SATe. 3. ANNa. 4. JusT. 5. SCAN. 6. ACHe. 7. LemO. 8. BALD. 9. LAND. 10. Sins.

FRACTIONS. January. 1. Au (August); 2. R (March); 3. A (April); 4. N (June); 5. Jy (July).

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Thus with the year seasons return." *Paradise Lost*. Book III. Line 40.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, January; finals, New Year. Cross-words: 1. Javelin. 2. Auster. 3. NarroW. 4. UniversiTy. 5. AthletE. 6. RegaliA. 7. Youngster.

HOCR-GLASS. Central: Skating. Across: 1. MarShal. WaKed. 3. JAr. 4. T. 5. Nip. 6. CaNon. 7. TraGedy.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the January number, from "Two Dromios," 8—Hester M. Frere Powell, Gloucestershire, England, 4—"Dyie," Glasgow, Scotland, all—E. R. Payne, England, 3.

The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from Morris D. Sample, 1—Tiny Rhodes, 1—J. M. R., 1—G. H. and W. H., 2—Bessy Guyton, 1—Ruth, 1—Harry S. Bowen, 1—Hattie H. D., 1—J. M. R., 1—Lilian T. Edwards, 1—Alice J. Bliss, 2—Harry and Walter Whitman, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 5—Flossie De Platt, 2—Ray Thurber, 3—Sallie Viles, 5—Grace E. Hopkins, 3—C. K. and H. W., 6—Annie Rayhouser, 1—Marion Browne, 1—Two Subscribers, 7—Ruby and Tom Twist, 2—"Punch," 2—"Mustard," 1—Louie B. Cheebrough and Woolsey A. Moran, 1—Nellie Caldwell, 4—Lester W. Pease, 2—M. J. and N. G., 3—Robert A. Barry, Jr., 4—Geordie T. Anderson, 1—Em and Nanie Gordon, 4—Gracie L. Dwinell, 5—Marguerite J. G. S., 6—J. C. Shields, 4—Professor & Co., 7—Belle Wyman, 1—Bessie P. McCollin, 5—Orin C. Painter and James R. Taylor, 4—J. S. Tennant, 7—Madge and Katie Robertson, 4—Paul England, 2—Mystic Trio, 1—Charlie and Josie Treat, 5—Mamie Mensch, 2—"Queen Bess," 6—Ralph Hillman, 1—"Engineer," 7—Weston Stickney, 6—Rory O'More, 1—G. E. T., 2—Alcibiades, 6—Chickie Chalmers, 1—Marna and Ba, 7—Eddie P. Tobie, Jr., 3—Arabella Ward, 2—J. Ollie Gayley, 4—Firefly, 6—Mattie G. Colt, 1—The Peterkins, 5—Florence Leslie Kyte, 6—Lucy V. Holt, 3—Herbert Barry, 7—Gertrude Van Loan, 1—Daisy May, 5—Angie Tassin, 5—Florence E. Pratt, 5—C. H. Reeves, 1—Lyde McKinney, 5—M. L. Poor, 2.



TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

[See "Stories of Art and Artists," page 46.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1882.

NO. 5.

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THE SNOW-FILLED NEST.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

It swings upon the leafless tree,
By stormy winds blown to and fro;
Deserted, lonely, sad to see,
And full of cruel snow.

In summer's noon the leaves above
Made dewy shelter from the heat;
The nest was full of life and love;—
Ah, life and love are sweet!

The tender brooding of the day,
The silent, peaceful dreams of night,
The joys that patience overpay,
The cry of young delight,

The song that through the branches rings,
The nestling crowd with eager eyes,
The flutter soft of untried wings,
The flight of glad surprise:—

All, all are gone! I know not where;
And still upon the cold gray tree,
Lonely, and tossed by every air,
That snow-filled nest I see.

I, too, had once a place of rest,
Where life, and love, and peace were mine—
Even as the wild-birds build their nest,
When skies and summer shine.

But winter came, the leaves were dead;
The mother-bird was first to go,
The nestlings from my sight have fled;
The nest is full of snow.

"HARD TO HIT!"

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



THE spring weather we sometimes have in March reminds me, especially in the evening, of some days passed so high up in the Rocky Mountains that the summer was left down in the valleys. One such spring-like evening we camped close to the timber-limit, and I made my first trip into the region above, in which no trees grow. Having left the spruce-woods quickly behind, there came some stiff climbing up ledges of broken rocks, standing, cliff-like, to bar the way to the summit. These surmounted, the way was clear, for from the northeast—the side I was on—this mountain presents a smooth, grassy slope to the very top; but the western side of the range is a series of rocky precipices, seamed and shattered. This is true of many mountains in Colorado.

Just above the cliffs grew a number of dwarfed spruces, some of them with trunks six inches in diameter, yet lying flat along the ground, so that the gnarled and wind-pressed boughs were scarcely knee-high. They stood so closely together, and were so stiff, that I could not pass between them; but, on the other hand, they were strong enough to bear my weight, so that I could walk over their tops when it was inconvenient to go around.

Some small brown sparrows, of two or three species, lived there, and they were very talkative. Sharp, metallic chirps were heard, also, as the blue snow-bird flitted about, showing the white feathers on either side of its tail, in scudding from one sheltering bush to another. Doubtless, careful search would have discovered its home, snugly built of circularly laid grasses, and tucked deeply into some cozy hollow beside the root of a spruce.

My pace now became slow, for in the thin air of a place twelve thousand feet above the sea-level, climbing is exhausting work. But before long I came to the top, and stood on the verge of a crag that showed the crumbling action of water and frost. Gaping cracks seamed its face, and an enormous mass of fallen rock covered the broad slope at its foot.

The very moment I arrived there, I heard a most lively squeaking going on, apparently just under the edge of the cliff, or in some of the cracks. It was an odd noise, something between a bark and a scream, and I could think of nothing but young

hawks as the authors of it. So I set at work to find the nest, but my search was vain, while the sharp squeaking seemed to multiply and to come from a dozen different quarters. By this time I had crawled down the rough face of the cliff, and had reached the heaps of fallen rock. There I caught a glimpse of a little head with two black eyes, like a prairie-dog's, peering out of a crevice, and I was just in time to see him open his small jaws and say "skink!"—about as a rusty hinge would pronounce it. I whipped my revolver out of my belt and fired, but the little fellow dodged the bullet and was gone. Echoes rattled about among the rocks, wandered up and down the cañon, and hammered away at half a dozen stone walls before ceasing entirely; but when they had died away, not another sound was to be heard. Every little rascal had hid.

So I sat down and waited. In about five minutes a tiny, timid squeak broke the stillness, then a second a trifle louder, then one away under my feet in some subterranean passage. Hardly daring to breathe, I waited and watched. Finally the chorus became as loud as before, and I caught sight of one of the singers only about ten yards away, head and shoulders out of his hole, doubtless commenting to his neighbor in no complimentary way upon the strange intruder. Slowly lifting my pistol, I pulled the trigger. I was sure he had not seen me, yet a chip of rock flying from where he had stood was my only satisfaction; he had dodged again.

I had seen enough, however, to know that the noisy colony was a community of Little Chief hares (*Lagomys princeps*, as they are named in the text-books), or "conies," as the silver-miners call them. They are related to the woodchucks as well as to the hare, and they live wholly at or above timber-line, burrowing among the fallen and decomposing rocks which crown the summits of all the mountains. Not every peak, by any means, harbors conies; on the contrary, they are rather uncommon, and are so difficult to shoot, that their skins are rare in museums, and their ways are little known to naturalists.

During the middle of the day they are asleep and quiet; but in the evening, and all night when the moon shines, they leave their rocky retreats and forage in the neighboring meadows, meeting the yellow-footed marmot and other neighbors. About the only enemies they have, I fancy, are the rattlesnake and weasel, excepting when a wild-cat may

pounce upon one, or an owl swoop down and snatch up some rambler. In the cold season, of course, their burrows are deep in snow; but then the little fellows are taking their long winter sleep, and neither know nor care what the weather may be.

An Indian will eat a cony,—if he can catch it. He likes to use its fur, also, for braiding his locks into those long plaits which delight his soul; but the lively little rodents are pretty safe from all human foes, even one with a Colt's revolver!



THE VICTORY.

BY BESSIE HILL.

WHY, here 's a blossom! My, how queer!
Is n't it cold, little Flower, out here?
I should think you 'd be 'most frozen, dear!

And yet you look as fresh and gay
As if it were a summer's day.
Let's run a race with the cold, this way:

We'll stay as long as we can and rest—
(Though, really, I should be warmly dressed)—
And see which can stand the cold the best.

The wind is rushing through my hair:
There must be needles in the air;—
They prick me so! But I don't care.

Somehow my ears begin to ache,
And now my knees begin to shake,
And now,—I tremble—for your sake!

Why don't you shiver? Do begin!
You must be cold! Why, it's a sin
To keep you here!—Let's both go in!

THE THREE GIFTS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

ONCE upon a time, in the land of Nowhere, there stood, in the center of a wide plain, a high and rocky hill, on top of which was an old castle. In this castle there dwelt a giant named Doubtful. This giant was then poor, although at one time he had been very rich. He had owned the country for miles and miles around, with its mansions, villages, and fertile farms, and had had hundreds of vassals. But, from time to time, his possessions had slipped from his hands, and his vassals had

been transferred to other masters, until he was left with a barren hill, a few sterile acres around it, the old castle, and one serving-man, who would not leave him, though he was not always sure of a meal. The giant might possibly have bettered his fortune by some exertion, but he was always undecided as to what he should do, and so he suffered his life to drift on as it might.

Down at the foot of the hill dwelt a dwarf named Try. He had come a year before, and

asked the giant if he might build himself a hut there on the barren ground. He was a bright, lively little fellow, and the giant took pity on him.

By and by, the giant, because he was lonely in his castle, used to go down and talk with the little man, who had given up wood-chopping, and



"THE DWARF AND THE GIANT PULLED AGAINST EACH OTHER."

"The ground is rocky and poor," said Doubtful, "but if you think you can make anything out of it, you are welcome. I give you an acre of ground, on the edge of my land, to belong to you and yours forever; but I warn you that it is of no value."

Try thanked him, and set to work diligently. With the larger stones on the land he soon built a hut, which he covered with boughs brought from the neighboring forest, and he thatched these with sedge-grass.

Then he easily found work in the forest, for he was a skilled wood-chopper; and, on coming home at night, he toiled for hours on his own plot of ground.

Gradually he cleared the place of loose stones, and with them built a wall around his acre. He brought peat from the bogs, and, by permission of the owners, leaves from the forest, and the giant gave him the ashes from his fire. With these he made a large muck-heap, which he then used to make the land fertile. In the course of time, the giant looked down upon a blooming garden beneath him, and at a stone hut on whose rough walls the blossoming vines clambered; and he admired the perseverance and industry of his little neighbor.

depended on his garden for a living. Try had bought some adjoining acres from the owners, who were glad to get rid of their poor land at a trifle, and this land he improved as he had improved the first, and thus prospered greatly. The giant began to be very fond of this cheery and busy dwarf, and the dwarf returned this fondness; so, the two soon became fast friends.

Now, the dwarf was a generous fellow, and any one who came along in need received from him a day's work and a night's lodging, with plenty to eat, and, at parting, the wages of his labor. But to those who were very old, or very young, or weak, or infirm, he gave the food and lodging without asking for anything in return.

One evening, just at night-fall, there came along an old woman, who craved charity. Try gave her a supper, a night's lodging, and breakfast, and, on her leaving, offered her a small piece of money.

But the old woman said to him: "I always pay for my food and bed in some way, and as I have no money, I offer you this, which I beg you to take, and luck go with it." Then she handed him a necklace of rough stones, strung together.

"But what is this?" asked Try, "and what am I to do with it?"

The old woman replied: "It is the necklace of Strength, and whoever wears it can contend with any one. Travel!" Then she departed without further words.

When the giant came down that day to chat with Try, he saw the stones around the neck of the dwarf, and asked him what they were. Then Try told him, and also from whom he had obtained them.

"They can't be tested very readily," said the giant. "Suppose you pull against me, and learn whether they have made you any stronger than you were."

The dwarf and the giant pulled against each other, and, to the astonishment of both, Try dragged Doubtful all over the place with the greatest ease.

"There is something in the necklace, after all," said Doubtful; "and while you were pulling me around, I think I must have pulled you out a little; for yesterday and this morning your head was only as high as my knee, and now, as I stand

That evening, an old man, who carried a long and narrow package, came and begged for food and a bed, both of which Try gave him. The next morning, the dwarf bade his guest godspeed, and gave him some food to take with him.

But the old man said to him: "I am always able to pay my way, although I have no money." Thus saying, he undid the package, from which he took a huge two-handed sword, and this he presented to Try.

"What is this, and what am I to do with it?" asked Try.

The old man replied: "This is the sword of Courage, and with this you may smite through steel and brass, and the solid rock, for nothing can resist it. Travel!"

Having said this, the old man went away.

When the giant came down that day, he saw the sword hanging on the wall, and inquired about it of Try, who told him.

"I doubt very much the power of the weapon," said Doubtful; "but it is easy to test it."



"TRY BADE FAREWELL TO THE OLD WOMAN, AND SET OUT ON HIS JOURNEY." [SEE NEXT PAGE]

here, I can easily touch your head with my hand, without stooping a bit."

Try found it to be as the giant said.

Try took the sword, and going to the hill, at a place where a crag projected, struck the rock with the sword. It did not seem to be much of a blow,

but the weapon went through as though the stone had been turf, and it shaved off about a half-ton fragment, which fell and rolled over, and half-buried itself in the ground.

"A potent weapon, truly," remarked the giant; "but it seems to me you are growing, or I am getting smaller. Yesterday, I could just touch your head with my hand as I stood erect, and to-day you are nearly up to my waist."

And it was just as he said.

That evening, there came along a small boy, bearing a package, and he asked for something to eat, and for shelter for the night. These Try gave him, and the next morning, seeing that the boy was weak and puny, Try offered him some small coins, and wished him speed.

But the boy replied: "Poor as I am, I intend to always pay for what I get, and get what I pay for. Here in this bundle are the shoes of Ambition, which are of no service to me, and I give them to you in return for what I have had."

"But of what use are they, and what am I to do with them?"

"With these you may go as fast as you will, and not be tired. Wear them, and you can make your way over any road, and even climb up the side of walls, or trees, or steep rocks. Travel!"

And the boy ran off. Try looked after him, and he saw only an old man moving on slowly. Then he looked again, and merely saw an old woman, who at length disappeared.

When the giant came down that day, he soon saw that Try wore a pair of new shoes.

"Those are very handsome, and look to be strong," he said. "What did you pay for them?"

Try told him all about them.

"Have you tried what they can do?" asked Doubtful.

"Not yet, but I will," replied Try.

So he ran along the ground for some distance, and, coming to a huge tree, ran up the trunk, and seated himself among the branches. Then he ran down, and returned.

"They are very convenient," said Doubtful, "and I think I should like a pair from the same shop. But, how you do grow! Yesterday, you were nearly up to my waist, and now you are three inches above it. In fact, you are no longer a dwarf, but a tall, stout young man. But what do you intend to do with the three gifts?"

"To-morrow," said Try, "I intend to set out upon long travels in search of adventures and a fortune."

"I shall miss you very much," said the giant, "but I think I shall go with you, if you will have me for a companion."

And Try agreed to this.

The next day, Try put his garden, and the giant put his castle, in charge of the serving-man. Try girt on his sword, and with his necklace around his throat, and his shoes on his feet, he started out with the giant, who was armed with a huge club, in search of adventures.

After they had traveled for three months, and had found nothing remarkable, Doubtful grew tired, and went back to his castle, despite the persuasion of his comrade; but Try kept right on, and that very night came to a hut in a valley, where he sought shelter. The inmate of this hut was an old woman, who made him welcome. Looking at her closely, he saw she was the same who had given him the necklace of Strength.

"Ah! my good mother," said he, "I have traveled as you told me, and thus far have gained nothing thereby."

"Your journey is not over," said she. "Two days from this you will come to a wide plain, on which stands a high rock, known as Mount Inaccessible. On that rock is a castle of steel, and in that castle lives an Ogre. He has carried off the Princess Graceful, the daughter of King Mikron, and because she will not consent to marry him, he keeps her locked up in a tall tower that overhangs the moat, and feeds her on bread and water. Many knights have tried to rescue her, since her father has promised her hand and the succession to his throne to her deliverer; but the Ogre either has come out and slain them, or, if he thought them too powerful, has shut himself up in his castle, and defied them. The hill is a perpendicular rock, with polished sides, and the Ogre leaves and returns to it by a huge set of brazen stairs, that rise or fall at his pleasure. No one, therefore, has been able to scale the hill, nor would they have gained thereby, since the castle is built of the hardest steel. It is this castle that you must gain, and slay the Ogre, and deliver the Princess of Wonderland."

"How shall I find this castle?"

"To-morrow, when you have gone a mile on your journey, my brother will overtake you, and be your companion for a day. You will lodge with him at night-fall, and he will instruct you further. Eat now, and refresh yourself, and then go to sleep, for you have a long journey before you to-morrow."

Try did as he was told, and early the next morning bade farewell to the old woman, who flung her shoe after him as he set out on his journey. After he had gone a mile, he was overtaken by an old man, whom he recognized as the one who had given him the sword. The old man merely nodded his head, but said nothing, and thus the two traveled together. At night-fall, they reached the old man's hut, where they rested.

In the morning, the old man said: "The Ogre will not come down to you, for it has been foretold to him that he can be overcome only by a man without armor, as you now are. Entice him out of his stronghold. Scale the rock, and enter his stronghold, or wait until he comes out; but let him not see you. When you have gone on from here, and have come within a mile of the edge of the plain wherein the hill of the Ogre stands, my son, who is in the forest, will join you, and instruct you further."

Try thanked his host, and resumed his journey. At a mile beyond the hut, a boy came from the wood, and joined him; and Try knew him to be the same who had given him the shoes of Ambition. The boy, who said his name was Helper, told him all about the princess, of whom he said that she was as good as she was beautiful, and that her father, who loved her tenderly, had laid siege to the castle for a whole year, and finding it impossible to take, had at last raised the siege, and had gone home to wait for the champion who was to deliver her from the Ogre's power.

"But," continued the boy, "now that we have arrived at the plain, I must leave you. Here, in this srip, is food and drink that you may need. Stay here until night-fall, and then go forward in the darkness to the rock which you see yonder. Find some spot where you can mount. The rock is polished, and the shoes of Ambition are useless unless there is some roughness over which they may travel. But there is no armor without a flaw, and some part of the rock, if you look well, may serve your turn."

So the boy left, and Try waited, concealed in the wood, until night-fall, when he made his way to the rock, which he reached at midnight, and finding a hiding-place amid the low growth at the base of the rock, he lay down, and slept until dawn.

As soon as it was light, Try arose and examined the rock, and found it to be polished everywhere. But after having gone nearly around it, he came to a small crevice that extended to the top irregularly, and in this crevice a huge ivy had clambered and fixed itself. Up this, Try readily made his way, and so gained the top. Arrived there, he seemed to be no better off than before, for the walls had apparently no opening but the great gate, and there was a deep moat around the castle, and the draw-bridge was up. So Try sat down under a projecting rock on the surface to consider.

As he sat there, he could see the plain before him, and over it there came a horseman. As he rode nearer, Try could see that it was the old man, mounted on a powerful charger, and bearing a staff in his hand. This he brandished in the air, while loudly defying the Ogre to single combat. But

the Ogre did not hear him, or was not disposed to heed, for he did not come out, and after an hour the old man rode away as he had come.

At high noon, there came a palfrey on which the old woman sat. She rode up to the rock and berated the Ogre soundly, calling him coward, and a number of other offensive names, and daring him to come and talk to her. But the Ogre did not hear, or, hearing, only felt contempt, and so did not leave his stronghold. The old woman, having apparently exhausted her stock of words, and finding no good to come of it all, went her way and was seen no more.

Two hours later, there came some one on a pony, and Try knew him for the boy he had left in the forest. This new-comer had no weapons, but he bore a small horn, and he kept sounding this in a very contemptuous and insulting manner. It appeared as if this excited the anger of the Ogre, for the draw-bridge fell, the gates opened, and the Ogre sallied out, and, as the draw-bridge rose and the gate closed, he made his way to where the brazen stairs lay coiled up and waiting for his will to unroll them.

Try sprang forward, sword in hand, and assailed the Ogre, who defended himself vigorously. He was stout and strong, and cunning of fence; but the sword of Courage was too potent for him. Try clove him in twain at a blow, and then turned to enter the castle.

But here was a new difficulty. The moat was impassable even to the shoes of Ambition; the necklace of Strength was useless where no grip was to be had; and the gate was too far off to receive a blow from the sword of Courage. Try wandered around, and for a while saw nothing but the blank steel walls. At length he came to where a projecting turret overhung the moat, and he saw that it had one window guarded by steel bars. Between these there peered a beautiful face, and so he knew this was the prison of the princess.

As he stood there gazing upward, a ball to which a cord was attached was thrown from the window, and fell at his feet. Try pulled the cord, and a silken ladder followed, the end of which he fastened to the ground, and then he mounted. A few blows with the sword of Courage, and the grating was severed and fell inward. Try entered, and knelt at the feet of the princess, who raised him graciously.

Try had no more than time to take one glance at the beautiful face of the lady, when the door of the chamber was thrown open violently, and the retainers of the Ogre, eager to avenge their master, burst in and assailed him. But the sword of Courage did its office. One by one, Try slew all his antagonists, and then, leading the princess, he



"THE DOOR WAS THROWN OPEN VIOLENTLY, AND THE OGRE'S RETAINERS BURST IN."

descended the stairs to the hall of the castle, opened the gate, and lowered the draw-bridge. They went out to the brazen stairs, that were rolled up, but the spell of the dead Ogre still bound

much a prisoner as before, but with a companion in misfortune. Try forgot about the mode of scaling the rock, and that he might descend, safely bearing the princess, by the way he came. The beauty of Graceful dazzled him.



"TRY AND THE PRINCESS WATCHED THE FAIRY UNTIL SHE FADED FROM SIGHT."

them, and they could not be moved by the utmost power which Try could exert. The young pair stood at gaze, five hundred feet above the plain, and unable to get down. The princess was as

their stead was a floating car to which three swans were harnessed, and in it sat a lady of surpassing beauty, clad in blue and gold.

"Try," said the lady, "I am the Fairy Friendly,

Suddenly the princess remembered, and bade Try go to the dead body of the Ogre, and remove the ring of Knowledge from his finger, for that would render all parts of the castle obedient to his will; had Try known this earlier, he would have gained entrance by means of the draw-bridge and gate. Try put on the ring, and at his wish, the great brazen stairs unrolled themselves and stretched to the ground below. These they descended, and found the boy and the pony, and with him were the horse and palfrey that had been ridden by the old man and the old woman. Try set the princess upon the palfrey, mounted the war-horse, and turned to speak to the boy; but he and the pony were gone. In

who presided at thy birth, and I have watched over thee for years. I was the boy, and the old man, and the old woman, and from me came the three gifts. I have summoned hither the King Mikron to receive his daughter, and to bestow her on thee in marriage. Thou hast been successful because thou hast persevered. Go forth, meet the king, and be happy."

Saying this, she smiled, the swans rose in air,

After they reached Wonderland, Try and Graceful were married amid great rejoicing. During the honeymoon, Try bethought him of his friend the giant, and sent to inquire about him. He learned that Doubtful had been obliged to sell his castle, and that he and his serving-man were living upon Try's few acres. Try at once sent for the giant, who came at the summons. But Try, who had been created prince, and was hailed as heir-pre-



TRY WELCOMES THE SHRUNKEN GIANT.

and the fairy was borne away in her car. The two watched her until she faded from their sight, and then rode forward to meet the king, whose knights and men-at-arms were debouching into the plain, while he galloped at great speed far in advance. He received them both with tears of joy, and, after the brazen stairs had been made immovable, he placed a garrison in the castle in the name of Try, whom he created Count of Castle Inaccessible.

sumptive, scarcely knew his friend. While Try himself had grown so high that he towered over those around him, Doubtful had shrunk so in his stature as to be little more than a dwarf.

However, Try placed Doubtful near his person, and when, some years after, King Mikron died, and Try, with his Queen Graceful, ascended the throne, he made him a great lord of his court, creating him Baron Uncertain and Count Littlefellow.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

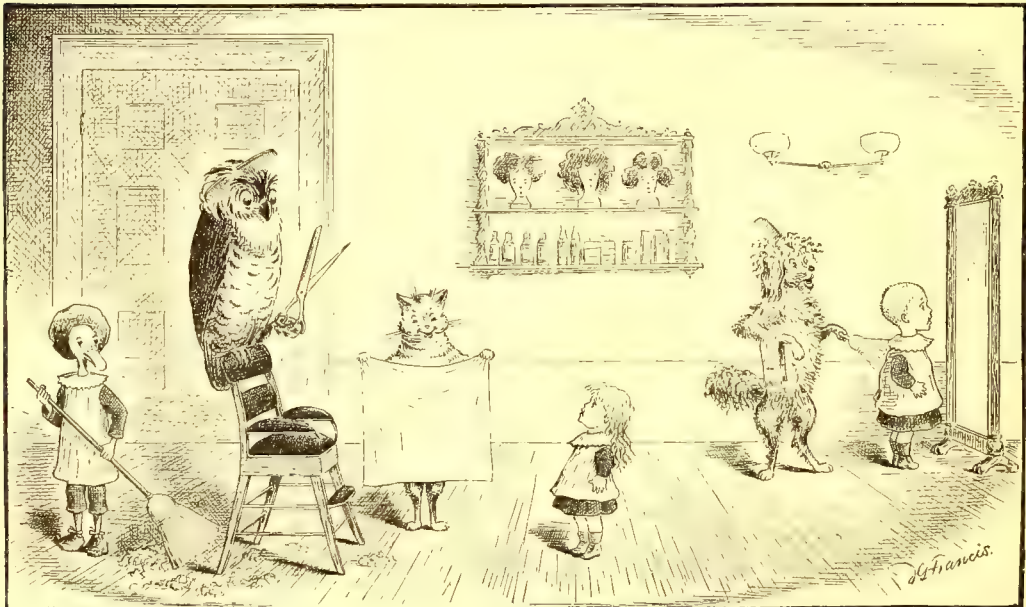
BY NELLIE L. TINKHAM.

"DEAR me!" said Mrs. Strawberry Jam,
 A-growing very red,
 "What a most unfortunate creature I am;
 I can scarce hold up my head.
 To think that I should live to see
 An insult offered, like this, to me!
 That I should be placed on the very same
 shelf
 (Oh dear! I hardly know myself)
 By the side of that odious Blackberry Jam—
 That vulgar, common, Blackberry Jam!"

So she fumed and fretted, hour by hour,
 Growing less and less contented,
 Till her temper became so thoroughly sour
 That she at last fermented.
 While Mr. Blackberry Jam kept still,
 And let her have her say,—
 Kept a quiet heart, as blackberries will,
 And grew sweeter every day.

One morn there stopped at Dame Smither's fence
 The parson,—to say that he might,
 By the kind permission of Providence,
 Take tea with her that night.
 And the good old lady, blessing her lot,
 Hastened to open her strawberry pot.
 "Oh, what a horrible mess! Dear—dear!
 Not a berry fit to eat is here.
 After all," putting it down with a slam,
 "Nothing will keep like good Blackberry Jam,
 Honest, reliable, Blackberry Jam."

Mrs. Strawberry J. went into the pail;
 Oh my—what a dire disgrace!
 And the pig ate her up, with a twitch of his tail
 And a troubled expression of face.
 While Blackberry J., in a lovely glass dish,
 Sat along with the bread and honey,
 And thought, while happy as heart could wish,
 "Well, things turn out very funny!"



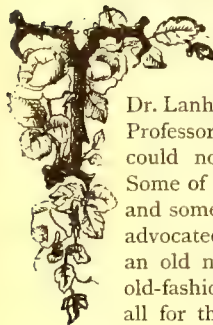
"A QUEER BARBER-SHOP."

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER XV.

AN ATTEMPT TO COLLECT.



THREE times a week the scholars of the "Greenbank Academy" met at the house of Dr. Lanham to receive instruction from Professor Susan, for the school trustees could not agree on a new teacher. Some of the people wanted one thing, and some another; a lady teacher was advocated and opposed; a young man, an old man, a new-fashioned man, an old-fashioned man, and no teacher at all for the rest of the present year, so as to save money, were projects that found advocates. The division of opinion was so great that the plan of no school at all was carried because no other could be. So Susan's class went on for a month, and grew to be quite a little society, and then it came to an end.

One evening, when the lessons were finished, Professor Susan said: "I am sorry to tell you that this is the last lesson I can give."

And then they all said "Aw-w-w-w!" in a melancholy way.

"I am going away to school, myself," Susan went on. "My father thinks I ought to go to Mr. Niles's school at Port William."

"I should n't think you'd need to go any more," said Joanna Merwin. "I thought you knew everything."

"Oh, bless me!" cried Susan.

In former days the people of the interior—the Mississippi Valley—which used then to be called "the West," were very desirous of education for their children. But good teachers were scarce. Ignorant and pretentious men, incompetent wanderers from New England, who had grown tired of clock-peddling, or tin-peddling, and whose whole stock was assurance, besides impostors of other sorts, would get places as teachers because teachers were scarce and there were no tests of fitness. Now and then a retired Presbyterian minister from Scotland or Pennsylvania, or a college graduate from New England, would open a school in some country town. Then people who could afford it would send their children from long distances to board near the school, and learn English grammar, arithmetic, and, in some cases, a little Latin, or,

perhaps, to fit themselves for entrance to some of the sturdy little country colleges already growing up in that region. At Port William, in Kentucky, there was at this time an old minister, Mr. Niles, who really knew what he professed to teach, and it was to his school that Dr. Lanham was now about to send Susan; Harvey Collins and Henry Weathervane had already entered the school. But for poor boys like Jack, and Bob Holliday, and Columbus, who had no money with which to pay board, there seemed no chance.

The evening on which Susan's class broke up, there was a long and anxious discussion between Jack Dudley and his mother.

"You see, Mother, if I could get even two months in Mr. Niles's school, I could learn some Latin, and if I once get my fingers into Latin, it is like picking bricks out of a pavement; if I once get a start, I can dig it out myself. I am going to try to find some way to attend that school."

But the mother only shook her head.

"Could n't we move to Port William?" said Jack.

"How could we? Here we have a house of our own, which could n't easily be rented. There we should have to pay rent, and where is the money to come from?"

"Can't we collect something from Gray?"

Again Mrs. Dudley shook her head.

But Jack resolved to try the hard-hearted debtor, himself. It was now four years since Jack's father had been persuaded to release a mortgage in order to relieve Francis Gray from financial distress. Gray had promised to give other security, but his promise had proved worthless. Since that time he had made lucky speculations and was now a man rather well off, but he kept all his property in his wife's name, as scoundrels and fraudulent debtors usually do. All that Jack and his mother had to show for the one thousand dollars with four years' interest due them, was a judgment against Francis Gray, with the sheriff's return of "no effects" on the back of the writ of execution against the property "of the aforesaid Francis Gray." For how could you get money out of a man who was nothing in law but an agent for his wife?

But Jack believed in his powers of persuasion, and in the softness of the human heart. He had never had to do with a man in whom the greed for money had turned the heart to granite.

Two or three days later, Jack heard that Francis

Gray, who lived in Louisville, had come to Greenbank. Without consulting with his mother, lest she should discourage him, Jack went in pursuit of the slippery debtor. He had left town, however, to see his fine farm, three miles away, a farm which belonged in law to Mrs. Gray, but which belonged of right to Francis Gray's creditors.

Jack found Mr. Gray well-dressed and of plausible manners. It was hard to speak to so fine a gentleman on the subject of money. For a minute, Jack felt like backing out. But then he contrasted his mother's pinched circumstances with Francis Gray's abundance, and a little wholesome anger came to his assistance. He remembered, too, that his cherished projects for getting an education were involved, and he mustered courage to speak.

"Mr. Gray, my name is John Dudley."

Jack thought that there was a sign of annoyance on Gray's face at this announcement.

"You borrowed a thousand dollars of my father once, I believe."

"Yes, that is true. Your father was a good friend of mine."

"He released a mortgage so that you could sell a piece of property when you were in trouble."

"Yes, your father was a good friend to me. I acknowledge that. I wish I had money enough to pay that debt. It shall be the very first debt paid when I get on my feet again, and I expect to get on my feet, as sure as I live."

"But, you see, Mr. Gray, while my mother is pinched for money, you have plenty."

"It's all Mrs. Gray's money. She has plenty. I have n't anything."

"But I want to go to school to Port William. My mother is too poor to help me. If you could lend me have twenty-five dollars——"

"But, you see, I can't. I have n't got twenty-five dollars to my name, that I can control. But by next New Year's I mean to pay your mother the whole thousand that I owe her."

This speech impressed Jack a little, but remembering how often Gray had broken such promises, he said:

"Don't you think it a little hard that you and Mrs. Gray are well off, while my mother is so poor, all because you won't keep your word given to my father?"

"But, you see, I have n't any money, excepting what Mrs. Gray lets me have," said Mr. Gray.

"She seems to let you have what you want. Don't you think, if you coaxed her, she would lend you twenty-five dollars till New Year's, to help me go to school one more term?"

Francis Gray was a little stunned by this way of asking it. For a moment, looking at the en-

treating face of the boy, he began to feel a disposition to relent a little. This was new and strange for him. To pay twenty-five dollars that he was not obliged by any self-interest to pay, would have been an act contrary to all his habits and to all the business maxims in which he had schooled himself. Nevertheless, he fingered his papers a minute in an undecided way, and then he said that he could n't do it. If he began to pay creditors in that way "it would derange his business."

"But," urged Jack, "think how much my father deranged his business to oblige you, and now you rob me of my own money, and of my chance to get an education."

Mr. Gray was a little ruffled, but he got up and went out of the room. When Jack looked out of the window a minute later, Gray was riding away down the road without so much as bidding the troublesome Jack good-morning.

There was nothing for Jack to do but to return to town and make the best of it. But all the way back, the tired and discouraged boy felt that his last chance of becoming an educated man had vanished. He told his mother about his attempt on Mr. Gray's feelings and of his failure. They discussed the matter the whole evening, and could see no chance for Jack to get the education he wanted.

"I mean to die a-trying," said Jack, doggedly, as he went off to bed.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.



THE next day but one, there came a letter to Mrs. Dudley that increased her perplexity.

"Your Aunt Hannah is sick," she said to Jack, "and I must go to take care of her. I don't know what to do with you."

"I'll go to Port William to school," said Jack. "See if I don't."

"How?" asked his mother. "We don't know a soul on that side of the river. You could n't make any arrangement."

"May be I can," said Jack. "Bob Holliday used to live on the Indiana side, opposite Port William. I mean to talk with him."

Bob was setting onions in one of the onion-patches which abounded about Greenbank, and which were, from March to July, the principal sources of pocket-money to the boys. Jack thought best to wait until the day's work was finished. Then he sat, where Greenbank boys were fond of sitting, on the sloping top-board of a broad fence,

and told his friend Bob of his eager desire to go to Port William.

"I'd like to go, too," said Bob. "This is the last year's schooling I'm to have."

"Don't you know any house, or any place, where we could keep 'bach' together?"

"W'y, yes," said Bob, "if you did n't mind rowing across the river every day, I've got a skiff, and there's the old hewed-log house on the Indianny side where we used to live. A body might stay as long as he pleased in that house, I guess. Judge Kane owns it, and he's one of the best-hearted men in the country."

"It's eight miles down there," said Jack.

"Only seven if you go by water," said Bob. "Let's put out to-morrow morning early. Let's go in the skiff: we can row and cordelle it up the river again, though it is a job."

Bright and early, the boys started down the river, rowing easily with the strong, steady current of the Ohio, holding their way to Judge Kane's, whose house was over against Port William. This Judge Kane was an intelligent and wealthy farmer, liked by everybody. He was not a lawyer, but had once held the office of "associate judge," and hence the title, which suited his grave demeanor. He looked at the two boys out of his small, gray, kindly eyes, hardly ever speaking a word. He did not immediately answer when they asked permission to occupy the old, unused log-house, but got them to talk about their plans, and watched them closely. Then he took them out to see his bees. He showed them his ingenious hives and a bee-house which he had built to keep out the moths by drawing chalk-lines about it, for over these lines the wingless grub of the moth could not crawl. Then he showed them a glass hive, in which all the processes of the bees' housekeeping could be observed. After that, he took the boys to the old log-house, and pointed out some holes in the roof that would have to be fixed. And even then he did not give them any answer to their request, but told them to stay to dinner and he would see about it, all of which was rather hard on boyish impatience. They had a good dinner of fried chicken and biscuits and honey, served in the neatest manner by the motherly Mrs. Kane. Then the Judge suggested that they ought to see Mr. Niles about taking them into the school. So his skiff was launched, and he rowed with them across the river, which is here about a mile wide, to Port William. Here he introduced them to Mr. Niles, an elderly man, a little bent, and a little positive in his tone, as is the habit of teachers, but with true kindness in his manner. The boys had much pleasure at recess time in greeting their old school-mates, Harvey Collins, Henry Weathervane, and, above all, Susan Lan-

ham, whom they called Professor. These three took a sincere interest in the plans of Bob and Jack, and Susan spoke a good word for them to Mr. Niles, who, on his part, offered to give Jack Latin without charging him anything more than the rates for scholars in the English branches. Then they rowed back to Judge Kane's landing, where he told them they could have the house without rent, and that they could get slabs and other waste at his little saw-mill to fix up the cracks. Then he made kindly suggestions as to the furniture they should bring—mentioning a lantern, an ax, and various other articles necessary for a camp life. They bade him good-bye at last, and started home, now rowing against the current and now cordelling along the river shore, when they grew tired of rowing. In cordelling, one sits in the skiff and steers, while the other walks on the shore, drawing the boat by a rope over the shoulders. The work of rowing and cordelling was hard, but they carried light and hopeful hearts. Jack was sure now that he should overcome all obstacles and get a good education. As for Bob, he had no hope higher than that of worrying through vulgar fractions before settling down to hard work.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOUSEKEEPING EXPERIENCES.

MRS. DUDLEY having gone to Cincinnati the next day to attend her sister who was ill, Jack was left to make his arrangements for housekeeping with Bob. Each of the boys took two cups, two saucers, two plates, and two knives and forks. Things were likely to get lost or broken, and therefore they provided duplicates. Besides, they might have company to dinner some day, and, moreover, they would need the extra dishes to "hold things," as Jack expressed it. They took no tumblers, but each was provided with a tin cup. Bob remembered the lantern, and Jack put in an ax. They did not take much food; they could buy that, of farmers in Port William. They got a "gang," or, as they called it, a "trot-line," to lay down in the river for catfish, perch, and shovel-nose sturgeon, for there was no game-law then. Bob provided an iron pot to cook the fish in, and Jack a frying-pan and tea-kettle. Their bedding consisted of an empty tick, to be filled with straw in Judge Kane's barn, some equally empty pillow-ticks, and a pair of brown sheets and two blankets. But, with one thing and another, the skiff was well loaded.

A good many boys stood on the bank as they embarked, and among them was Columbus, who had a feeling that his best friends were about to desert him, and who would gladly have been one of the party if he could have afforded the expense.

In the little crowd which watched the embarkation was Hank Rathbone, an old hunter and pioneer, who made several good suggestions about their method of loading the boat.

"But where 's your stove?" he asked.

"Stove?" said Bob. "We can't take a stove in this thing. There 's a big old fire-place in the house that 'll do to cook by."

"But hot weather 's comin' soon," said old Hank, "and then you 'll want to cook out in the air, I reckon. Besides, it takes a power of wood for a fire-place. If one of you will come along with me to the tin-shop, I 'll have a stove made for you, of the best paytent-right sort, that 'll go into a skiff, and that wont weigh more 'n three or four pounds and wont cost but about two bits."

Jack readily agreed to buy as good a thing as a stove for twenty-five cents, and so he went with Hank Rathbone to the tin-shop, stopping to get some iron on the way. Two half-inch round rods of iron five feet long were cut and sharpened at each end. Then the ends were turned down so as to make on each rod two pointed legs of eighteen inches in length, and thus leave two feet of the rod for a horizontal piece.

"Now," said the old hunter, "you drive about six inches of each leg into the ground, and stand them about a foot apart. Now for a top."

For this he had a piece of sheet-iron cut out two feet long and fourteen inches wide, with a round kettle-hole near one end. The edges of the long sides of the sheet-iron were bent down to fit over the rods.

"Lay that over your rods," said Hank, "and you 've got a stove two foot long, one foot high, and more than one foot wide, and you can build your fire of chips, instid of logs. You can put your tea-kittle, pot, pipkin, griddle, skillet, or grid-iron on to the hole"—the old man eyed it admiringly. "It 's good for b'ilin', fryin', or brilin', and all fer two bits. They aint many young couples gits set up as cheap as that!"

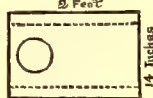
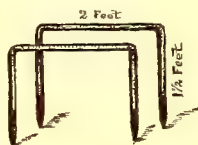
An hour and a half of rowing down-stream brought the boys to the old cabin. The life there

involved more hard work than they had expected. Notwithstanding Jack's experience in helping his mother, the baking of corn-bread, and the frying of bacon or fish, were difficult tasks, and both the boys had red faces when supper was on the table. But, as time wore on, they became skillful, and though the work was hard, it was done patiently and pretty well. Between cooking, and cleaning, and fixing, and getting wood, and rowing to school and back, there was not a great deal of time left for study out of school, but Jack made a beginning in Latin, and Bob perspired quite as freely over the addition of fractions as over the frying-pan.

They rarely had recreation, excepting that of taking the fish off their trot-line in the morning, when there were any on it. Once or twice they allowed themselves to visit an Indian mound or burial-place on the summit of a neighboring hill, where idle boys and other loungers had dug up many bones and thrown them down the declivity. Jack, who had thoughts of being a doctor, made an effort to gather a complete Indian skeleton, but the dry bones had become too much mixed up. He could not get any three bones to fit together, and his man, as he tried to put him together, was the most miscellaneous creature imaginable,—neither man, woman, nor child. Bob was a little afraid to have these human ruins stored under the house, lest he might some night see a ghost with war-paint and tomahawk; but Jack, as became a boy of scientific tastes, pooh-poohed all superstitions or sentimental considerations in the matter. He told Bob that, if he should ever see the ghost which that frame-work belonged to, it would be the ghost of the whole Shawnee tribe, for there were nearly as many individuals represented as there were bones in the skeleton.

The one thing that troubled Jack was that he could n't get rid of the image of Columbus as they had seen him when they left Greenbank, standing sorrowfully on the river bank. The boys often debated between themselves how they could manage to have him one of their party, but they were both too poor to pay the small tuition fees, though his board would not cost much. They could not see any way of getting over the difficulty, but they talked with Susan about it, and Susan took hold of the matter in her fashion by writing to her father on the subject.

The result of her energetic effort was that one afternoon, as they came out of school, when the little packet-steamer was landing at the wharf, who should come ashore but Christopher Columbus, in his best but threadbare clothes, tugging away at an old-fashioned carpet-bag, which was too much for him to carry. Bob seized the carpet-bag and



OLD HANK'S PLAN FOR
A STOVE.

almost lifted the dignified little lad himself off his feet in his joyful welcome, while Jack, finding nothing else to do, stood still and hurrahed. They soon had the dear little spindle-shanks and his great carpet-bag stowed away in the skiff. As they rowed to the north bank of the river, Columbus explained how Dr. Lanham had undertaken to pay his expenses, if the boys would take him into partnership, but he said he was 'most afraid to come, because he could n't chop wood, and he was n't good for much in doing the work.

"Never mind, honey," said Bob. "Jack and I don't care whether you work or not. You are worth your keep, any time."

"Yes," said Jack, "we even tried hard yesterday to catch a young owl to make a pet of, but we could n't get it. You see, we're so lonesome."

"I suppose I'll do for a pet owl, wont I?" said little Columbus, with a strange and quizzical smile on his meager face. And as he sat there in the boat, with his big head and large eyes, the name seemed so appropriate that Bob and Jack both laughed outright.

But the Pet Owl made himself useful in some ways. I am sorry to say that the housekeeping of Bob and Jack had not always been of the tidiest kind. They were boys, and they were in a hurry. But Columbus had the tastes of a girl about a house. He did not do any cooking or chopping to speak of, but he fixed up. He kept the house neat, cleaned the candlestick every morning, and washed the windows now and then, and as spring advanced he brought in handfuls of wild flowers. The boys declared that they had never felt at home in the old house until the Pet Owl came to be its mistress. He would n't let anything be left around out of place, but all the pots, pans, dishes, coats, hats, books, slates, the lantern, the boot-jack, and other slender furniture were put in order before school time, so that when they got back in the afternoon the place was inviting and home-like. When Judge Kane and his wife stopped during their Sunday-afternoon stroll, to see how the lads got on, Mrs. Kane praised their housekeeping.

"That is all the doings of the Pet Owl," said Bob.

"Pet Owl? Have you one?" asked Mrs. Kane.

The boys laughed, and Bob explained that Columbus was the pet.

That evening, the boys had a box of white honey for supper, sent over by Mrs. Kane, and the next Saturday afternoon Jack and Bob helped Judge Kane finish planting his corn-field.

One unlucky day, Columbus discovered Jack's box of Indian bones under the house, and he turned pale and had a fit of shivering for a long time afterward. It was necessary to move the box into

an old stable to quiet his shuddering horror. The next Sunday afternoon, the Pet Owl came in with another fit of terror, shivering as before.

"What's the matter now, Lummy?" said Jack. "Have you seen any more Indians?"

"Pewee and his crowd have gone up to the Indian Mound," said Columbus.

"Well, let 'em go," said Bob. "I suppose they know the way, don't they? I should like to see them. I've been so long away from Greenbank that even a yellow dog from there would be welcome."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GHOSTS.



JACK and Bob had to amuse Columbus with stories, to divert his mind from the notion that Pewee and his party meant them some harm. The Indian burying-ground was not an uncommon place of resort on Sundays for loafers and idlers, and now and then parties came from as far as Greenbank, to have the pleasure of a ride and the amusement of digging up Indian relics from the cemetery on the hill. This hill-top commanded a view of the Ohio River for many miles in both directions, and of the Kentucky River, which emptied into the Ohio just opposite. I do not know whether the people who can find amusement in digging up bones and throwing them down-hill enjoy scenery or not, but I have heard it urged that even some dumb animals, as horses, enjoy a landscape, and I once knew a large dog, in Switzerland, who would sit enchanted for a long time on the brink of a mountain cliff, gazing off at the lake below. It is only fair to suppose, therefore, that even these idle diggers in Indian mounds had some pleasure in looking from a hill-top; at any rate, they were fond of frequenting this one. Pewee, and Riley, and Ben Berry, and two or three others of the same feather, had come down on this Sunday to see the Indian Mound and to find any other sport that might lie in their reach. When they had dug up and thrown away down the steep hill-side enough bones to satisfy their jackal proclivities, they began to cast about them for some more exciting diversion. As there were no water-melon patches nor orchards to be robbed at this season of the year, they decided to have an egg-supper, and then to wait for the moon to rise after midnight before starting to row and cordelle their two boats up the river again to Greenbank. The fun of an egg-supper to Pewee's party consisted not so much in the eggs as in the man-

ner of getting them. Every nest in Judge Kane's chicken-house was rummaged that night, and Mrs. Kane found next day that all the nest-eggs were gone, and that one of her young hens was missing also.

About dark, little Allen Mackay, a round-bodied, plump-faced, jolly fellow who lived near the place where the skiffs were landed, and who had spent the afternoon at the Indian Mound, came to the door of the old log-house.

"I wanted to say that you fellows have always done the right thing by me. You've set me across once or twice, and you've always been 'clever' to me, and I don't want to see no harm done you. You'd better look out to-night. They's some chaps from Greenbank down here, and they're in for a frolic, and somebody's hen-roost 'll suffer, I guess; and they don't like you boys, and they talked about routing you out to-night."

"Thank you," said Jack.

"Let 'em rout," said Bob.

But the poor little Pet Owl was all in a cold shudder again.

About eleven o'clock, King Pewee's party had picked the last bone of Mrs. Kane's chicken. It was yet an hour and a half before the moon would be up, and there was time for some fun. Two boys from the neighborhood, who had joined the party, agreed to furnish dough-faces for them all. Nothing more ghastly than masks of dough can well be imagined, and when the boys all put them on, and had turned their coats wrong-side out, they were almost afraid of one another.

"Now," said Riley, "Pewee will knock at the door, and when they come with their lantern or candle, we 'll all rush in and howl like Indians."

"How do Indians howl?" asked Ben Berry.

"Oh, any way—like a dog or a wolf, you know. And then they 'll be scared to death, and we 'll just pitch their beds, and dishes, and everything else out of the door, and show them how to clean house."

Riley did n't know that Allen Mackay and Jack Dudley, hidden in the bushes, heard this speech, nor that Jack, as soon as he had heard the plan, crept away to tell Bob at the house what the enemy proposed to do.

As the crowd neared the log-house, Riley prudently fell to the rear, and pushed Pewee to the front. There was just the faintest whitening of the sky from the coming moon, but the large apple-trees in front of the log-house made it very dark, and the dough-face crowd were obliged almost to feel their way as they came into the shadow of these trees. Just as Riley was exhorting Pewee to knock at the door, and the whole party was tittering at the prospect of turning Bob,

Jack, and Columbus out of bed and out of doors, they all stopped short and held their breaths.

"Good gracious! Julius Cæsar! sakes alive!" whispered Riley. "What—wh—what is that?"

Nobody ran. All stood as though frozen in their places. For out from behind the corner of the house came slowly a skeleton head. It was ablaze inside, and the light shone out of all the openings. The thing had no feet, no hands, and no body. It actually floated through the air, and now and then joggled and danced a little. It rose and fell, but still came nearer and nearer to the attacking party of dough-faces, who for their part could not guess that Bob Holliday had put a lighted candle into an Indian's skull, and then tied this ghost's lantern to a wire attached to the end of a fishing-rod, which he operated from behind the house.

Pewee's party drew close together, and Riley whispered hoarsely:

"The house is ha'nted."

Just then the hideous and fiery death's-head made a circuit, and swung, grinning, into Riley's face, who could stand no more, but broke into a full run toward the river. At the same instant, Jack tooted a dinner-horn, Judge Kane's big dog ran barking out of the log-house, and the enemy were routed like the Midianites before Gideon. Their consternation was greatly increased at finding their boats gone, for Allen Mackay had towed them into a little creek out of sight, and hidden the oars in an elder thicket. Riley and one of the others were so much afraid of the ghost that "ha'nted" the old house, that they set out straightway for Greenbank, leaving their boats. Pewee and the others searched everywhere for their boats, and at last sat down and waited for daylight. Just as day was breaking, Bob Holliday came down to the river with a towel, as though for a morning bath. Very accidentally, of course, he came upon Pewee and his party, all tired out, sitting on the bank in hope that day might throw some light on the fate of their boats.

"Hello, Pewee! You here? What's the matter?" said Bob, with feigned surprise.

"Some thief took our skiffs. We've been looking for them all night, and can't find them."

"That's curious," said Bob, sitting down and leaning his head on his hand. "Where did you get supper last night?"

"Oh! we brought some with us."

"Look here, Pewee, I 'll bet I can find your boats."

"How?"

"You give me money enough among you to pay for the eggs and the chicken you had for supper, and I 'll find out who hid your boats and where the oars are, and it 'll all be square."

Pewee was now sure that the boat had been taken as indemnity for the chicken and the eggs. He made every one of the party contribute something until he had collected what Bob thought sufficient to pay for the stolen things, and Bob took it and went up and found Judge Kane, who had just risen, and left the money with him. Then he made a circuit to Allen Mackay's, waked

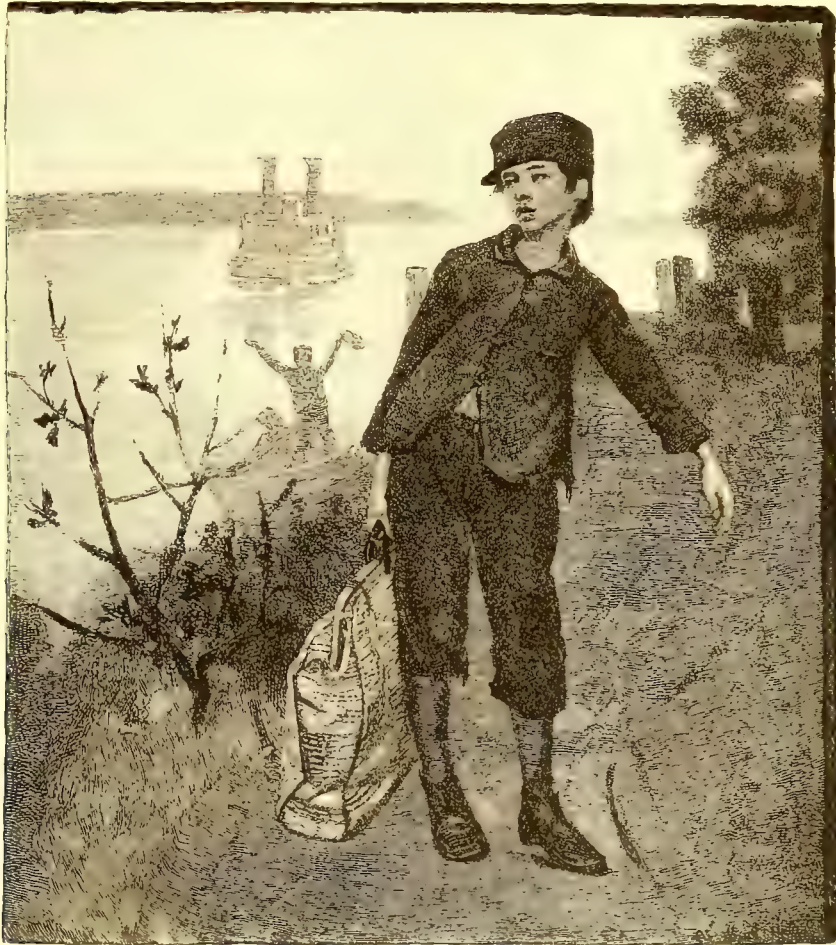
"Why?" asked Jack.

"Because," said Pewee, "I've heard tell that it is ha'nted."

"Ghosts are n't anything when you get used to them," said Jack. "We don't mind them at all."

"Don't you?" said Pewee, who was now rowing against the current.

"No," said Bob, "nor dough-faces neither."



"THE LANDING OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS" [SEE PAGE 357]

him up, and got the oars, which they put into the boats; and pushing these out of their hiding-place, they rowed them into the river, delivering them to Pewee and company, who took them gratefully. Jack and Columbus had now made their appearance, and as Pewee got into his boat, he thought to repay Bob's kindness with a little advice.

"I say, if I was you fellers, you know, I would n't stay in that old cabin a single night."

Even Pewee's dull mind began to guess that Bob and Jack were well acquainted with ghosts, and might know where they came from.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN HOME.

AS MR. NILES'S school-term drew to a close, the two boys began to think of their future.

"I expect to work with my hands, Jack," said Bob; "I have n't got a head for books, as you have. But I'd like to know a *leetle* more before I settle down. I wish I could make enough at something to be able to go to school next winter."

"If I only had your strength and size, Bob, I'd go to work for somebody as a farmer. But I have more than myself to look after. I must help Mother after this term is out. I must get something to do, and then learning will be slow business. They talk about Ben Franklin studying at night and all that, but it's a little hard on a fellow who has n't the constitution of a Franklin. Still, I'm going to have an education, by hook or crook."

At this point in the conversation, Judge Kane came in. As usual, he said little, but he got the boys to talk about their own affairs.

"When do you go home?" he asked.

"Next Friday evening, when school is out," said Jack.

"And what are you going to do?" he asked of Bob.

"Get some work this summer, and then try to get another winter of schooling next year," was the answer.

"What kind of work?"

"Oh, I can farm better than I can do anything else," said Bob. "And I like it, too."

And then Judge Kane drew from Jack a full account of his affairs, and particularly of the debt due from Gray, and of his interview with Gray.

"If you could get a few hundred dollars, so as to make your mother feel easy for a while, living as she does in her own house, you could go to school next winter."

"Yes, and then I could get on after that, somehow, by myself, I suppose," said Jack. "But the few hundred dollars is as much out of my reach as a million would be, and my father used to say that it was a bad thing to get into the way of figuring on things that we could never reach."

The Judge sat still, and looked at Jack out of his half-closed gray eyes for a minute in silence.

"Come up to the house with me," he said, rising.

Jack followed him to the house, where the Judge opened his desk and took out a red-backed memorandum-book, and dictated while Jack copied in his own handwriting the description of a piece of land on a slip of paper.

"If you go over to school, to-morrow, an hour earlier than usual," he said, "call at the county clerk's office, show him your memorandum, and find out in whose name that land stands. It is timber-land five miles back, and worth five hundred dollars. When you get the name of the

owner, you will know what to do; if not, you can ask me, but you'd better not mention my name to anybody in this matter."

Jack thanked Mr. Kane, but left him feeling puzzled. In fact, the farmer-judge seemed to like to puzzle people, or at least he never told anything more than was necessary.

The next morning, the boys were off early to Port William. Jack wondered if the land might belong to his father, but then he was sure his father never had any land in Kentucky. Or, was it the property of some dead uncle or cousin, and was he to find a fortune, like the hero of a cheap story? But when the county clerk, whose office it is to register deeds in that county, took the little piece of paper, and after scanning it, took down some great deed-books and mortgage-books, and turned the pages awhile, and then wrote "Francis Gray, owner, no incumbrance," on the same slip with the description, Jack had the key to Mr. Kane's puzzle.

It was now Thursday forenoon, and Jack was eager on all accounts to get home, especially to see the lawyer in charge of his father's claim against Mr. Gray. So the next day at noon, as there was nothing left but the closing exercises, the three boys were excused, and bade good-bye to their teacher and school-mates, and rowed back to their own side of the river. They soon had the skiff loaded, for all three were eager to see the folks at Greenbank. Jack's mother had been at home more than a week, and he was the most impatient of the three. But they could not leave without a good-bye to Judge Kane and his wife, to which good-bye they added a profusion of bashful boyish thanks for kindness received. The Judge walked to the boat-landing with them. Jack began to tell him about the land.

"Don't say anything about it to me, nor to anybody else but your lawyer," said Mr. Kane; "and do not mention my name. You may say to your lawyer that the land has just changed hands, and the matter must be attended to soon. It won't stand exposed in that way long."

When the boys were in the boat ready to start, Mr. Kane said to Bob:

"You would n't mind working for me this summer at the regular price?"

"I'd like to," said Bob.

"How soon can you come?"

"Next Wednesday evening."

"I'll expect you," said the Judge, and he turned away up the bank, with a slight nod and a curt "Good-bye," while Bob said: "What a curious man he is!"

"Yes, and as good as he's curious," added Jack.

It was a warm day for rowing, but the boys were

both a little homesick. Under the shelter of a point where the current was not too strong the two rowed and made fair headway, sometimes encountering an eddy which gave them a lift. But whenever the current set strongly toward their side of the river, and whenever they found it necessary to round a point, one of them would leap out on the pebbly beach and, throwing the boat-rope over his shoulder, set his strength against the stream. The rope, or *cordelle*,—a word that has come down from the first French travelers and traders in the great valley,—was tied to the rowlocks. It was necessary for one to steer in the stern while the other played tow-horse, so that each had his turn at rest and at work. After three hours' toil, the wharf-boat of the village was in sight, and all sorts of familiar objects gladdened their hearts. They reached the landing, and then, laden with things, they hurriedly cut across the commons to their homes.

As soon as Jack's first greeting with his mother was over, she told him that she thought she might afford him one more quarter of school.

"No," said Jack, "you 've pinched yourself long enough for me; now it 's time I should go to work. If you try to squeeze out another quarter of school for me you 'll have to suffer for it. Besides, I don't see how you can do it, unless Gray comes down, and I think I have now in my pocket something that will make him come down." And Jack's face brightened at the thought of the slip of paper in the pocket of his roundabout.

Without observing the last remark, nor the evident elation of Jack's feelings, Mrs. Dudley proceeded to tell him that she had been offered a hundred and twenty dollars for her claim against Gray.

"Who offered it?" asked Jack.

"Mr. Tinkham, Gray's agent. May be Gray is buying up his own debts, feeling tired of holding property in somebody else's name."

"A hundred and twenty dollars for a thousand! The rascal! I would n't take it," broke out Jack, impetuously.

"That 's just the way I feel, Jack. I 'd rather wait forever, if it was n't for your education. I can't afford to have you lose that. I 'm to give an answer this evening."

"We wont do it," said Jack. "I 've got a memorandum here," and he took the slip of paper from his pocket and unfolded it, "that 'll bring more money out of him than that. I 'm going to see Mr. Beal at once."

Mrs. Dudley looked at the paper without understanding just what it was, and, without giving her any further explanation, but only a warning to secrecy, Jack made off to the lawyer's office.

"Where did you get this?" asked Mr. Beal.

"I promised not to mention his name—I mean the name of the one who gave me that. I went to the clerk's office with the description, and the clerk wrote the words 'Francis Gray, owner, no incumbrance.'"

"I wish I had had it sooner," said the lawyer. "It will be best to have our judgment recorded in that county to-morrow," he continued. "Could you go down to Port William?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, a little reluctant to go back. "I could if I must."

"I don't think the mail will do," added Mr. Beal. "This thing came just in time. We should have sold the claim to-night. This land ought to fetch five hundred dollars."

Mr. Tinkham, agent for Francis Gray, was much disappointed that night when Mrs. Dudley refused to sell her claim against Gray.

"You 'll never get anything any other way," he said.

"Perhaps not, but we 've concluded to wait," said Mrs. Dudley. "We can't do much worse if we get nothing at all."

After a moment's reflection, Mr. Tinkham said:

"I 'll do a little better by *you*, Mrs. Dudley. I 'll give you a hundred and fifty. That 's the very best I *can* do."

"I will not sell the claim at present," said Mrs. Dudley. "It is of no use to offer."

It would have been better if Mrs. Dudley had not spoken so positively. Mr. Tinkham was set a-thinking. Why would n't the widow sell? Why had she changed her mind since yesterday? Why did Mr. Beal, the lawyer, not appear at the consultation? All these questions the shrewd little Tinkham asked himself, and all these questions he asked of Francis Gray that evening.

CHAPTER XX.

A FOOT-RACE FOR MONEY.



HEY 'VE got wind of something," said Mr. Tinkham to Mr. Gray, "or else they are waiting for you to resume payment,—or else the widow 's got money from somewhere for her present necessities."

"I don't know what hope they can have of getting money out of me," said Gray, with a laugh. "I 've tangled everything up, so that Beal can't find a thing to levy on. I have but one piece of property exposed, and that 's not in this State."

"Where is it?" asked Tinkham.

"It 's in Kentucky, five miles back of Port William. I took it last week in a trade, and I have n't yet made up my mind what to do with it."

"That 's the very thing," said Tinkham, with his little face drawn to a point,—“the very thing. Mrs. Dudley's son came home from Port William yesterday, where he has been at school. They 've heard of that land, I 'm afraid; for Mrs. Dudley is very positive that she will not sell the claim at any price.”

"I 'll make a mortgage to my brother on that land, and send it off from the mail-boat as I go down to-morrow," said Gray.

"That 'll be too late," said Tinkham. "Beal will have his judgment recorded as soon as the packet gets there. You 'd better go by the packet, get off, and see the mortgage recorded yourself, and then take the mail-boat."

To this, Gray agreed, and the next day, when Jack went on board the packet "Swiftsure," he found Mr. Francis Gray going aboard also. Mr. Beal had warned Jack that he must not let anybody from the packet get to the clerk's office ahead of him,—that the first paper deposited for record would take the land. Jack wondered why Mr. Francis Gray was aboard the packet, which went no farther than Madison, while Mr. Gray's home was in Louisville. He soon guessed, however, that Gray meant to land at Port William, and so to head him off. Jack looked at Mr. Gray's form, made plump by good feeding, and felt safe. He could n't be very dangerous in a foot-race. Jack reflected with much hopefulness that no boy in school could catch him in a straight-away run when he was fox. He would certainly leave the somewhat puffy Mr. Francis Gray behind.

But in the hour's run down the river, including two landings at Minuit's and Craig's, Jack had time to remember that Francis Gray was a cunning man, and might head him off by some trick or other. A vague fear took possession of him, and he resolved to be first off the boat before any pretext could be invented to stop him.

Meantime, Francis Gray had looked at Jack's lithe legs with apprehension. "I can never beat that boy," he had reflected. "My running days are over." Finding among the deck passengers a young fellow who looked as though he needed money, Gray approached him with this question:

"Do you belong in Port William, young man?"

"I don't belong nowhere else, I reckon," answered the seedy fellow, with shuffling impudence.

"Do you know where the county clerk's office is?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Yes, and the market-house. I can show you the way to the jail, too, if you want to know, but I s'pose you 've been there many a time," laughed the "wharf-rat."

Gray was irritated at this rudeness, but he swallowed his anger.

"Would you like to make five dollars?"

"Now you 're talkin' interestin'. Why did n't you begin at that eend of the subjick? I 'd like to make five dollars as well as the next feller, provided it is n't to be made by too much awful hard work."

"Can you run well?"

"If they 's money at t' other eend of the race I can run like sixty *fer a spell*. 'T aint my common gait, howsumever."

"If you 'll take this paper," said Gray, "and get it to the county clerk's office before anybody else gets there from this boat, I 'll give you five dollars."

"Honor bright?" asked the chap, taking the paper, drawing a long breath, and looking as though he had discovered a gold mine.

"Honor bright," answered Gray. "You must jump off first of all, for there 's a boy aboard that will beat you if he can. No pay if you don't win."

"Which is the one that 'll run ag'in' me?" asked the long-legged fellow.

Gray described Jack, and told the young man to go out forward and he would see him. Gray was not willing to be seen with the "wharf-rat," lest suspicions should be awakened in Jack Dudley's mind. But after the shabby young man had gone forward and looked at Jack, he came back with a doubtful air.

"That 's Hoosier Jack, as we used to call him," said the shabby young man. "He an' two more used to row a boat acrost the river every day to go to ole Niles's school. He 's a hard one to beat,—they say he used to lay the whole school out on prisoners' base, and that he could leave 'em all behind on fox."

"You think you can't do it, then?" asked Gray.

"Gimme a little start and I reckon I 'll fetch it. It 's up-hill part of the way and he may losè his wind, for it 's a good half-mile. You must make a row with him at the gang-plank, er do somethin' to kinder hold him back. The wind 's down stream to-day, and the boat 's shore to swing in a little aft. I 'll jump for it and you keep him back."

To this, Gray assented.

As the shabby young fellow had predicted, the boat did swing around in the wind, and have some trouble in bringing her bow to the wharf-boat. The captain stood on the hurricane-deck calling to the pilot to "back her," "stop her," "go ahead on her," "go ahead on yer labberd," and "back on yer stabberd." Now, just as the captain was backing the starboard wheel and going ahead on his larboard, so as to bring the boat around right, Mr. Gray turned on Jack.

"What are you treading on my toes for, you impudent young rascal?" he broke out.

Jack colored and was about to reply sharply, when he caught sight of the shabby young fellow, who just then leaped from the gunwale of the boat amidships and barely reached the wharf. Jack guessed why Gray had tried to irritate him,—he saw that the well-known “wharf-rat” was to be his competitor. But what could he do? The wind held the bow of the boat out, the gang-plank which had been pushed out ready to reach the wharf-boat was still firmly grasped by the deck-hands, and the farther end of it was six feet from the wharf, and much above it. It would be ten minutes before any one could leave the boat in the regular way. There was only one chance to defeat the rascally Gray. Jack concluded to take it.

He ran out upon the plank amidst the harsh cries of the deck-hands, who tried to stop him, and the oaths of the mate, who thundered at him, with the stern order of the captain from the upper deck, who called out to him to go back.

But, luckily, the steady pulling ahead of the larboard engine, and the backing of the starboard, began just then to bring the boat around, the plank sank down a little under Jack's weight, and Jack made the leap to the wharf, hearing the confused cries, orders, oaths, and shouts from behind him, as he pushed through the crowd.

“Stop that thief!” cried Francis Gray to the people on the wharf-boat, but in vain. Jack glided swiftly through the people, and got on shore before anybody could check him. He charged up the hill after the shabby young fellow, who had a decided lead, while some of the men on the wharf-boat pursued them both, uncertain which was the thief. Such another pell-mell race Port William had never seen. Windows flew up and heads went out. Small boys joined the pursuing crowd, and dogs barked indiscriminately and uncertainly at the heels of everybody. There were cries of “Hurrah for Long Ben!” and “Hurrah for Hoosier Jack!” Some of Jack's old school-mates essayed to stop him to find out what it was all about, but he would not relax a muscle, and he had no time to answer any questions. He saw the faces of the people dimly; he heard the crowd crying after him, “Stop, thief”; he caught a glimpse of his old teacher, Mr. Niles, regarding him with curiosity as he darted by; he saw an anxious look in Judge Kane's face as he passed him on a street corner. But Jack held his eyes on Long Ben, whom he pursued as a dog does a fox. He had steadily gained on the fellow, but Ben had too much the start, and, unless he should give out, there would be little chance for Jack to overtake him. One thinks quickly in such moments. Jack remembered that there were two ways of reaching the

county clerk's office. To keep the street around the block was the natural way,—to take an alley through the square was neither longer nor shorter. But by running down the alley he would deprive Long Ben of the spur of seeing his pursuer, and he might even make him think that Jack had given out. Jack had played this trick when playing hound and fox, and at any rate he would by this turn shake off the crowd. So into the alley he darted, and the bewildered pursuers kept on crying “stop thief” after Long Ben, whose reputation was none of the best. Somebody ahead tried to catch the shabby young fellow, and this forced Ben to make a slight curve, which gave Jack the advantage, so that just as Ben neared the office, Jack rounded a corner out of an alley, and entered ahead of him, dashed up to the clerk's desk and deposited the judgment.

“For record,” he gasped.

The next instant the shabby young fellow pushed forward the mortgage.

“Mine first!” cried Long Ben.

“I'll take yours when I get this entered,” said the clerk, quietly, as became a public officer.

“I got here first,” said Long Ben.

But the clerk looked at the clock and entered the date on the back of Jack's paper, putting “one o'clock and eighteen minutes” after the date. Then he wrote “one o'clock and nineteen minutes” on the paper which Long Ben handed him. The office was soon crowded with people discussing the result of the race, and a part of them were even now in favor of seizing one or the other of the runners for a theft, which some said had been committed on the packet, and others declared was committed on the wharf-boat. Francis Gray came in, and could not conceal his chagrin.

“I meant to do the fair thing by you,” he said to Jack, severely, “but now you'll never get a cent out of me.”

“I'd rather have the law on men like you, than have a thousand of your sort of fair promises,” said Jack.

“I've a mind to strike you,” said Gray.

“The Kentucky law is hard on a man who strikes a minor,” said Judge Kane, who had entered at that moment.

Mr. Niles came in to learn what was the matter, and Judge Kane, after listening quietly to the talk of the people, until the excitement subsided, took Jack over to his house, whence the boy walked home that evening, full of hopefulness.

Gray's land realized as much as Mr. Beal expected, and Jack studied Latin hard, all summer, so as to get as far ahead as possible by the time school should begin in the autumn.

(To be continued.)

OUT OF BOUNDS.

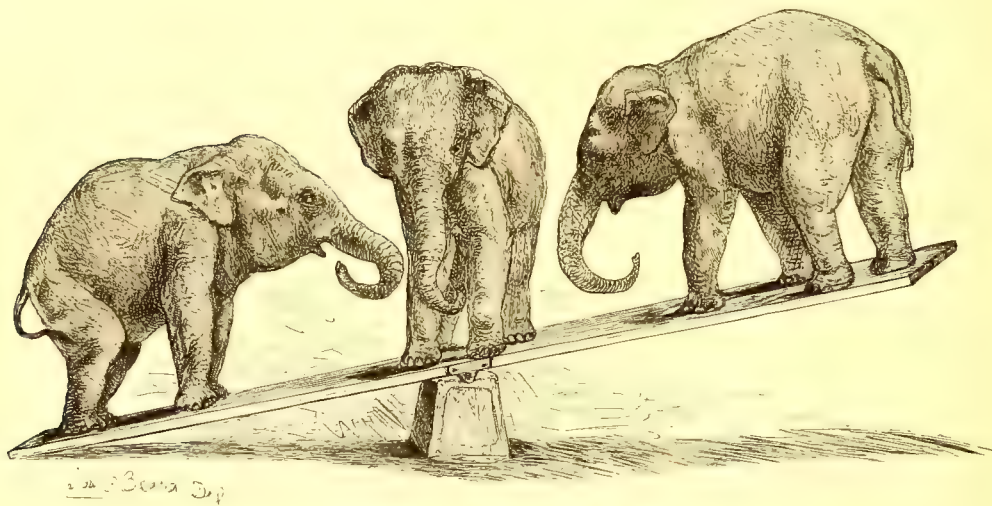
A FROG leaped his way up a tree.
 "I can sing," said he,—“listen to me;”
 So he uttered a shout,
 And an owl found him out,
 And no more a musician was he.

Said a tiger, “I’ll walk through the clover,
 Yea, verily, yes, and moreover;”
 But the bees who were there
 Sadly ruffled his hair,
 When they battled this tropical rover.

A baboon once said, “I can swim;”
 So he dived from the end of a limb,
 And a crocodile there
 Quickly rose from its lair,
 And there was n’t a surplus of him.

MEN-AND-ANIMAL SHOWS, AND HOW THEY
 ARE MOVED ABOUT.—CONCLUDED.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



PERFORMING ELEPHANTS PLAYING SEE-SAW.

THE railway train that carries a modern American show contains all sorts of cars and trucks, and is well laden. Indeed, it has so many cars that it is divided into several sections, each section equal to an ordinary train, and drawn by its own engine. These trains—including a dozen Pullman “sleepers” and the elephant cars, in each of which five of the huge beasts are stowed—bear along about five hundred men and three hundred horses, besides the other show animals and the miscellaneous freight.

The “trick-horses,” of course, are few in number, and often they are the private property of the

men and women who perform with them. All the “great artists” prefer to appear in the ring with the animals with which they have done their own training, if these are good ones. The horses, too, are artists in their way, and not a few of them have world-wide reputations of their own in the business, won under a long succession of famous riders. The actual work of a trick-horse is not very severe, but he requires to be kept up to his full training, in season and out of season. Upon the perfection of his performance may depend not only the applause of the spectators, but even the life of his rider.

Most of the other horses of the circus are mere

draught animals, but they need to be both good and good-looking. Any lack of horses, or any misbehavior on their part, might ruin the impression of the "grand procession" which regularly convinces the staring multitudes of the unusual size of each "mammoth show."

As for the men and women, only a few of these are actual performers in the "ring"; but if the rank and file of the circus army is deficient in the

show a heavy loss in the manager's accounts. The wages of all the human beings employed, and the eating and drinking done by them and by the animals, wild and tame, with nearly all other current expenses, go right along whether or not the big tent is up and money is coming in for tickets.

The book-keeping, cash taking, and cash paying of such a business require as perfect training as almost any other part of it. A separate van is



THE COOKING-TENTS.

arranged and fitted up as a business office, with safes and desks and clerks, and when the "cash is settled" at the close of each day's work, it is well known in that van how much has been made or lost. The cashier's van is one of the first things to be pulled ashore, so to speak, on any arrival, for the paying out of money begins right away, rain or shine.

When a circus train has arrived in an exhibition town, and has arranged its odd-looking cars upon the side tracks, where they are to be unloaded, the very first duty to be attended to is the care of the horses, since all these must be fed and groomed before the grand procession can start.

Off rolls the first wagon, a large one, loaded with hay and straw. A team is hitched to it, and it is hurried away to the spot where the tents are to go up. Sometimes, indeed, the men who were "sent ahead" have already delivered sufficient forage



WASHING THE DISHES.

performance of its share of the work in hand, the prosperity of the tent-city will come to grief on its first morning out of winter quarters.

All things are generally so arranged and the movements so timed that circus traveling and transportation may be done by night, since any day wasted without giving an exhibition would

upon the ground. Other wagons are rolled off, hitched up, and driven away, for all their cargoes are ready-packed upon them. Groups of spare animals follow, and as many of these as can, be-

and it seems but a few moments before the long, low-crowned stable-tents are up, the bedding for the horses is pitched around in place, and the animals themselves are quietly feeding, with a look



THE TENT FOR THE PONIES.

gin work upon their breakfasts before the canvas stables are set up.

The exhibition ground is pretty sure to be an open space, well situated for the purpose and often used for circuses, but it rarely is in perfect condition or clear of rubbish.

Experienced men, with gangs of helpers, are instantly at work with tape-lines and pennoned marking-pins, laying off the exact places and dimensions of the areas to be occupied by the tents, and designating the spots where poles are to stand and stakes to be driven. Almost as fast as a spot is marked, a tent-stake is dropped beside it, for cargoes after cargoes of material, with men who know what to do with it all, are constantly arriving from the cars. They start and travel and come in regular order, and yet hardly anything reaches the grounds many minutes before it is wanted. Gangs of strong-armed fellows with sledge-hammers follow close behind the stake-droppers, and the stakes are driven in firmly, while other gangs clear loose rubbish from the surface. Every one minds his business earnestly,

of quiet contentment, as if they were saying, "Here we are, gentlemen, all at home at last."

The next tent to these, in point of time, is the one under which such important people as elephants and camels are to take their morning hay; but the "traveling hotel" for the human beings is hardly less essential, and it is sure to be ready a very short time after the head-cook and his assistants have started their fires. The cooks are "experts," every one, and they will generally be prepared to offer their hungry fellow-travelers hot coffee and a capital breakfast in from twenty to thirty minutes after the unloading of their ingenious "portable range" upon the grounds.

The cooking-tents and the canvas dining-rooms are quite enough to put any old soldier in mind of his campaigns. But the rations furnished are of the best. All the work is done by exact rules, but it is not every man who has genius of the kind required to set up a hotel in half an hour and feed five hundred guests the first morning. They are apt to be a hungry set, indeed, and it may be noteworthy that P. T. Barnum's present head-

cook is an ex-lion-king, and has passed much of his life in hourly peril of being eaten up.

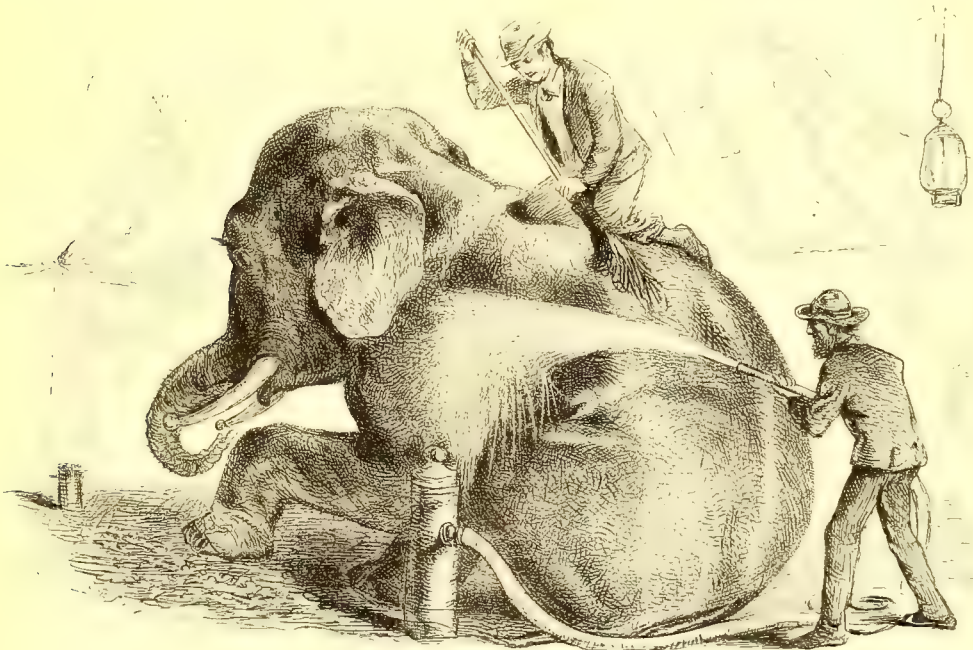
Not all the motley inhabitants of the tent-city will take their meals in the same room nor at the same table. There is a strong caste feeling between the skilled performers of different callings and varied fame, and the living curiosities have a pride all their own. For instance, it could not be expected that a lady weighing half a ton, more or less, should have a small opinion of herself, nor that a giant should fail to look down upon almost anybody else. There is no confusion in the management of the dining-room, but there is no long lingering at table, for all the guests have work before them, and as fast as one swarm flits away another settles in the places left empty.

With three hundred horses of all sorts to care for, there is constant need of the services of a blacksmith, and the smithy, forge and all, must be promptly in working order. The smith, indeed, must be ready with his hammer and fire before he gets his breakfast, for there is much iron-work about the tools, wagons, tent gear, and housekeeping apparatus, as well as upon the feet of the horses.

evidence that the washerman is at work. Every day in the week is washing-day, and there is no time to spare, even then.

The minor tents go up rapidly, but the raising of the "exhibition tent" and its adjoining canvases is no small affair. That is, there is nothing apparently difficult about it in the hands of the circus men, but twice their number of untrained workers, say two full companies of militia, would make many trials at it before succeeding. Every peg and stake is driven, and every rope is in its place; the center-poles grandly rise in the air; the side-poles or stretchers are lifted, one by one, and their stays are hauled upon till all are taut and firm, and then the great central canvas "skin" of the vast fabric is skillfully slipped on and stretched to unwrinkled smoothness. The whole operation is an example of the marvelous results to be obtained by discipline and concert of action; and it is performed every few days, often daily, throughout the exhibiting season.

If the entire circus-menagerie, when packed for transportation, should be compared to a chest of tools, the collection of implements appears, when



THE ELEPHANT'S TOILET.

Neither is it to be supposed that the people of the tent-city preserve the beauty of their linen without the aid of a laundry; and the tub, the wringer, and the clothes-line speedily offer ample

evidence that the washerman is at work. Every day in the week is washing-day, and there is no time to spare, even then.

places in the box, or rather boxes, they come out and return again, time after time, without crowding. However, they do not all have to be brought into use upon every exhibition of the show, for no two days present precisely the same job to the workmen. No two consecutive exhibition-grounds, in the first place, present the same features of size, shape, surface, or character of soil, and all these points must be taken into consideration. Neither are any two towns or cities alike, nor are the expected audiences the same in size or tastes or character. The performances must be varied with



THE CLOWN "MAKING-UP."

some reference to all these things, and even in the neighborhood of large cities, it is sometimes impossible to obtain a large enough space for the full presentation of all the show's attractions. Here comes in a demand upon the manager for good judgment, promptly used. He must instantly decide what part of his programme he will cut out and what he must leave in, and he must succeed in performing this delicate duty so that all the crowds of persons who may be gathered shall leave the tents with a satisfied feeling that they have had the full worth of their money.

The most important business, after the tents are up, is the formation of the "ring" and the setting up of the gymnastic machinery for the performances of the acrobats.

The "ring" is generally a little more than forty feet in diameter, and it looks like a rude enough affair, but its preparation calls for both care and skill. The ground for it is leveled with nicety. The barrier, a circular mound of earth of about one hundred and twenty-five feet inside circumference, is raised to a height of somewhat over twenty inches on its inner face. It must be thick, firm, and strong, to bear the hard blows of a horse's feet or the sudden leaning upon it of an elephant. It must, therefore, be banked, and pounded with sledge-hammers, until no strain to which it can be subjected will break it down, and it must retain no looseness nor unevenness, to trip a horse or endanger the life of a rider. It is the work of a few hours only, but there is a man busy upon almost every square yard of it while it is rising.

As to the machinery for the acrobats, simple as is the appearance of the uprights and cross-bars, they must be set up with especial care, so as to leave no possibility of their breaking down. The performer using them must be able to trust his appliances absolutely, or he could never have the nerve and confidence to delight the crowd at the risk of his neck. All his feats of skill and daring, moreover, have relation to the exact distances at which he has practiced them, and there must be no variation from those precise measurements in the daily adjustment of his machinery. He, or she, as the case may be, is sure enough to meet with what are called "accidents." When a "great show" recently came to the city of Brooklyn, a family group of three persons sat down together in the breakfast-tent. They were acrobats of unsurpassed agility and skill. A sad-faced woman, a young man of middle size, a girl just entering her teens. There had been four of them prior to a recent performance, but the "star," an older girl, the most daring of them all, had "missed her motion" in a feat of uncommon peril, and had fallen upon the receiving net. "She was but slightly injured," all were told who cared or thought to ask, but the little group at the table knew that she was dying. They performed their parts, that day, as skillfully as ever, though with so much more weight than usual to carry, but when the evening exhibition was over there were, indeed, but three of them. The fourth had gone forever.

Such an "accident" may come to the best-trained and most experienced performer, and yet it is a mistake to suppose that acrobats are necessarily a short-lived race. The constant exercise, the enforced temperance, the out-of-doors life, amount, in fact, to a careful observance of well-known laws of health. If a professional athlete escapes the more serious disasters which are continually

possible to him, it is his own fault if he does not remain for many years a man of comfortable body.



REPAIRING DAMAGES.

His worst perils do not come to him in the "ring," but during the long months when he is necessarily unemployed, and when he has no immediate and pressing need for careful training. For, in this interval, he is in danger of relaxing his habits of careful living, and a very little over-indulgence will put out of order that wonderful machine, —his body,—on the perfect condition of which depends his power to do the feats required of him.

The actual term of service as a practical acrobat can not, indeed, be a long one. The public is capricious, and has a rooted prejudice against the appearance of elderly men and women in exhibitions of physical agility and strength. Even the star performers must sooner or later drift into other callings.

When, at the beginning of an exhibition season, after passing the manager's inspection, an athlete of any kind gets into the ring, he represents a vast amount of hard and thoughtful labor and instruction. He has been in "winter quarters," of some kind, but he has also been at "school," and the younger he is, the more he has had to endure from exacting and often severe teachers.

The larger shows and more enterprising showmen often set up "schools" of their own, connected, it may be, with the establishments wherein they keep and train their quadruped performers.

In every such school of the circus there is a good deal of machinery, as well as an experienced professor of the art of doing impossible things. There

are kept on hand every kind of gymnastic apparatus for the development of activity and muscular strength. These latter vary, of course, with the nature of the lessons the pupil is learning, and at last he is confronted with the very things he is to employ in the presence of watching crowds.

By the pitiless severity meted out to all needless failures made in the presence of his exacting trainer, the "school-master," he is made to understand at an early day that he must never make a failure in the presence of paying spectators.

The trainer represents the keen-eyed public, and also the demands of his employer, the manager, and he must give a good account of the time and money expended upon the school. If any boy should be seized with a "fever" to distinguish himself in the "ring," nothing would be so likely to cure him as a week or so under a careful and faithful teacher in a winter school for the circus. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the scholar would forever afterward be contented to remain outside the rope circle.

The "grand procession" is a good advertisement, but it serves other practical purposes. It keeps the crowds away from the grounds until the



THE LAUNDRY

preparations are completed, and besides it gives the animals their morning exercise, after their stiffen-

ing ride on the cars. When it returns, there is work for all hands. The grooms and riders are busy with the horses. The performers are in the

comes an hour of excitement and amusement,—to everybody who does not belong to the circus-menagerie. The show people are busy with the



THE SNAKE-CHARMER TAKES THE BOX OUT OF ITS CAGE.

"greenroom" tent, looking over their wardrobes, repairing damages, and generally getting all things in readiness for the opening. The elephants, returning from their long, hot, dusty promenade, expect some attention to their own toilet, and it is something of a task to give one of the thick-skinned monsters a bath and a broom shampoo.

The setting-up of the seats of the amphitheater, all around the vast inclosure, employs a number of men for hours, and must be done with care. A disaster to any part of the crowd upon those seemingly fragile structures would be all but ruinous to the show. Hundreds of dollars are often spent in strengthening them before the weight of the spectators and the fortunes of the manager can be trusted upon them.

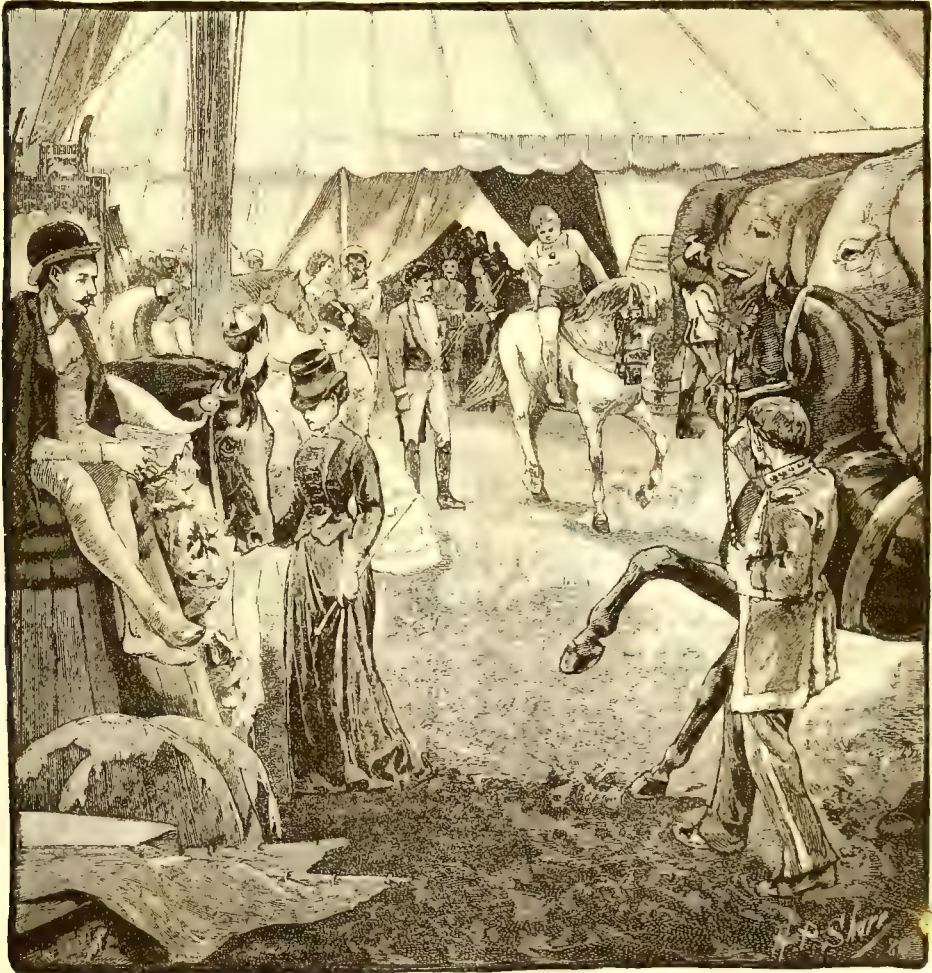
When at last all things are finished, and the hour has arrived for the band to strike up, and the guests of the tent-city have gathered to witness the results of all this outlay and care and toil, there

hard, anxious work of making fun for the visitors. Quick eyes among them are watching every rope and wire and stake. The exact condition of every horse and human being is known, and just what and how much each can be safely called upon to do at that day and hour. There must be no failure, no blunder, no accident, and if one of these by any means occurs, it must be instantly covered, hidden, and carried beyond the knowledge of the public. The perfect smoothness, promptness, clock-like regularity attained by practice and sharp discipline make an indispensable feature and attraction of the entire performance.

There is one other attraction, born of an evil taste in the popular mind, the secret of which is a sore temptation to all managers. There still lurks among us, in spite of all our civilization, a relic of the coarse and morbid appetite which made the heathenish, savage populace of Rome clamor for the bloody shows of the arena. We are still un-

civilized enough, many of us, to be drawn to gaze upon a performance which seems to be full of danger. It is a disgraceful appetite, but every manager caters to it, more or less. The provision for it begins with the wild animals in their dens. Unfortunately, some people love to see a man or woman in among the ferocious brutes, and in constant, deadly peril of strong teeth and rending claws. The fascination, to the crowd, of the snake-charmer's exhibition is the supposed danger he is in, with his hideous pets twisted around him. The shuddering folk who stare at the dreadful folds of the boa constrictor, with the doomed pigeons perched upon them, do not know how safe the pigeons are,

three months. He is more likely to call for a meal at the end of six months or a year, and then to be satisfied with a few doves or chickens—permission being given him to swallow them alive, or he will not eat them at all. If an elephant has the reputation of being "dangerous" and has to be chained up, he will have knots of people staring at him who otherwise would pass him almost contemptuously. If a grizzly bear or a lion can be said to have eaten a keeper or two, and to have a tendency to burst his prison-bars and eat everybody, an important class of circus-ticket buyers will flock to shiver in the near presence of the monster. No manager leaves that class entirely out of his calculations.



READY TO BE CALLED INTO THE RING.

but they enjoy their shudder all the same. The "big serpent" in captivity, whatever he may do in freedom, never eats oftener than once in two or

The danger element of attraction by no means ceases at the door of the menagerie. The ring itself is full of it. The ordinary feats of bare-

back horsemanship answer well enough for the demands of many, and they are only not perilous because of the great skill of the horses and

do their human associates, and the elephants seem to be eager for the duty before them. The last touches are given to the performers' finery, the last instructions are received, the applause outside tells of a completed "act" of the performance, the band strikes up, the ring-manager raises his hand, and the green-room sends forth the next installment of the show.

The telegraph, railway, printing-press, and even the "weather-bureau" itself, are the regular and constant servants of the traveling show.

Such trades as are not actually represented on its weekly pay-roll are not there only because their work was done be-

fore it set out upon its travels, or can be better done elsewhere than under the tents.

As for the weather-bureau and its prophets, the farmer in wheat harvest is not more anxious concerning their accuracy than is the circus manager. There is no law, in spring, summer, or autumn, which compels bad weather to come at night or on Sundays. A few days or a week of storms and rains will sometimes make a doleful hole in the calculations for an exhibition season, not only in the mere prevention of specific performances, advertised beforehand, but in the consequent disarrangement of others set for days yet farther on. There must be postponements and omissions and disappointments, and a danger that the show will get a bad name for not being "on hand." If a hurricane or a broken bridge prevents the setting up of the tents in Bungtown on Wednesday, and the performance is therefore given at that place on Thursday, the expectant people of Scrabbleville can not be gratified on that same Thursday, nor can Catamount Centre be delighted on Friday. The weather, therefore, has much to do with the success of a great show, and any manager would be glad to have the control of it, so far as his list of performances is concerned.

The experiences of any great show bring to it one more great trial, constantly recurring under all sorts of circumstances of locality, weather, and weariness. There is one hour which, more than any other, tests to the uttermost the temper, skill, and discipline of the force under the command of



THE HUMAN CURIOSITIES AT DINNER.

their riders. The spectators know very well that every now and then a "champion" or a "queen of the ring" meets with a terrible fall in one of those swift circlings and graceful leaps. They will respond with enthusiastic cheering to some specially sensational spring or plunge.

The perilous and the impossible are especially demanded of the acrobats, and the only limit set them may be said to be in the kindlier sensibilities of another large class of ticket-buyers who "will not go to look at such dreadful things." There is, therefore, a constant effort made to steer a middle course and satisfy all comers.

The public will endure a considerable degree of danger to the performers, but it is very sensitive on its own account, and it is rare indeed that it is called upon to face any genuine peril. Discomforts will sometimes come, such as sudden rainstorms and cold winds, and the great tent is but an imperfect shelter after all, even though it requires a terrible gale to bring it down.

While one set of performers is in the ring, at work, the next is in the greenroom-tent getting ready, and that is a part of the "show" which is not shown, but is very interesting. The very horses wait and watch for the signal as anxiously as

the circus manager. It is the hour when the tents must be "struck," or taken down, and the vast establishment packed up for removal to its next stopping-place.

Slowly the audience has leaked away through the narrow entrance, though some of its younger members linger until it is necessary to scare them out. The preparations for departure began long ago. Every article of dress taken off was instantly packed for travel. Every animal has been fed and cared for. Every tool is in its place, for present use or for transportation, as the case may be. There are miles and hours of traveling to be done, and every minute is precious. The least confusion or mismanagement would surely bear bad fruit on the morrow.

The experts of all sorts—acrobats, animal trainers, keepers—are caring for their wardrobes or themselves, or for the precious beasts in their charge. The horses in their canvas stables know that their time is up, and meet their grooms as if prepared to go. The cook and his assistants have fed their last "boarder," and already have packed their pots and crockery, and the fire is dead in the portable range. Every man who has not com-

of orders, but scores of men are taking their positions by stakes and ropes, knowing exactly what to do and where and when to do it. There are, perhaps (to give the exact size of one big tent), one hundred and sixty-eight thousand square yards of canvas to come down, with all that held it up. The huge, hollow interior is empty at last, with the exception of a few loiterers who hurry out in great alarm, as they hear a loud shout of "Let go!" from the manager. The shout was meant to scare them out, and not a man looses his hold upon a rope. It is a plan which always clears away the loiterers.

The immense space is clear, but vaguely shadowy and dim, for the lights are out and there is nothing there to "show."

Another order, another, another, follow in quick succession; ropes are hauled upon or let go; the canvas steadily pulls away, and the center poles and stays, all the airy skeleton of the tent, stand as bare as when they were first lifted there. These, too, come down in regular order, rapidly and without a sign of hesitation or confusion. Thus every peg and pole and board is removed from the tent-area to its proper place on its own wagon.



BREAKING UP AT NIGHT, AND STARTING AWAY.

pleted his task is working at it with all his might, but the center of interest is the great tent and its appliances. There is comparatively little shouting

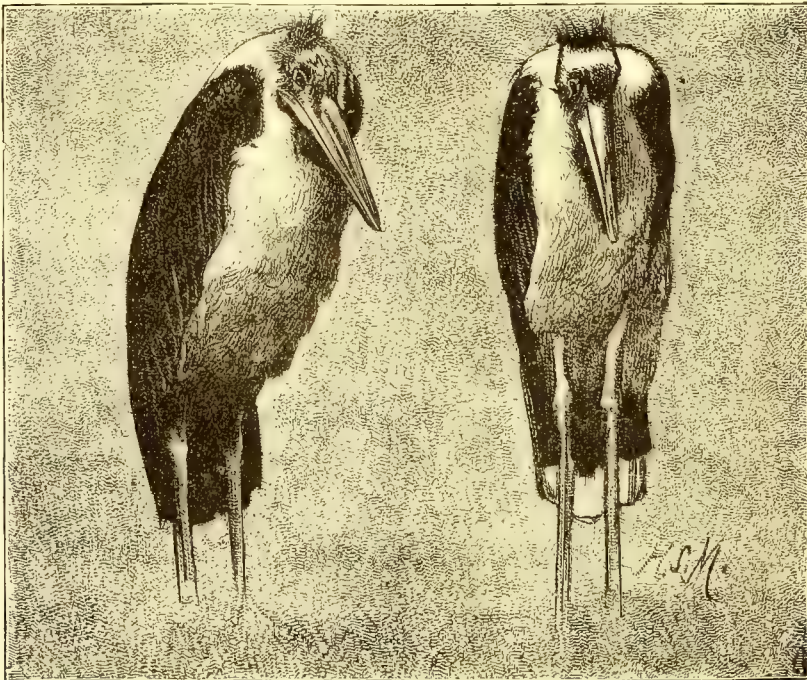
More than a quarter of a million square yards of "duck," and every flag, rope, pole, and pennon, are neatly folded and packed away in the

wagons. And all this has been done in less than twenty minutes! Not a rope is mislaid, nor a tool lost sight of, and the secret of it is that some one person has been made personally responsible for each of all those numberless items of duty. Not too much has been laid upon any one, but mercilessly strict will be the inquiry concerning the least short-coming.

The general crowd of spectators hurries home at once, all the sooner if the night is dark or rainy, or if it be the last performance and the tents are coming down. The latest to depart are invariably the boys, to whom the show presents a world of weird, strange fascination. It is almost hard upon them that their attachment is not reciprocated. Neither the manager nor his corps of trained workers has any use for boys. The former "does not want 'em around." He would not have them at any price, although hundreds are sure to offer, continually, with their heads full of dime-novel ideas of circus life, its "adventures," and its "glories." They know nothing at all of the hard work, the patient training beforehand, neither do they think of the experience and thorough knowledge of at least some one trade required by every member of the manager's army of helpers. Even the "bill-stickers" must know how to do their work, and work hard in doing it, but boys with the circus-fever are after something which will enable

them to wear tights and spangles. They seldom if ever think of the hard work, severe training, wearying repetitions, and terrible risks of injury and life-long maiming that must be undergone before a manager will allow a performer to appear in public. For instance, in learning circus feats of but one kind—riding on bareback horses—severe falls are always likely to happen. To lessen the danger, however, almost every large circus-school has a derrick with a long arm. Through a pulley in the end of this arm is passed a rope which is fastened to the learner's belt, the other end being held by a watchful attendant, who secures it whenever the rider loses his balance. A second man keeps the arm revolving just above the pupil as he rides around the ring, and the instructor leads the horse by a lariat. Thus, three men are needed in teaching one to ride bareback, and each new lesson has to be repeated a great many times in the same wearisome round.

It is likely that most of the youngsters who so eagerly volunteer are in a kind of mental fog. They could hardly say, if they were asked, whether they prefer to be hired as owner, manager, clown, "king of the ring," or to train and handle the elephants. A few days of practical experience might teach them wisdom, or it might, indeed, set them at a solemn consideration of the whole matter, in some such doleful attitude as this:



THE PRETTY PURITAN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

LIGHT she trips across the snow—
Downcast eyes and cheeks that glow,
While her golden hair escapes
O'er the daintiest of capes.

Berries of the holly bright,
Which she holds with clasp so light!
Her red lips have stolen from you
Tint as fresh as morning dew.

Fairer picture ne'er was seen
The bare wintry boughs between!
Like some rich and lovely flower
Blooming in a frosty hour.

All alight with color sweet,
Beautiful from head to feet.
'Neath her quiet lids demure
Hide her glances shy and pure.

Thoughts like lilies, snow-drops, daisies,
Look forth when those lids she raises.
Happy little maiden she,
Gentle rose of modesty!



DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XI.—JACK.

THE faithful reader will remember that Jack and Nero had just entered the library, where Mr. Reed and Eben Slade sat waiting.

Jack's entrance had a peculiar effect upon Eben Slade. It gave him a drowsy appearance. Some men have that look when they are specially on their guard.

"Did you want me, Capt'n?" asked Jack, after standing a few seconds and receiving no orders.

"No, I want you," spoke up Eben Slade, in an uneasy yet bold tone. "Let's see if you can answer a few plain questions."

Jack glanced inquiringly at Mr. Reed; then, brightening, replied to Slade as to one not at all worthy of his respect:

"Questions? P'raps. Reel 'em out."

It was plain from the start that, if the sailor-coachman could have his own way, Eben Slade would get but little information out of him. He had despised the fellow as a "skulker," from the

moment he had seen him sneaking about the grounds like a spy, as he truly suspected him to be.

"So," began the questioner grandly, as if to awe his man into a becoming deference, "you are the person who, according to Mr. Reed, rescued the twins? How, I mean in what way, by what means, did you save them?"

"Mostly by tryin', your honor," replied Jack, sullenly.

Eben Slade looked vexed, but he returned blandly:

"Undoubtedly so. But I want the details of the saving. Let us hear from the beginning."

"There war n't any beginning," growled Jack. "The first we knew about it, it was all over."

"Well, but you had some part in the wreck, had n't you? What was it?"

"I did n't have no part in it, bless you," replied Jack, with grim humor. "It did itself."

"Clever tar!" exclaimed Mr. Slade, in mock admiration, inwardly resolved to conciliate the man by letting him have his own way for awhile. "Well, I was on the wrong tack, as you sailors would say. Now, to start fair, can you tell me what happened after the first shock of the shipwreck was over. Which of the children did you pick up first?"

"Sorry I can't oblige you," said Jack, "but you see it was night, and, besides, I 'd forgot my specs."

"Have you any recollection whatever on that point, Jack?" asked Mr. Reed, as though he well knew what the answer must be.

"No, sir," replied Jack, respectfully; but instantly throwing a tone of pathetic appeal into his voice. "Why, Capt'n, look a' here! It 's hard seein' any diff'rence between young babbies in broad sunlight and a smooth sea; but down in the ragin' waves, an' in the night time, now? It taint in reason."

Mr. George nodded, and Slade, after thinking a moment, came out with a mild:

"Did you happen to know any of the passengers, Jack?"

"When a cove hails from the forecandle, your honor, he aint apt to be over intimate in the cabins; but I knew one lady aboard, if I do say it."

"Ah," exclaimed Eben Slade, "now we have it! You knew one lady aboard. Which of the ladies was this?"

"It was the stewardess, sir, and she was drowned."

"And you knew no other lady, eh?"

"Can't say, sir. Opinions differ as to knowin'—what some might call bein' acquainted, another might call otherwise;" said Jack, with a scrape, and a light touch at his forelock.

"Right!" pursued Eben Slade. "Now, did you happen to be 'acquainted or otherwise' with either Mrs. Reed or Mrs. Robertson?"

"I was 'otherwise,' your honor, with every lady on the ship, exceptin' the party I told you was drowned."

"Then you did n't know Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Robertson. apart, I understand?" asked Slade, sharply.

"Can't say, sir. Never saw 'em apart."

"Ah! They were always together, then; now we're getting it. Could you tell which was the mother of the twins?"

Here Jack turned toward Mr. George, with a doleful:

"Now, Capt'n, hear that! Could I tell which was the mother of the twins? Why, man,"—turning angrily toward Slade again,—"'boxin' the compass back'ard would be nothin' compared to that. All I can tell you is we was 'most all hove out into the sea, high and low together."

"I 'd have you hove out again if you were my man, or make you keep a civiler tongue in your head," was Eben's savage retort. "Now, sir, will you or will you not tell me how you saved the two babies, and what became of the other one?"

"I will not," answered Jack, doggedly; then seeing that Mr. George was about to reprove him, he added, in an altered tone: "As for the saving, that's my business; but the other poor little critter went down in the boat with its poor mother. I see that myself."

Eben leaned forward, and asked with some gentleness:

"How did you know it was the mother?"

"Because—well, by the way the poor soul screamed for it,—when they were letting her and the rest down into the boat,—and the way she quieted when she got it again,—that 's how."

"And where was the other mother?"

Jack turned an imploring glance toward Mr. Reed. *Must* he go on humoring the fellow?—but Mr. Reed's expressive nod compelled him to reply:

"The other mother? I don't know where she was. One instant we men was all obeyin' orders, the next everything was wild. It was dark night, women screamin', men shoutin', the ship sinkin', some hollerin' she was afire, and every one savin' himself an' others as best he could. Perhaps you aint awar' that folks don't gen'rally sit down and write out their obseruations at such times for future ref'rence."

"Did you see Mr. Robertson?" asked Slade, loftily. "Was he with the lady in the boat?"

"Now, Capt'n, hear that. Was he with the lady in the boat? Did I see him? Why man," turning toward Slade again, "out of all that ship-

load, only a dozen men and wimen ever saw the sun rise again; and Mr. Robertson, no nor his wife, nor the babby, nor t' other poor lady, warnt amongst them, as the master here can tell you, and none on 'em could n't make us any the wiser about the babbies. An' their mothers was n't hardly ever on deck; 'most like they was sick in their state-rooms, for they was born ladies, both of 'em, and that 's all you 'll learn about it, if I stand here till daylight. Now, Capt'n, shell I pilot the gentl'man out?"

"Yes, you may," cried Eben, rising so suddenly that Jack's eyes blinked, though, apart from that, not a muscle stirred. "I 'll have a talk with you outside."

"Jest my idee!" said Jack, with alacrity, holding wide the door. "No place like the open sea for a collision——" Again his glance questioned Mr. Reed. He was in the habit of studying that face, just as in times past he had studied the sky, to learn the weather. But the stern answer he found there this time disappointed him, and "saved Eben Slade from bein' stove in an' set beam-end in less than no time," as Jack elegantly remarked to himself, while Mr. George rose and bade his visitor a stiff "good evening."

CHAPTER XII.

A DAY IN NEW YORK.

ON the next morning, when Donald and Dorothy were advised by their uncle not to go to the Danbys' for the present, Dorry exclaimed, tragically:

"Not even to the Danbys', Uncle! Why, what have *they* done?"

His smiling reply was far from satisfactory to the young lady.

"Done? Nothing at all, my girl. We 'll not keep you in close confinement very long, so you must try to bear your captivity with fortitude. There are worse things, Dot, than being obliged to stay within one's own domain for a few days."

"I know it, Uncle!" said Dorry; then, resolving to be brave and cheerful, she added, with a mischievous laugh: "Would n't it be a good plan to tether us in the lot with Don's pony?"

"Excellent!" replied Uncle. "But, by the way, we need not tether you quite yet. I have business in town to-morrow, and if you and Donald say 'yes,' it shall be a party of three."

"Oh, indeed, we say yes," cried the now happy Dorry. "Shall you be there all day, Uncle?"

"All day."

"Good! good!" and off she ran to tell the glad news to Liddy. "Only think, Liddy! Donald and I are to be all day in New York. Oh, we 'll have

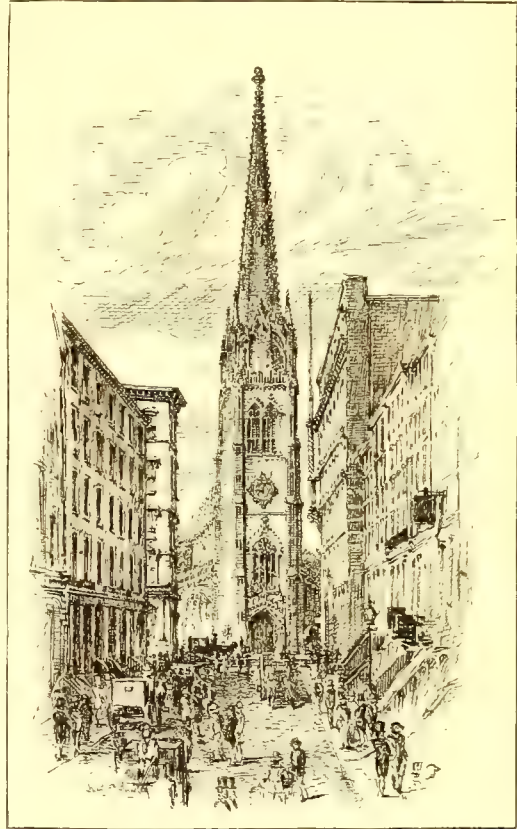
such a nice time! and I 'll buy you the prettiest white apron you ever wore in all your life!"

The new morning, tripping across the sparkling lake, climbed up to Dorry's window and wakened her with its sunny touch.

"Get up, Don," she called, tapping briskly on her wall at the same time. "It 's a glorious day!"

No answer. She tapped again.

A gruff, muffled sound was the only response. In a few moments, however, Dorry heard Don's win-



TRINITY CHURCH AND THE HEAD OF WALL STREET.

dow-blinds fly open with spirit, and she knew that her sisterly efforts had not been in vain.

Uncle George was fond of pleasant surprises, so when at last they all three were comfortably settled in the rail-cars, he remarked carelessly to Dorothy that he thought her idea an excellent one.

"What idea, please, Uncle?"

"Why, don't you remember expressing a wish that you and Donald could make Dr. Lane a nice present before his departure?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle; but I did n't know that you heard me."

Well, they talked the matter over quite confidentially under the friendly racket of the train, and finally it was decided to present to their good tutor a nice watch, with "Donald and Dorothy" engraved on the inside of the case. Donald had proposed a seal-ring, but Mr. Reed said heartily that while they were about it they might as well make it a watch; and Dorry, in her delight, longed to jump up and hug her uncle before all the passengers. It is true, she afterward expressed a wish that they could give Dr. Lane the price of the watch instead; but, finally, they agreed that a gift of money might hurt his feelings, and that after so many months of faithful service some sort of souvenir would be a more fitting token of respect and affection. Yes, all things considered, a watch would be best.

"He has n't any at all, you know," said Dorry, earnestly, looking from one to the other, "and it must be an awful—I mean, a *great* inconvenience to him—especially now when he'll have to be taking medicines every two hours or so, poor man."

Donald smiled; the remark was so like Dorry! But he looked into her grave yet bright young face, with his heart brimful of love for her.

The day in town passed off pleasantly indeed. As Uncle George's business took him to a banker's in Wall street, the D's enjoyed a walk through that wonderful thoroughfare where fortunes are said to come and go in an hour, and where every one, in every crowded room of every crowded building, and on almost every foot of the crowded sidewalk, thinks, speaks, and breathes "Money, money, money!" from morning till night. But Uncle's business was soon dispatched; the anxious crowds and the "clerks in cages," as Dorry called the busy workers in the banks, were left behind. Then there were fresh sights to be seen, purchases to be made, and, above all, the watch to be selected—to say nothing of a grand luncheon at Delmonico's, where, under their busy appetites, things with Italian and French names became purely American in an incredibly short space of time.

Uncle George delighted in the pleasure of the D's. The more questions they asked, the better he liked it, and the more sure he became that his Don and Dot were the brightest, most intelligent pair of young folk under the sun. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the holiday as heartily as they did, excepting toward the latter part of the afternoon, when Dorothy surprised him with a blank refusal to go nearly three hundred feet above the street.

You shall hear all about it.

They were homeward bound,—that is to say, they were on their way to the down-town ferry-boat that would carry them to the railroad station,—when Donald suddenly proposed that they should stay over till a later train.

"And suppose we walk on down to Wall street, Uncle," he continued, "and go into Trinity Church? There's a magnificent view from the steeple."

"Yes," was his uncle's rather frightened comment. "But the steeple is more than two hundred and eighty feet high. What are you going to do about that?"

"Why, climb up, sir, of course. You know there's a good stair-way nearly all the way, perhaps all the way. Anyhow, we can get to the top, I know, and Ed. Tyler says the view is perfectly stupendous."

"So I've heard," said Uncle, half-ready to yield; "and the climb is stupendous, too."

"Yes, but you can look down and see the city, and the harbor, and all the shipping, and the East River, and everything. There's an hour to spare yet. We can take it easy. What say you, Uncle?"

"Well, I say, yes," said Uncle, with forced heartiness, for he dearly loved to oblige the twins.

Then they turned to Dorry, though it seemed hardly necessary; she always was ready for an adventure. To their surprise she came out with an emphatic:

"And I say, please let me wait somewhere till Uncle and you come down again. I don't care to go up."

"Why, Dot, are you tired?" asked her uncle, kindly.

"Oh, no, Uncle, not a bit. But whenever I stand on a high place I always feel just as if I *must* jump off. Of course, I would n't jump, you know, but I don't wish to have the feeling. It's *so* disagreeable."

"I should think as much," said Donald; but Mr. Reed walked on toward the ferry, silently, with compressed lips and a flushed countenance; he did not even mention the steeple project again.

Meantime the noble old church on Broadway stood calmly overlooking the bustle and hurry of Wall street, where the "money, money, money" chorus goes on day after day, ceasing only on Sundays and holidays and when the clustering stars shed their light upon the spire.

"Uncle thinks I'm a goose to have such silly notions," pondered Dorry, taking very long steps so as to keep up with her companions, who, by the way, were taking very short steps to keep pace with Dorry. "But I can't help my feelings. It really is true. I hate to stand on high places, like roofs and precipices." Finally, she spoke:

"Uncle, did n't you ever hear of other persons having that feeling?"

"What feeling, Dorothy?"

How sternly Mr. Reed said it! Surely he could not blame the poor girl for asking so natural a question as that? No. But the incident had saddened him strangely, and he was unconscious of the severity of his tone until Dorothy's hesitating manner changed the current of his thoughts. And then, awaiting her reply, he cheered her with a look.

"Why—why the—" she began, adding: "Oh, it does n't matter, Uncle. I suppose I am foolish to ask such questions. But Don is ever so much steadier-headed than I am—are n't you, Don? I

and a firm belief that Uncle George enjoyed it exceedingly.

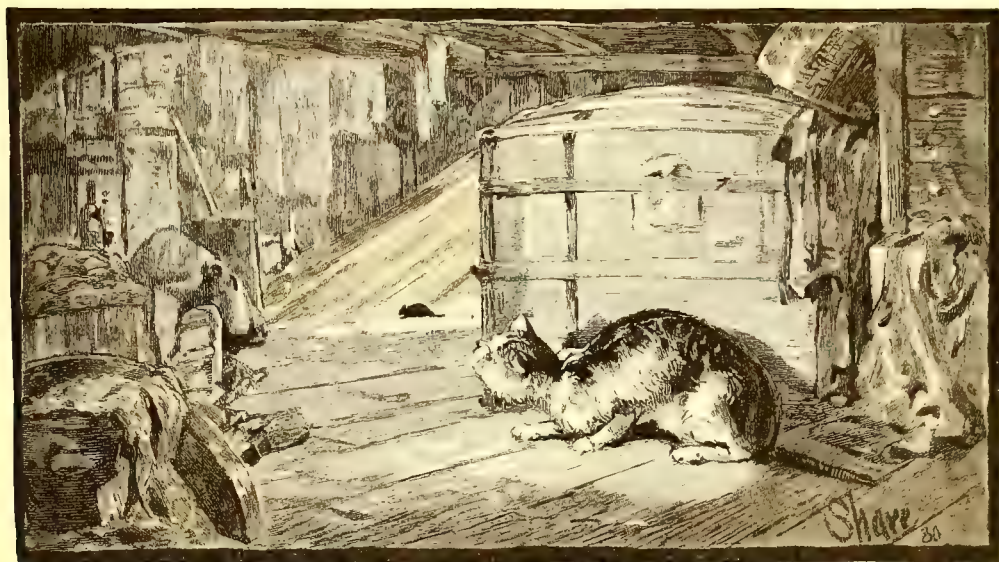
And all the while he was thinking:

"Strange! Every day something new. Now it's this dread of standing on high places. What will it be to-morrow? And yet, as the child herself intimates, many other persons have the same feeling. Now I think upon it, it's the commonest thing in the world."

CHAPTER XIII.

DONALD AND DOROTHY ENTERTAIN FANDY.

IN a few days after the visit to town, Mr. Reed received a letter, very dingy on the outside and



THE GARRET BEFORE FANDY'S ARRIVAL. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

do believe he 'd like to stand on the top of that telegraph-pole if he could get there."

"There 's no 'if' about that," said Donald, jokingly. "It 's a mere question of time. If a fellow can climb a pole at all, a little more height makes no difference. Why, if I had n't on my crack suit, I 'd ask you and Uncle to wait and let me have a try at it."

"Oho!" laughed Dorry: 'crack' suit is slang; so is 'have a try.' Five cents apiece. That 's ten cents fine for you, sir! Well, we ought to be thankful he has n't on his old clothes, Uncle! Ahem! The 'crack' would be in the head then, instead of the suit, I 'm afraid."

"Poor joke!" retorted Don; "ten cents fine for you, young lady."

And so they walked on, the light-hearted D's bantering each other with many laughing sallies,

very remarkable within. It was brought by one of the little Danby boys, and read as follows:

"GEORGE REED ESQUIRE.

"*Dear Sir:* I take my pen to say that the border left yesterday without notis owin us fur the hole time. He hadent a portmanter nor any luggage except paper collars, which enabed him to go off without suspection. A tellygram whitch he forgot and my wife afterward pikt it up said for him to go right to Pensivama old Squir Hinson was dying. It was from a party caling himself Janson K. The border as I laught to enform you has told my children inclouding Francis Ferdinand who bares this letter a cockanbull story about bein related to your honered self by witch we know he was an im posture. I write insted of calling at the house as I am laim from cuttin my foot with an ax yesterday and it dont apear quite consistent to send you a verble message.

"Your respec. servant

"ERASMUS DANBY

"SATURDAY"

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Reed, drawing a deep sigh of relief as he folded the missive. Then, conscience-smitten at his indifference to the Danby

interests, and resolved that, in the end, Mr. Danby should be no loser by "the border," he looked toward Master Danby. That young gentleman, dressed in a made-over Sunday suit, still stood hat in hand in the library door-way.

"Is your father badly cut, my little man?"

"No, sir," replied Fandy rapidly, and with a solemn countenance. "His thick boot saved him. The ax fell and cut through down to his skin, and it bled a sight, and 'Mandy 'most fainted, and Ma bandaged it up so tight he hollered a bad word."

"WHAT?"

"Yes, sir. He said 'blazes!' And Ma said for him not to forget hisself if he *was* hurt, and he said he would n't again. And Ma devised him, as Sunday was comin' so soon, to take Saturday, and so give his foot two days to heal, and he 's doin' it."

"But 'blazes' is n't a very, very bad word, is it?"

"No, sir, not very wickedly bad. But Pa and Ben mean it instead of swearin' words, and Ma 's breaking them of it. Ma 's very particular."

"That 's right," said Mr. Reed. "So, Master Francis Ferdinand," referring to the letter, "the boarder told you that he was a relation of mine, did he?"

"Yes, sir, but we knew better. He was a bad lot, sir."

"A very bad lot," returned Mr. Reed, much amused.

"Ma said I could stay, sir, if I was asked."

"Very well," said Mr. Reed, smiling down at the little midget. "You probably will find Donald and Dorothy up in the garret."

"Yes, sir!" and off went Fandy with nimble dignity through the hall; then soberly, but still lightly, up the stair-way to the landing at the first turn; then rapidly and somewhat noisily across the great square hall on the second story to the door of the garret stair-way, and, finally, with a shrill "whoop!" leaping up two steps at a time, till he found himself in the open garret, in the presence of—the family cat!

No Donald or Dorothy was to be seen. Only the cat; and she glared at him with green eyes. Everything up there was as still as death; grim shadows lurked in the recesses and far corners; the window was shaded by some lank garments hanging near it, and now stirring drearily. Fandy could chase angry cattle and frighten dogs away from his little sisters, but lonely garrets were quite another matter. Almost any dreadful object could stalk out from behind things in a lonely garret! Fandy looked about him in an awe-struck way for an instant, then tore, at a break-neck speed, down the stairs, into the broad hall, where Donald, armed like a knight, or so it seemed to the child, met him with a hearty: "Ho, is that you, Fandy

Danby? Thought I heard somebody falling. Come right into my room. Dorry and I are practicing."

"Praxin' what?" panted the relieved Fandy, hurrying in as he spoke, and looking about him with a delighted:

"Oh my!"

Dorothy was a pretty girl at any time, but she certainly looked very pretty indeed as she turned toward the visitor—her bright hair tumbled, her face flushed with exercise, her eyes sparkling merrily. She held a fencing-mask in one hand and a foil, lightly upraised, in the other.

"Oh, Fandy!" she said, "you are just the one we want. Don is teaching me to fence, and I can't half see how he does it, because I have to wear the mask. Here, let me put it on you—that 's a good boy," and she suited the action to the word, laughing at the astonished little face which Fandy displayed through the wire net-work.

"Here, take the foil now!—No, no. In your right hand, so." Then, addressing Donald, she added: "Now he 's ready! Fall to, young man!"

"Yes! fall to-o!" shouted Fandy, striking an attitude and catching the spirit of the moment, like the quick little fellow he was. "Fall to-o!"

Donald laughingly parried the small child's valiant but unscientific thrusts, while Dorry looked on in great satisfaction, sure that she now would catch the idea perfectly.

No knight in full armor ever appeared braver than Fandy at this moment.

Fortunately, cats can tell no tales.

A very active youngster of eight, with a long foil in his strong little hand, striking right and left regardless of consequences, and leaping from the ground when making a thrust at his opponent's heart, or savagely attempting to rival the hero of Chevy Chase who struck off his enemy's legs, is no mean foe. Donald was a capital fencer; and, well skilled in the tricks of the art, had a parry for every known thrust; but Fandy's thrusts were unknown. Nothing more original or unexpected could be conceived, and every time Dorry cried "foul!" he redoubled his strokes, taking the word as a sort of applause. For a while, Donald laughed so much that he scarcely could defend himself; but, whenever he found himself growing short of breath, he would be in earnest just long enough to astonish his belligerent foe. At the moment when that lively young duelist flattered himself that he was doing wonders, and pressing his enemy hard, Donald would stop laughing for a second, make a single sudden pass toward Fandy, with a quick turn of his wrist, and, presto! the eight-year-old's foil, much to his amazement, left his hand

as if by magic, and went spinning across the floor. But Fandy, utterly unconscious that this unaccountable accident was a stroke of art on Donald's part, was not in the least disconcerted by it.

"Hello!" he would shout, nothing daunted, "I've dropped my sword! Wait a minute. Don't hit me yet!" And then, picking up his weapon, he would renew the attack with all his little might.

At last Donald, wearying of the sport, relieved himself of his mask and consulted his watch, a massive but trusty silver affair, which had been worn by his father when a boy.

Was Fandy tired? Not a bit. Practice had

"But this is n't a tiger, nor even a wild-cat. It's tame. It's our Nan!"

"Let him go try," spoke up Donald. "He'll get the worst of it."

"Indeed I'll not let him try, either," cried Dorry, still holding her position.

But Fandy already was beginning to cool down. Second thoughts came to his rescue.

"I don't believe in hurtin' tame animals," said he. "It taint right," and the foil and mask were laid carefully upon the table.

"Who taught you to fight with these things?" he asked Donald in an off-hand way, as though he and Don were about equal in skill, with the great



FANDY'S FIRST FENCING-MATCH.

fired his soul. "Come on, Dorothy!" he cried. "Pull to-o! I mean, fall to-o!"

But Dorry thanked him and declined, whereat a thought struck the young champion. His expression grew fierce and resolute as, seizing the foil with a sterner grip, he turned to Donald.

"There's a cat upstairs. I guess it's a wild-cat. D'YOU WANT IT KILLED?"

"Oh, you little monster!" cried Dorry, rushing to the door and standing with her back against it. "Would you do such a thing as that?"

"I would to d'fend myself," said Fandy, stoutly. "Don't hunters kill tigers?"

difference that his own power came to him by nature, while Donald's undoubtedly was the result of severe teaching.

"Professor Valerio."

"Oh, did he? I've heard 'Manda talk about *him*. She says he's the—the—somethingest man in the village. I forget now what she called him. What's those things?" Here the visitor pointed to Don's boxing-gloves.

At any other time Don would have taken them from the wall and explained their use, but it was nearly three o'clock, and this was his fencing-lesson day. So he merely said: "They're boxing-gloves."

"Do you *wear* 'em?" asked Fandy, looking in a puzzled way, first at the huge things, then at Donald's hands, as if comparing the sizes.

"Yes, when I'm boxing," returned Donald.

"What will you do about your fencing-lesson, Don?" said Dorry. "Do you think Uncle will let you go? We're prisoners, you know."

"Of course he will," replied Donald, taking his hat (he had a mask and foil at the professor's) and preparing to go downstairs. "I'm to call for Ed. Tyler at three. We'll have rare times to-day; two fellows from town are to be there,—prime fencers, both of them,—and we are to have a regular match."

"You'll beat," said Dorry. "You always do. Ed. Tyler says you are the finest fencer he ever saw, excepting Professor Valerio, and he says you beat even the professor sometimes."

"Nonsense!" said Donald, severely, though his face betrayed his pleasure. "Ed. Tyler himself's a match for any one."

"What a mutual admiration society you two are!"

Dorry said this so good-naturedly that Donald could not resent it, and *his* good-nature made her add:

"Well, I don't care. You're *both* splendid, if I do say it; and, oh, is n't the professor handsome! He's so straight and tall. Uncle says he's a standing argument against round shoulders."

Dorry had taken a photograph from the table, and had been talking partly to it and partly to Donald. As she laid the picture down again, Fandy stepped up to take a look.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's Professor Valerio, Don's fencing-master."

"Whew! See his sword!" exclaimed the small boy, looking at the picture in great admiration. "My, would n't I like to fight *him*!"

Here Dorry looked out of the window.

"There goes Don," she said. "Uncle must have consented."

"Consented!" echoed Fandy. "Why, can't Donald go out 'thout askin'? Ben can, and Dan David, too; so can 'Mandy and—Hello, Charity, I'm a-comin'."

This last remark was shouted through the open window, where Dorothy now stood waving her hand at the baby.



THE FENCING-MASTER.

"Can you come up, Charity?" she called out.

"No, thank you. Mother said I must hurry back. She wants Fandy."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH UNCLE GEORGE PROPOSES SOMETHING DELIGHTFUL.

DR. LANE, made proud and happy in the affection shown him by his bright young pupils, as well

as by their beautiful gift, bade Mr. Reed and the D's good-bye, with repeated promises to write in due time and tell them how he liked the sunny South, and how it fared with him.

"I shall like it, I know," he assured them, "and the climate will make me strong and well. Good-bye once more, for you see" (here he made a playful show of consulting his watch as he took it proudly from his vest-pocket) "it is precisely six and three-quarter minutes after three, and I must catch the 4.20 train to town. Good-bye."

But there were more good-byes to come, for Jack had brought the Rockaway to the door, and Donald and Dorothy insisted upon driving with him and Dr. Lane to the station.

Upon their return, they found their uncle and Liddy engaged in consultation.

The evening came on with change of wind and all the signs of a long storm.

"I have been thinking," remarked Mr. Reed, while he and the D's were waiting for supper, "that it would be a good idea to have a little fun between times. What say you, my dears?"

The dears looked at each other, and Don asked: "Between what times, Uncle?"

"Why, between the going of our good friend Dr. Lane and the coming of that awful, yet at present unknown personage, the new tutor."

"Oh, yes, Uncle!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands, "I'm ready for anything. But then," she added, half-playfully, half-dolefully, "you forget we're prisoners, like the princes in the tower!"

"Not prisoners at all," he exclaimed, "unless the storm should prove your jailer. You are free as air. Let me see," he went on, taking no notice of the D's surprise at this happy turn of affairs, and speaking slowly and deliberately—just as if he had not settled the matter with Liddy some days ago!—"Let me see. What shall it be? Ah, I have it. A house-picnic!"

"What's that, Uncle?" asked Dorry, half-suspiciously.

"You don't know what a house-picnic is!" was the surprised rejoinder. "Well, upon my word!"

"Now, Uncle, do—don't!" coaxed Dorry, and Don echoed, laughingly: "Yes, Uncle, do—don't!" But he was as eager as she to hear more.

"Why, my dears, a house-picnic means this: It means the whole house thrown open from ten in the morning till ten at night. It means fun in the garret, music and games in the parlor, storytelling in odd corners, candy-pulling in the kitchen, sliding curtains, tinkling bells, and funny performances in the library; it means almost any right thing within bounds that you and about thirty

other youngsters choose to make it, with the house thrown open to you for the day."

"No out-of-doors at all?" asked Donald, doubtfully, but with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, yes, a run or two when you wish, for fresh air's sake; but there'll be drizzling days all the week, I suspect, and that will make your house-picnic all the pleasanter."

"So it will! How splendid!" cried Dorry. "Jack can take the big covered wagon and go for the company, rain or not, while Don and you and I plan the fun. We'll try all sorts of queer out-of-the-way things. Good for the house-picnic!"

"Good for the house-picnic!" shouted Donald, becoming almost as enthusiastic as Dorry.

"Oh, Uncle," she went on, "you are too lovely! How *did* you happen to think of it?"

"Well, you see," said Uncle, with the glow-look, as Liddy called it, coming to his face, "I thought my poor princes in the tower had been rather good and patient under the persecutions of their cruel Uncle Gloucester, and so Liddy and I decided they should have a little frolic by way of a change."

"Has *he* gone from the neighborhood, I wonder?" thought Donald (strange to say, neither he nor Dorry had known of the Danbys' boarder); but he said aloud: "We're ever so glad to hear it, Uncle. Now, whom shall we invite?"

"Oh, *do* hear that 'whom'!" exclaimed Dorry, in well-feigned disgust, while Don went on gayly: "Let's have plenty of girls this time. Don't you say so, Dorry?"

"Oh, yes, I say for fifteen girls and fifteen boys. Let's invite all the Danbys; may we, Uncle? It would be such a treat to them; you know they never have an opportunity to go to a party."

"Just as you please, my girl; but will not ten of them be rather a large proportion out of thirty?"

"Mercy, no, Uncle dear. They can't *all* come—not the very littlest ones, any way. At any rate, if Don's willing, I'd like to ask them."

"Agreed!" assented Don.

"The ayes have it!" said Uncle George. "Now let's go to supper."

Dorry ran on ahead so as to have a word with Liddy on the delightful subject of house-picnics; but Don, lingering, startled his uncle with a whispered:

"I say, Uncle, has Jack thrashed that fellow?"

"I have heard nothing to that effect," was the reply. "He was called away suddenly."

"Oh," said Donald, in a disappointed tone, "I hoped you had given him his walking papers."

"I have, perhaps," returned Mr. Reed, smiling gravely, "but not in the way you supposed."

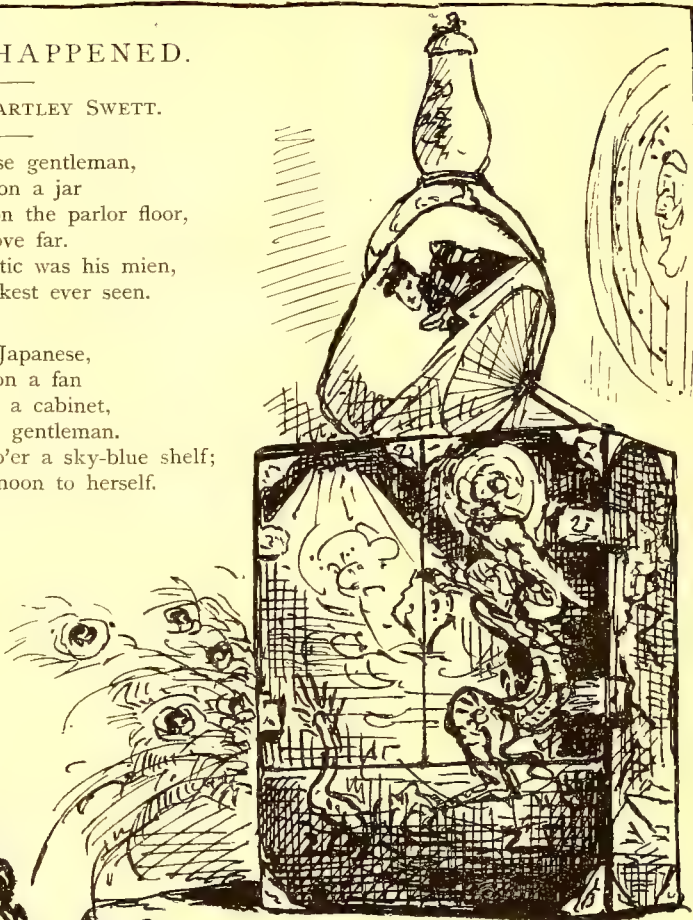
Don looked up, eagerly, hoping to hear more, but his uncle merely led the way into the supper-room.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

He was a Chinese gentleman,
 Who dwelt upon a jar
 Which stood upon the parlor floor,
 Within an alcove far.
 Calm and romantic was his mien,
 His eyes the darkest ever seen.

She was a lady Japanese,
 Who lived upon a fan
 Which rested on a cabinet,
 Quite near the gentleman.
 She leaned out o'er a sky-blue shelf;
 She had a full moon to herself.



He looked up in her charming face—
 He uttered loving sighs;
 She looked down on his noble head
 With tender, peaked eyes.
 "He's rare old porcelain," thought she;
 "She's real Japanese," thought he.

Alas for love! one morn there came
 A maiden young and fair,

With decoration in her eye,
Stern purpose in her air,
"This jar, I rather think," said she,
"Would better grace the library."

"And this"—she paused a little space,
Her gaze upon the fan:
Oh, what a look the lady gave
Her loving gentleman! —
"Is just the thing to fasten o'er
That dull, gray picture by the door."

And then, ere many moments passed,
The lady Japanese





Was hung so very high,
she looked
A red blotch on the
frieze;
While her fond lover—O
regret!—
Adorned a distant cabinet!

“My own, my love, what
cruel fate
Has borne you far apart?
No other lady on a fan
Can ever win my heart!”
He cried, that Chinese gen-
tleman,
When evening brought its
shadows wan.





The jar lay broken by the
door,
The fan was shattered on
the floor.

"Who broke these works of
art?" she cried;
No answer reached her
ears.
She did not see the shep-
herdess,
Upon a screen, shed
tears;
And to this day she is in
doubt
How such disaster came
about.

THE END.

PUSSY AND THE CHIPMUNK.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR FIRST DAY IN "THE WILDERNESS."

AT last the long winter, with its deep snows and intense cold, was gone, and on May 4, 1864, at four o'clock in the morning, we broke camp. In what direction we should march, whether north, south, east, or west, none of us had the remotest idea; for the pickets reported the Rapidan River so well fortified by the enemy on the farther bank, that it was plainly impossible for us to break their lines at

any point there. But in those days we had a general who had no such word as "impossible" in his dictionary, and under his leadership we marched that May morning straight for and straight across the Rapidan, in solid column. All day we plodded on, the road strewn with blankets and overcoats, of which the army lightened itself now that the campaign was opening; and at night we halted, and camped in a beautiful green meadow.

Not the slightest suspicion had we, as we slept quietly there that night, of the great battle, or rather series of great battles, about to open on the

following day. Even on that morrow, when we took up the line of march and moved leisurely along for an hour or two, we saw so few indications of the coming struggle that, when we suddenly came upon a battery of artillery in position for action by the side of the road, some one exclaimed:

"Why, hello, fellows: that looks like business!"

Only a few moments later, a staff-officer rode up to our regiment and delivered his orders:

"Major, you will throw forward your command as skirmishers for the brigade."

The regiment at once moved into the thick pine-woods, and was lost to sight in a moment, although we could hear the bugle clanging out its orders "deploy to right and left," as the line forced its way through the tangled and interminable "Wilderness."

Ordered back by the Major into the main line of battle, we drummer-boys found the troops massed in columns along a road, and we lay down with them among the bushes. How many men were there we could not tell. Wherever we looked, whether up or down the road, and as far as the eye could reach, were masses of men in blue. Among them was a company of Indians, dark, swarthy, stolid-looking fellows, dressed in our uniform and serving with some Iowa regiment, under the command of one of their chiefs as captain.

But hark!

"Pop! Pop! Pop-pop-pop!" The pickets are beginning to fire, the "ball is going to open," and things will soon be getting lively.

A venturesome fellow climbs up a tall tree to see what he can see, and presently comes scrambling down, reporting nothing in sight but signal-flags flying over the tree-tops, and beyond them nothing but woods and woods for miles.

Orderlies are galloping about and staff-officers are dashing up and down the line, or forcing their way through the tangled bushes, while out on the skirmish line is the ever-increasing rattle of the musketry,—

"Pop-pop! Pop-pop-pop!"

"Fall in, men! Forward, guide right!"

There is something grand in the promptitude with which the order is obeyed. Every man is at his post. Forcing its way as best it can through the tangled undergrowth of briars and bushes, across ravines and through swamps, our whole magnificent line advances, until, after a half-hour's steady work, we reach the skirmish line, which, hardly pressed, falls back into the advancing column of blue as it reaches a little clearing in the forest. Now we see the lines of gray in the edge of the woods on the other side of the little field; first their pickets behind clumps of bushes,

then the solid column appearing behind the fence, coming on yelling like demons, and firing a volley that fills the air with smoke and cuts it with whistling lead. Sheltered behind the trees, our line reserves its fire, for it is likely that the enemy will come out on a charge, and then we'll mow them down!

With bayonets fixed, and yells that make the woods ring, here they come, Boys, through the clearing, on a dead run! And now, as you love the flag that waves yonder in the breeze, up, Boys, and let them have it! Out from our Enfields flashes a sheet of flame, before which the lines of gray stagger for a moment; but they recover and push on, then reel again and quail, and at length fly before the second leaden tempest, which sweeps the field clear to the opposite side.

With cheers and shouts of "Victory!" our line, now advancing swiftly from behind its covert of the trees, sweeps into and across the clearing, driving back the enemy into the woods from which they had so confidently ventured.

The little clearing over which the lines of blue are advancing is covered with dead and dying and wounded men, among whom I find Lieutenant Stannard, of my acquaintance.

"Harry, help me, quick! I'm bleeding fast. Tear off my suspender or take my handkerchief, and tie it as tight as you can draw it around my thigh, and help me off the field."

Ripping up the leg of his pantaloons with my knife, I soon check the flow of blood with a hard knot—and none too soon, for the main artery has been severed. Calling a comrade to my assistance, we succeed in reaching the woods, and make our way slowly to the rear in search of the division hospital.

Whoever wishes to know something of the terrible realities of war should visit a field hospital during some great engagement. No doubt the boys of ST. NICHOLAS imagine war to be a great and glorious thing, and so, indeed, in many regards it is. It would be idle to deny that there is something stirring in the sound of martial music, something strangely uplifting and intensely fascinating in the roll of musketry and the loud thunder of artillery. Besides, the march and the battle afford opportunities for the unfolding of manly virtue, and as things go in this disjointed world, human progress seems to be almost impossible without war.

Yet still, war is a terrible, a horrible thing. If the boys of ST. NICHOLAS could have been with us as we helped poor Stannard off the field that first day in "the Wilderness"—if they could have seen the surgeons of the first division of our corps as we saw them, when passing by with the Lieuten-

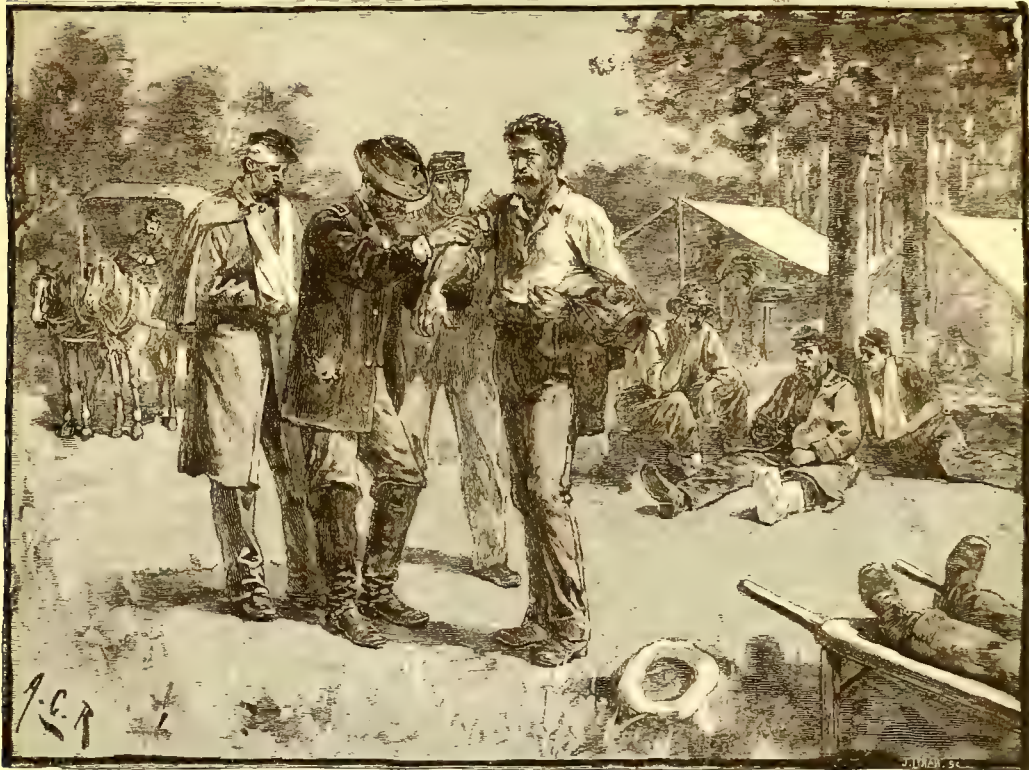
ant on a stretcher, they would, I think, agree with me that if war is a necessity, it is a *dreadful* necessity. There were the surgeons, busy at work, while dozens of poor fellows were lying all around on stretchers, awaiting their turns.

"Hurry on, Boys! Hurry on! Don't stop here. I can't stand it," groaned our charge.

So, we pushed on with our burden, until we saw our Division colors over in a clearing among the pines, and on reaching this we came upon a scene that I can never adequately describe.

longer any hope for him,—and down yonder, about a row of tables, each under a fly,* stood groups of them, ready for their dreadful and yet helpful work.

To one of these groups we carried poor Stan-nard, and I stood by and watched; the sponge saturated with chloroform was put to his face, rendering him unconscious while the operation of tying the severed artery was performed. On a neighboring table was a man whose leg was being taken off at the thigh, and who, chloroformed into



A PART OF THE FIELD-HOSPITAL.

There were hundreds of the wounded already there; other hundreds, perhaps thousands, were yet to come. On all sides, within and just without the hastily erected hospital-tents, were the severely and dangerously wounded, while great numbers of slightly wounded men, with hands or feet bandaged or heads tied up, were lying about the sides of the tents or out among the bushes. The surgeons were everywhere busy,—here, dressing wounds, there, alas! stooping down to tell some poor fellow, over whose countenance the pallor of death was already spreading, that there was no

unconsciousness, interested everybody by singing at the top of his voice, and with a clear articulation, five verses of a hymn to an old-fashioned Methodist tune, never once losing the melody nor stopping for a word. I remember seeing another poor fellow with his arm off at the shoulder, lying on the ground and resting after the operation; he appeared to be very much amused at himself, "because" (he said, in answer to my inquiry as to what he was laughing at) "he had felt a fly on his right hand, and when he went to brush it off with his left there was no right hand there any more!"

* A piece of canvas stretched over a pole and fastened to tent-pins by long ropes; having no walls, it admits light on all sides.

I remember, too, seeing a tall prisoner brought in and laid on the table,—a magnificent specimen of physical development, erect, well-built, and strong looking, and with a countenance full of frank and sturdy manliness,—and the surgeon said, as the wounded prisoner was stretched out on the table:

“Well, Johnny, my man; what is the matter with you, and what can we do for you to-day?”

“Well, doctor, your people have used me rather rough to-day. In the first place, there ’s something down in here,” feeling about his throat, “that troubles me a good deal.”

Opening his shirt-collar, the surgeon found a deep blue mark an inch or more below the “Adam’s apple.” On pressing the blue lump a little with the fingers, out popped a “Minié” ball which had lodged just beneath the skin.

“Lucky for you that this was a ‘spent ball,’ Johnny,” said the surgeon, holding the bullet between his fingers.

“Give me that, doctor—give me that ball; I want it,” said Johnny, eagerly reaching out his left hand for the ball; then he carefully examined it, and put it away into his jacket-pocket.

“And now, doctor, there ’s something else, you see, the matter with me, and something more serious, too, I ’m afraid. You see, I can’t use my right arm. The way was this: we were having a big fight out there in the woods. In the bayonet-charge I got hold of one of your flags, and was waving it, when all on a sudden I got an ugly clip in the arm here, as you see.”

“Never mind, Johnny. We shall treat you just the same as our own boys, and though you are dressed in gray, you shall be cared for as faithfully as if you were dressed in blue, until you are well and strong again.”

We had carried Stannard into a tent, and laid him on a pile of pine-boughs, where, had he only been able to keep quiet, he would have done well enough. But he was not able to keep quiet. A more restless man I never saw. Although his wound was not considered necessarily dangerous, yet he was evidently in great fear of death, and for death, I grieve to say, he was not at all prepared. He had been a wild, wayward man, and now that he thought the end was approaching, he was full of alarm. As I bent over him, trying my best, but in vain, to comfort and quiet him, my attention was called to a man on the other side of the tent, whose face I thought I knew, in spite of its unearthly pallor.

“Why, Smith,” said I, “is this you? Where are you hurt?”

“Come turn me around and see,” he said.

Rolling him over carefully on his side, I saw a great, cruel wound in his back.

My countenance must have expressed alarm when I asked him, as quietly as I could, whether he knew he was very seriously wounded and might die.

Never shall I forget the look that man gave me, as, with a strange light in his eye, he said:

“I am in God’s hands; I am not afraid to die.”

Two or three days after that, while we were marching on rapidly in column again, we passed an ambulance-train filled with wounded, on their way to Fredericksburg. Hearing my name called by some one, I ran out of line to an ambulance, in which I found Stannard.

“Harry, for pity’s sake, have you any water?”

“No, Lieutenant. I ’m very sorry, but there ’s not a drop in my canteen, and there ’s no time now to get any.”

It was the last time I ever saw him. He was taken to Fredericksburg, submitted to a second operation, and died—and I have always believed that his death was largely owing to want of faith.

Six months, or may be a year, later, Smith came back to us with a great white scar between his shoulders, and I doubt not he is alive and well to this day.

And there was Jimmy Lucas, too. They brought him in about the middle of that same afternoon, two men bearing him on their arms. He was so pale that I knew at a glance he was severely hurt. “A ball through the lungs,” they said, and “he can’t live.” Jimmy was of my own company, from my own village. We had been school-fellows and playmates from childhood almost, and you may well believe it was sad work to kneel down by his side, and watch his slow and labored breathing, looking at his pallid features, and thinking—ah, yes, that was the saddest of all—of those at home. He would scarcely let me go from him a moment, and when the sun was setting he requested every one to go out of the tent, for he wanted to speak a few words to me in private. As I bent down over him, he gave me his message for his father, and mother, and a tender good-bye to his sweetheart, begging me not to forget a single word of it all if ever I should live to see them; and then he said:

“And, Harry, tell Father and Mother I thank them now for all their care and kindness in trying to bring me up well and in the fear of God. I know I have been a wayward boy, sometimes, but I can trust in the Forgiving Love.”

When the sun had set that evening, poor Jimmy had entered into rest. He was buried somewhere among the woods that night, and no flowers are strewn over his grave on “Decoration Day” as the years go by, for no head-board marks his resting-place among the moaning pines.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE FRONT AT PETERSBURG.

"ANDY, let's go a-swimming."

"Well, Harry, I don't know about that. I'd like to take a good plunge; but, you see, there's no telling how soon we may move."

It was the afternoon of Tuesday, June 14, 1864. We had been marching and fighting almost continually for five weeks and more, from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania, over the North Anna, in at Cold Harbor, across the Pamunky and over the

We had not gone far when we discovered a mule tied up in a clump of bushes, with a rope around his neck. And this long-eared animal, somewhat "gothic" in his style of architecture, we decided, after a solemn council of war, to declare contraband, and forthwith we impressed him into service, intending to return him, after our bath, on our way back to camp. Untying Bucephalus from the bush, we mounted, Andy in front and I on behind, each armed with a switch, and we rode along gayly enough, with our feet dangling among the corn-stalks.



"BETTER GIT OFF 'N DAT DAR MULE!"

Chickahominy to the banks of the James River, about a mile and a half from which we were now lying, along a dusty road. We were sun-burned, covered with dust, and generally used up, so that a swim in the river would be a refreshment indeed.

Having learned from one of the officers that the intention evidently was to remain where we then were until the entire corps should come up, and that we should probably cross the river at or somewhere near that point, we resolved to risk it.

So, over a corn-field we started at a good pace.

For a while all went well. We fell to talking about the direction we had come since leaving the Pamunky; and Andy, who was usually such an authority on matters geographical and astronomical that on the march he was known in the company as "the compass," confessed to me as we rode on that he himself had been somewhat turned about, in that march over the Chickahominy swamp.

"And as for me," said I, "I think this is the awfulest country to get turned about in that I ever

did see. Why, Andy, while we were lying over there in the road it seemed to me that the sun was going down in the east. Fact! But when I took my canteen and went over a little ridge to the rear to look for water for coffee, I found, on looking up, that on that side of the ridge the sun was all right. Yet when I got back to the road and looked around, judge of my surprise when I found the whole thing had somehow swung around again, and the sun was going down in the east. And you may judge still further of my surprise, Andy, when, on going and walking back and forth across that ridge, I found one particular spot, from which, if I looked in one direction, the sun was going down all right in the west; but if in the opposite direction, he was going down all wrong, entirely wrong, in the east!"

"Whoa dar! Whoa dar! Whar you gwine wid dat dar mule o' mine? Whoa, Pete!"

The mule stopped stock-still as we caught sight of the black head and face of a darkey boy peering forth from the door of a tobacco-house that we were passing. Possibly, he was the owner of the whole plantation now, and the mule Pete might be his only live-stock.

"Where are we going, Pompey? Why, we're going 'on to Richmond!"

"On ter Richmon'! An' wid dat dar mule o' mine! 'Clar to goodness, sodgers, can't git along widout dat mule. Better git off 'n dat dar mule!"

"Whip him up, Andy!" shouted I.

"Come up, Bucephalus!" shouted Andy.

And we both laid on right lustily. But never an inch would that miserable mule budge from the position he had taken on hearing the darkey's voice, until all of a sudden, and as if a mine had been sprung under our feet, there was such a striking out of heels and such an uncomfortable elevation in the rear, the angle of which was only increased by increased cudgelling, that at last, with an enormous spring, Andy and I were sent flying off into the corn.

"Yi! yi! yi! Did n' I say better git off 'n dat dar mule o' mine? Yi! yi! yi!"

Laughing as heartily as the darkey at our misadventure, we felt that it would be safer to make for the river afoot. We had a glorious plunge in the waters of the James, and returned to the regiment at sunset, greatly refreshed.

The next day we crossed the James in steam-boats. There were thousands of men in blue all along both shores; some were crossing, some were already over, and others were awaiting their turn. By the middle of the forenoon we were all well over, and it has been said that, had we pushed on without delay, the story of the siege of Petersburg would have read quite differently. But we waited,

—for provisions, I believe,—and during this halt the whole corps took a grand swim in the river. We marched off at three o'clock in the afternoon, over a dusty road and without fresh water, and reached the neighborhood of Petersburg at midnight, but did not get into position until after several days of hard fighting in the woods.

It would be impossible to give a clear and interesting account of the numerous engagements in which we took part around that long-beleagured city, where for ten months the two great armies of the North and South sat down to watch and fight each other until the end came. For, after days and days of maneuvering and fighting, attack and sally, it became evident that Petersburg could not be carried by storm, and there was nothing for it but to sit down stubbornly, and, by cutting off all railroad supplies and communications, starve it into surrender.

It may be interesting, however, to tell something of the every-day life and experience of our soldiers during that great siege.

Digging becomes almost an instinct with the experienced soldier. It is surprising how rapidly men in the field throw up fortifications, how the work progresses, and what immense results can be accomplished by a body of troops in a single night. Let two armies fight in the open field one evening—by the next morning both are strongly intrenched behind rifle-pits and breastworks, which it will cost either side much blood to storm and take. If spades and picks are at hand when there is need of fortifications, well; if not, bayonets, tin cups, plates, even jack-knives, are pressed into service until better tools arrive; and every man works like a beaver.

Thus it was that although throughout the 18th of June the fighting had been severe, yet, in spite of weariness and darkness, we set to work, and the morning found us behind breastworks; these we soon so enlarged and improved that they became well-nigh impregnable. At that part of the line where my regiment was stationed, we built solid works of great pine-logs, rolled up, log on log, seven feet high and banked with earth on the side toward the enemy, the whole being ten feet through at the base. On the inside of these breastworks we could walk about perfectly safe from the enemy's bullets, which usually went singing harmlessly over our heads.

On the outside of these works were further defenses. First, there was the ditch made by throwing up the ground against the logs; then, farther out, about twenty or thirty yards away, was the abatis—a peculiar means of defense, made by cutting off the tops and heavy limbs of trees, sharpening the ends, and planting them firmly in

the ground in a long row, the sharpened ends pointing toward the enemy, the whole being so close and so compacted together with telegraph-wires everywhere twisted in, that it was impossible for a line of battle to get through it without being cut off to a man. Here and there, at intervals, were left gaps wide enough to admit a single man, and it was through these man-holes that the pickets passed out to their pits beyond.

of a little pine-brush erected overhead, or in front of the pit as a screen. There the picket lay, flat on his face, picking off the enemy's men whenever he could catch sight of a head or even so much as a hand; and right glad would he be if, when the long-awaited relief came at length, he had no wounds to show.

But later on, as the siege progressed, this murderous state of affairs gradually disappeared.

Neither side found it pleasant, nor profitable, and nothing was gained by it. It decided nothing, and only wasted powder and ball. And so, gradually, the pickets on both sides began to be on quite friendly terms. It was no unusual thing to see a Johnny picket—who would be posted scarcely a hundred yards away, so near were the lines—lay down his gun, wave a piece of white paper as a signal of truce, walk out into the neutral ground between the picket-lines, and meet one of our own pickets, who, also dropping his gun, would go out to inquire what Johnny might want to-day.

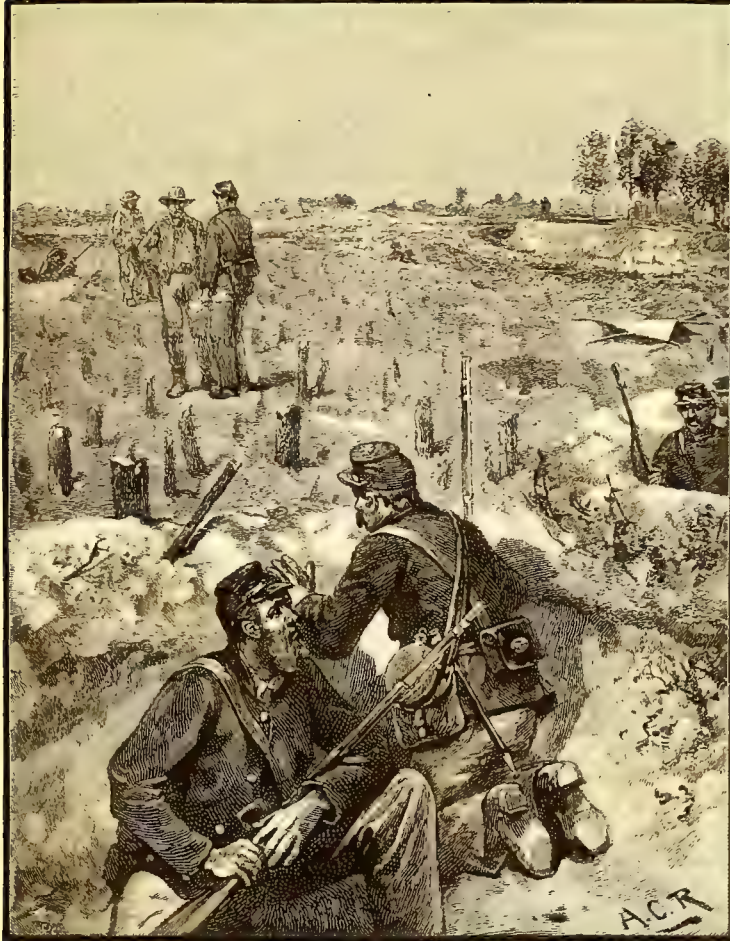
"Well, Yank, I want some coffee, and I'll trade tobacco for it."

"Has any of you fellows back there some coffee to trade for tobacco? 'Johnny Picket,' here, wants some coffee."

Or, may be he wanted to trade papers, a *Richmond Enquirer* for a *New York Herald* or *Tribune*, "even up and no odds." Or, he only wanted to talk about the news of the day—how "we 'uns whipped you 'uns

up the valley the other day"; or how, "if we had Stonewall Jackson yet, we'd be in Washington before winter"; or may be he only wished to have a friendly game of cards!

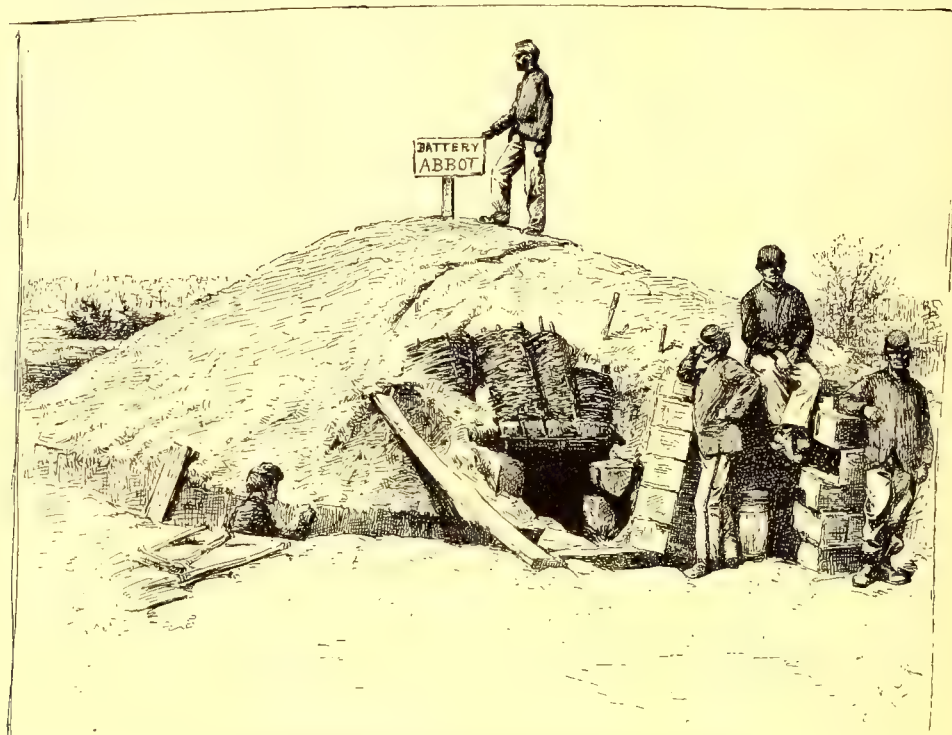
There was a certain chivalrous etiquette developed through this social intercourse of deadly foemen, and it was really admirable. Seldom was there breach of confidence on either side. It would have gone hard with the comrade who should



SCENES AMONG THE RIFLE-PITS BEFORE PETERSBURG

Fifty yards in front of the abatis the pickets were stationed. When first the siege began, picketing was dangerous business. Both armies were bent on fight, and picketing meant simply sharp-shooting. As a consequence, at first the pickets were posted only at night, so that from midnight to midnight the poor fellows lay in their rifle-pits under a broiling July sun, with no protection from the intolerable heat, excepting the scanty shade

have ventured to shoot down a man in gray who had left his gun and come out of his pit under the sacred protection of a piece of white paper. . twenty feet in height, with rows of gabions* and sand-bags arranged on top of the embankment, and at intervals along the sides embrasures or port-



"THE MAGAZINE WHERE THE POWDER AND SHELLS WERE STORED."

If disagreement ever occurred in bartering, or high words arose in discussion, shots were never fired until due notice had been given. And I find mentioned in one of my old army letters that a general fire along our entire front grew out of some disagreement on the picket-line about trading coffee for tobacco. The two pickets could n't agree, jumped into their pits, and began firing, the one calling out: "Look out, Yank, here comes your tobacco." Bang!

And the other replying: "All right, Johnny, here comes your coffee." Bang!

Great forts stood at intervals all along the line as far as the eye could see, and at these the men toiled day and night all summer long, adding defense to defense, and making "assurance doubly sure," until the forts stood out to the eye of the beholder, with their sharp angles and well-defined outlines, formidable structures indeed. Without attempting to describe them in technical military language, I will simply ask you to imagine a piece of level ground, say two hundred feet square, surrounded by a bank of earth about

holes, at which the great cannon were planted,—and you will have some rough notion of what one of our forts looked like. Somewhere within the inclosure, usually near the center of it, was the magazine, where the powder and shells were stored. This was made by digging a deep place, something like a cellar, covering it over with heavy logs, and piling up earth and sand-bags on the logs, the whole, when finished, having the shape of a small, round-topped pyramid. At the rear was left a small passage, like a cellar-way, and through this the ammunition was brought up. If ever the enemy could succeed in dropping a shell down that little cellar-door, or in otherwise piercing the magazine, then good-bye to the fort and all and everybody in and around it!

On the outside of each large fort there were, of course, all the usual defenses of ditch, abatis, and *chevaux-de-frise*, to render approach very dangerous to the enemy.

The enemy had fortifications like ours—long lines of breastworks, with great forts at commanding positions; and the two lines were so near that,

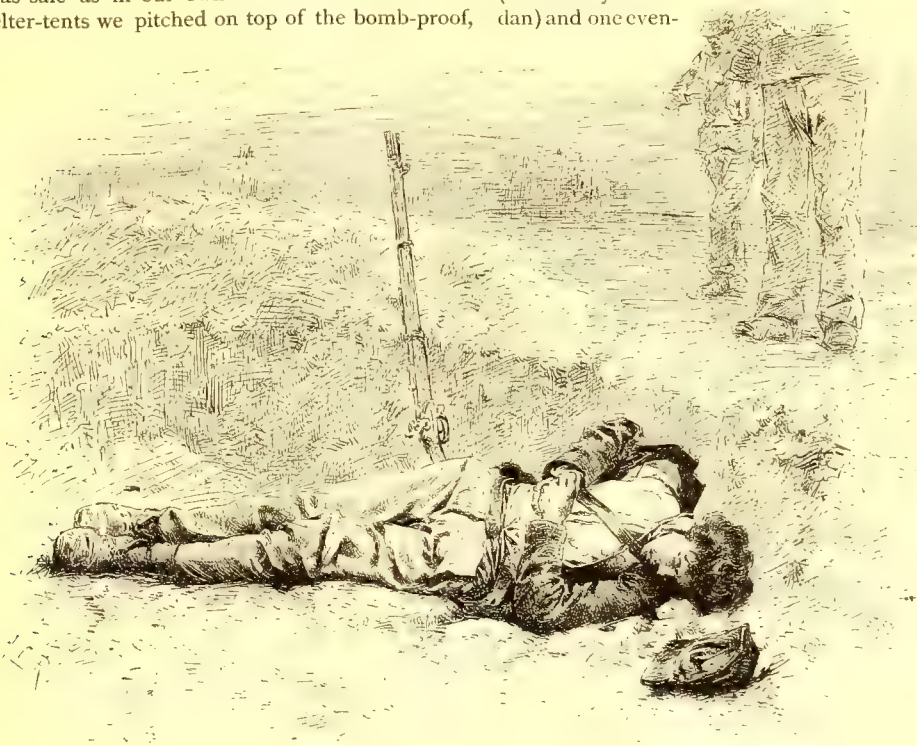
* Bottomless wicker baskets, used to strengthen earthworks.

standing in one of our forts, I could have carried on a conversation with a man in the fort opposite. I remember, while on the picket-line one evening, watching a body of troops moving along the edge of a wood within the enemy's works, and quite easily distinguishing the color of their uniforms.

I have said already that, inside of our breastworks, one was quite secure against the enemy's bullets. But bullets were not the only things we had to look out for—there were the shell, the case-shot, and I know not what shot besides. Every few hours these would be dropped behind our breastworks, and often much execution was done by them. To guard against these missiles, each mess built what was called a "bomb-proof," which consisted of an excavation about six feet square by six deep, covered with heavy logs, the logs covered with earth, a little back cellar-way being left on the side away from the enemy. Into this bomb-proof we could dart the moment the shelling began, and be as safe as in our own mother's kitchen. Our shelter-tents we pitched on top of the bomb-proof,

Familiarity breeds contempt—even of danger; and sometimes we were caught. Thus, one day, when there had been no shelling for a long time and we had grown somewhat careless, and were scattered about under the trees, some sleeping and others sitting on top of the breastworks to get a mouthful of fresh air, all of a sudden the guns of one of the great forts opposite us opened with a rapid fire, dropping shells right among us. Of course there was a "scatteration" as we tried to fall into our pits pell-mell; but, for all our haste, several of us were severely hurt. There was a boy from Philadelphia,—I forget his name,—sitting on the breastworks writing a letter home; a piece of shell tore off his arm with the pen in his hand. A lieutenant received an iron slug in his back, while a number of other men were hurt. And such experiences were of frequent occurrence.

A great victory had been gained by our cavalry somewhere (I think by Sheridan) and one even-



FINDING A WOUNDED PICKET IN A RIFLE-PIT.

and in this upper story we lived most of the time, dropping down occasionally into the cellar.

Bang! bang! bang!

"Fall into your pits, boys!" and in a trice there was n't so much as a blue coat in sight.

ing an orderly rode along the line to each regimental head-quarters, distributing dispatches containing an account of the victory, with instructions that the papers be read to the men. Cheers were given all along the line that night,

and a shotted salute was ordered at daylight the next morning.

At sunrise every available gun from the Appomattox to the Weldon Railroad must have been brought into service and trained against the enemy's works, for the noise was terrific. And still further to increase the din, the Johnnies, supposing it to be a grand assault along the whole line, replied with every gun they could bring to bear, and the noise was so great that you would have thought the very thunders of doom were rolling. After the firing had ceased, the Johnnies were informed that "we have only been giving three iron

cheers for the victory Sheridan has gained up the valley lately." There was, I presume, some regret on the other side over the loss of powder and shot. At all events, whenever, after that, similar iron cheers were given, and this was not seldom the case, the enemy preserved a moody silence.

After remaining in our works for about a month, we were relieved by other troops and marched off to the left in the direction of the Weldon Railroad, which we took after severe fighting. We held it, and at once fortified our position with a new line of works, thus cutting off one of the main lines of communication between Petersburg and the South.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY.

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.



SHE is sitting very silent in her little crimson chair,
With the flicker of the firelight on her pretty golden hair;
And all pleasant things surround her, but her thoughts are elsewhere.

For these little lads and lasses have a country of their own,
Where, without the older people, they can wander off alone,
Into dim and distant regions, that were never named or known.

They are wearied with the questions, and the running to and fro,
For some one is always saying, "You must come," or "You must go."
"You must speak and write correctly, sitting, standing, thus and so."

So they turn at any moment from the figures on their slates;
And the names of all the islands, and the oceans, and the States

Are forgotten in a moment when they see the shining gates

Of their own delightful country, where they wander as they please

On the great enchanted mountains, or beneath the forest trees,

With a thousand other children, all entirely at their ease.

Oh, the happy, happy children! do they wish for anything,
Book or bird, or boat or picture, silken dress or golden ring?
Lo! a little page will hasten, and the treasure straight will bring.

It is strange the older people can not find this land at all;
If they ever knew its language, it is lost beyond recall,
And they only, in their dreamings, hear its music rise and fall.

Oh, the riches of the children with this country for their own!
All the splendor of its castles, every flower and precious stone,
Until time itself is ended, and the worlds are overthrown.

THIN ICE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

MORT HUBBARD was a hero among the Pondville boys that winter morning.

He was a good deal more than that, for he had been a traveler, and so now he was a curiosity; and a round half-dozen of the boys were making a study of him.

He had spent Christmas and New Year's Day at his grandfather's, a hundred miles away, and his school-fellows had not seen an inch of him for more than three weeks. He must have changed a good deal in so long a time as that! Of course they could hardly suspect him of having a beard yet, for his twelfth birthday had come only a little before Christmas; but he might have had two beards for all they could see of his face.

"Here, I say, Mort," remarked Penn Landers, "where did you get so much tippet? Your head's all done up in it."

(The making of that tippet must have used a great deal of wool, of wonderful dyes.)

Mort's muffled reply was:

"Christmas."

"Look at his boots!" said Dorr Hopkins. "He can tuck his trousers 'way down. New mittens, too!"

These village chums of his had never seen Mort come out of his front gate in such style before; but he had been holding the gate open for something that was coming out behind him, and now he gave a shout that had a triumphant sound, in spite of coming through so much tippet.

"Christmas! Look at that sled, will you?"

It was a great thing—to go a hundred miles to your grandfather's, and stay there so long, and come home with such a sled as that. The like of it had never been seen in Pondville!

It was long; it was low on its runners; it curved up gracefully in front; it was wider than common; it was strong; it was brand-new. The only places not painted were the faces of the runner-irons, and they were as smooth as glass. There was only one thing about it that puzzled the group of gazers, and that was the name, which shone in gold letters all along the top of the sled.

"C-e-n-t-i-p-e-d-e!—Centipede!" exclaimed Penn. "Who ever heard of a sled with such a name as that?"

"It means a hundred thousand legs," said Mort, "and that sled 'll run away from anything."

"We 'll see!"

"Fancy sleds never run well."

"There's good coasting on the hill. Just you come and try it now."

"But the ice in the river's awfully thin," said Dorr. "The old ice went out in the January thaw, and the new ice won't bear a dog."

The boys were already on their way down to the old bridge, across the little river, beyond which was a short strip of level road, and then the hill began. It was a splendid hill for coasting, with three roads that went up and up, till no boy would care to drag a sled farther. As the little group reached the bridge, every boy with his sled behind him, and two or three of them were remarking how wide the river looked, just there, and how smooth and "glary" the ice was, and all were wishing it would freeze a little harder,—suddenly they all shouted pretty nearly the same thing at the same moment:

"Sam Smith's broken in!"

Even Mort Hubbard started on a run with the rest, but they dropped their sled-ropes while he kept a firm grip of his.

For a moment all that could be seen was a bunch of fiery-red hair, in the middle of a big patch of water; and the mouth that belonged to it was wide open in a long, shivering, astonished yell.

"He's a-sitting down on his sled!"

"Broken through, sled and all!"

It was nearly thirty feet from shore, but the moment Sam stood up in the water they all knew just how deep it was.

"It can't drown him."

"He's coming ashore."

"Saved his sled, too."

"Oh, but is n't he wet!"

"What made you break in, Sam?" asked Penn.

"I—I—I—just w-w-went on t-t-to try the i-i-ice," shivered poor Sam. "It's t-t-too thin."

"It must be even thinner out there."

"I'm g-g-going home!"

"I think you'd better; but what 'll your folks say?"

"Should n't w-wonder if Aunt B-B-Betsy would give me a w-w-warmin'."

Sam was the boy who made most of the blunders that were made in Pondville, and it was generally known that Aunt Betsy was determined to do her duty by him.

The other boys at once made up their minds that they would wait for another frost before

they would try that ice; and Mort Hubbard remarked, loftily: "We had better ice than that where I've been. You could skate all over it."

"Did you get any new skates?"

"No; but I got some new straps for the old ones. They 'll stay on now."

steepest, and Mort insisted on climbing higher than any boys had ever before cared to drag sleds.

"This is n't any kind of a hill," he remarked.

"You ought to see the hill they have where I've been. It's as steep as the roof of a house, and they keep it slippery all winter."



"MORT WAS HOLDING BACK THE GATE."

"Skating 's nothing to coasting, anyhow. Only you must have a sled that 'll run."

"I 'll show you one. I 'm going to run clear over the bridge."

"No, you wont; not if your sled had a hundred million thousand legs."

"You 'll see. We had better coasting than this where I've been. You could slide for twice as far, and there was n't any thin ice in the river."

On they went, up the north road, for that was the

"Oh, but it is n't of any use to have a good hill unless your sled 's good for something. Look at mine, now. She can just 'buzz'!"

Every sled was then stood up on end to show

how brilliantly its runner-irons were polished, and Mort was fairly overwhelmed by the severe criticisms upon his "fancy sled."



"I dare say Sam Smith wishes he had n't tried the ice," chuckled Dorr, just as they all were out of breath, and had decided that they had climbed high enough.

"No doubt he does," said Mort. "But you ought to see the river where I've been. If he'd broken through into that, his head would n't have stuck out. Not if he'd been standing on a whole stack of sleds like his."

"It's deep, is it?—Can you steer with those new boots on?"

Mort made no reply, for just at that moment he was arranging himself on the gorgeous level of the "Centipede," and it appeared to him as if the white slope before him had never until then seemed so long, so smooth, and so wonderfully steep.

"Some of us 'll run over you, most likely," said Dorr.

"You ought to see how they run over things up where I've been,"—began Mort; but at that instant Penn Landers gave him a little push, and the "Centipede" shot away with him down the hill.

"Hurrah, boys! Catch him!"

"Follow my leader!"

"Clear the track!"

One after another, in rapid succession, the Pondville boys darted on behind the "fancy sled" that Mort Hubbard had brought home from "up where he'd been."

Catch him? They might as well have tried to catch a barn-swallow.

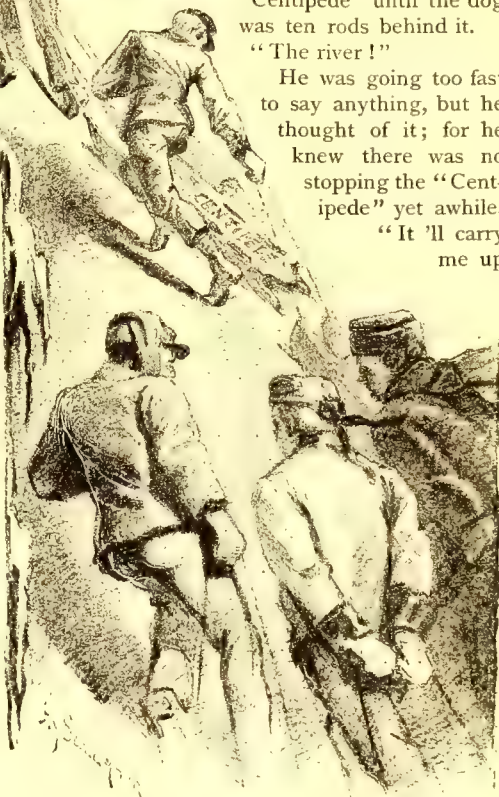
Mort was a good coaster, and he had been all ready to start when Penn pushed him, but he had never dreamed of going down any hill as swiftly as he was now going. All the hills he had looked upon during his visit at his grandfather's grew smaller and smaller when he tried to remember them, and this present slide grew more and more terrific. He did not dare put the heels of his new boots down upon the snow any harder than was needed to do a very little steering. The sled was not likely to need much, for it was running in the track made by the sleighs of the farmers from beyond the hill.

Fences, trees, houses went by quickly and more quickly. Joe Benham's yellow dog was at the side of the road, half-way down the hill, and Mort saw his mouth open, but the bark did not catch up with the "Centipede" until the dog was ten rods behind it.

"The river!"

He was going too fast to say anything, but he thought of it; for he knew there was no stopping the "Centipede" yet awhile.

"It 'll carry me up



THE TUG UPHILL.

and over the bridge, after all, and nobody ever did that before in all the world." He gave a look back, to see how far behind him were all the other

boys, and when he turned his head again—his teeth began to chatter.

There was a whole drove of cattle coming upon the bridge!

It was easy enough for him to turn out of the road, but the long, sloping hollow at the side went straight down to the river! Wagon-drivers used to go along it in summer, and when the water was low they would let the horses drink in mid-stream.

"No use! I can't stop her! I wish I dared tumble off!"

How that sled did slip along! It was just as if it knew where the river was, and meant to try the strength of the ice; for, before Mort could think again of anything in particular, the sled skimmed out of the road into the hollow, and the ox in advance of the drove gave a stupid bellow as the "Centipede" shot out upon the thin, dark, "glary" new ice.

It came to Mort, like a flash, that he was not breaking in. "I'm going too fast! The ice has n't any time to break. I shall go clear across!"

And he might have gone clear across if it had not been for Sam Smith's blunder, and if he could have steered the "Centipede" on the ice.

On she whizzed, over all the deepest part of the little river. And then Mort must have found his breath, for it came out in a yell as loud as Sam's.

It ought to have been every bit as loud, for he was sousing into the same cold water, and through the same hole in the ice.

Then he heard shout after shout behind him, for all the boys on the other sleds had been quite able to stop in time, and they all would have been slipping over the bridge if it had n't been for the cattle that were crowding on it.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shivered poor Mort. "The ice is n't anything like as thin as that up where I've been. The w-water is n't so c-c-cold neither. Oh! oh! oh! how cold it is!"

He was wading ashore as fast as he could, and the "Centipede" was following at the end of her rope. It was too bad! And he could hear Dorr Hopkins, on the other side of the stream, shouting to him:

"I should think you'd better go home! Did you get as wet as that up where you've been?"



"MORT CAME SOUSING THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE ICE."

Poor Mort could not have kept his teeth apart long enough to tell him, so he hurried home. But he had beaten everything on the hill that morning, and that was something to be proud of.

REMINDING THE HEN.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

"IT 's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
"For what do you think, Mamma, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.

"The little brown hen was there clucking;
'Cut-cut!' she 'd say, quick as a wink,
Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.

"And then she would say it all over,
She *did* look so mad and so vexed;
For Mamma, do you know, she 'd forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next.

"So I said 'Ca-daw-cut,' 'Ca-daw-cut,'
As loud and as strong as I could.
And she looked 'round at me very thankful;
I tell you, it made her feel good.

"Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut—ca-daw-cut';
She remembered just how it went, then.
But it 's well I ran into the garden,—
She might never have clucked right again!"

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—SEVENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

ONORATA RODIANA.

THERE is a very interesting story told of an artist of Cremona,—Onorata Rodiana,—who, while still a young maiden, acquired such fame as a painter that she was summoned by the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, called the "Tyrant of Cremona," to decorate some rooms in his palace.

One day, as Onorata was mounted on a ladder, working at a wall-painting, a young courtier passing through the room began to tease her; but, his banter degenerating into rudeness, she came down from the ladder and tried to run away from him. He pursued her, however, and caught her, when, in her fright, she drew a dagger from her belt and stabbed him fatally. Seeing what she had done, and fearing the wrath of the Marquis Fondolo, she hastened to put on the disguise of a boy's dress, and fled to the mountains. She there fell in with a

band of *condottieri*: the life of these men, half-soldier and half-brigand in its character, so fascinated Onorata that she at once consented to become one of their number, glad of the chance afforded her to make herself acquainted with the grand mountain scenery and the careless jollity of life in its wilds. She soon showed so much daring and skill, that she was made an officer in the band and held a post of command.

When the "Tyrant of Cremona" heard of the affray between the courtier and the maiden, and of her crime and flight, he was furious, and threatened to hunt her to the very death; but so skillfully had she concealed her identity as to baffle all his efforts to track her. After a time, as he could find no other suitable artist to complete the paintings which Onorata Rodiana had begun, he declared a full pardon for her if she would return to the palace and finish her works. The news of

this pardon was spread throughout the surrounding country, and when Onorata heard of it, she gladly laid aside her sword to resume her palette and brushes. She completed her task, but the exciting life she had led among the mountains had taken such a hold upon her fancy, that she returned to it and to the outlawed companions who had learned to respect and love her.

Again and again she left them, only to return each time, for her heart and life were divided between her beloved art and her romantic soldiering. At last, when her native village of Castelleone, near Cremona, was laid siege to, Onorata led her band to its relief, and drove away the enemy. But she rescued her birthplace at the cost of her life; for she was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died soon after, within sight of the home of her childhood. I believe that she is the only woman who has ever been successful as both an artist and a soldier; and I am sorry that I can find no work of hers of which a picture may be given here. Her story is well authenticated in history, and she died about the year 1472.

TITIAN.

THE great painter whom we call Titian was named Tiziano Vecelli. Sometimes Cadore is added to this, because his native place was the village of that name, situated in the Friuli, a district lying north of Venice. The family of Vecelli was of noble rank, and its castle of Lodore was surrounded by an estate on which were small houses and cottages; and in one of these last, which still is carefully preserved, Titian was born, in 1477.

As a child, Titian was passionately fond of drawing, and so much was he in love with color also, that instead of using charcoal or slate for his pencils, he pressed the juices from certain flowers to make colors, and with these he painted the figure of a Madonna while he was still very young. When he was nine years old he was taken to Venice to study painting, and from that time he was called a Venetian. Each great center of art then had what was called a "school of art" of its own, and this expression occurs frequently in books about art; it means the peculiar characteristics of the artists of the city or country spoken of. For example, "the Roman school" means such a style of design and color as is seen in the works of Raphael, who is called the head of that school. So Titian came to be the head of the Venetian school of painting. He is also called by some writers the most excellent portrait-painter of the world.

At first, in Venice, the boy was in the school of Sebastian Zuccato, a painter and worker in mo-

saics; next he was a pupil of the Bellini, and formed an intimate friendship with his fellow-pupil, Giorgione, who also came to be a great painter.

I am sure that every boy and girl must know how much it sweetens study and makes one quick to understand and patient to work, to have a loving and sympathetic school-fellow,—one to whom we can talk freely, feeling sure that we are understood, and who will be glad for us and proud of us when we make any advance. Such was the relation between Titian and Giorgione, and they lived in the same studio and worked together—Titian with his golden tints, and Giorgione with his more glowing colors. This happy time was when they were just coming to manhood, and were filled with bright hopes for the future.

The name Giorgione means "Great George," and it was given to the artist because he was very handsome and had a noble figure and bearing.

At length, when Titian was about thirty years old, the two friends were employed in the decoration of the "Fondaco dei Tedeschi," which was a hall of exchange for the German merchants in Venice; here the work of Titian was more admired than that of Giorgione, and from this cause such a jealousy arose that they ceased to live together, and we have reason to believe that they never were good friends again; yet, after the early death of Giorgione, his former companion completed the pictures he had left unfinished; and there is no doubt that Titian grieved over his death, which must have lessened greatly his pleasure in the fact that he himself was then left without a rival in all Venice.

One of the most interesting pictures painted by Titian is "The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," which is now in the Academy of Venice. There are many pictures of this subject, but none is so famous as this one. The legends of the life of the Virgin Mary relate how carefully her mother, St. Anna, watched over her infancy; and when the child was but three years old, it was decided to present her at the temple of the Lord; so her father, Joachim, said:

"Let us invite the daughters of Israel, and they shall take each a taper or a lamp and attend her, that the child may not turn back from the temple of the Lord."

And being come to the temple, they placed little Mary on the first step, and she ascended alone all the steps to the altar; and the high-priest received her there, kissed her, and blessed her, saying:

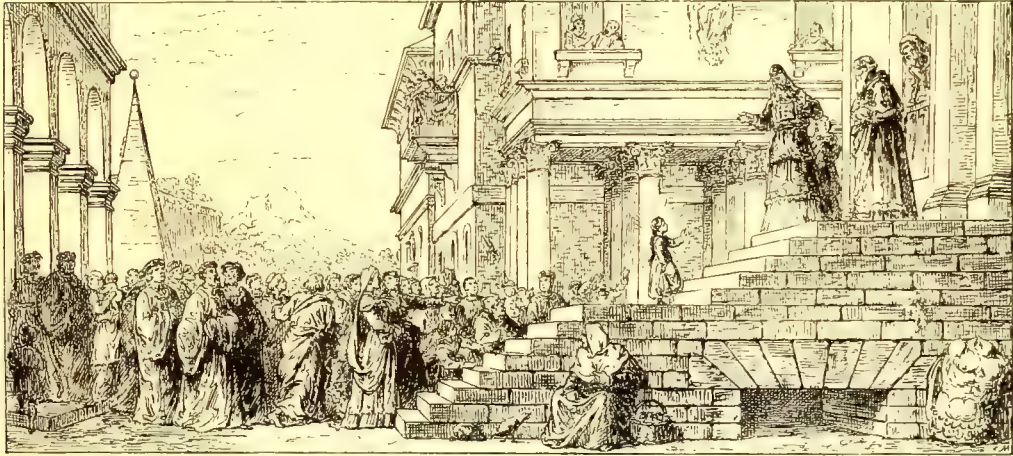
"Mary, the Lord hath magnified thy name to all generations, and in thee shall be made known the redemption of the children of Israel."

Then the little Mary danced before the altar, and all her friends rejoiced with her and loved her;

and her parents blessed God because she had not turned away from the temple.

Titian's picture of this presentation was painted for the Church of the Brotherhood of Charity; this is called in Italian, "*La Scuola della Carità*," and it is this church which is now the Academy of Art of Venice. The picture is gorgeous in color,

are other portraits of her by Titian, and even in our day her story is of interest to artists, for, not long ago, a German painter, Hans Makart, painted a large picture called "*Venice Doing Homage to Caterina Cornaro*," for which the Prussian Government paid about \$12,500; the painting is now in the National Gallery at Berlin.



OUTLINE SKETCH OF TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

and has a great deal of life and action in it. It is said that the priest who stands behind the high-priest is a portrait of Cardinal Bembo; Titian himself is standing, looking up, and some of his friends are near him.

A very interesting portrait, by Titian, is that of Caterina Cornaro. This young Venetian lady was so very beautiful that when her uncle, who had been exiled to Cyprus, showed her portrait to the young Prince Lusignan, the youth fell madly in love with her, and, as soon as he became king of Cyprus, asked her to marry him; the Republic of Venice solemnly adopted Caterina as its daughter, and gave her to the king, with a very rich dowry. In two years, her husband and her infant son both died, and she reigned alone over Cyprus during fourteen years; then she resigned her crown and returned to Venice, about two years after Titian went there to study. She was received with grand ceremonies, and even the "*Bucentaur*," the ship of the state, was sent out to meet her and bear her to the city—an honor which was never accorded to any other woman in all the history of Venice. At this scene of pomp the boy artist was present, and it must have made a deep impression on his mind. His portrait of this beautiful lady is in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; it represents her in a full Greek dress, with a gemmed crown upon her head, while near her is placed the wheel, the symbol of her patron saint, St. Catherine. There

In the same gallery with the portrait of Caterina is also the lovely "*Flora*," and near by, in the Pitti Palace, hangs one which is called "*La Bella di Tiziano*" (the beautiful lady of Titian). These two pictures are often copied.

The fame of Titian spread throughout Italy and all over Europe, and the Duke Alphonso I., of Ferrara, invited him to come to that city. Titian remained a long time at the court of this duke and made many fine pictures for him; among them was the famous "*Bacchus and Ariadne*" which is now in the National Gallery in London. The mythological story of Ariadne is, that she had been deserted by her husband, Theseus, and left upon the island of Naxos; Bacchus, the beautiful young god of wine and pleasure, saw Ariadne there, and thought her so lovely that he married her, and placed the marriage crown which he gave her among the stars. In Titian's picture, the car of Bacchus, drawn by leopards, has halted, and the god leaps out to pursue Ariadne; satyrs, fauns, and nymphs come in a gay troop out of a grove, and all dance about the car with wild, careless grace.

While in Ferrara, Titian also painted a second mythological picture, which represents a statue of Venus surrounded by more than sixty children and cupids; some of them are climbing trees, some flutter in the air, while others shoot arrows, or twine their arms about each other. This picture is now in Madrid.

Titian was next invited by the Pope, Leo X., to go to Rome, but he longed for his home in Venice and for the visit which he was in the habit of making each year to his dear Cadore; he was weary, too, with the ceremony and pomp of court life, and so he declined to go to Rome and hastened home to Venice.

Titian had married a lady named Cecilia, who died about 1530; he had two sons, Pomponio and Orazio, and a daughter called Lavinia. After the death of Titian's mother, his sister Orsa came from Cadore to live with him and care for the three little ones;—we shall say more of them all, further on.

In the same year, 1530, the Emperor Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. met at Bologna; all the most brilliant men of Germany and Italy were gathered there, and Titian was summoned to paint the portraits of the Pope and the Emperor, and also those of Ippolito dei Medici and many other notable men. When Titian returned again to Venice, he was a great man; he had honors, titles, and riches, and no longer lived in the simple

the wide canal, which at night was filled with gay gondolas bearing parties of ladies and their attendants, and the Murano, which was like another city with its graceful domes and towers, and beyond all the Friuli Alps, with their snow-peaks rising to the heavens, made up the lovely panorama upon which Titian continually gazed, and its effects are seen in the landscape portions of his works. At Berigrande he enjoyed society, and entertained at his table the wise and witty men and women of Venice, and those who were visitors in that city. On one occasion, when a cardinal and others invited themselves to dine at his house, which was called "Casa Grande," he flung a purse to his steward, and said:

"Now prepare a feast, since all the world dines with me."

While living in Casa Grande he spent "the most glorious years of a glorious life," and all great people, both ladies and gentlemen, desired to have their portraits from his hand; if a collection of these portraits could be made, it would include nearly all the men of his time in Europe whose



GROUP FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

manner of his earlier years; he now had a house at Berigrande, opposite the island of Murano; the garden and the views from it were very beautiful;

names have lived until now. The only man of note whom he did not paint was Cosmo I., grand duke of Florence, who refused to sit for him.

After he was sixty years old, Titian went the second time to Ferrara, Urbino, and Bologna, and again made a portrait of Charles V.; this time the Emperor had a favorite dog by his side. At length, in 1545, Titian accepted an invitation from Pope Paul III., and went to Rome; a portrait of this Pope with his two grandsons, painted at this time by Titian, is in the Museum of Naples, and is a remarkable work. While at Rome he painted several fine pictures. The artist was sixty-nine years old when he left that city.

During the winter of 1548, Titian went to Augsburg, where Charles V. again required his services; the Emperor had become very fond of the artist, and treated him with the greatest respect and consideration. While on this visit, it happened one day that Titian dropped his pencil, and the Emperor picked it up and returned it to him; court etiquette forbade that the sovereign should do such a service for any one, and Titian was much embarrassed. Charles, seeing this, said: "Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar." ("Cæsar" was one of the titles of the Emperor.)

At Augsburg the painter was made a count, and received a yearly pension of two hundred gold ducats.

Some writers have said that Titian visited Spain; this does not now appear to be true, but it is certain that Charles V. continued through life his favors to him, and when the Emperor resigned his crown and went to live in the monastery of Yuste, he took with him nine pictures by Titian; one of these was a portrait of the Empress Isabella, upon which Charles gazed when on his death-bed; it is now in the Museum of Madrid. After Charles had given up his crown to his son Philip II., the new monarch patronized the artist as his father had done, and many fine works by the master are now in Madrid.

It is wonderful that Titian continued to paint well when very aged; he was eighty-one years old when he finished his picture of "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," for the Church of the Jesuits, in Venice.

St. Lawrence is a prominent saint in the Roman Catholic Church, and it is historically true that he lived, and that he died the dreadful death which is related in his legend. He was a Spaniard, but went to Rome when quite young, and was found so worthy in his life that Sixtus II., who was then the bishop of Rome, trusted him greatly, and made him the keeper of the treasures

of the church. When Sixtus was led away to his death, because he was a Christian, Lawrence clung to him and wished to die also; but Sixtus



THE HIGH PRIEST, FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

told him that he would live three days longer, and commanded him to give the church treasures to the poor. So Lawrence went through the city, and gave much comfort to the sick and suffering. Very soon, however, he was summoned before the tyrant, and when he could not show him the treasures of the church, he was condemned to be put to death by being stretched on an iron bed,

with bars like a gridiron, and then roasted by a fire placed under him. He suffered this cruel death with great courage, and blessed God with his last breath.

Titian has painted this martyrdom as a night-scene, and the wonderful effect of the lights he has used makes it a very remarkable work. Above is a star, from which shoots a ray of heavenly glory on the face and form of St. Lawrence, who is gazing up at it; beneath is the light from the fire, and, besides these, there are two pans of burning pitch, the light from them casting a red glow over all.

It is a true pleasure to watch the effects of all sorts of lights and shadows, and I am sure that many of you do it, although you may not think about it on every occasion; but you find pleasure when you do think of it. The beauty of the sunshine that appears to flow out of the blue sky is made more beautiful in contrast with the deep shadows thrown on the grass by trees and other large objects. How much prettier are the light and shadow together, than all brightness or all shadow could be! It is by the study of these things, and the representation of them, that painters give us so much pleasure.

Now, in the picture of St. Lawrence, the face is not an agonized one, and it is lighted by the glory from above, rather than by the deep, bright lights which the wicked men about him have made. Some of the spectators are terrified by the calmness with which St. Lawrence suffers, and they turn to flee; others are hardened by the sight; only one appears to be unaffected by the scene.

Although Titian had enjoyed much prosperity, he had also suffered much; his wife and his dear sister Orsa had died; his son Pomponio had been a worthless fellow, and had made his father very unhappy; his daughter Lavinia had married, and the old artist was left alone with Orazio, who, however, was a dutiful son. But Titian had then reached such an age that most of the friends of his middle life had died, and he was a lonely old man.

He had painted many pictures of Lavinia, who was very beautiful; one of these, at Berlin, shows her in a rich dress holding up a plate of fruit, and it is one of the best of all his works.

Orazio was an artist, but he usually painted on the same canvas with his father, and his works can not be spoken of separately. Many pupils from all parts of Europe gathered about Titian in his latest years, and it is said that toward the close of his life, when he was at work upon an "Annunciation," some one told him that it did not resemble his former works; this made him very angry, and he seized a pencil and wrote upon the painting, "*Tizianus fecit fecit.*"—by which he meant to say, "Titian truly did this!"

When Titian had become ninety-six years old, Henry III. of France visited Venice, and waited upon him in his house; the king was attended by a train of princes and nobles. The aged master entertained His Majesty with princely hospitality, and when the king wished to know the price of some pictures, Titian presented them to him with an ease and grace of bearing which excited the admiration of all.

Finally, in 1576, the plague broke out in Venice, and both Titian and Orazio were attacked by it. It was impossible for the father, who was now ninety-eight years old, to recover. It was hoped that Orazio might live, and he was taken away to a hospital, and his father, over whom he had so tenderly watched, was left to die alone. But the care taken of Orazio was of no avail, as he also died.

When plagues and dreadful maladies prevail, wicked people often become more wicked and lose every feeling of humanity; so it was in Venice at this time; and while the old master still lived, some robbers entered his apartment and carried off his money, his jewels, and some of his pictures.

Titian died on the twenty-seventh of August, 1576, and all Venice mourned for him. There was a law that no person who died of the plague should be buried within the city, but an exception was made in this instance, and Titian was borne to the church of Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari, and there buried. This church is usually called simply "the Frari"—it is the same for which he had painted his great picture "The Assumption," now removed to the Academy of Venice. Another work of his, called the Pesaro altar-piece, still remains, not far from his grave.

The spot where he is buried is marked by a simple tablet, on which is inscribed in Italian: "Here lies the great Tiziano di Vecelli, rival of Zeuxis and Apelles." (Both these Grecian painters were spoken of in the first article of this series.)

In 1794, about two centuries and a quarter after his death, the citizens of Venice determined to erect a monument to Titian, and the sculptor Canova made a design for it; but the political troubles which soon after occurred, prevented the carrying out of the plan; and it was not until 1852 that the Emperor Ferdinand I., of Austria, erected a costly monument to Titian's memory. It is near his grave, and consists of a Corinthian canopy, beneath which is a sitting statue of the painter; several allegorical statues are added to increase its magnificence. This monument was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, and it is curious to remark that not far away, in the same church, the sculptor Canova is buried, and his own monument is made from the design which he had drawn for that of Titian.*

* For list of extant paintings by Titian, see "Letter-box," page 418.



THE VIRGIN, FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE"

THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

THE Treasure-box offers you, this month, young friends, two short pieces from the works of a poet whose writings may be said to contain something appropriate to almost every age of life. For you will find in the poems of William Wordsworth * many simple and plain-worded songs that are already familiar to you through the pages of your early school-readers (what boy or girl does not know by heart his pretty verse-story, "We are Seven"?)—and you will also find poems that are the admiration and the solace of wise and learned men. Wordsworth is held in high reverence as one of

the greatest of English poets; but we should advise you not to undertake the reading of his longest and most thoughtful writings now, but to wait until you are nearer the age of men and women, when the experiences of added years shall have made you able to enjoy thoroughly the beauty and poetic power of his best works.

The first of the pieces selected for the Treasure-box is a beautiful sonnet, giving us the poet's thoughts when he stood upon one of the bridges of London in the early morning, and enjoyed the view over the great city.

MORNING IN LONDON.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father, will I gladly do;
'T is scarcely afternoon,—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band.
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe—
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept,—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet";—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the low stone-wall;

* Born, at Cockermouth, England, April 7, 1770. Died, at Rydal Mount, England, April 23, 1850.

And then an open field they crossed—
The marks were still the same—
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

AND here, quite surprised, no doubt, to find itself in a modern Treasure-box, is a rare bit of old English writing which well may be read by all our boys who love accounts of great battles and warlike deeds, and who are inspired with the thought of one day taking command,—as well as by all patriotic girls who know such boys, or are likely some day to be personally interested in generals—or, better still, in the kind of men of which good generals are made. We copy it from an elegant old leather-bound volume with an elaborate title-page, containing the words “Animadversions of Warre, by Robert Ward, gentleman and commander, London. Printed by John Dawson, 1639.” These are inclosed in a shield-like frame, set against a large pedestal, on the summit of which prances a superb horse, bearing

a plumed knight in full armor. Robert Ward dedicates his book to his “most dread sovereigne, his Royall Majestie King Charles.” Whether the “most dread sovereigne” appreciated the compliment of this gentleman and commander or not, we may fitly honor the author for his true sense of manliness and military dignity. Robert Ward’s spelling and his three-page dedication are out of date, but manliness and honest bravery are always in fashion, and one need not be a soldier, either, to wear them.—Patriotic American boys and girls may find an added interest just now in Robert Ward’s ideal “character of a generall,” since it has been as nearly exemplified by our own Washington as by any other man in history, and these pages will reach our readers about the time of the anniversary of Washington’s birthday.

The Character of a Generall, with such excellent properties, both of body and mind, which he ought to be indued withall, declared; and also the chiefest circumstances belonging to his high and weighty Office.

—A GENERALL over an Army, must be ever trusty, faithfull and dutifull; indued with excellent judgement, reason, and resolution; well studied in the liberall Arts; of a fierce disposition, yet qualified with justice, and clemency; not rash in undertaking, yet as free from cowardise, as cruelty; talke little, and bragge lesse, in speech ready, and eloquent, faithfull of his word, constant and strong in the prosecution of his purposes, bountifull and honouring due deserts; of a good ability of body; in his countenance a stately terror, yet in private affable and pleasant; naturally disposed to abhorre vice; of a naturall strength and hardnesse to undergoe all extremities, either in travell, or want; in armes expert and adventurous; his invention subtile, full of inward bravery and fiercenesse, in his execution resolute; alwayes forward, but never dismayed; in counsell sudden and wise, of a piercing insight to foresee dangers, ingenious, decent, and in performance a man; or as Sr. R. Dallington specifies in his Aphorismes, to be five things required in a Generall; knowledge, valour, foresight, authority, and fortune; he that is not renowned for all or most of these virtues, is not

to be reputed fit for this charge; nor can this glory be purchast, but onely by practice and prooffe; for the greatest Fencer, is not alwayes the best Fighter, nor the fairest Tilter the ablest Souldier, nor the greatest Favourite in Court the fittest Commander in a Campe; that Prince therefore is ill advised that conferres this charge upon his Minion, either for his Courtship or what other respects, neglecting those more requisite and more noble parts.

Wherefore, a Generall ought to be excellently qualified in the reall knowledge of his Office, and every circumstance belonging unto it, before he shall adventure to take so weighty a charge upon him; and farre be it from any man to undertake this honourable burthen, having the speculative and practick part of his Office to learne, when occasion calles for performance; for many Armyes hath bene subdued by this one thing; for he that will be fortunate and desires to atchieve to honour, must be infinitely chary, lest he be seduc'd by the traines* of time; and the preservation of his honour must be his chiefest aime, next the love and feare he owes to God, having an especiall care that the Christian Religion be had in due reverence in his Army, causing such Ministers of Gods word, as shall follow to instruct the Army, to retaine their dignities, and to be reverenc'd of his souldiers; by this meanes an Army shall be kept in marvellous obedience and order, and the Almighty Lord of Hostes will be ever assisting to worke him honourable victories.

* “Traines”:—traps, or enticements.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"There are people who always come in like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of Lord Holland that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good-fortune."

THERE, my dears! There's a hint from one of your American pen-folk that can be of good service to you, whenever, in the whole course of your lives, March weather befalls you. Take the text to heart, my hearers. On every morning or occasion when ill winds blow and your plans are dashed, just remember that the people around you have rights you are bound to respect,—rain or shine,—and greet them in the style of Lord Holland. Sensible man, that, says your Jack,—and a gentleman.

Now, let's talk about

COASTING-SLEDS MADE OF ICE.

I'M told that sometimes, when an Esquimaux wants a sledge in haste, he cuts one in a short time out of ice. He hollows it like a bowl, and smoothly rounds it at the bottom. Next a groove is thawed around the upper edge, in which is fixed a thong. Then the dogs are harnessed to this, the fur-clad driver lays a warm skin in the "bowl" and takes his seat, and away he speeds over the weird, wintry lands, sure that never a sled could be finer than his.

TURKISH ENVELOPES.

THE Deacon happens to be getting a great many letters just now. Some of them are very neat, and others are clumsy affairs that look more like little bundles than letters. And this reminds me that the Deacon once received a letter from Turkey, and, very naturally, it was inclosed in a Turkish envelope. This was very unlike the American envelopes that the Deacon generally receives. It was shaped like ours, but was open at each end

and sealed with two seals. It was quite as odd on the upper side, where the address was written, not lengthwise, as on ours, but across one end.

A ROSE-BOY.

AND who do you suppose sent this Turkish letter to Deacon Green? It was from a young Turkish lad who called himself a rose-boy, because his business is to gather roses for his father! I shall mention in this connection, however, that his father's business is to distill the costly perfume known as the Attar of Roses, which is worth so much a drop. I forgot the exact price.

Do you happen to know of any American boy who makes his living by gathering roses for his father?

THE CANARY THAT WOULD N'T GO, AND THE CANARY THAT WOULD N'T STAY.

DEAR JACK: I know a lady who has a canary-bird that really prefers his cage to his liberty. When she slides up the wire door for him to fly out, he waits until her back is turned, then slams down the door with all his might, and then he flies up to his swing and sings a loud song of triumph. He seems to think that his mistress wishes to turn him out of house and home, and he takes this way of showing that he is too sharp for her.

The same lady had another canary, who was very fond of perching about the plants in her open window, and singing his best songs for her. He seemed to understand everything that she said to him.

One day she did n't feel well, and was low in her spirits. So she replied to his concert with a troubled:

"Oh, do stop that noise! I can't stand it."

The bird put his head on one side and considered. Then, deciding it was better not to take any notice of such impolite remarks, he sang louder than ever, putting in all his extra trills and shakes in his best style. Then the lady shook her finger at him and said:

"Silence, I tell you!"

The bird looked at her so sadly and inquiringly with his little round eyes, that she repeated: "Yes, Jip, I really mean what I say! Just you go! I can't bear to hear you!"

The next moment the bird flew away, and he has never, never come back again; and oh, how she longs to see him and to beg his pardon for her unkind words!

But, as the Turks say, a bad word is carried so quickly by the wind that many horses can not bring it back.—Your friend,

LIZZIE HATCH.

BUTTERED TEA.

DID you ever hear of this strange dish? It is very common in Thibet, and is made by putting slices of butter into the tea. That is not the only queer thing Thibetans do. I'm told they actually make their tea thick with oatmeal! Deacon Green says the natives of America sometimes thicken coffee very strangely, though he can't say that they use oatmeal. He says they generally thicken it by not making it thin. But that's out of my line.

CATCH-ALL POCKETS.

TOMMY, or Johnny, or Ben need not look up and think that I mean their pockets, though I believe that these often hold a little of everything. I was thinking of the pockets of the monkeys. Not pockets in the little coats that organ-men sometimes compel them to wear, but in their cheeks.

When these pockets are empty they are not observable, but when they are filled you can easily see them. Monkeys, I'm sorry to say, are naturally thievish, and they use their pockets to hide the little articles they have stolen.

A bird has told me of a little pet monkey named Hag, a creature no larger than a big guinea-pig;

and in his cheek-pockets his master once found a steel thimble, his own gold finger-ring, a pair of pearl sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling, and a bit of candy.

FAIRY RINGS.

YOU 'VE seen fairy rings? They are circles of brown and dry-looking grass, with green grass inside, and the country people say they are made by fairies dancing on the sward.

The wise men have been examining these rings, however, and have found out that they are made by a sort of moss or fungus, which sends out its growth in every direction from the central plant, and at the point where it forms its seeds it chokes the grass. It grows under the surface, and therefore is not seen.

A FEW WORDS FROM DEACON GREEN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: To the great regret of Brother Plunkett, the Little School-ma'am, the rest of the Committee, and myself, we find it utterly im-

possible to announce in the March St. Nicholas the award of prizes for straightening the "Historical Pi." To be sure we did not promise to announce it this month, but as the time for receiving answers was up on January 10th, we felt pretty sure we could examine them all and report before the March St. Nicholas would be given to the printers. Well, it has n't proved so. In order to get enough magazines printed, bound, and sent out to supply every St. Nicholas boy and girl in Christendom, the editors have to complete the number during the last week in January—and here it is upon us, and hundreds of Pi-letters not read yet! Whew! how those letters have been pouring in! Long before Christmas they began to arrive—first two by two, like the animals in the ark, then by dozens, then by scores, then by hundreds—all crying "Read me!" "read me!" "read me!" at the tops of their voices—so to speak—and not one could be overlooked nor slighted in the least.

The Little School-ma'am and I have done our best, but we're not through yet. As soon as we are, we'll show all the good ones to the Committee, the hundred prizes shall be awarded, and a brand-new crisp dollar-bill shall be sent *at once* to each winner, though their names can not be announced

till the publication of the Committee's report in next month's St. Nicholas.

Now, perhaps many of you will like to hear what the Little School-ma'am is doing in the matter. Well, here is a letter just received from that dear little woman, which will give you quite a clear notion as to how things are working:

THURSDAY, 1 P. M., 10th January.

DEAR DEACON: I have just had your latest card, and hasten to inform you that I have received 2725 solutions to your "Historical Pi." I have examined about two thousand; they are all creditable to the youngsters, and I wish you had \$2000 in greenbacks "crisp and fresh" and could send one to each of the young writers. But of course such pleasure as that is not to be thought of. The contest will be very close; probably nothing with more than three mistakes will come in for the prizes.

Thus far, a dozen or more are absolutely correct, a greater number have but one error each, and sometimes that is merely a slip in the spelling—then more have but two, three, and four mistakes. Those with five errors will certainly not have any chance at all.

There is a good spirit shown in the letters and headings sent in by the children—jokes about the "pi" being "mince": one boy says, "It is better than the pies my mother makes, and that is saying a good deal." Almost all think the exercise and information gained

worth more than the dollar to them, even if they fail to win. A wonderful degree of interest is shown. One Dakota boy writes that he walked five and a half miles to the post-office to send off his solution, the thermometer being two degrees above zero (Dakota, January 2d). There's a plucky little fellow for you! Let me assure you, my dear Deacon, that when I thought there was a possibility of getting through in time for the March number, I worked late into the night for more than a week. Bright girls and boys in Ireland, Scotland, England, Nova Scotia, Canada, and every State and Territory of our own country, have forwarded responses. Besides these, I learn from the letters that a very large number of young folk have corrected the Pi "for the fun of the thing," as they say, but have not ventured to offer their work in competition.

I will close with the remark of one of your admirers, who sends word that "the Deacon ought to be classed with the great inventors, hereafter."—Yours truly,

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

In conclusion, let me say that I am a proud and happy man, though slightly overwhelmed when I look at your heaps and heaps of "answers" to the Historical Pi, and I don't wonder my friend Jack-in-the-Pulpit is so sure there never was a finer set of young folk than this royal St. Nicholas crowd. You may expect to have a clear report next month, with the names of the hundred winners. Meanwhile, one and all, please accept the best wishes and cordial thanks of

Yours to command,

SILAS GREEN.

New York, Jan. 24, 1882.



GUSTAVE'S FIRST RIDE.

GUS-TAVE'S fa-ther came a-cross the sea to this coun-try with his wife, his daugh-ters, and his lit-tle son, and went to live on a small farm. Gus-tave still wore the same wood-en shoes and queer cap that he had worn where he lived be-fore. He was ver-y fond of hor-ses, and oft-en asked his fa-ther to buy him a horse; but this could not be done, as his fa-ther was quite poor.

One day, Mr. Green, a friend of Gus-tave's fa-ther, came rid-ing up to the house on a large farm-horse. He was go-ing to a small town, a few miles a-way, and stopped to have a talk with the farm-er.

"I wish I had a horse," said the lit-tle boy, who stood near.

"What would you do with him, if you had one?" asked Mr. Green.

"I should ride him to town," said the lit-tle boy.

"You can ride this one to town," said Mr. Green, "if your fa-ther will put you up be-hind me."

Then Gus-tave's fa-ther lift-ed his lit-tle boy and set him on the horse, be-hind Mr. Green.

Fran-cine, Gus-tave's eld-est sis-ter, came out of the house and looked through the gate-way to see her broth-er take his first ride. Gus-tave was ver-y proud as the big horse trot-ted off, and he would have waved his cap to Fran-cine if he had not been a-fraid to let go of Mr. Green's coat, which he grasped tight-ly with both hands.

Be-fore long, Mr. Green saw a man in a field, and got off his horse to walk up and speak to him.

"Now, keep sit-ting just as you are, my boy," said Mr. Green to Gus-tave, "and if you do not take hold of the rein, nor kick the horse with your feet, he will stand quite still."

When Mr. Green had gone, Gus-tave sat still for a whole min-ute; then he said to him-self: "If I do take hold of the rein, and do kick him with my feet, I sup-pose he will move. I should like so much to ride a horse all by my-self." So he took hold of the rein which hung over the sad-dle, and kicked the horse a lit-tle. The horse start-ed off, and be-gan to walk a-long the road. Gus-tave jerked the rein, and kicked the horse hard. Then the horse be-gan to trot, even fast-er than when Mr. Green was on him. Gus-tave did not like this, for it jolt-ed him. He tried to stop the horse by pull-ing on the rein, but the great creat-ure did not seem to feel his pulls, and trot-ted on as fast as ev-er. Gus-tave be-came fright-ened, and called for help, but there was no-bod-y

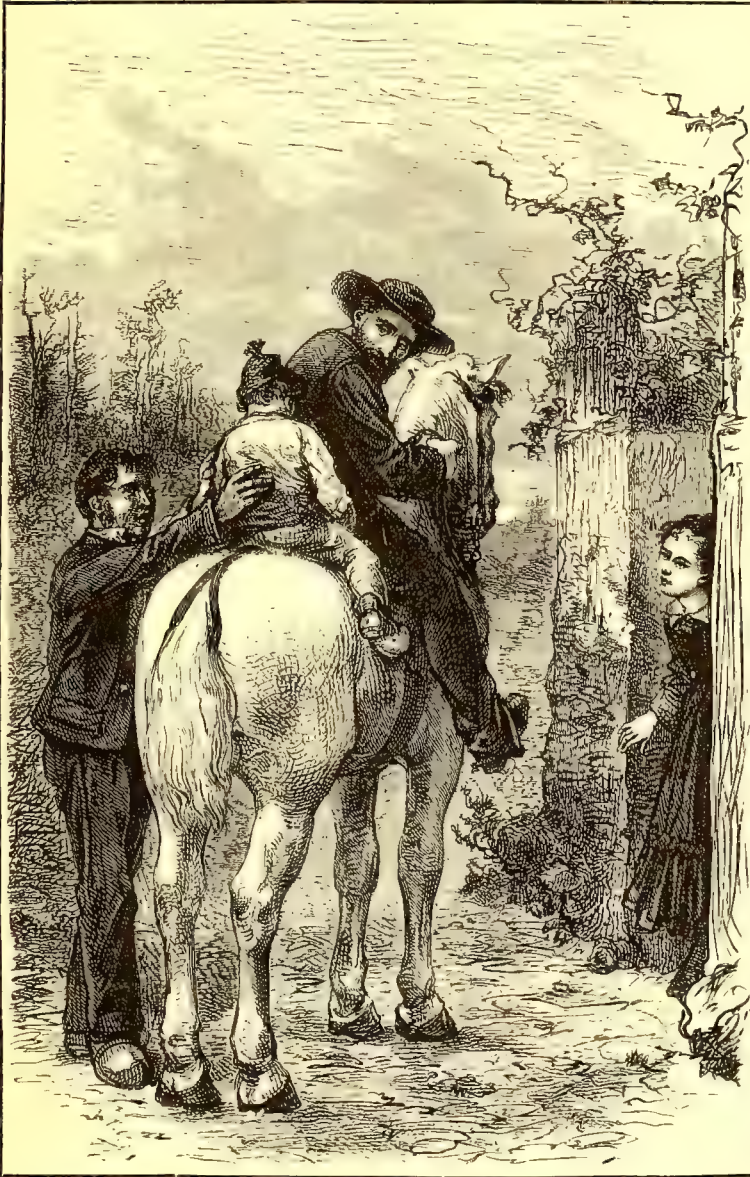
to stop the horse. At last the horse saw a pail of wa-ter by the road, and he stopped to drink. A man came out of a house near by, and Gus-tave called to him, "Oh, sir, take this horse from un-der me!"

The man looked up and said, laugh-ing, "I can not ver-y well take

the horse from un-der you, but I will take you from up-on the horse," and he lift-ed Gus-tave to the ground. At this ver-y mo-ment Mr. Green came up, walk-ing ver-y fast.

Gus-tave went up to him at once. "I jerked the rein, sir," he said, "and I kicked the horse. I want-ed to ride a horse all by my-self. But I did not like it, and I think I shall nev-er want to ride a-gain."

"I am glad you told the truth," said Mr. Green, "and I will not scold you. But you will have to ride." So he got up-on the horse a-gain, and the oth-er man put Gus-tave up be-hind.



The horse now went slow-ly and eas-i-ly, and did not jolt at all.

"I think I shall like to ride a-gain," said Gus-tave. "It is ni-cer to ride when you are do-ing right than when you are do-ing wrong."

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR thanks are due to Mr. P. T. Barnum for the courtesy extended to the ST. NICHOLAS artists and to the author of the article "Men-and-Animal Shows," concluded in the present number. Not only were these gentlemen allowed to examine every detail of his great show, but all needed information was freely given. Even the wild beasts themselves seemed to understand that they must submit to have their portraits taken for the benefit of our young readers. So, if ever you see any of them, especially the elephants, be sure to let them feel that you appreciate their friendly conduct. We wish our artist had given you a picture of these elephants bathing in the grand *warm-water pond* which Mr. Barnum has had constructed for his sea-lions and hippopotamuses in the wonderful Winter Quarters at Bridgeport, where all his wild animals are lodged in great houses of their own. But you can imagine the scene for yourselves. And you can imagine, too, how the swimming elephants would feel if they should happen, by any unaccountable accident, to stub their little toes against the steam-pipes by which the pond is heated.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I made the little house out of matches, from the directions given in the November number of your magazine, as a Christmas present for my sister.

We think it is quite a success, and are much pleased with it.

I did not follow the directions exactly, being obliged sometimes, from lack of the right materials, to use what I had. Y. K.

HENRY L. M. AND OTHERS: Any one is at liberty to send puzzles to the "Riddle-box," but we can not promise to return those which prove to be unavailable unless postage stamps for the purpose are sent with them.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell about a little fox we had. One night the overseer had some ducks caught by a fox, and so he was very anxious to kill it. One day he found the fox's den, with some little foxes in it. While trying to catch the mother fox she got away with two young foxes. The overseer caught two little foxes and gave one to us. It had n't its eyes open. We got a box and put it in. We had a cat with a kitten, and the next morning we thought we would put it with the cat and see what she would do. She thought it was a kitten, and we put it on the floor, and she tried to pick it up and carry it back to the box. We had no more trouble with it then; the cat took care of it. When it got bigger we taught it how to eat. At first we gave it bread and milk, but when it got bigger we used to give it 'most anything. Everybody said it would eat up all our chickens as soon as it got big; but we had no small chickens near the house, so we did not think there would be any danger. The fox was very pretty—a reddish brown, with black nose and paws, and a gray breast. Under the back steps there are two big holes that go beneath the house, and he had his den under the house. We named him "Hero," but we always called him "Foxy." If you called him he would come and let you pet him. He would play with the kittens and dogs. One day, when Mr. Fox was about half-grown, we saw him catch a little turkey. So then he had to be sent away. I don't think that was his first turkey; and we missed several hens after he had gone. One day, shortly after he caught the turkey, we turned him out in the woods, and we never have heard nor seen Mr. Fox since, although some said he would come back. We were very sorry he had to go; he was so pretty and bright. A. R. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having seen in your May number for 1878 (in Jack-in-the-Pulpit) a short article about the Stormy Petrel or Mother Carey's chickens, I thought I would give your readers a little more information concerning them.

My father is a sea-captain and I sail the ocean with him,—I am writing this at sea,—so I have seen many of these pretty little birds. They follow our vessel many, many miles around the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, through the trade-winds as far as the tropics. We have them in our wake again in the northern trade-winds, and enjoy throwing food on the water for them; it is pleasant to hear them chatter and strive when some little fellow tries to fly away with an unusually large piece.

In the article I spoke of, the writer did not know why they were called "Mother Carey's chickens."

This is what an old sailor told me when I was wondering at sea-birds having that name:

"A long time ago, an English emigrant ship, bound for Australia, was cast away on the Scilly Isles, and only one person was saved; this was an old woman called Mother Carey. She was washed ashore on the rocks, by some high wave, during the storm. She lived there for several months upon the birds' eggs and the food which they brought to her. They were tame and grew very fond of her. When she was taken off by a passing ship, myriads of the birds followed her, coming right on board, alighting on her head, shoulders, hands, and lap. The sailors of the vessel laughingly named them Mother Carey's chickens."

Wishing some of the readers of this were with me to enjoy the many wonders of the sea, and of the foreign countries I visit, I remain your friend and sincere admirer, ALICE MORRISON.

A CURIOUS PANEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Knowing the fondness of your readers for all sorts of rare and wonderful things, I send you a representation of a strange freak of nature that occupies a panel in the wainscot of a corridor leading to the Governor's room in the State Capitol at Albany, New York. The panel is of reddish marble, and came in a rough state from Germany. It was smoothed and polished in



America, and its surface, when made flat, developed the curious kneeling figure quite naturally, without the aid of art. For some reason the workmen began to call it St. Jacob; perhaps because the figure was thought to resemble some picture of that saint. It still bears that name, and some persons are inclined to look at it with a feeling of awe. No one who sees the magnificent State House fails to visit St. Jacob. JAMES C. BEARD.

Boys who are interested in bicycles will enjoy reading the following letter:

GILBERTSTONE HALL, BICKENHILL, NR. BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would like to tell you about a little dog we have called Gip. It is an Italian greyhound.

One day, when we first had it, it ran away. I will tell you how. We had taken it for a walk, and presently we unfastened its chain and it went jumping along all right. When we had nearly got to the house it ran and ran, until it got off the side path into the road. I called a gentleman and he ran after it, but he did not catch it. Some men in a cart were calling the dog to follow them. But at last the gentleman saw some boys on bicycles, and he cried, "Ten shillings to him who brings that little brown dog back to me!" So the boys went after it on their "bikes," as we call them here, and at last they brought back my pet, and I was glad. It slips out of windows and tries to run away again, you know, but we soon catch it.—I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS,
ELSIE GERTRUDE TANGYE.

AS THERE was not space on page 410 to speak of the paintings by Titian, that still are preserved, we shall mention them here; but these works are so many that it is impossible to give an exact list of them; again, large numbers are in private galleries, and others in churches, where so little light falls on them that they can not be seen to advantage; therefore, the following list names only the most important works in galleries usually visited by travelers.

The Pitti Palace, Florence: Marriage of St. Catherine, The Magdalen, and several portraits.

Uffizi Gallery, Florence: Five Madonnas, Venus, and several portraits.

The Ambrosiana, Milan: The Adoration of the Shepherds.

The Brera, Milan: St. Jerome in the Desert.

Museum, Naples: Danaë, Portrait of Paul III., Portrait of King Philip II., and others.

Capitol Museum, Rome: Sated and Artless Love, Virgin and Child, and the Three Ages.

The Vatican, Rome: Madonna and Child, with saints; Portrait of a Doge of Venice.

Academy of Fine Arts, Venice: The Assumption of the Virgin, The Entombment (begun by Titian, finished by Palma Giovane), The Visitation, St. John in the Desert, The Presentation in the Temple.

Museum, Berlin: Lavinia, Titian, and several other portraits.

Gallery at Dresden: The Tribute Money, Venus and Cupid, Holy Family, and five portraits.

Pinakothek, Munich: Venus, Holy Family, Jupiter and Antiope, The Crowning with Thorns, and portraits.

Belvedere, Vienna: A large collection of a variety of subjects.

Museum, Madrid: A collection of more than twenty fine pictures.

The Louvre, Paris: A collection of fifteen pictures.

Gallery at Hampton Court: Three portraits.

National Gallery, London: Bacchus and Ariadne, Venus and Adonis, and four other pictures.

The Hermitage, St. Petersburg: A collection of ten pictures.

AS EVERY word in the following story begins with the same alphabetic character, we have decided to thus save the compositor the trouble of setting up the initial letters; for we think the omission will not make it difficult to read the story.

HE RUCULENT HUG.

heophrastus, he olerated yrant, old he ribes o ramp o he heophylactean heater. hey, he urbulent hrong, rudged hither hankfully.

heopes, he ruculent hug, ramping hither, antalizingly aunted he urbulent hrong, witted he olerated yrant, heophrastus, o ether he ruant ask-master.

hereupon, he ask-master elemachus, he hrasher, ripped hrough he hrong o ry o hrash he ruculent hug. hreateningly old he ruculent hug o ry o ackle errific yphoon.

herewith, he ruculent hug ore hrough he hrong o hump he ask-master horoughly; hen hey ackled, hen hey umbled, hen rounced, hen humped together remendously. he ruculent hug hrotled he horough-bred ask-master.

hen, he olerated yrant, heophrastus, old elecles, he imid inker, o ry o hrow he ruculent hug. elecles, rembling, ottered oward he ussle,—he horough-bred ask-master, ruculent hug, wisting, wirling, humping remendously. hen he imid inker hreatened o rounce he ruculent hug.

he ruculent hug wittering, old he imid inker o "ry o ouch reacherous orpedo."

he imid inker houghtfully urned, hrew errene etragons oward he hug, rippingly hwacked he ruculent hug wice. hen he imid inker urned o end o he ask-master.

he ruculent hug urned, rippingly hrew imid inker, hen aking he wo, hrew hem oward he heater errifically.

hereupon he umtuotous hrong ittered erribly. hen he olerated

yrant, heophrastus, old he amborine ender, heodosia, o ap he amborine. heodosia, aking he amborine, apped remendously.
hus erminated he ussle. J. E. NEWKIRK.

HERE are some verses from a girl of California, where spring comes in almost like the summer of some Eastern States.

The beautiful spring is coming,
The busy bees are humming,
And the old banjo is tumming.

The merry birds are singing,
The tinkling bell, are ringing,
And the dear little girls are swinging.

The gentle cows are lowing,
The ripest hay they're mowing,
And now I'm through and going.

LITTLE MINNIE (10 years).

THE following little piece of music was sent to us exactly as here printed, but we have no positive proof that it was originally written by Mozart. It may have been composed by him when very young, and written out by his father. A short account of Mozart is given in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1875:

MINUET.

Written by MOZART at 4 years of age.



MT. LEBANON, SYRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading about "How to stock and keep a fresh-water aquarium." I should like to make one very much indeed, but the trouble is, there are no little brooks and ponds away out here in Syria; even the rivers are so shallow that there are no fish in them (at least in Beirut), this is such a dry place. But I have the sea, and if it would do to make a salt-water aquarium, I should be much obliged to some one of your readers to tell me how to proceed.

I have a kitten and two canary-birds. Winkie has a great admiration for the two canary-birds, and is always trying to get a chance to become intimate with them, but she has n't made much of a friendship yet, for I keep them well out of the way. I suppose she would soon make love to the fishes too, if I should let her. But I like her very much, all the same; she is very pretty—white, with black spots on her back and a black tail. She has a pink ribbon around her neck. I don't think she likes it much. A. P.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWELFTH REPORT.

SNOW CRYSTALS.

THE interest manifested in snow-crystals by members has not been so great as we expected. This must be because few persons are aware of their beauty, and variety, or is it because the snow is late in coming this season? We present on these two pages, however, a few common forms, such as any boy or girl may readily observe with a small hand-glass.

The crystals should be caught on a dark cloth, and examined and drawn as soon as possible, care being taken to keep the glass cold. The group of six, shown on page 422, was drawn by Corwin Linson, of Buffalo. The figures show the temperature at the time of the snow-fall. If we had five hundred similar drawings from different parts of the country, with a record of the temperature and wind at the moment of catching the flakes, we should be able to deduce many facts regarding crystallization. We hope all these specimens will so charm you, that you will give them your best attention on their next visit. There is no other topic concerning which our members have not grown enthusiastic.

But we must now let you speak for yourselves.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

WATERBURY, CONN.

We have had five meetings this month, one being a special meeting. We have bought a cabinet and a scrap-book. We have admitted two new members.

WM. CARTER.

DAYTON, OHIO.

A few of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS in this little city have become so interested in the accounts of the "A. A." that we have determined to form a chapter of our very own, and see if it will not wake us up to the beauties all around us. Our society numbers ten girls and eight boys, besides two teachers. We shall diligently search ST. NICHOLAS for in-

formation and suggestions. It is wonderful how many little things we have found.

ABBIE I. DYER.

GREENWOOD LAKE, KENTUCKY.

We held our first meeting November 18. Vinnie gave us a sketch of the formation and manner of growth of leaves, with the names of the plants bearing the largest and smallest leaves. [We should all like to know the names.] Lex and Julia gave the names of plants bearing winged seeds. We have already collected a snake-skin, a humming-bird's nest made of gray lichens, and more than two hundred fossils of the Silurian period. We find many little rings, sometimes fastened together like stems, sometimes separate. They are marked with a figure resembling a five-petaled flower. Are they the stems of the Encrinure?

LILLIE BEDINGER.

[They are probably Encrinure stems, as you suggest. We should like to have one or two for our cabinet.]

MILFORD, MASS.

If you will put us in communication with members interested in mineralogy you will confer a favor.

JOHN R. ELDRIDGE.

NASHUA, N. H.

November 9 was the anniversary of the organization of our Chapter. We have resolved to have our officers hold office for a year. At a good friend's advice, we have honorary members, among whom is a mineralogist. We have received four or five new members, and now number seventeen. We have debates or papers at every meeting. Both are very interesting. A good many people said that our club would not last six months. I leave you to judge how much they have been mistaken.

F. W. GREELEY.

[Officers ought, if possible, to hold office for the whole year, and it is well for the secretary to be permanent. The idea of having debates is excellent. A great many croakers have been surprised at the rapid growth and continued prosperity of the Agassiz Association. Well done, Nashua!]

EATON, OHIO.

We live on rocks which contain many trilobites. They are found in great abundance both in the stratified rocks and in the "local drift rocks." In the Clinton rocks, a short distance south of us, a stone was found a few years ago, by Professor Clappole, which has gone far to prove the existence of large land plants in the upper Silurian time. We should like to correspond with other Chapters.

WILLIAM E. LOY.

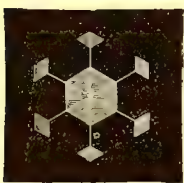
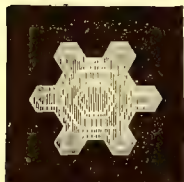
EMBEVILLE, CHESTER CO., PA.

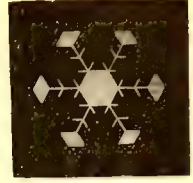
Mamma and my sisters and I would like to form a chapter of the "A. A.," called the Orchard Farm Chapter. I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and am very much interested in your reports. This year I am collecting birds' eggs. I take only one from a nest, and am very careful not to disturb the birds. I have a Wood Fly-catcher's nest, which is made of grass, wound so tightly around the limb that you have to break the limb to get it off.

HUGH E. STONE.

NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA.

We are very anxious to become a chapter of the "A. A.," and are eager to begin work. We have a great many of the back numbers





of ST. NICHOLAS, from which we have read and enjoyed your reports. We live in a little mining town. We think we could easily obtain enough specimens of crystallized quartz, etc., to exchange for almost any interesting natural object. MAUDE SMITH.

[One member has sent us a string which he and his little sister stretched around one of the "big trees" of California. We made a circle of it at home, but it stretched through four rooms! We should be glad to receive similar strings representing the girth of the largest tree in each of your own towns.]

AUBURN, N. Y.
We have seven members, but expect to have five boys join us soon. Last week I gave them the subject of "coral" to study, and they each read quite an interesting paper to-day. I have assigned them "Silk-worms" as the subject for next week, and hope they will have a delightful time. SADIE E. ROBB.

LEBANON SPRINGS.
We have four new members in Chapter 106. We have found the answer to your first question. There are three kingdoms in nature, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. The sponge is an animal; snow and gases are mineral. R. M. ROYCE.

20 MERCER STREET, SOUTH BOSTON, DEC. 16.
We are slowly growing. We have three new members. We have about seventy specimens of ores, and a few shells. We also have had a show. A great many of our friends were there, and thought we succeeded nicely. In the evening we had a magic-lantern exhibition. Many of our friends kindly lent us things to exhibit. One of our members also played the banjo. We have decided to have debates. WILLIE O. HERSEY.

LAPORTE, INDIANA, DEC. 16.
We have added several to our list of members. The pointed ends of the silk badge, illustrated in the December ST. NICHOLAS, are apt to curl up and unravel. A gold cord on the top, and a gold fringe on the bottom edge, will obviate this. FRANK ELIE.

[The same trouble has been noticed by others, and the same excellent remedy has been suggested by Pansy Smith.]

2014 RIDGE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA., DEC. 2.
We are getting along very nicely, and expect to have additional members very soon. We wish exchanges after January 1. We shall send in our drawings of snow-crystals as soon as the snow comes. RAYMOND P. KAIGHN.

GLENCOE, ILL.
Our Chapter started in February, 1881, with five members. We now have seventeen, all young people. We have a cabinet nearly finished. We have taken very broad natural divisions on which to report, some taking Vertebrates, others Mollusks, others Botany, etc. We have gold, silver, and copper ore, petrified wood, shells, eggs, sea-beans, a sea-fan, two teeth of a buffalo, etc. We have made a floor for killing butterflies, and we have several little snakes. O. M. HOWARD.

55 PROSPECT STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
We have two new members in Hartford B. We have all been away, and brought some specimens from places where we have been. Some of them are copper ore from the Cape Rosier mines, horse-tail rush from Bethlehem, N. H., a string of sea-weed and some diamonds from Cape May, N. J., several wasps' and birds' nests from East Haddam, Conn., a large horseshoe crab from near Sag Harbor, and a crow's skull from Gardiner's Island. FRANCIS PARSONS.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

We have continued our reading, and have had a few reports; two on horses by Josiah Hale and Alice Northend, and one on insectivorous plants from Susie Lunt. We have heard of an insectivorous plant near here, and next Summer we hope to get some. ANDREWS ALLEN.

OSAGE CITY, KANSAS.

Our Chapter is prospering. We have nineteen members. JOHN A. MEDLER.

11 HIGH STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Our club has continually increased in interest, and has been doing some very good work. Our herbarium for the year is completed, and is inclosed in a neat and serviceable cover. Our boys have almost finished a cabinet, made according to the plan suggested in ST. NICHOLAS. Our insects are arranged in order in large cases. Minerals are catalogued. Every Friday evening one of our members reads an original essay, after which a general discussion follows. One source from which we all derive much pleasure and profit is our so-called Observation Books. Each member has a note-book, in which, during the week, he jots down a note of any natural phenomenon or fact which he may observe. These notes often provoke much discussion.

Not long ago we had a debate on the subject, "Are all Animals useful to Mankind?" The whole evening was devoted to the subject, but each remained firmly convinced that his side alone was right.

FRANCES F. HABERSTRO.

[This report has valuable suggestions for all members.]

19 OAKWOOD AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

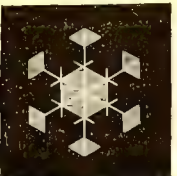
During this month we have collected shells from all parts of the earth, from California, Maine, Isthmus of Panama, Florida, Gulf of Mexico, India, Long Island, and many other places.

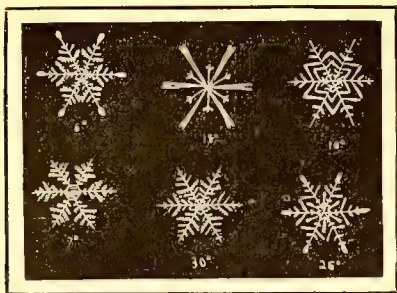
CHAS. W. SPRAGUE.

AUBURN, N. Y.

We have made quite an interesting study of sponges, corals, silk-worms, bees, and spiders, and have learned a great deal about each. This is our first month, and I hope to have a more interesting report next time.

FLORA DANGERFIELD.





SIX SNOW-CRYSTALS. DRAWN BY CORWIN LINSON.

1336 ELEVENTH ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.
We have a gorgeous beetle which came from Brazil. Its abdomen has five segments, and shines like changeable silk. It has six legs and two compound eyes, but no wings that we could see. At a late meeting we could not do much, for one of our members acted very badly and overturned our boxes. We had a spider under our microscope, but it looked so disgusting and hairy that we could not stand it. We next learned about caterpillars and butterflies. We read that the former had thirteen segments, and the next caterpillar I find I am going to count its segments. It also said they had eight pairs of legs, three of which turned into butterfly's legs, while the other five were lost in the moultings of the skin.

EMILY K. NEWCOMB.

[The wings of a beetle are hidden, while he is at rest, under thick wing-cases or *elytra*. The determination to "count" the segments of the caterpillar shows the true scientific spirit. You will *know* after you have counted.]

SYCAMORE, ILL., Dec. 27, 1881.

During the summer I collected and mounted more than 120 different species of insects. I took up botany during the vacation, and can analyze some easy wild-flowers. Whenever I see a new variety of bird or animal, I look it up in Tenney's Manual of Zoology. I can distinguish some birds by their song alone. Lillie Trask, of the Aurora Chapter, caught the "bug fever," but her insects were picked to pieces by a little four-year-old cousin, and the poor child gave up in despair. I wish the "A. A." reports were longer, I enjoy them so much.

PANSY SMITH.

[Has any member collected more insects in one season? Miss Lillie must not be discouraged. Capture the mischievous cousin for a specimen, and begin again. Thomas Edward lost all his valuable collection several times; but he never gave up.]

CANTON, OHIO.

Can caterpillars live under water? In the bottom of a pool I found one curled up. It appeared to have been there quite a while. I put it under a stove on a piece of paper. Pretty soon it began to move its head, and then crawled about. It is now as well as ever.

WILLIE B. FREER.

[Has any one else found caterpillars under water?]

REQUESTS FOR EXCHANGES.

Very nice geodes for marine curiosities. I will pay express one way.—L. L. Goodwin, Waverly, Bremer Co., Ohio.

Marine specimens, garnets, jasper, mica, fossils (some, as Euripiterus, very rare).—Herbert U. Williams, 163 Delaware street, Buffalo.

Fossil shells and corals.—John B. Playter, Bristow, Iowa.

Cocoons of *cecropia* for insects, shells, or woods.—Charles S. Brown, 117 Park Avenue, Chicago.

Birds' eggs, minerals, and ferns.—Edward Cox, Belpre, Ohio.

Sea-shells, sea-urchins, star-fish, for cotton in the pod, minerals, or fossils.—Andrews Allen, Newburyport, Mass.

Minerals.—G. O. Levesey, Beverly, Mass.

Woods. Correspondence.—Maude Smith, Nevada City, Cal.

A Chinese coin, for insects. Correspondence.—Henry Brown, Geneseo, Ill.

Labeled fossil shells for minerals, wood, and sea-shells.—Venie Price, Greene, Iowa.

Fossils of the lower Silurian for anything equally rare.—Lillie Bedinger, Greenwood Lake, Ky.

Coins, stamps, and Alpine flowers for pressed autumn-leaves and ferns.—Kenneth Brown, 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France, care Messrs. Munroe & Co.

General correspondence with a view to exchanges.—George S. Morley, Clyde, Wayne Co., N. Y.

Copper ore for a sand-dollar; and trap-rock for tin ore.—Walter Hohnes, Waterbury, Conn.

QUESTIONS.

1. What are dragon-flies like before they have wings? Do they come from the water?

2. What is the hardest wood in the world?

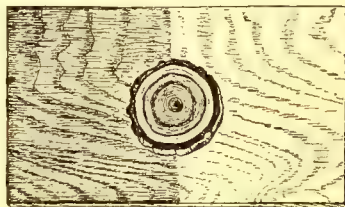
3. How can poison ivy be distinguished?

4. How shall I prepare specimens of wood?

The best answers to the first three questions will be published. We give the following letter in answer to the fourth:

COPENHAGEN, N. Y.

Cut boards five by eight inches and a quarter of an inch thick. Season, and plane smooth. Varnish one half. Then cut from a sapling, two or three inches in diameter, some pieces one-quarter of an inch thick. Saw these in a square miter-box. Saw off several,



SPECIMEN OF WOOD.

as some may warp or split. In summer, the pieces will season without a fire. In winter, a fire is needed, but the wood should not be put too near it. When the end sections are seasoned, smooth one side carefully with a rasp, so as not to mar the bark. Finish with fine sand-paper. Varnish, being careful not to varnish the bark. When dry, fasten with small screws, from the back, to the center of the boards previously described. I will send two specimens to show my way of finishing to any one who will send me ten cents to pay for postage and packing.

L. L. LEWIS.

[We have some of Mr. Lewis's fine work, and recommend all who are interested in woods to accept his generous offer. We prefer oil or polish to varnish.]

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
136.	Columbia, Pa.	6.. Alex. R. Craig.	
137.	Clyde, N. Y.	25. Geo. S. Morley.	
138.	Warren, Me.	17. Miss J. L. Crocker.	
139.	St. Paul, Minn. (B)	6.. Sidney E. Farwell,	54 Davidson Block.
140.	Germantown, Pa.	14. Elliston J. Perot.	
141.	Titusville, Pa.	5. C. G. Carter.	
142.	Leavenworth, Kan.	14.. Wm. L. Burrell,	327 Delaware street.

The whole membership is now (January) 1700. It probably will be 2000 by next month.

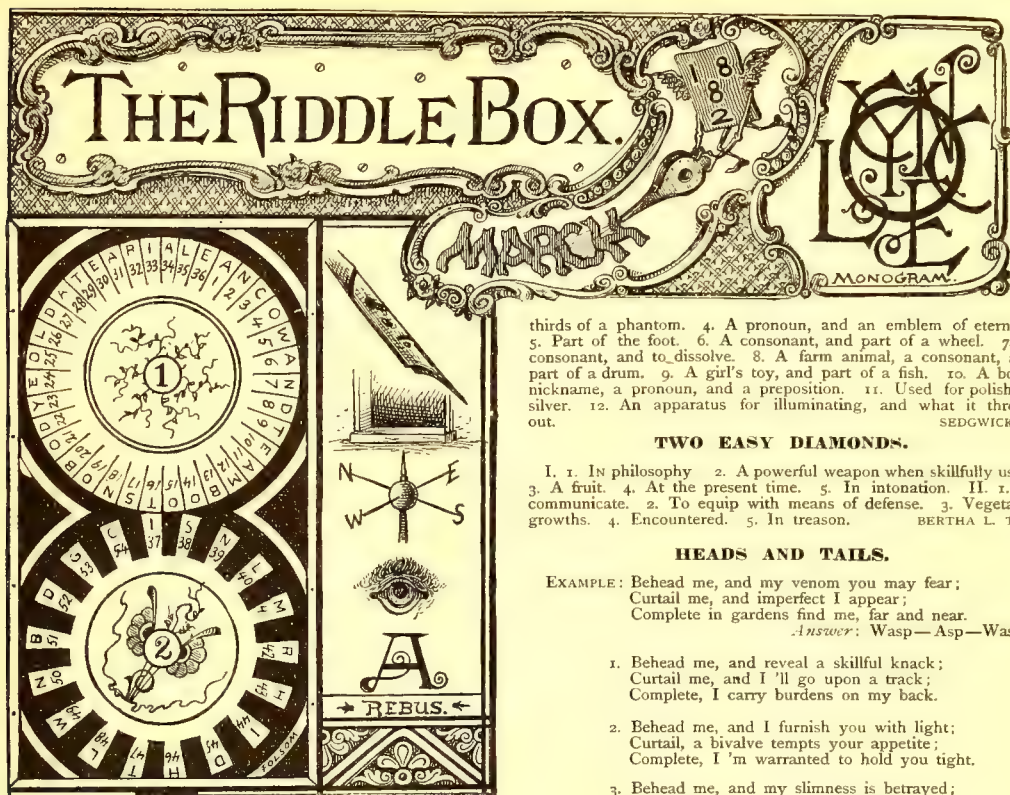
AN ASSOCIATION ALBUM.

The President of the Agassiz Association has decided to take for his special department the highest class of vertebrates, and he desires to make a collection of the photographs of all members of the Association, to be kept in one large album. He thinks this will be quite as interesting as birds and butterflies. Will you not all help him?

ANOTHER PRIZE.

We will give a copy of the book entitled "Insect Lives" to the member who will send us the finest collection of six insects (collected, labeled, and mounted by the sender), by August 1, 1882.

Address all communications respecting the Association to the President,
H. H. BALLARD, Lenox, Mass.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

CIRCULAR PUZZLE.

MAKE two circles of any size you please, copying exactly the diagrams given. Each circle has thirty-six sections, but every alternate section in No. 2 is cut away. Now lay No. 2 over No. 1 in such a manner as to make the letters show a new reading of an old proverb. The numbers are a guide to the placing of the circles.

EASY REBUS.

THE answer is the name of a state in which many persons find themselves.

MONOGRAM.

THESE letters form a word which names a disturbance much dreaded in many parts of the world.

LADDER PUZZLE.

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EACH side of the ladder is formed by the name of a President of the United States. Cross-words (beginning at the top): 1. A girl's name. 2. Fixed allowance. 3. Part of a bird. 4. At a distance. 5. Half of a celebrated diamond. 6. A precious stone.

M. H. AND R. C.

A KETTLE OF FISH.

EACH of the following puzzles may be answered by the name of a fish. Example: A consonant and a defeat. Answer: T-rout.
1. A measure of distance. 2. An ancient weapon. 3. Two-

thirds of a phantom. 4. A pronoun, and an emblem of eternity. 5. Part of the foot. 6. A consonant, and part of a wheel. 7. A consonant, and to dissolve. 8. A farm animal, a consonant, and part of a drum. 9. A girl's toy, and part of a fish. 10. A boy's nickname, a pronoun, and a preposition. 11. Used for polishing silver. 12. An apparatus for illuminating, and what it throws out. SEDGWICK.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN philosophy 2. A powerful weapon when skillfully used. 3. A fruit. 4. At the present time. 5. In intonation. II. 1. In communicate. 2. To equip with means of defense. 3. Vegetable growths. 4. Encountered. 5. In treason. BERTHA L. T.

HEADS AND TAILS.

EXAMPLE: Behead me, and my venom you may fear;
Curtail me, and imperfect I appear;
Complete in gardens find me, far and near.
Answer: Wasp—Asp—Was.

1. Behead me, and reveal a skillful knack;
Curtail me, and I'll go upon a track;
Complete, I carry burdens on my back.
2. Behead me, and I furnish you with light;
Curtail, a bivalve tempts your appetite;
Complete, I'm warranted to hold you tight.
3. Behead me, and my slimness is betrayed;
Curtail me, and I'm of an inky shade;
Complete, with costly woods I'm oft inlaid.
4. Behead me, and I am to authors dear;
Curtail, I may be gained, 't is very clear
Complete, I do connive, it will appear.
5. Behead me, and an angry passion find;
Curtail, I am a tree oft tossed by wind;
Complete, I'm terrible, but also kind.
6. Behead, and I'm a solemn-looking bird;
Curtail, you'll find me grazing with a herd;
Complete, in convents 't is a common word.

BON BON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials spell the name of a well-known novel; the finals spell the pseudonym of the author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of the hero of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. 2. To obstruct. 3. The founndress of Carthage. 4. Misfortune. 5. A heavy piece of timber. 6. To instruct. 7. A collection of wild beasts. 8. A naval officer of the highest rank. 9. A biblical word meaning a master. 10. A precious stone carved in relief. 11. Prince of Denmark. F. A. W.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in catch, but not in toss;
My second in vine, but not in moss;
My third is in root, but not in leaf;
My fourth is in rock, but not in reef;
My fifth is in union, but not in strife;
My sixth is in cutlass, but not in knife;
When on fun or frolic the boys are bent.
At my whole you often will find them intent.

PHYLLIS.

DEFECTIVE PROVERB.

REPLACE the stars by the proper letters, and a proverb will be formed.

^ce* *hing* *o* ^eve* ^ear* ^n* *o* ^l* ^in* ^se* ^o* ^he*.

G. F.



AN APRIL GIRL.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

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No. 6.

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AN APRIL GIRL.

THE girl that is born on an April day
Has a right to be merry, lightsome, gay;
And that is the reason I dance and play
And frisk like a mote in a sunny ray,—

Would n't you

Do it, too,

If you had been born on an April day?

The girl that is born on an April day
Has also a right to cry, they say;
And so I sometimes *do* give way
When things get crooked or all astray,—

Would n't you

Do it, too,

If you had been born on an April day?

The girls of March love noise and fray;
And sweet as blossoms are girls of May;
But I belong to the time mid-way,—
And so I rejoice in a sunny spray
Of smiles and tears and hap-a-day,—

Would n't you

Do it, too,

If you had been born on an April day?

Heigho! and hurrah! for an April day,
Its cloud, its sparkle, its skip and stay!
I mean to be happy whenever I may,
And cry when I must; for that's my way.

Would n't you

Do it, too,

If you had been born on an April day?



A LITTLE OLD BACHELOR.

BRIGHAM, THE CAVE-DOG.

BY H. C. HOVEY.

MANY a dog will bravely go through tangled forests, swollen streams, and mountain ravines; but when it comes to following his master down into a dark and silent cave—that is another matter! Never, until recently, have I known one that did not plainly regard it as a very solemn performance.

Jack, the old house-dog, the volunteer escort of visitors to Mammoth Cave, is no exception to this rule. He watches the negro guides trim the lamps and bunch them on canes ready for distribution. When the bell rings, he leads the company among the tall trees to the mouth of the cavern. On he goes, under the bright cascade, and beneath the black ledges, as far as the Iron Gate. He peers a moment between the bars, as if overcome by his awe of the unknown. Then, when the gate is unlocked and all have gone in, his duty is done, and he trots home again, absolutely refusing to go beyond the last glimpse of daylight!

But Jack has a companion in his old age, a common yellow cur, the hero of this true story. William—a wag, as well as a first-rate guide—explained to me the odd name given to the new dog: "We call him *Brigham*—'cause he's *young*, you know!"

This creature is remarkable for but one thing, and that is his fondness for life below ground. He seems at home among the elves and gnomes, and appears to have no fear of darkness. The two dogs trot, side by side, as far as the Iron Gate. But there they part. Jack, as usual, returns to the hotel; but Brigham advances, pushing ahead of the guides, choosing his own path, digressing now and then, yet always returning in safety to the light of the lamps.

Brigham and I became fast friends, during my fortnight's stay at Mammoth Cave, last summer. The gentle dignity with which he sought to aid my

under-ground researches was very amusing. How sedately he examined each of the huge saltpeter vats, three in the Rotunda and eight in the Amphi-

while the guide told the melancholy story of the Consumptive's Cottage. This is a stone building, nearly a mile within the cave, and is one of fifteen huts in which several invalids, tempted by the great purity of the cave atmosphere, and the uniformity of temperature (just fifty-four degrees, Fahrenheit, at all seasons), sought to regain their health—alas! in vain. They every one died, like the shrubs they planted about their abodes.

I suppose Brigham did not understand all this; but probably he was affected by the deserted and desolate appearance of the place, or by the lugubrious tones of the guide.

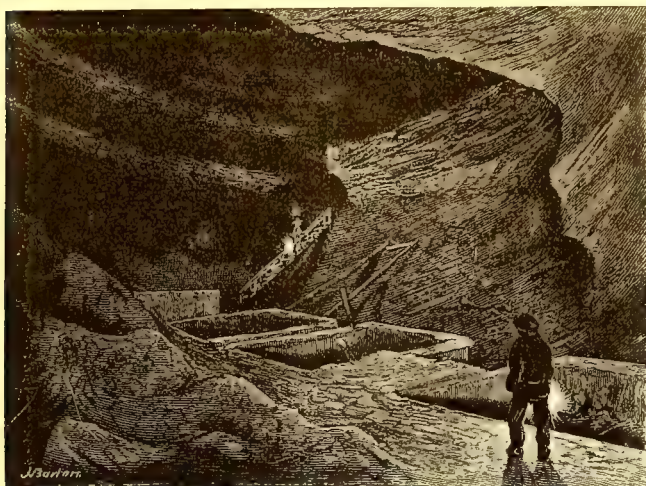
Brigham was a great favorite with the manager of the cave, who particularly warned us not to lose him; for it was feared the dog would be unable to find his way out again. Other curs that had been left behind invariably staid in the place where they had become lost, not daring

theater! It really seemed but an act of common politeness to explain to him that these were historical relics; and that the saltpeter made here was carried by oxen and pack-mules to Philadelphia, to be used in making gunpowder, during the war with Great Britain in 1812.

Each striking object—the grotesque stalactites,

to stir, but yelping and howling till help came.

The dreaded accident happened at last. We went one day on what is called the Long Route, to the end of the cave, said to be nine miles from the entrance; and Brigham went with us. We left the main cave at the Giant's Coffin, by an arched way, leading among some pits, the most famous



THE SALTPETER VATS.



BOATING ALONG "ECHO RIVER." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

the uncouth rocks, the mysterious Star-chamber—commanded the dog's attention as well as our own.

Usually a silent observer, he howled piteously

of which has long been known as the Bottomless Pit. My guide, however, measured it, and found that it was exactly one hundred and five feet deep.

There are six pits in all at this place, two of them lately discovered. We named them Scylla and Charybdis—because, in trying to keep out of one, you are in danger of falling into the other. These



"THE CORKSCREW." [SEE PAGE 430.]

we measured, finding them to be more than two hundred feet deep.

Brigham did not like the pits very well. It was only by much coaxing that we led him across the narrow bridge thrown over the Bottomless Pit. But, indeed, we all were glad to get away from that dangerous place.

Our path next led us down still farther, among great rocks, into such a crooked labyrinth that I think it will puzzle some of my readers to trace it on the map, although this is correctly drawn.

We went through the "Fat Man's Misery," and entered River Hall, where there are several deep lakes. Presently we came to Echo River, about thirty feet deep, from twenty to two hundred feet wide, and three-fourths of a mile long. Getting into a small boat, we paddled our way over the clear, cold water, waking the echoes from the steep, rocky walls, Brigham helping with some lively barking. Presently, we landed on a nice sandy beach at the farther end. Thence we went on, by widening avenues not marked on the map, to the terminus of the Long Route; and then we started back again.

Poor Brigham became very tired, and cared less for the lovely arches of flower-like crystals than for some cozy nook where he might curl down for a nap. At length, after taking lunch with us in Washington Hall, he started in chase of a cave-rat, and probably availed himself of the chance to take his siesta. At all events, he disappeared, and made no answer to our calls.

"Perhaps he has gone ahead to Echo River," said I, "and is waiting for us there."

"Like enough," said William, the guide. "I had n't thought of that."

But no bounding form nor joyful bark welcomed our approach. The echoes answered our calls, until it seemed as if a thousand voices were crying, "Brigham, Brigham!" in every conceivable tone, from the softest whisper to the deepest bass; and our whistling was, in like manner, repeated, until it seemed as if all the spirits of the cave had been let loose for an Æolian concert.

Plainly, the dog was lost. William thought Brigham might track us as far as the river; but that on reaching the water he surely would lose the scent, and would not try to swim across. Lighting a freshly filled lamp, William set it on a ledge, so that in case the dog should come thus far he might not feel too lonely.

Sadly we returned to the hotel, where our announcement of the loss caused a sensation; the ladies especially declaring it "perfectly dreadful to leave the poor thing alone in that horrible cave all night,"—as if it were darker there at midnight than at noon!

Early the next morning, a party of explorers crossed Echo River, and were met by Brigham. The guide reasoned with him, as one might reason with a runaway child, and tenderly took him in his arms aboard the boat.

Alas, the warnings were wasted! For, almost as soon as we had landed, that capricious cave-dog

disappeared again ; and, as before, refused to obey our loudest summons. Compassion was now mixed with indignation, and we left him to his fate.

Nothing was seen of him all that day ; and this

the bars ; and there the dogs stood, wagging their tails, and apparently exchanging the news !

Our curiosity led us to examine Brigham's tracks, to see by what route he had found his way back.

Beginning at the Echo River, we had no difficulty in seeing that he had, step by step, followed our trail ; his only guide, of course, being the sense of smell. Here, his tracks were deeply printed in soft mud, and there, more sharply defined on the mellow banks of nitrous earth, less distinctly along ridges of sand, or over heaps of stone, or up steep stair-ways.

Thus Brigham had followed us, through darkness deeper than that of midnight, along the narrow beach of Lake Lethe,

time, of deliberate choice, he remained a second night under-ground.

And now comes, perhaps, the strangest part of my story. On the following morning, Jack, too, was

across the treacherous natural bridge spanning the River Styx, up to the galleries overhanging the Dead Sea, through the wild confusion of Bandit's Hall, and by many a spot where one misstep



A DINNER-PARTY IN "WASHINGTON HALL."



A WEDDING IN THE "GOTHIC CHAPEL." [SEE PAGE 431.]

missing. The guides had to dispense with their customary canine escort. On arriving, however, at the Iron Gate, three hundred yards within the cave, they found Jack just outside, and Brigham behind

would have sent the poor, lonely creature plunging downward in darkness to inevitable death.

It will be remembered that we had gone *in* past the Giant's Coffin, by the arched way among the

deep pits, and through the mazes leading to River Hall. But we had come *out* by a newly discovered mode of exit, through an intricate set of fissures, known, on account of its winding nature, as "The Corkscrew." We preferred this, because it saved a mile and a half of travel. Our four-footed friend, pursuing the freshest scent, went, of course, up the Corkscrew. The opening is too irregular to be called a pit, or shaft. Yet it winds upward for a distance, vertically, of about one hundred and fifty feet; but fully five hundred feet, as one climbs, creeping through crevices, twisting through "auger-holes," and scaling precipitous rocks scattered in the wildest confusion imaginable. Three ladders have to be mounted in threading this passage. One emerges, at last, on the edge of a cliff

smoothly along to the Iron Gate, a quarter of a mile distant.

Only think of it! Through all this intricate and hazardous pass, where, without a guide, we should

BRIGHAM THE CAVE DOG



"THE BOTTOMLESS PIT." [SEE PAGE 427.]

overlooking the main cave, and down which he clammers to the level floor, where the road runs



have found it difficult to make our way, even with lamps and a map of the cave, that yellow dog had safely gone alone! He offered no explanation of his proceedings, nor told us what motive prompted his independent explorations. But that was his affair, not ours. We honored him as a hero, and obtained for him, from the manager, Mr. Francis Klett, the freedom of the cave for the rest of his life.

The fact should be mentioned, by contrast with this perfect and fearless operation of instinct, that expert cave-hunters find themselves nearly helpless, if left alone far within the cave and destitute of a light. The rule for any one so unfortunately situated is for him to stay where he is, as contentedly as he can, until assistance comes, which is sure to be within a few hours.

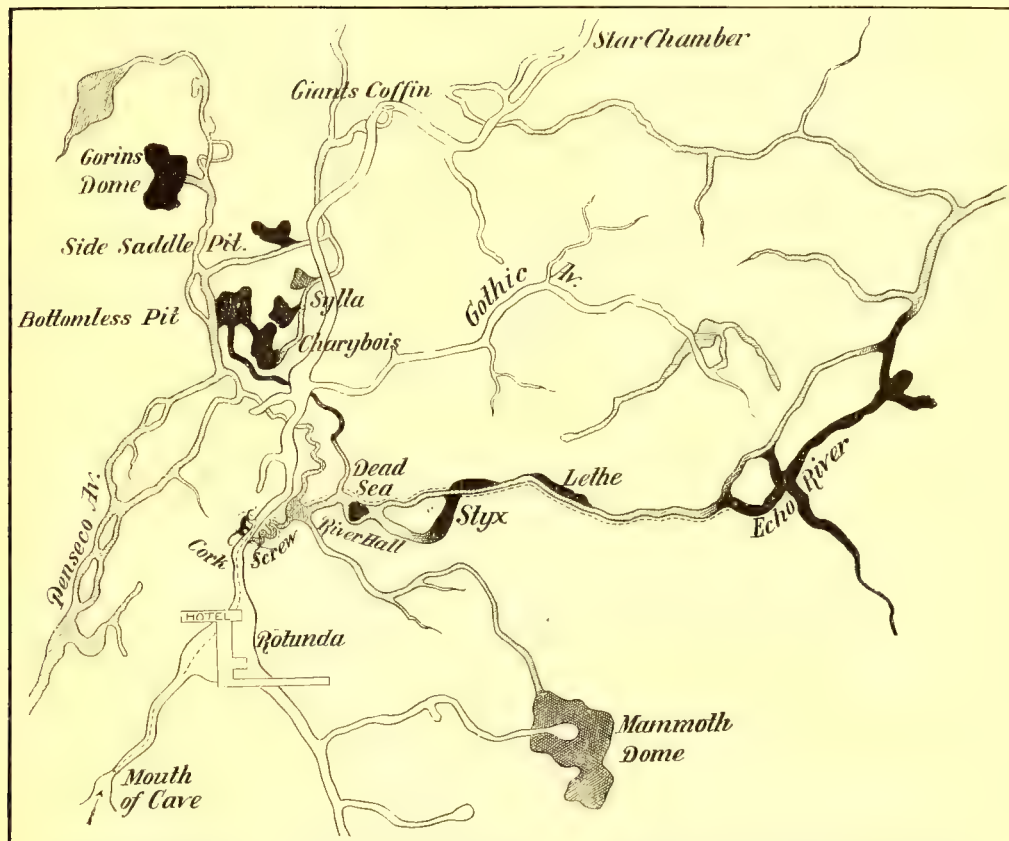
Several tales are told of persons whose reason has been lost under such circumstances; and, although I know of no instance in which life itself has been sacrificed, it can readily be seen that it might be imperiled. The stories one occasionally

reads of novices finding their way out unaided by lights, are to be discredited. An exploit of that nature would tax the resources of the most expert guide. The cases are extremely rare in which it has been done, even by the guides themselves.

One of the most thrilling stories I ever heard was told to me by "Old Matt," a colored man, who has

ter part of valor," and accordingly he hid in a crevice, put his lamp out, and quietly waited for the revelers to pass by. On coming forth from his hiding-place he found that he had no matches, and therefore could not relight his lamp.

The hour was late, and the next day was Sunday. He feared lest a long time might elapse be-



PART OF MAMMOTH CAVE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER.) THE DOTIED LINE SHOWS BRIGHAM'S RETURN PATH.

served as guide for more than forty years, and who is supposed to know every nook and corner of the explored parts of Mammoth Cave.

There had been a marriage in the Gothic Chapel, a grand, rocky chamber far within the cave. A maiden, who had promised her mother "never to marry any man on the face of the earth," had kept the letter of her pledge, and yet, in this underground spot, had wedded the man of her choice.

After the wedding there was wine, and then some of the young men took a ramble through the cave. Old Matt was at work in the vicinity of the great pits, when he heard them coming with song and with shout. Those were Ku-Klux times, and the ex-slave thought that "discretion was the bet-

fore help should come, and therefore determined to make his way out in the dark. Feeling cautiously along with his staff, he went safely until it suddenly dropped into a pit of unknown depth. Brave as Matt is known to be, he fell in a swoon, and lay, no one knows how long, on the very edge of that horrible chasm. On coming to, he collected his wits as well as he could, and felt with his hands for the path. He presently found it and proceeded on his perilous journey, making his way finally to the surface.

Old Matt told me this story himself, as he and Brigham and I sat side by side on the brink of the abyss where the faithful guide so narrowly escaped finding a tomb. And, as I listened, I was glad that the lamps were burning brightly.

THE following tribute to a very accomplished dog forms a fitting postscript to the account of Brigham's remarkable journey. The pictures of Schneider here given are authentic portraits of him as he appears when "performing" at his master's bidding.



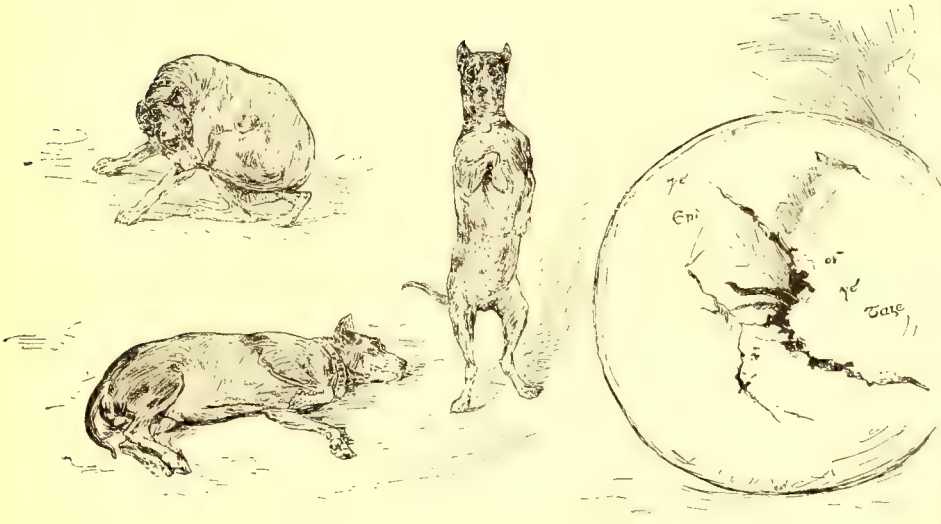
BY W. A. BIRCH.

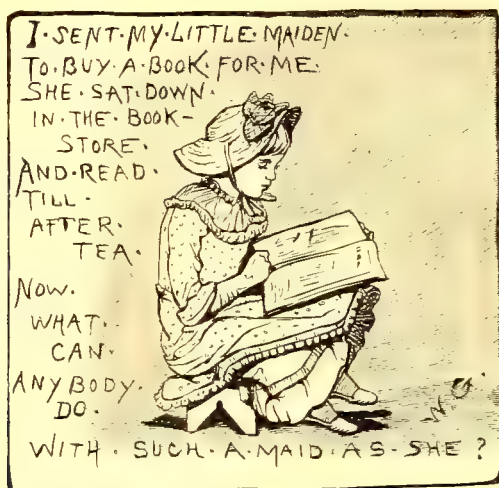
OUR Schneider is—like Schneider famed in Rip Van Winkle's trip—
A dog,—though not so sad a one as either he or Rip.
When young he was a merry pup, and bright, as you shall see;
He learned his lessons cheerfully, and took a high degree.
Now, since he 's passed his schooling days and come to dog's estate,
Some few of many things he does I 'll truthfully relate.

He 'll walk a plank two inches wide, without a balance-pole—
Which shows his head is firmly set and level, on the whole.
He 'll pick a pocket deftly, and catch sugar off his nose;
Leap burning hoops, a hand-spring turn, and dance on his hind toes.
He 'll fetch and carry,—take a note and knock against the door
Till some one comes, then give the note—not drop it on the floor.
He 'll stop a car, he 'll pay the fare, and—though 't is passing strange,
'T is really true—he 'll wait until Conductor gives the change.
He 'll play at base-ball famously,—I 've nothing seen to match it,—
For if you throw and cry "foul ball," he 's almost sure to catch it.
At meetings he will take the chair! With dignity unshaken,
In this position, once, he sat to have his "photo" taken.
In manners, too, he 's been well drilled; to Chinese he 'll "chin-chin,"
By jerking both his paws at once, while John will stand and grin.
To white men he will make a bow in quite another way:
He 'll raise one paw beside his head, and so salute good-day.
His hand-embrace is as polite as any in the land;
He 'll give a gentleman's a shake, but kiss a lady's hand.
He 'll smoke a pipe, if smoke he must,—but never likes to smoke.
He deems a passing tread on toes beyond a passing joke;
But let a jester purposely claim place where Schneider is,
And if a toe gets badly pinched—I know it is n't *his*.

He never seeks a quarrel, nor makes war for grievance slim;
 He scorns to hurt a little dog, that snarls or snaps at him;
 But if a dog, however big, should force him to a fight,
 Then, plucky, brave, and gallant, he goes in with all his might.
 And often, too, much stronger dogs are beaten by his grit;
 For though he 's last to enter in, he 's always last to quit.
 That he 's an economic dog, is proven by this feat:
 He 'll take his tail between his teeth, and so make both ends meet.
 If one shouts "Dead!" he straightway falls, as if he had been shot,
 Nor whistling, calling by his name, will make him move a jot;
 Though tossed around, he lies as if he 'd left this world of pain,—
 But whisper "Pound-man!" in his ear, and he 's all life again!
 And scores of other tricks he 'll do, too many here to name,—
 The half of which, done half as well, would give his brothers fame.
 Once, though, he surely came to grief—in crossing o'er the plains,
 From San Francisco to New York. (He might have lost his brains.)
 For when the train was at full speed, he took 't into his head
 To jump the window, which he did, and straight for home he sped.
 But Schneider was beloved on board,—the passengers cried out;
 The cord was pulled, Conductor came, and then was such a rout!
 The whistle blew, the brakes went down, the driver, rough and grim,
 With kindly heart, reversed the wheels—*the train put back for him!*
 The good conductor, Robert N., soon spied him on the track,
 And in his arms, 'neath broiling sun, he brought the truant back.
 The driver put on extra steam, to bring to time his train;
 A whistle—puff—three hearty cheers, and all went right again!

But Schneider now is getting gray, his eyes are growing dim;
 Old Time wont spare our clever pet because we dote on him.
 And when he goes, for well we know all things must have an end,
 The tear we then let fall might flow for some less worthy friend!
 And when we say the last good-bye, and lay him to his rest,
 We 'll leave this moral over him—"He did his level best!"



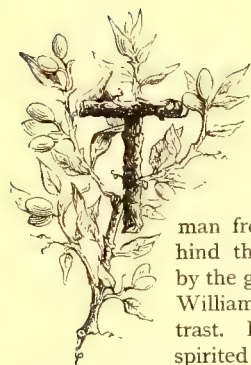


THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW TEACHER.



THE new teacher who was employed to take the Greenbank school in the autumn was a young man from college. Standing behind the desk hitherto occupied by the grim-faced Mr. Ball, young Williams looked very mild by contrast. He was evidently a gentle-spirited man as compared with the old master, and King Pewee and his crowd were gratified in noting this fact. They could have their own way with such a master as that! When he called the school to order, there remained a bustle of curiosity and mutual recognition among the children. Riley and Pewee kept up a little noise by way of defiance. They had heard that the new master did not intend to whip. Now he stood quietly behind his desk, and waited a few moments in silence for the whispering group to be

still. Then he slowly raised and leveled his finger at Riley and Pewee, but still said nothing. There was something so firm and quiet about his motion—something that said, “I will wait all day, but you must be still”—that the boys could not resist it.

By the time they were quiet, two of the girls had got into a titter over something, and the forefinger was aimed at them. The silent man made the pupils understand that he was not to be trifled with.

When at length there was quiet, he made every one lay down book or slate and face around toward him. Then with his pointing finger, or with a little slap of his hands together, or with a word or two at most, he got the school still again.

“I hope we shall be friends,” he said, in a voice full of kindness. “All I want is to ——”

But at this point Riley picked up his slate and book, and turned away. The master snapped his fingers, but Riley affected not to hear him.

“That young man will put down his slate.” The master spoke in a low tone, as one who expected to be obeyed, and the slate was reluctantly put upon the desk.

"When I am talking to you, I want you to hear," he went on, very quietly. "I am hired and paid to teach you. One of the things I have to teach you is good manners. You," pointing to Riley, "are old enough to know better than to take your slate when your teacher is speaking, but perhaps you have never been taught what are good manners. I'll excuse you this time. Now, you all see those switches hanging here behind me. I did not put them there. I do not say that I shall not use them. Some boys have to be whipped, I suppose,—like mules,—and when I have tried, I may find that I can not get on without the switches, but I hope not to have to use them."

Here Riley, encouraged by the master's mildness and irritated by the rebuke he had received, began to make figures on his slate.

"Bring me that slate," said the teacher.

Riley was happy that he had succeeded in starting a row. He took his slate and his arithmetic, and shuffled up to the master in a half-indolent, half-insolent way.

"Why do you take up your work when I tell you not to?" asked the new teacher.

"Because I did n't want to waste all my morning. I wanted to do my sums."

"You are a remarkably industrious youth, I take it." The young master looked Riley over, as he said this, from head to foot. The whole school smiled, for there was no lazier boy than this same Riley. "I suppose," the teacher continued, "that you are the best scholar in school—the bright and shining light of Greenbank."

Here there was a general titter at Riley.

"I can not have you sit away down at the other end of the school-room and hide your excellent example from the rest. Stand right up here by me and cipher, that all the school may see how industrious you are."

Riley grew very red in the face and began to cipher, holding his book in his hand.

"Now," said the new teacher, "I have but just one rule for this school, and I will write it on the blackboard that all may see it."

He took chalk and wrote:

DO RIGHT.

"That is all. Let us go to our lessons."

For the first two hours that Riley stood on the floor he pretended to enjoy it. But when recess came and went and Mr. Williams did not send him to his seat, he began to shift from one foot to the other and from his heels to his toes, and to change his slate from the right hand to the left. His class was called, and after recitation he was sent back to his place. He stood it as best he

could until the noon recess, but when, at the beginning of the afternoon session, Mr. Williams again called up his "excellent scholar" and set him up, Riley broke down and said:

"I think you might let me go now."

"Are you tired?" asked the cruel Mr. Williams.

"Yes, I am," and Riley hung his head, while the rest smiled.

"And are you ready to do what the good order of the school requires?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you can go."

The chopfallen Riley went back to his seat, convinced that it would not do to rebel against the new teacher, even if he did not use the beech switches.

But Mr. Williams was also quick to detect the willing scholar. He gave Jack extra help on his Latin after school was out, and Jack grew very proud of the teacher's affection for him.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHASING THE FOX.



ALL the boys in the river towns thirty years ago—and therefore the boys in Greenbank, also—took a great interest in the steam-boats which plied up and down the Ohio. Each had his favorite boat, and boasted of her speed and excellence. Every one of them envied those happy fellows whose lot it was to "run on the river" as cabin-boys. Boats were a common topic of conversation—their build, their engines, their speed, their officers, their mishaps, and all the incidents of their history.

So it was that from the love of steam-boats, which burned so brightly in the bosom of the boy who lived on the banks of that great and lovely river, there grew up the peculiar game of "boats' names." I think the game was started at Louisville or New Albany, where the falls interrupt navigation, and where many boats of the upper and lower rivers are assembled.

One day, as the warm air of Indian summer in this mild climate made itself felt by the evergreen "blue-grass," the boys assembled, after the snack at the noon recess, to play boats' names.

Through Jack's influence, Columbus, who did not like to play with the A B C boys, was allowed to take the handkerchief and give out the first name. All the rest stood up in a row like a

spelling-class, while little Columbus, standing in front of them, held a knotted handkerchief with which to scourge them when the name should be guessed. The arm which held the handkerchief was so puny that the boys laughed to see the feeble lad stand there in a threatening attitude.

"I say, Lum, don't hit too hard, now; my back is tender," said Bob Holliday.

"Give us an easy one to guess," said Riley, coaxingly.

Columbus, having come from the back country, did not know the names of half a dozen boats, and what he knew about were those which touched daily at the wharf of Greenbank.

"F——n," he said.

"Fashion," cried all the boys at once, breaking into unrestrained mirth at the simplicity that gave them the name of Captain Glenn's little Cincinnati and Port William packet, which landed daily at the village wharf. Columbus now made a dash at the boys, who were obliged to run to the school-house and back whenever a name was guessed, suffering a beating all the way from the handkerchief of the one who had given out the name, though, indeed, the punishment Lum was able to give was very slight. It was doubtful who had guessed first, since the whole party had cried "Fashion" almost together, but it was settled at last in favor of Harry Weathervane, who was sure to give out hard names, since he had been to Cincinnati recently, and had gone along the levee reading the names of those boats that did business above that city, and so were quite unknown, unless by report, to the boys of Greenbank.

"A——A——s," were the three letters which Harry gave, and Ben Berry guessed "Archibald Ananias," and Tom Holcroft said it was "Amanda Amos," and at last all gave it up; whereupon Harry told them it was "Alvin Adams," and proceeded to give out another.

"C——A——P——x," he said next time.

"Caps," said Riley, mistaking the x for an s; and then Bob Holliday suggested "Hats and Caps," and Jack wanted to have it "Boots and Shoes." But Johnny Meline remembered that he had read of such a name for a ship in his Sunday-school lesson of the previous Sunday, and he guessed that a steam-boat might bear that name.

"I know," said Johnny, "it's Castor ——"

"Oil," suggested Jack.

"No—Castor and P, x,—Pollux—Castor and Pollux—it's a Bible name."

"You're not giving us the name of Noah's ark, are you?" asked Bob.

"I say, boys, that is n't fair a bit," growled Pewee, in all earnestness. "I don't hardly believe that Bible ship's a-going now." Things were

mixed in Pewee's mind, but he had a vague notion that Bible times were as much as fifty years ago. While he stood doubting, Harry began to whip him with the handkerchief, saying, "I saw her at Cincinnati, last week. She runs to Maysville and Parkersburg, you goose."

After many names had been guessed, and each guesser had taken his turn, Ben Berry had to give out. He had just heard the name of a "lower country" boat, and was sure that it would not be guessed.

"C——p——r," he said.

"Oh, I know," said Jack, who had been studying the steam-boat column of an old Louisville paper that very morning, "it's the—the——" and he put his hands over his ears, closed his eyes, and danced around, trying to remember, while all the rest stood and laughed at his antics. "Now I've got it,—the 'Cornplanter'!"

And Ben Berry whipped the boys across the road and back, after which Jack took the handkerchief.

"Oh, say, boys, this is a poor game; let's play fox," Bob suggested. "Jack's got the handkerchief, let him be the first fox."

So Jack took a hundred yards' start, and all the boys set out after him. The fox led the hounds across the commons, over the bars, past the "brick pond," as it was called, up the lane into Moro's pasture, along the hill-side to the west across Dater's fence into Betts's pasture; thence over into the large woods pasture of the Glade farm. In every successive field some of the hounds had run off to the flank, and by this means every attempt of Jack's to turn toward the river, and thus fetch a circuit for home, had been foiled. They had cut him off from turning through Moro's orchard or Betts's vineyard, and so there was nothing for the fleet-footed fox but to keep steadily to the west and give his pursuers no chance to make a cut-off on him. But every now and then he made a feint of turning, which threw the others out of a straight track. Once in the woods pasture, Jack found himself out of breath, having run steadily for a rough mile and a half, part of it up-hill. He was yet forty yards ahead of Bob Holliday and Riley, who led the hounds. Dashing into a narrow path through the underbrush, Jack ran into a little clump of bushes and hid behind a large black-walnut log.

Riley and Holliday came within six feet of him, some of the others passed to the south of him and some to the north, but all failed to discover his lurking-place. Soon Jack could hear them beating about the bushes beyond him.

This was his time. Having recovered his wind, he crept out southward until he came to the foot

of the hill, and entered Glade's lane, heading straight for the river across the wide plain. Pewee, who had perched himself on a fence to rest, caught sight of Jack first, and soon the whole pack were in full cry after him, down the long, narrow elder-bordered lane. Bob Holliday and Riley, the fleetest of foot, climbed over the high stake-and-rider fence into Betts's corn-field, and cut off a diagonal to prevent Jack's getting back toward the school-house. Seeing this movement, Jack, who already had made an extraordinary run, crossed the fence himself, and tried to make a cut-off in spite of them; but Riley already had got in ahead of him, and Jack, seeing the boys close behind and before him, turned north again toward the hill, got back into the lane, which was now deserted, and climbed into Glade's meadow on the west side of the lane. He now had a chance to fetch a sweep around toward the river again, though the whole troop of boys were between him and the school-house. Fairly headed off on the east, he made a straight run south for the river shore, striking into a deep gully, from which he came out panting upon the beach, where he had just time to hide himself in a hollow sycamore, hoping that the boys would get to the westward and give him a chance to run up the river shore for the school-house.

But one can not play the same trick twice. Some of the boys stationed themselves so as to intercept Jack's retreat toward the school-house, while the rest searched for him, beating up and down the gully, and up and down the beach, until they neared the hollow sycamore. Jack made a sharp dash to get through them, but was headed off and caught by Pewee. Just as Jack was caught, and Pewee was about to start homeward as fox, the boys caught sight of two steam-boats racing down the river. The whole party was soon perched on a fallen sycamore, watching first the "Swiftsure" and then the "Ben Franklin," while the black smoke poured from their chimneys. So fascinated were they with this exciting contest that they staid half an hour waiting to see which should beat. At length, as the boats passed out of sight, with the "Swiftsure" leading her competitor, it suddenly occurred to Jack that it must be later than the school-hour. The boys looked aghast at one another a moment on hearing him mention this: then they glanced at the sun, already declining in the sky, and set out for school, trotting swiftly in spite of their fatigue.

What would the master say? Pewee said he did n't care,—it was n't Old Ball, and they would n't get a whipping, anyway. But Jack thought that it was too bad to lose the confidence of Mr. Williams.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.



SUCCESSFUL hounds, having caught their fox, ought to have come home in triumph; but, instead of that, they came more like dogs that had been killing sheep, their heads hanging down in a guilty and self-betraying way.

Jack walked into the school-house first. It was an hour and a half past the time for the beginning of school. He tried to look unconcerned as he went to his seat. There stood the teacher, with his face very calm but very pale, and Jack felt his heart sink.

One by one the laggards filed into the school-room, while the awe-stricken girls on the opposite benches, and the little A B C boys, watched the guilty sinners take their places, prepared to meet their fate.

Riley came in with a half-insolent smile on his face, as if to say: "I don't care." Pewee was sullen and bull-doggish. Ben Berry looked the sneaking fellow he was, and Harry Weathervane tried to remember that his father was a school-trustee. Bob Holliday could n't help laughing in a foolish way. Columbus had fallen out of the race before he got to the "brick-pond," and so had returned in time to be punctual when school resumed its session.

During all the time that the boys, heated with their exercise and blushing with shame, were filing in, Mr. Williams stood with set face and regarded them. He was very much excited, and so I suppose did not dare to reprove them just then. He called the classes and heard them in rapid succession, until it was time for the spelling-class, which comprised all but the very youngest pupils. On this day, instead of calling the spelling-class, he said, evidently with a great effort to control himself: "The girls will keep their seats. The boys will take their places in the spelling-class."

Riley's lower jaw fell—he was sure that the master meant to flog them all. He was glad he was not at the head of the class. Ben Berry could hardly drag his feet to his place, and poor Jack was filled with confusion. When the boys were all in place, the master walked up and down the line and scrutinized them, while Riley cast furtive glances at the dusty old beech switches on the wall, wondering which one the master would use, and Pewee was trying to guess whether Mr. Williams's arm was strong, and whether he "would make a fellow take off his coat" or not.

"Columbus," said the teacher, "you can take your seat."

Riley shook in his shoes, thinking that this certainly meant a whipping. He began to frame excuses in his mind, by which to try to lighten his punishment.

But the master did not take down his switches. He only talked. But such a talk! He told the boys how worthless a man was who could not be trusted, and how he had hoped for a school full of boys that could be relied on. He thought there were some boys, at least—and this remark struck Jack to the heart—that there were some boys in the school who would rather be treated as gentlemen than beaten with ox-gads. But he was now disappointed. All of them seemed equally willing to take advantage of his desire to avoid whipping them; and all of them had shown themselves *unfit to be trusted*.

Here he paused long enough to let the full weight of his censure enter their minds. Then he began on a new tack. He had hoped that he might have their friendship. He had thought that they cared a little for his good opinion. But now they had betrayed him. All the town was looking to see whether he would succeed in conducting his school without whipping. A good many would be glad to see him fail. To-day they would be saying all over Greenbank that the new teacher could n't manage his school. Then he told the boys that while they were sitting on the trunk of the fallen sycamore looking at the steam-boat race, one of the trustees, Mr. Weathervane, had driven past and had seen them there. He had stopped to complain to the master. "Now," said the master, "I have found how little you care for me."

This was very sharp talk, and it made the boys angry. Particularly did Jack resent any intimation that he was not to be trusted. But the new master was excited and naturally spoke severely. Nor did he give the boys a chance to explain at that time.

"You have been out of school," he said, "one hour and thirty-one minutes. That is about equal to six fifteen-minute recesses—to the morning and afternoon recesses for three days. I shall have to keep you in at those six recesses to make up the time, and in addition, as a punishment, I shall keep you in school half an hour after the usual time of dismissal, for three days."

Here Jack made a motion to speak.

"No," said the master, "I will not hear a word, now. Go home and think it over. To-morrow I mean to ask each one of you to explain his conduct."

With this, he dismissed the school, and the boys went out as angry as a hive of bees that have been

disturbed. Each one made his speech. Jack thought it "mean that the master should say they were not fit to be trusted. He would n't have staid out if he'd known it was school-time."

Bob Holliday said "the young master was a blisterer," and then he laughed good-naturedly.

Harry Weathervane was angry, and so were all the rest. At length it was agreed that they did n't want to be cross-questioned about it, and that it was better that somebody should write something that should give Mr. Williams a piece of their mind, and show him how hard he was on boys that did n't mean any harm, but only forgot themselves. And Jack was selected to do the writing.

Jack made up his mind that the paper he would write should be "a scorcher."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN APOLOGY.



OF COURSE, there was a great deal of talk in the village. The I-told-you-so people were quite delighted. Old Mother Horne "always knew that boys could n't be managed without switching. Did n't the Bible or somebody say: 'Just as the twig is bent the boy's inclined'? And if you don't bend your twig, what'll become of your boy?"

The loafers and loungers and gad-about and gossips talked a great deal about the failure of the new plan. They were sure that Mr. Ball would be back in that school-house before the term was out, unless Williams should whip a good deal more than he promised to. The boys would just drive him out.

Jack told his mother, with a grieved face, how harsh the new master had been, and how he had even said they were *not fit to be trusted*.

"That's a very harsh word," said Mrs. Dudley, "but let us make some allowances. Mr. Williams is on trial before the town, and he finds himself nearly ruined by the thoughtlessness of the boys. He had to wait an hour and a half with half of the school gone. Think how much he must have suffered in that time. And then, to have to take a rebuke from Mr. Weathervane besides, must have stung him to the quick."

"Yes, that's so," said Jack, "but then he had no business to take it for granted that we did it on purpose."

And Jack went about his chores, trying to think of some way of writing to the master an address which should be severe, but not too severe. He

planned many things but gave them up. He lay awake in the night thinking about it, and, at last, when he had cooled off, he came to the conclusion that, as the boys had been the first offenders, they should take the first step toward a reconciliation. But whether he could persuade the angry boys to see it in that light, he did not know.

When morning came, he wrote a very short paper, somewhat in this fashion :

"MR. WILLIAMS.

"*Dear Sir:* We are very sorry for what we did yesterday, and for the trouble we have given you. We are willing to take the punishment, for we think we deserve it; but we hope you will not think that we did it on purpose, for we did not, and we don't like to have you think so.

"Respectfully submitted "

Jack carried this in the first place to his faithful friend Bob Holliday, who read it.

"Oh, you 've come down, have you?" said Bob.

"I thought we ought to," said Jack. "We *did* give him a great deal of trouble, and if it had been Mr. Ball, he would have whipped us half to death."

"We should n't have forgot and gone away at that time if Old Ball had been the master," said Bob.

"That 's just it," said Jack; "that 's the very reason why we ought to apologize."

"All right," said Bob, "I'll sign her," and he wrote "Robert M. Holliday" in big letters at the top of the column intended for the names. Jack put his name under Bob's.

But when they got to the school-house it was not so easy to persuade the rest. At length, however, Johnny Meline signed it, and then Harry Weathervane, and then the rest, one after another, with some grumbling, wrote their names. All subscribed to it excepting Pewee and Ben Berry and Riley. They declared they never would sign it. They did n't want to be kept in at recess and after school like convicts. They did n't deserve it.

"Jack was a soft-headed fool," Riley said, "to draw up such a thing as that. I'm not afraid of the master. I'm not going to knuckle down to him, either."

Of course, Pewee, as a faithful echo, said just what Riley said, and Ben Berry said what Riley and Pewee said; so that the three were quite unanimous.

"Well," said Jack, "then we 'll have to hand in our petition without the signatures of the triplets."

"Don't you call me a triplet," said Pewee; "I've got as much sense as any of you. You're a soft-headed triplet yourself!"

Even Riley had to join in the laugh that followed this blundering sally of Pewee.

When the master came in, he seemed very much

troubled. He had heard what had been said about the affair in the town. The address which Jack had written was lying on his desk. He took it up and read it, and immediately a look of pleasure and relief took the place of the worried look he had brought to school with him.

"Boys," he said, "I have received your petition, and I shall answer it by and by."

The hour for recess came and passed. The girls and the very little boys were allowed their recess, but nothing was said to the larger boys about their going out. Pewee and Riley were defiant.

At length, when the school was about to break up for noon, the master put his pen, ink, and other little articles in the desk, and the school grew hushed with expectancy.

"This apology," said Mr. Williams, "which I see is in John Dudley's handwriting, and which bears the signature of all but three of those who were guilty of the offense yesterday, is a very manly apology, and quite increases my respect for those who have signed it. I have suffered much from your carelessness of yesterday, but this apology, showing, as it does, the manliness of my boys, has given me more pleasure than the offense gave me pain. I ought to make an apology to you. I blamed you too severely yesterday in accusing you of running away intentionally. I take all that back."

Here he paused a moment, and looked over the petition carefully.

"William Riley, I don't see your name here. Why is that?"

"Because I did n't put it there."

Pewee and Ben Berry both laughed at this wit.

"Why did n't you put it there?"

"Because I did n't want to."

"Have you any explanation to give of your conduct yesterday?"

"No, sir; only that I think it 's mean to keep us in because we forgot ourselves."

"Peter Rose, have you anything to say?"

"Just the same as Will Riley said."

"And you, Benjamin?"

"Oh, I don't care much," said Ben Berry. "Jack was fox, and I ran after him, and if he had n't run all over creation and part of Columbia, I should n't have been late. It is n't any fault of mine. I think Jack ought to do the staying in."

"You are about as old a boy as Jack," said the master. "I suppose Jack might say that if you and the others had n't chased him, he would n't have run 'all over creation,' as you put it. You and the rest were all guilty of a piece of gross thoughtlessness. All excepting you three have apologized in the most manly way. I therefore remove the punishment from all the

others entirely hereafter, deeming that the loss of this morning's recess is punishment enough for boys who can be so manly in their acknowledgments. Peter Rose, William Riley, and Benjamin Berry will remain in school at both recesses and for a half-hour after school every day for three days—not only for having forgotten their duty, but for having refused to make acknowledgment or apology."

Going home that evening, half an hour after all the others had been dismissed, the triplets put all their griefs together, and resolved to be avenged on Mr. Williams at the first convenient opportunity.

CHAPTER XXV.

KING'S BASE AND A SPELLING-LESSON.



AS THE three who usually gave the most trouble on the playground, as well as in school, were now in detention at every recess, the boys enjoyed greatly their play during these three days.

It was at this time that they began to play that favorite game of Greenbank, which seems to be unknown almost everywhere else. It is called "king's base," and is full of all manner of complex happenings, sudden surprises, and amusing results.

Each of the boys selected a base or goal. A row of sidewalk trees were favorite bases. There were just as many bases as boys. Some boy would venture out from his base. Then another would pursue him; a third would chase the two, and so it would go, the one who left his base latest having the right to catch.

Just as Johnny Meline was about to lay hold on Jack, Sam Crashaw, having just left *his* base, gave chase to Johnny, and just as Sam thought he had a good chance to catch Johnny, up came Jack, fresh from having touched his base, and nabbed Sam. When one has caught another, he has a right to return to his base with his prisoner, unmolested. The prisoner now becomes an active champion of the new base, and so the game goes on until all the bases are broken up but one. Very often the last boy on a base succeeds in breaking up a strong one, and, indeed, there is no end to the curious results attained in the play.

Jack had never got on in his studies as at this time. Mr. Williams took every opportunity to show his liking for his young friend, and Jack's quickened ambition soon put him at the head of

his classes. It was a rule that the one who stood at the head of the great spelling-class on Friday evenings should go to the foot on Monday, and so work his way up again. There was a great strife between Sarah Weathervane and Jack to see which should go to the foot the oftenest during the term, and so win a little prize that Mr. Williams had offered to the best speller in the school. As neither of them ever missed a word in the lesson, they held the head each alternate Friday evening. In this way the contest bade fair to be a tie. But Sarah meant to win the prize by fair means or foul.

One Friday morning before school-time, the boys and girls were talking about the relative merits of the two spellers, Joanna maintaining that Sarah was the better, and others that Jack could spell better than Sarah.

"Oh!" said Sarah Weathervane, "Jack is the best speller in school. I study till my head aches to get my lesson, but it is all the same to Jack whether he studies or not. He has a natural gift for spelling, and he spends nearly all his time on arithmetic and Latin."

This speech pleased Jack very much. He had stood at the head of the class all the week, and spelling did seem to him the easiest thing in the world. That afternoon he hardly looked at his lesson. It was so nice to think he could beat Sarah Weathervane with his left hand, so to speak.

When the great spelling-class was called, he spelled the words given to him, as usual, and Sarah saw no chance to get the coveted opportunity to stand at the head, go down, and spell her way up again. But the very last word given to Jack was *sacrilège*, and, not having studied the lesson, he spelled it with *e* in the second syllable and *i* in the last. Sarah gave the letters correctly, and when Jack saw the smile of triumph on her face, he guessed why she had flattered him that morning. Hereafter he would not depend on his natural genius for spelling. A natural genius for working is the best gift for man or boy—and for woman or girl, too, for that matter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNCLAIMED TOP-STRINGS.

WITH a sinking heart, Jack often called to mind that this was his last term at school. The little money that his father had left was not enough to warrant his continuing; he must now do something for his own support. He resolved, therefore, to make the most of his time under Mr. Williams.

When Pewee, Riley, and Ben Berry got through with their punishment, they sought some way of revenging themselves on the master for punishing them, and on Jack for doing better than they had

done, and thus escaping punishment. It was a sore thing with them that Jack had led all the school his way, so that, instead of the whole herd following King Pewee and Prime Minister Riley into rebellion, they now "knuckled down to the master," as Riley called it, under the lead of Jack, and they even dared to laugh slyly at the inseparable "triplets."

The first aim of Pewee and company was to get the better of the master. They boasted to Jack and Bob that they would fix Mr. Williams some time, and gave out to the other boys that they

teacher, thought that it would be fun to watch the conspirators and defeat them. So, when they saw Mr. Williams going to Dr. Lanham's, they stationed themselves in the dark alley on the side of the street opposite to Riley's and took observations. Mr. Williams had a habit of leaving Dr. Lanham's at exactly nine o'clock, and so, just before nine, the three came out of Riley's yard, and proceeded in the darkness to the fence of Lanham's door-yard.

Getting the trunk of one of the large shade-trees between him and the plotters, Jack crept up



BOB HOLLIDAY CARRIES HOME HIS FRIEND.

knew where the master spent his evenings, and they knew how to fix him.

When Jack heard of this, he understood it. The teacher had a habit of spending an evening, now and then, at Dr. Lanham's, and the boys no doubt intended to play a prank on him in going or coming. There being now no moonlight, the village streets were very dark, and there was every opportunity for a trick. Riley's father's house stood next on the street to Dr. Lanham's; the lots were divided by an alley. This gave the triplets a good chance to carry out their designs.

But Bob Holliday and Jack, good friends to the

close enough to guess what they were doing and to overhear their conversation. Then he came back to Bob.

"They are tying a string across the sidewalk on Lanham's side of the alley, I believe," whispered Jack, "so as to throw Mr. Williams head foremost into that mud-hole at the mouth of the alley."

By this time, the three boys had finished their arrangements and retreated through the gate into the porch of the Riley house, whence they might keep a lookout for the catastrophe.

"I'm going to cut that string where it goes around the tree," said Bob, and he crouched low

on the ground, got the trunk of the tree, between him and the Riley house, and crept slowly across the street.

"I'll capture the string," said Jack, walking off to the next cross-street, then running around the block until he came to the back gate of Lanham's yard, which he entered, running up the walk to the back door. His knock was answered by Mrs. Lanham.

"Why, Jack, what's the matter?" she asked, seeing him at the kitchen door, breathless.

"I want to see Susan, please," he said, "and tell Mr. Williams not to go yet a minute."

"Here's a mystery," said Mrs. Lanham, returning to the sitting-room, where the teacher was just rising to say good-night. "Here's Jack Dudley, at the back door, out of breath, asking for Susan, and wishing Mr. Williams not to leave the house yet."

Susan ran to the back door.

"Susan," said Jack, "the triplets have tied a string from the corner of your fence to the locust-tree, and they're watching from Riley's porch to see Mr. Williams fall into the mud-hole. Bob is cutting the string at the tree, and I want you to go down along the fence and untie it and bring it in. They will not suspect you if they see you."

"I don't care if they do," said Susan, and she glided out to the cross-fence which ran along the alley, followed it to the front, and untied the string, fetching it back with her. When she got back to the kitchen door she heard Jack closing the alley gate. He had run off to join Bob, leaving the string in Susan's hands.

Dr. Lanham and the master had a good laugh over the captured string, which was made of Pewee's and Riley's top-strings, tied together.

The triplets did not see Susan go to the fence. They were too intent on what was to happen to Mr. Williams. When, at length, he came along safely through the darkness, they were bewildered.

"You did n't tie that string well in the middle," growled Pewee at Riley.

"Yes, I did," said Riley. "He must have stepped over."

"Step over a string a foot high, when he did n't know it was there?" said Pewee.

"Let's go and get the string," said Ben Berry.

So out of the gate they sallied, and quickly reached the place where the string ought to have been.

"I can't find this end," whispered Pewee by the fence.

"The string's gone!" broke out Riley, after feeling up and down the tree for some half a minute.

What could have become of it? They had

been so near the sidewalk all the time that no one could have passed without their seeing him.

The next day, at noon-time, when Susan Lanham brought out her lunch, it was tied with Pewee's new top-string,—the best one in the school.

"That's a very nice string," said Susan.

"It's just like Pewee's top-string," cried Harry Weathervane.

"Is it yours, Pewee?" said Susan, in her sweetest tones.

"No," said the king, with his head down; "mine's at home."

"I found this one, last night," said Susan.

And all the school knew that she was tormenting Pewee, although they could not guess how she had got his top-string. After a while, she made a dive into her pocket, and brought out another string.

"Oh," cried Johnny Meline; "where did you get that?"

"I found it."

"That's Will Riley's top-string," said Johnny. "It was mine. He cheated me out of it by trading an old top that would n't spin."

"That's the way you get your top-strings, is it, Will? Is this yours?" asked the tormenting Susan.

"No, it is n't."

"Of course it is n't yours. You don't tie top-strings across the sidewalk at night. You're a gentleman, you are! Come, Johnny, this string does n't belong to anybody; I'll trade with you for that old top that Will gave you for a good string. I want something to remember honest Will Riley by."

Johnny gladly pocketed the string, and Susan carried off the shabby top, to the great amusement of the school, who now began to understand how she had come by the two top-strings.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL, AND THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE STORY.

It was the last day of the spring term of school. With Jack this meant the end of his opportunity for going to school. What he should learn hereafter he must learn by himself. The money was nearly out, and he must go to work.

The last day of school meant also the expiration of the master's authority. Whatever evil was done after school-hours on the last day was none of his business. All who had grudges carried them forward to that day, for thus they could revenge themselves without being called to account by the

master the next day. The last day of school had no to-morrow to be afraid of. Hence, Pewee and his friends purposed to square accounts on the last day of school with Jack Dudley, whom they hated for being the best scholar, and for having outwitted them more than once.

It was on the first day of June that the school ended, and Mr. Williams bade his pupils good-bye. The warm sun had by this time brought the waters of the Ohio to a temperature that made bathing pleasant, and when the school closed, all the boys, delighted with liberty, rushed to the river for a good swim together. In that genial climate one can remain in the water for hours at a time, and boys become swimmers at an early age.

Just below the village a raft was moored, and from this the youthful swimmers were soon diving into the deep water like frogs. Every boy who could perform any feat of agility displayed it. One would turn a somersault in the water, and then dive from one side of the raft to another, one could float, and another swim on his back, while a third was learning to tread water. Some were fond of diving toes downward, others took headers. The "little fellows" who could not swim kept on the inside of the great raft and paddled about with the aid of slabs used for floats. Jack, who had lived for years on the banks of the Wildcat, could swim and dive like a musquash.

Mr. Williams, the teacher, felt lonesome at saying good-bye to his school; and to keep the boys company as long as possible, he strolled down to the bank and sat on the grass watching the bathers below him, plunging and paddling in all the spontaneous happiness of young life.

Riley and Pewee—conspirators to the last—had their plans arranged. When Jack should get his clothes on, they intended to pitch him off the raft for a good wetting, and thus gratify their long-hoarded jealousy, and get an offset to the standing joke about dough-faces and ghosts which the town had at their expense. Ben Berry, who was their confidant, thought this a capital plan.

When at length Jack had enjoyed the water enough, he came out and was about to begin dressing. Pewee and Riley were close at hand, already dressed, and prepared to give Jack a farewell ducking.

But just at that moment there came from the other end of the raft, and from the spectators on the bank, a wild, confused cry, and all turned to hearken. Harry Weathervane's younger brother, whose name was Andrew Jackson, and who could not swim, in dressing, had stepped too far backward and gone off the raft. He uttered a despairing and terrified scream, struck out wildly and blindly, and went down.

All up and down the raft and up and down the bank there went up a cry: "Andy is drowning!" while everybody looked for somebody else to save him.

The school-master was sitting on the bank, and saw the accident. He quickly slipped off his boots, but then he stopped, for Jack had already started on a splendid run down that long raft. The confused and terrified boys made a path for him quickly, as he came on at more than the tremendous speed he had always shown in games. He did not stop to leap, but ran full tilt off the raft, falling upon the drowning boy and carrying him completely under water with him. Nobody breathed during the two seconds that Jack, under water, struggled to get a good hold on Andy and to keep Andy from disabling him by his blind grappling of Jack's limbs.

When at length Jack's head came above water, there was an audible sigh of relief from all the on-lookers. But the danger was not over.

"Let go of my arms, Andy!" cried Jack. "You'll drown us both if you hold on that way. If you don't let go I'll strike you."

Jack knew that it was sometimes necessary to stun a drowning person before you could save him, where he persisted in clutching his deliverer. But poor frightened Andy let go of Jack's arms at last. Jack was already exhausted with swimming, and he had great difficulty in dragging the little fellow to the raft, where Will Riley and Pewee Rose pulled him out of the water.

But now, while all were giving attention to the rescued Andy, there occurred with Jack one of those events which people call a cramp. I do not know what to call it, but it is not a cramp. It is a kind of collapse—a sudden exhaustion that may come to the best of swimmers. The heart insists on resting, the consciousness grows dim, the will-power flags, and the strong swimmer sinks.

Nobody was regarding Jack, who first found himself unable to make even an effort to climb on the raft; then his hold on its edge relaxed, and he slowly sank out of sight. Pewee saw his sinking condition first, and screamed, as did Riley and all the rest, doing nothing to save Jack, but running up and down the raft in a vain search for a rope or a pole.

The school-master, having seen that Andy was brought out little worse for his fright and the water he had swallowed, was about to put on his boots when this new alarm attracted his attention to Jack Dudley. Instantly he threw off his coat and was bounding down the steep bank, along the plank to the raft, and then along the raft to where Jack had sunk entirely out of sight. Mr. Williams leaped head first into the water and made what the

boys afterward called a splendid dive. Once under water he opened his eyes and looked about for Jack.

At last he came up, drawing after him the unconscious and apparently lifeless form of Jack, who was taken from the water by the boys. The teacher dispatched two boys to bring Dr. Lanham, while he set himself to restore consciousness by producing artificial breathing. It was some time after Dr. Lanham's arrival that Jack fully regained his consciousness, when he was carried home by the strong arms of Bob Holliday, Will Riley, and Pewee, in turn.

And here I must do the last two boys the justice to say that they called to inquire after Jack every day during the illness that followed, and the old animosity to Jack was never afterward revived by Pewee and his friends.

On the evening after this accident and these rescues, Dr. Lanham said to Mrs. Lanham and Susan and Mr. Williams, who happened to be there again, that a boy was wanted in the new drug-store in the village, to learn the business, and

to sleep in the back room, so as to attend night-calls. Dr. Lanham did not know why this Jack Dudley would n't be just the boy.

Susan, for her part, was very sure he would be; and Mr. Williams agreed with Susan, as, indeed, he generally did.

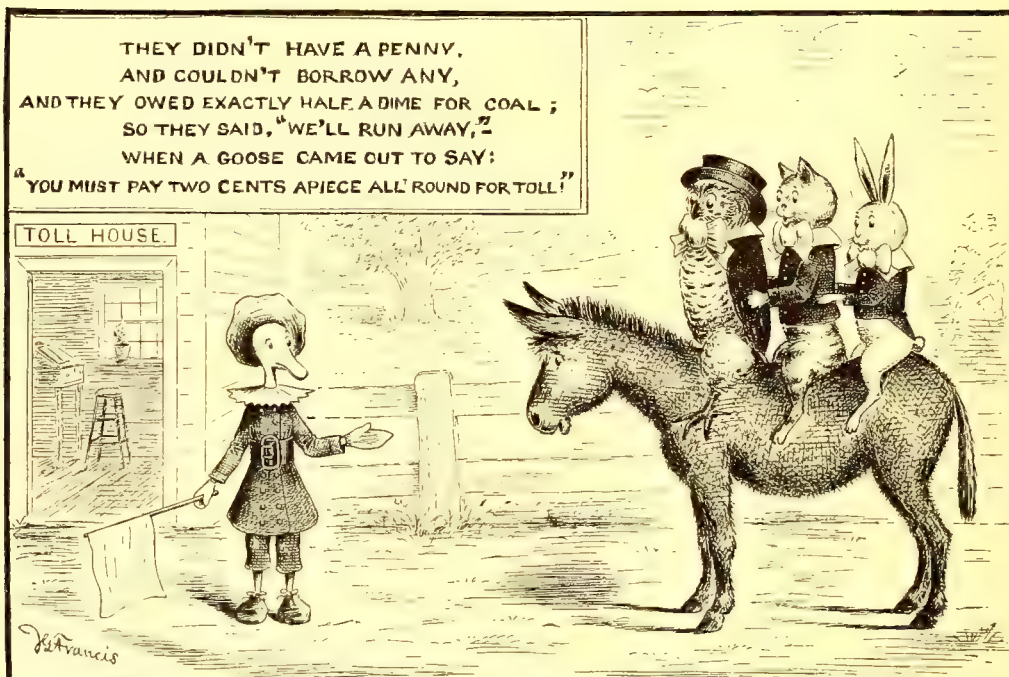
Dr. Lanham thought that Jack might be allowed to attend school in the day-time in the winter season, and if the boy had as good stuff in him as he seemed to have, there was no reason why he should n't come to something some day.

"Come to something!" said Susan. "Come to something! Why, he'll make one of the best doctors in the country yet."

And again Mr. Williams entirely agreed with Susan. Jack Dudley was sure to go up to the head of the class.

Jack got the place, and I doubt not fulfilled the hope of his friends. I know this, at least, that when a year or so later his good friend and teacher, Mr. Williams, was married to his good and stanch friend, Susan Lanham, Jack's was one of the happiest faces at the wedding.

THE END.



MR. WEATHERCOCK.

BY MRS. FANNY BARROW.

It was at Pau, a beautiful little city in the south of France, where the roses grow out in the open air all winter, that I met with a funny old fellow, who was very fond of children. Whenever he appeared in the "Haute Plante," which means the "Upper Park," the children would seem to drop down from the trees, or creep out from under the seats, rushing toward him in every direction, and piling up on the old fellow till the group looked like a pyramid, and then there was no peace unless he began immediately to tell them a story.

Here is one I heard him tell. Of course it was in French :

Once upon a time, at a great château or castle, there was a pretty black Spanish hen, that had a large family of children—a baker's dozen.

One of the hen's children was a deformed, dismal little rooster. He had only one eye, one leg, one wing, one ear, half of a nose, and less than half of a tail. Pretty badly off, was n't he ?

But the Spanish hen loved this demi, semi, poor little rooster better than all the rest of her children put together. She scratched all the peas-pods, bits of meat and crumbs of bread for him. If the other chickens danced up and tried to snatch anything away, she would fly at them with a squawk, which tumbled them over on their backs with fright ; and if they managed to run off without a good pecking, they were fortunate.

But her petting was the ruin of poor Jacquot ; for our one-legged, one-eyed friend soon believed that he was the most elegant, the boldest, and the handsomest rooster in all the world.

One fine day, Jacquot observed to his mother :

" Really, it is very stupid here. I shall pack a cabbage-leaf full of snails, just for a relish on the way, and go to court to see the Emperor and Empress."

" Oh, kuk-a-tuk-ti-raw-ki ! " exclaimed his fond mother. " What has put such an idea into your head ? Your father, Don Moustachio, has never been to court, and where will you hear so melodious a crow as his ? And look at your brothers and sisters ; they are elegant young cocks and hens, with the true Spanish strut. Are they not ? "

" No, they are fat, stupid, country boobies. Their legs are thick, and their tail-feathers thin, and they whirl around so, that to look at them makes me dizzy. They are common-looking things ! "

" Oh, kuk-a-tuk-a-tuk ! my son, did you ever

look at yourself in the pond ? Don't you know that you have but one leg, and one ——"

" Well, that 's more your fault than mine," interrupted this undutiful child, " and I shall go, whether you advise it or not. People admire me as I am." And Jacquot shook the thin scarlet comb on the top of his half-head.

When the poor mother heard this, she gave a sigh, and proceeded to pick up some snails and put them into a big cabbage-leaf. And she said nothing more, but helped her naughty son, well knowing that he would heed no advice of hers, but hoping, with an anxious heart, that Jacquot would not meet with some terrible misfortune on his travels.

When all was ready for his departure, she addressed to him a few last words : " Oh, ruk-a-tuk-a-tuk-ta-raw-ki ! " said she. " Son, attend to this warning. There is a class of men and women in the world called cooks. Oh, ruk-a-tuk ! beware of them ! They are our mortal enemies. They would snatch you up and twist your head off in a jiffy if you should offend them. Remember this, my son. Farewell ; may good luck attend you."

Jacquot turned around after this tender goodbye, and, without the least emotion, hopped off down the road. He hopped along contentedly enough until he came to the banks of a little river. It was midsummer, and the stream was nearly dry. Some fish lay dead on the shelving bank, and a great tree which had fallen across the stream choked it so that it could hardly creep along, much less dance and sing, as it always did in the spring.

The moment the little stream saw Jacquot, she whispered, in a weak voice, for her strength was gone : " Oh, my dear friend ! I am in very great distress. I can not push away this great dead tree, which chokes me so. It tires me dreadfully to creep around it. Will you help me a little by separating the branches with your beak ? Do, I entreat you, and if you are thirsty, drink in this cool, dark corner ; and when the kind rain from heaven restores my strength, I will devote it to your service if ever you require me."

" Oh, don't trouble me," cackled Jacquot, just like a cross old hen. " Do you think I am going to stay here all day, working and scrambling and scratching over those old dried sticks for *you* ? A servant to a muddy little brook, indeed ! I am going to visit the Emperor and Empress."

" You will be sorry for this unkindness, and

remember it when you think it least likely," sighed the poor little stream.

"Fiddlesticks! What can a puddle do to *me*? You must think yourself quite a deluge! Good-bye. Give my compliments to the Moon the next time she looks at your shrunken face."

So he flapped his one wing and hopped on, and soon came to Mr. Wind, who was lying quite breathless on the ground.

"O Jacquot, dear Jacquot!" he said; "the world has come to a stand-still. At least, I have. Look at me. Dying of the dog-days! Oh, do just fan me with your wing, and kindly raise me only two inches from the ground, so that I can fly to one of my caverns, where there is no end of whirlwinds and torn clouds waiting to be mended up for winter use. To think that I should be brought to such a pass! I, who have blown down great trees, and raised up great waves, and scuttled off with boys' hats and umbrellas and sign-posts——"

"Yes, and blown my tail-feathers almost off," interrupted Jacquot, in a malicious tone; "and pushed me behind until I tumbled head-over-claws against the barn-door, because I could not balance myself against you, on my one leg. And you set every squawking old hen, and winking, blinking chicken, a-laughing at me! No, sir! It is my turn now. Adieu, Señor Wind."

Then he crowed at the very top of his voice, and hopped off with immense self-satisfaction.

He pushed through hedges, hopped over ditches, and presently came to a field, which the farmer had tried to set on fire so as to burn off the stubble. But it did not burn well; only one thin little column of smoke was to be seen.

Jacquot hopped up to look at the smoke, and saw a faint little Spark of fire among the ashes.

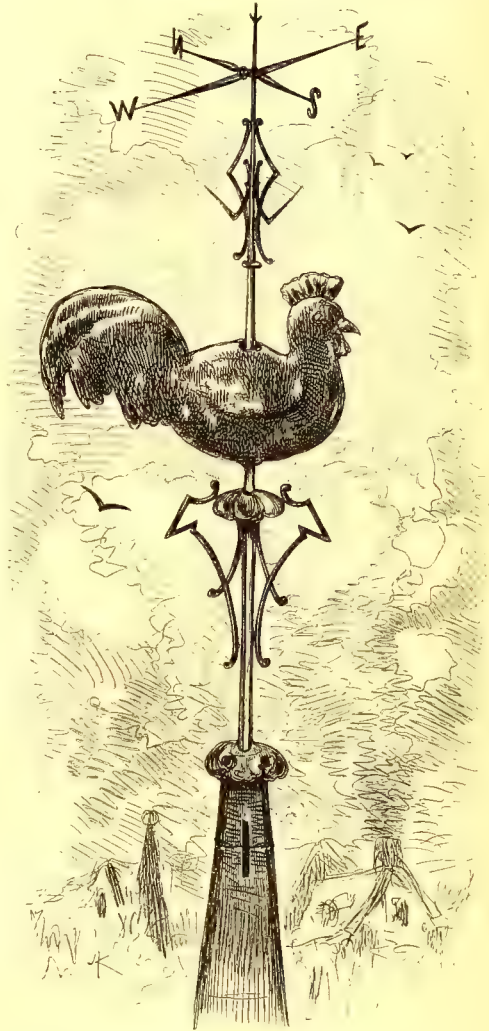
"Oh, if you are a friend," said the Spark, "come and help me! Bring me a few straws, please, to keep me alive."

"Well, that's a good joke! What do I care whether you live or die? What good are you to me, pray?"

"We can all help or hinder one another in this world," said the poor little Spark. "An old aunt of mine, who lives in the kitchen of the farmhouse yonder, and with whom I was living till the farmer brought me out here to die,—my old aunt told me a story of a little mouse who saved the life of a great lion. I may some day be able to show my gratitude if you save my life now."

"Oh, hold your tongue!" cried the ugly rooster, whose heart seemed to have been altogether left out of his one-sided body. "I sha' n't help you at all. Take that!" With this, he scratched and kicked a heap of ashes over the poor little Spark, and hopped away, crowing loudly.

After traveling some time longer, he at last reached the capital city, and very soon arrived at the palace of the Emperor and Empress. He was hopping boldly in, but the sentinels poked at him with their bayonets, and he was glad to hop out again. Still, determined to enter somehow, he hopped around to the back door, and passed into



a large room, where a great many persons were hurrying to and fro.

"Who are all those common-looking creatures?" he inquired of a guinea-fowl.

"They are His Majesty's cooks," said she. "Beware of them. Come back! Come back!"

"Oh, cock-a-doodle-do! nobody cares for them," said the silly rooster, and entirely forgetting his

mother's warning, he raised his red comb, stuck his beak high in the air, made an elegant arch of his tail, and hopped into the very midst of them.

"Hello! What 's this?" cried a scullion.

"What a ridiculous looking bird!" said another.

"A sort of one-eyed gunner," said a third.

"Or a one-legged tailor," said a fourth.

"Wring his neck," said a fifth.

"I 'll do it," said a cook, who caught him, and twisted his head in the twinkling of an eye—for cooks are used to this kind of business.

"Now, then," he added, "we 'll pop you into some boiling water, and have your feathers off."

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed Jacquot. "Don't! oh, don't scald me! Dear Water, be careful—have pity on me!"

"Had you pity on me, when I begged you to move the dead tree out of my way?" answered the Water, boiling and bubbling up with rage. "I said you should remember me." And the Water drenched him from comb to spurs, till all his feathers came off at the least pull. Yes, indeed, you may be sure that the cook did not leave one on his body.

And then they thrust a cruel, sharp spit through him, one end of which rested on a forked stand and the other entered a box, in which was clock-work. The cook wound up the clock-work, placed the whole thing before a bright fire, put a pan under poor Jacquot, and went away to prepare other things for His Majesty's dinner. Then the spit began slowly to turn round and round.

"Oh, Fire! Fire!" cried the miserable Jacquot.

"Have pity! Have pity! Oh, do not burn me!"

"Rascal!" cried the Fire; "how dare you ask me for pity—you who threw the ashes upon me in the field? Wait a bit, Monsieur—one good

turn deserves another;" and he blazed away with all his might, and not only roasted Jacquot but burned him as black as a coal.

When the cook came to see how the roast was coming on, he was so disgusted at the black-looking, dried-up object that he took him off the spit and, catching him by his one leg, threw him out of the window.

As it happened, the Wind was having a high frolic outside just then, and, passing at the moment, he caught up Jacquot.

"Oh, Monsieur Wind!" cried the miserable thing, "have pity enough to let me drop down at my old home! Let me see my poor mother. Dear Mr. Wind, good Mr. Wind, have pity!"

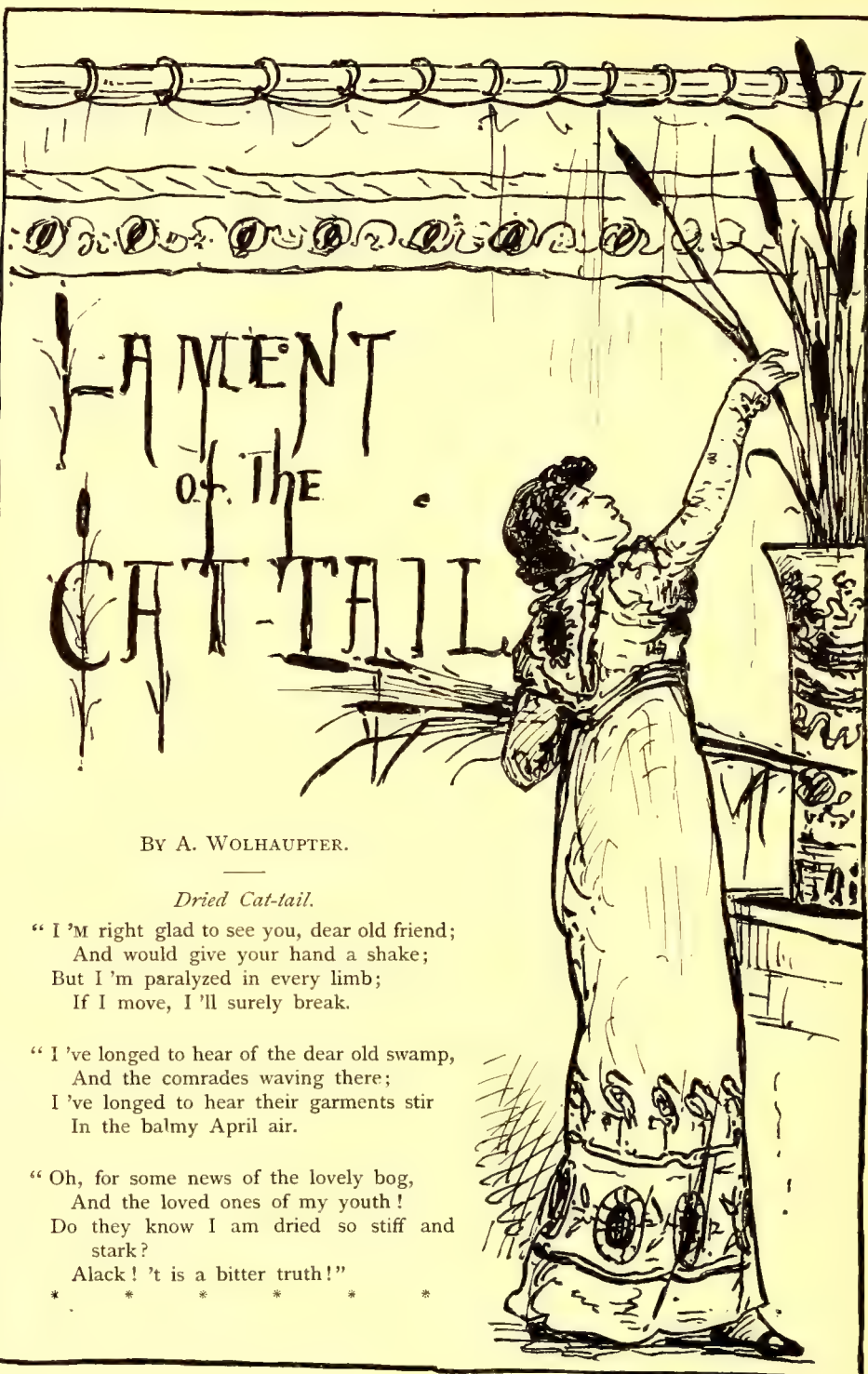
"Pity!" roared the Wind, turning him around and around like a ball. "Not I, while I have a breath left. Remember my prayer to you when you found me on the ground! Hey! Hurrah!"

Instantly, poor Jacquot was twisted this way and that; he was whirled around and around; he was caught as he was falling down, and driven up again; he was frisked and whisked in a mad and terrible dance, till suddenly the cruel, furious Wind drove him high—high—higher, and then dashed him down on the sharp top of a church-steeple with such force as to fix him there firmly.

There he has remained ever since—sometimes black, at other times with gilding put on to cover the terrible roasting he got, but always thin and featherless—his one leg, one eye, one nose, and one wing exposed to every gaze.

And now the sun scorches him, the rain pelts him without pity, and the wind still pushes him about just as it pleases. The poor rooster always turns away his tail; and thus, by observing which way his head points, we know from what quarter the wind comes.





BY A. WOLHAUPTER.

Dried Cat-tail.

"I 'm right glad to see you, dear old friend;
And would give your hand a shake;
But I 'm paralyzed in every limb;
If I move, I 'll surely break.

"I 've longed to hear of the dear old swamp,
And the comrades waving there;
I 've longed to hear their garments stir
In the balmy April air.

"Oh, for some news of the lovely bog,
And the loved ones of my youth!
Do they know I am dried so stiff and
stark?
Alack! 't is a bitter truth!"

* * * * *



Fresh Cat-tail.

"The swamp is as charmingly damp, dear,
As when you were drooping there,
When you thought it caused malaria,
And longed for some drier air.

"And so my heart rejoiced for you,
When I saw you carried off,
For I felt that a season in town, my dear,
Would cure your racking cough."

* * * * *

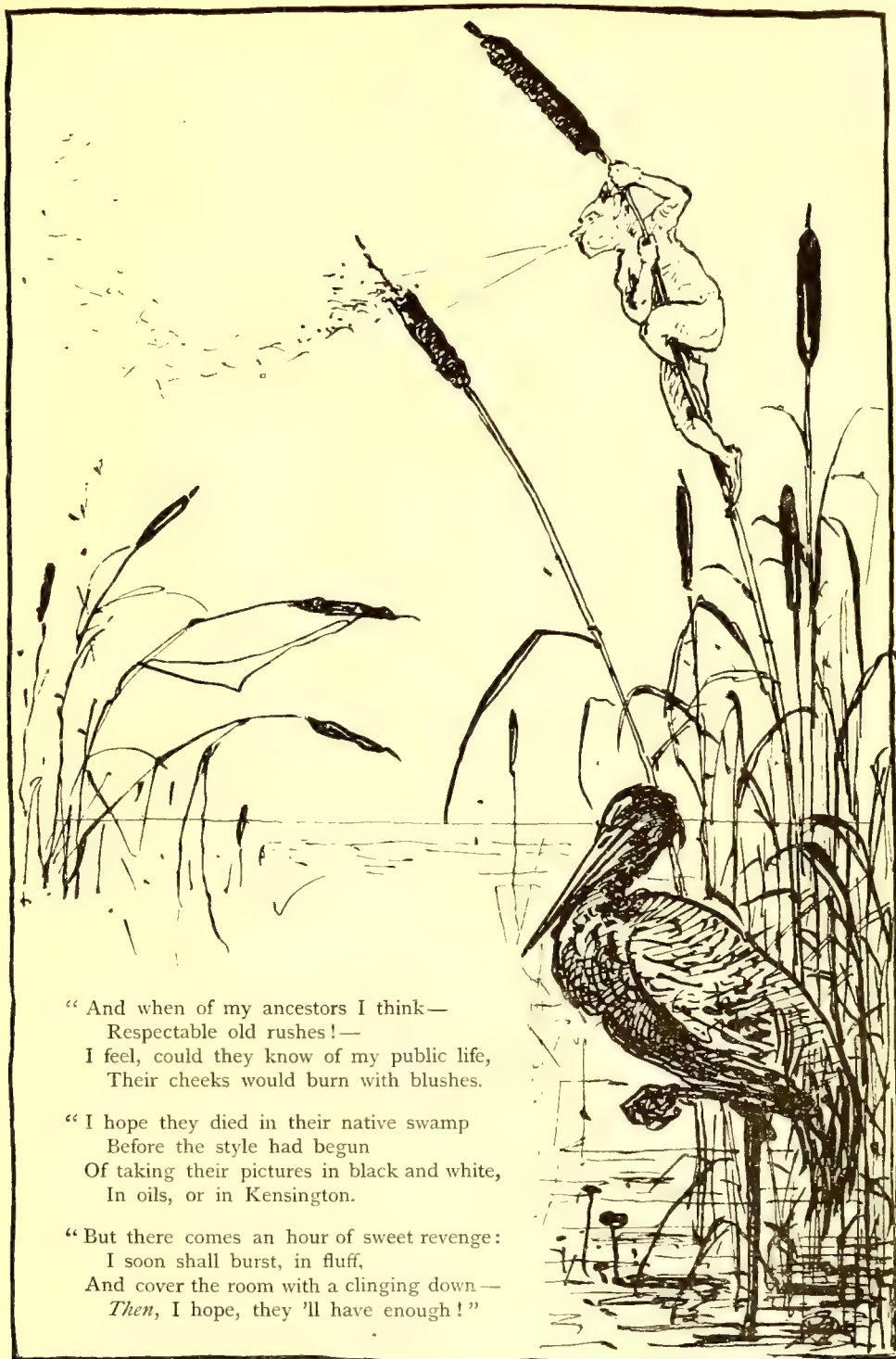


Dried Cat-tail.

"I 've learned about tiles, and plaques, and storks;

Know a dado from a frieze,
But I 'd rather be in my native bog,
Waving about in the breeze.

"My shakes are gone, but I 've posed so much,
I 've almost broken my back;
I 've been painted on gilded panels,
On sky-blue, olive, and black.



"And when of my ancestors I think—
Respectable old rushes!—
I feel, could they know of my public life,
Their cheeks would burn with blushes.

"I hope they died in their native swamp
Before the style had begun
Of taking their pictures in black and white,
In oils, or in Kensington.

"But there comes an hour of sweet revenge:
I soon shall burst, in fluff,
And cover the room with a clinging down—
Then, I hope, they'll have enough!"

THE STORY OF WANGSE PAH AND THE WHITE ELEPHANT.*

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

IN the Siamese village of Trimpangore once lived a poor but right-minded lad, who was determined to discover a Chang Phauk, or white elephant.

Everybody laughed when everybody heard of this. "What! He? Wangse Pah? He discover the sacred animal of Siam when the royal Chang Phauk pavilion at Bangkok had so long stood empty?"

But Wangse said to himself—in Siamese, of course: "It may be, and every *may be* may be made into a *shall be*!"

A holy fakir† had told him this. So, day after day, he roamed through forests and jungles, where grew the feathery palm, the tall bamboo, the banana, the banyan, the boh, the teak, the tamarind, the wild olive; where flowering creepers climbed the lofty boughs, and radiant birds made music; while ever and anon was heard the roar of wild beasts, hungry for their prey!

At length, after three years of watching and waiting, there came a terribly hot season, in which swamps, ponds, pools, and rivulets, formerly drinking-places for animals, were dried up by the parching heat.

Now Wangse in his wanderings had seen, far away, a deep water-course at the bottom of a long, wooded valley, and knowing that the animals would find out this water-course, he went there daily and hid in a tree-top. From this high perch he could see, visiting the pool, the gay little birds, who just dipped their wings, the gaudy peacock, the brilliant pheasant, the light gazelle, the magnificent bird of paradise. Enormous serpents glided thither through the brakes; chattering monkeys let themselves down from branches, or scampered away screaming at the approach of the stealthy tiger, the horned rhinoceros, or the crushing tread of the elephant.

Alas! not the white elephant—until,—until,—until one day, one joyful, ever-to-be-remembered day,—when, as Wangse Pah sat in a palm-tree imbibing the milk of a cocoa-nut, he saw—could it be? Could it? Yes! Yes! It was! Oh, joy unspeakable! A huge elephant, in color a pinkish white, approached the pool!

Instantly Wangse was off. He swung himself



"A WHITE ELEPHANT APPROACHED
THE POOL."

from tree to tree, rushed to the village, and aroused the hunters, who next day

surrounded the place and secured that rare and priceless prize, the great Chang Phauk.

Now, during the past three years, Wangse had often said to himself: "Should ever a Chang Phauk be taken here, and a messenger be needed to inform the King, it may be found that I am the swiftest runner, and every *may be* may be made into a *shall be*." So, every day, he oiled his long legs and practiced running.

Thus it came about that the villagers knew him to be very fleet of foot, and Wangse was chosen

*The Siamese believe that good and noble spirits inhabit the forms of white animals. The white elephant, being the largest of white animals, is thought to be the abode of some particularly pure and majestic spirit. †Fakir:—an Oriental monk.

messenger. This was great good fortune; for besides the pleasure of bearing the joyful news, there was the curious and golden reward.

First oiling his body, and especially his long legs, Wangse set forth for Bangkok. He arrived there in good condition, after a swift run of more than one hundred miles. He darted through the narrow streets of Bangkok, then through the palace gate-way, up the palace steps, before the guard could stop him, and into the throne-room, where sat the King in all his royal splendor. Wangse threw himself down, with his forehead touching the floor, and in trembling accents made known that near the village of Trimpangore had been captured that sacred animal, dear to all the hearts of Siam, the great Chang Phauk!

The King was speechless from joy. He waved his hand. The signal was understood. The immense klongs of the palace were sounded, the whole court was summoned, and Wangse Pah had his mouth, nose, and ears stuffed with gold, according to the Siamese custom.

As discoverer of the Chang Phauk, another reward was due to Wangse, but instead of this he asked, and got, the privilege of carrying to be ground the grain from which were to be made the Cakes of Celebration,—that is, the cakes to be eaten by the Chang Phauk on his day of celebration, when he should enter the city of Bangkok, and take possession of his royal pavilion. In those times it was believed that the person who should carry this grain and get the blessing of the grinders, would have good fortune ever after.

Wangse was sent in a palanquin, borne on the shoulders of four runners, the grain, in an embroidered silken bag, lying at his feet.

Now, the nobleman who owned the palanquin and runners had a son, a lad named Detch, and this Detch wished for himself the good fortune and the blessing. Detch, therefore, laid off all his golden wristlets, his anklets and necklaces of jewels, also the jewels around his top-knot—that is, the tuft of hair left on top of his head. He laid off, also, the rich silken strip, or panung, which encircled his otherwise naked body, wound in place of it a cotton panung, and went forth from the city to a grove through which Wangse was to pass. When Wangse appeared in this grove, Detch ordered him out of the palanquin, and stepped into it himself. He commanded Wangse and the bearers not to tell; indeed, there was little danger that even Wangse would dare to tell, for in Siam whoever offends a nobleman's son may have his head chopped off at any minute.

But Wangse said to himself, as the runners bore Detch away: "If the grinders are kind, they will hear my story, and keep it private, and give me

the blessing. May be I can find a way outside the trees; may be I can outrun the runners, and see the grinders before Detch shall arrive. Every *may be* may be made into a *shall be*."

He took a course outside the trees, over a tract of burning sand, and long before the palanquin came in sight he had reached the grinders, who, it is well to state, were two very old women, the



WANGSE PAH RECEIVES THE CURIOUS GOLDEN REWARD

very oldest being at that time chosen for grinders on such occasions.

These old women laid aside their great red umbrella, and examined Wangse's sore feet with so much pity that he ventured to tell them the whole story, in Siamese, which they, though born Chinese, understood; and, after hearing it, they lifted up their hands and their voices and blessed him—in Siamese. Wangse then hid himself behind a pepper-tree and saw Detch ride up in the palanquin, and saw the Grain of Celebration poured into the mill,—a large hand-mill of the kind used in Siam,—and saw the old women sit one at each side, and saw them take turns in pushing the handle, and saw the blessing given.

But when the grinders blessed Detch, after saying in Siamese, "May you be blest," they added, in Chinese, "*according to your actions.*"

Wangse Pah went privately back to the city and kept himself hidden, lest Detch should do him harm.

Detch rode back in the palanquin with the Meal of Celebration as far as the grove. Not far from this grove was a miserable little village which was ruled over by his father, and Detch ordered the

runners to wait for him in the grove while he should walk through the village, as if he were a poor lad. He had heard of an emperor who put on shabby clothes and walked among poor people, and he thought it would be pleasant to copy him.

Presently he came to a company of lads flying



DETCHE GIVES THE GRAIN OF CELEBRATION TO THE GRINDERS.

kites—kites made in the shape of cats, vultures, mermaids, alligators, and other creatures. The lads were trying to make the cat fight the frog, the mermaid fight the vulture, and so on, as is the custom in Siam. Detch ran here and there with the kite-flyers, and they all became so earnest in watching a dragon fight an alligator that every one, Detch among them, fell into a large round hole, or ditch, and came out wet, for there was water at the bottom.

The head-boy told them to hop up and down till they had dried their clothes—that is, their strips of cloth, or panungs. So they pulled in their kites and hopped up and down, and when a boy stopped hopping, the head-boy gave him a slap on the back; and as Detch could hardly hop at all,—he having been always carried in palanquins,—he got so many slaps that his back became sore, and he was glad when the head-boy ordered that they should sit down and eat their luncheon. Owls' eggs, spearmint, and little warm cabbages were then passed round.

During the luncheon, a boy remarked that he supposed Detch, their ruler's son, had gilt kites with diamond dots and silvery tails.

Said Detch, then, "What sort of a fellow is that Detch?" expecting to hear what had been told him in his father's palace, that he was agreeable, and amiable, and delightful.

"That Detch?" cried the boys. "We've heard enough of that Detch! He's hateful! He's mean! He's cruel! He kicks little slaves half his own size! He never did a good thing in his life! He'll be a horrid man! Ughquoeer-r-rong!" (This last is a Siamese exclamation, which requires sixteen exclamation points.)

"I'm going now," said Detch. "Good-bye! I'll remember you!" And, as he walked off, he turned and shook his fist; but they thought he was throwing away a cabbage-leaf.

Next day was the day of Celebration. The great Chang Phauk had been brought from the village of Trimpangore to the river Meinam, attended by bands of music. Then he was floated down the river on a gorgeous raft floored with gilt matting, while over him was a silken canopy, fringed with scarlet and gold. He had been bathed, perfumed, fed, fanned, played to, and sung to, by troops of attendants; the choicest food had been served to him on trays of gold and silver; his drink had been made fragrant with the delicate flowers of the jessamine; and now an immense procession was to escort him to his royal palace-pavilion,—for in Siam the Chang Phauk is second in rank to the King.

Only in Siamese language could that gorgeous procession be described. Four hundred elephants covered with cloth of gold carried howdahs glistening with precious stones, in which howdahs were seated princes and nobles wearing robes of purple, crimson, orange, and scarlet, also wristlets, anklets, kneelets, and necklaces of rubies, pearls, and diamonds, while from each howdah floated the flag of Siam, which, as everybody knows, is a white elephant on a red ground. There were eighty royal bearers of the golden umbrellas; one hundred royal fan-bearers; five hundred men in long caps and wearing pink velvet panungs; two hundred runners, carrying spread peacock-tails; one hundred and fifty peacocks themselves; forty rhinoceroses elegantly enveloped in satin net-work; an immense number of palanquins, carrying five hundred members of the royal household; white birds and other white animals of all kinds; one thousand spearmen, with long, glittering spears; three hundred beautiful little boys dressed wholly in flowers; the King, borne aloft on a golden throne; also the great Chang Phauk himself, in purple and cloth-of-gold, with strings of jewels adorning his tusks, and a diadem upon his head—the procession being accompanied by bands of music in which were heard the deep or the piercing notes of the klong,

the flue, the ching, the thon, the kanat, and the khonbong.

Detch leaned back in his palanquin, silent and sad. A holy fakir from the village of Trimpan-gore said to him, in a pause of the procession:

"Why, O my son, art thou so silent and sad?"

"Because, holy Fakir, I never did a good thing in my life. People speak ill of me."

"It will be a good thing," said the fakir, "to confess some of the bad things."

Detch then confessed his conduct to Wangse Pah. "And now, holy Fakir," said he, "pray tell me a way of changing from myself to him the good fortune I wrongly obtained."

"He needs not that good fortune," said the fakir. "Besides being right-minded, Wangse Pah has the patience to turn *may be* into *shall be*, and this of itself is good fortune."

"But the blessing," said Detch. "I should not keep that."

A high-pitched voice near by—an old woman's voice—said, in Siamese: "You were blest only according to your actions!"

"According to your actions!" said another high-pitched voice, in Chinese.

Detch started forward, but not in time to see two very old women, who stepped hastily away beneath a huge red umbrella.



THERE was a young maid of Selmuch,
Whose delicate nature was such
That it dizzied her head
To make up her bed;—
But the way she could dance beat the Dutch!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER XIV.

"HATCHER'S RUN."

WHILE we were yet before Petersburg, two divisions of our corps (the Fifth) with two divisions of the Ninth, leaving the line of works at the Weldon Railroad, were pushed out still farther to the left, with the intention of turning the enemy's right flank.

Starting out, therefore, early on the morning of Thursday, October 27, 1864, with four days' rations in our haversacks, we moved off rapidly by the left, striking the enemy's picket-line about ten o'clock.

"Pop! pop! pop! Boom! boom! boom! We're in for it again, Boys; so, steady on the left there, and close up."

Away into the woods we plunge in line of battle, through briars and tangled undergrowth, beneath the great trees dripping with rain. We lose the points of the compass, and halt every now and then to close up a gap in the line by bearing off to the right or left. Then, forward we go through the brush again, steady on the left and guide right, until I feel certain that officers as well as men are getting pretty well "into the woods" as to the direction of our advance. It is raining, and we have no sun to guide us, and the moss is growing on the wrong side of the trees. I see one of our generals sitting on his horse, with his pocket-compass on the pommel of his saddle, peering around into the interminable tangle of brier and brush, with an expression of no little perplexity.

Yet still, on, Boys, while the pickets are popping away and the rain is pouring down. The evening falls early and cold, as we come to a stand in line of battle and put up breastworks for the night.

We have halted on the slope of a ravine. Minié-balls are singing over our heads as we cook our coffee, while sounds of axes and falling trees are heard on all sides; and still that merry "z-i-p! z-i-p!" goes on among the tree-tops and sings us to sleep, at length, as we lie down shivering under our India rubber blankets, to get what rest we may.

How long we had slept I did not know, when some one shook me, and in a whisper the word passed around:

"Wake up, Boys! Wake up, Boys! Don't

make any noise, and take care your tin cups and canteens don't rattle. We've got to get out of this on a double jump!"

We were in a pretty fix, indeed! In placing the regiments in position, by some blunder, quite excusable no doubt in the darkness and the tangled forest, we had been unwittingly pushed beyond the main line—were, in fact, quite outside the picket-line! It needed only daylight to let the enemy see his game, and sweep us off the boards. And daylight was fast coming in the east.

Long after, a Company A Boy, who was on picket that night, told me that, upon going to the rear somewhere about three o'clock, to cook a cup of coffee at a half-extinguished fire, a cavalry picket ordered him back within the lines.

"The lines are not back there; my regiment is out yonder in front, on skirmish!"

"No," said the cavalryman; "our cavalry is the extreme picket-line, and our orders are to send in all men beyond us."

"Then take me at once to General Bragg's head-quarters," said the Company A Boy.

When General Bragg learned the true state of affairs, he at once ordered out an escort of five hundred men to bring in our regiment.

Meanwhile, we were trying to get back of our own accord.

"This way, men!" said a voice in a whisper ahead.

"This way, men!" said another voice in the rear.

That we were wandering about vainly in the darkness, and under no certain leadership, was evident, for I noticed in the dim light that, in our tramping about in the tangle, we had twice crossed the same fallen tree, and so must have been moving in a circle.

And now, as the day is dawning in the east, and the enemy's pickets see us trying to steal away, a large force is ordered against us, and comes sweeping down with yells and whistling bullets—just as the escort of five hundred, with re-assuring cheers, comes up from the rear to our support!

Instantly we are in the cloud and smoke of battle. A battery of artillery, hastily dragged up into position, opens on the charging line of gray with grape and canister, while from bush and tree pours back and forth the dreadful blaze of musketry. For half an hour, the conflict rages fierce and high in the dawning light and under the drip-

ping trees—the officers shouting, and the men cheering and yelling and charging, often fighting hand to hand and with bayonets locked in deadly encounter, while the air is cut by the whistling lead, and the deep bass of the cannon wakes the echoes of the forest.

But at last the musketry-fire gradually slackens, and we find ourselves out of danger.

The enemy's prey has escaped him, and, to the wonder of all, we are brought within the lines again, begrimed with smoke and leaving many of our poor fellows dead or wounded on the field.

him,—and searched in vain. Not a soul had tidings of him. At last, however, a soldier with his blouse-sleeve ripped up and a red-stained bandage around his arm, told me that, about day-light, when the enemy came sweeping down on us, he and Andy were behind neighboring trees. He himself received a ball through the arm, and was busy trying to stop the flow of blood, when, looking up, he saw Andy reel and, he thought, *fall*. He was not quite sure it was Andy, but he thought so.

Andy killed! What should I do without Andy?



THE CONFLICT AT DAY-BREAK IN THE WOODS AT HATCHER'S RUN.

Anxiously every man looked about for his chum and messmates, lost sight of during the whirling storm of battle in the twilight woods. And I, too, looked,—but where was Andy?

CHAPTER XV.

KILLED, WOUNDED, OR MISSING?

ANDY was nowhere to be found.

All along the line of battle-worn men, now gathered in irregular groups behind the breastworks, and safe from the enemy, I searched for

—the best and truest friend, the most companionable messmate, that a soldier ever could hope to have! It could not be! I would look farther for him.

Out, therefore, I went, over the breastworks to the picket-line, where the rifles were popping away at intervals. I searched among trees and behind bushes, and called and called, but all in vain. Then the retreat was sounded, and we were drawn off the field, and marched back to the fortifications which we had left the day before.

Toward evening, as we reached camp, I obtained permission to examine the ambulance-trains, in

search of my chum. As one train after another came in, I climbed up and looked into each ambulance; but the night had long set in before I found him—or thought I had found him. Raising my lantern high, so as to throw the light full on the face of the wounded man lying in a stupor on the floor of the wagon, I was at first confident it was Andy; for the figure was short, well-built, and had raven black hair.

“Andy! Andy! Where are you hurt?” I cried.

But no answer came. Rolling him on his back and looking full into his face, I found, alas! a stranger—a manly, noble face, too, but no life, no signs of life, in it. There were indeed a very low, almost imperceptible breathing, and a faint pulse—but the man was evidently dying.

About a week afterward, having secured a pass from corps head-quarters, I started for City Point to search the hospitals there for my chum. The pass allowed me not only to go through all the guards I might meet on my way, but also to ride free to City Point over the railroad—“General Grant’s Railroad,” we called it.

Properly speaking, this was a branch of the road from City Point to Petersburg, tapping it about midway between the two places, and from that point following our lines closely to the extreme left of our position. Never was road more hastily built. So rapidly did the work advance that scarcely had we learned such a road was planned, before one evening the whistle of a locomotive was heard down the line only a short distance to our right. No grading was done. The ties were simply laid on the top of the ground, the rails were nailed fast, and the rolling-stock was put on without waiting for ballast; and there the railroad was—up hill and down dale, and “as crooked as a dog’s hind leg.” At only one point had any cutting been done, and that was where the road, after climbing a hill, came within range of the enemy’s batteries. The first trains which passed up and down afforded a fine mark and were shelled vigorously, the enemy’s aim becoming with daily practice so exact that nearly every train was hit somewhere. The hill was then cut through, and the fire avoided. It was a rough road, and the riding was full of fearful jolts, but it saved thousands of mules, and enabled General Grant to hold his position during the winter of the Petersburg siege.

City Point was a stirring place at that time. It was General Grant’s head-quarters, and the depot of all supplies for the army, and here I found the large hospitals which I meant to search for Andy, although I scarcely hoped to find him.

Into hospital-tents at one end and out at the

other, looking from side to side at the long, white rows of cots, and inquiring as I went, I searched long and almost despairingly, until at last—there he was! Sitting on his cot, his head neatly bandaged, writing a letter!

Coming up quietly behind him, I laid my hand on his shoulder with—“Andy, old boy! have I found you at last? I thought you were killed!”

“Why, Harry!—God bless you!”

The story was soon told. “A clip in the head, you see, Harry, out there among the trees when the Johnnies came down on us, yelling like demons,—all got black before me as I reeled and fell. By and by, coming to myself a little, I begged a man of a strange regiment to help me off, and so I got down here. It’s nothing much, Harry, and I’ll soon be with you again; not near so bad as that poor fellow over there—the man with the black hair. His is a wonderful case. He was brought in the same day I was, with a wound in the head which the doctors said was fatal. Every day we expected him to die, but there he lies yet, breathing very low, conscious, but unable to speak or to move hand or foot. Some of his company came yesterday to see him. They had been with him when he fell, had supposed him mortally wounded, and had taken all his valuables out of his pockets to send home—among them was an ambrotype of his wife and child. Well, you just should have seen that poor fellow’s face when they opened that ambrotype and held it before his eyes! He could n’t speak nor reach out his hand to take the picture; and there he lay, convulsed with feeling, while tears rolled down his cheeks.”

On looking at him, I found it was the very man I had seen in the ambulance and mistaken for Andy.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WINTER RAID INTO NORTH CAROLINA.

ABOUT the beginning of December, 1864, we were busy building cabins for the winter. Everywhere in the woods to our rear were heard the sound of axes and the crash of falling trees. Men were carrying pine logs on their shoulders, or dragging them along the ground with ropes, for the purpose of building our last winter quarters; for, of the three years for which we had enlisted, but a few months remained. The camp was a scene of activity and interest on all sides. Here were some men “notching” the logs to fit them nicely together at the corners; yonder, one was hewing rude, Robinson Crusoe boards for the eaves and gables; there, a man was digging clay for the chimney which his messmate was cat-sticking up

to a proper height; while some had already stretched their shelters over rude cabins, and were busy cooking their suppers. Just then, as ill-luck would have it in those uncertain days, an orderly rode into camp with some orders from headquarters, and all building was directed to be stopped at once.

"We have orders to move, Andy," said I, coming into the half-finished cabin where Andy (lately returned from hospital) was chinking the cracks in the side of the house.

"Orders to move! Why, where in the world are we going this time of year? I thought we had tramped around enough for one campaign, and were going to settle down for the winter."

"I don't know where we 're going; but they say

house at ten A. M., halting at dusk near the Weldon and Petersburg Railway, about five miles from the North Carolina line.

Though we did not then know what all this meant, we soon learned that it was simply a winter raid on the enemy's communications; the intention being to destroy the Weldon road, and so render it useless to them. True, we had already cut that same road near Petersburg, but the enemy still brought their supplies on it from the South, near to the point where our lines were thrown across, and by means of wagons carried these supplies around our left, and safely into Petersburg.

Never was railway more completely destroyed! The morning after we had reached the scene of operations, in the drizzling rain and falling sleet,



WRECKING THE RAILWAY.

the Sixth Corps will relieve us in the morning, and we are to pull out, anyhow."

We were not deceived. At daylight next morning, December 6th, we did "pack up and fall in" and move out from our fortified camp, away to the rear, where we lay all day massed in the woods, with nothing to do but to speculate as to the direction we were to take.

From daylight of Wednesday, December 7th, we marched, through rain and stiff mud, steadily toward the South, crossing the Nottaway River on pontoons at eight P. M., and halting at midnight for such rest as we could find on the cold, damp soil of a corn-field. Next day, on again we went, straight toward the South, through Sussex Court-

the whole command was set to work. As far as the eye could see down the road were men in blue, divested of weapons and accouterments, prying and wrenching, and tearing away at iron rails and wooden ties. It was a well-built road, and hard to tear up. The rails were what are known as "T" rails, and each being securely fastened to its neighbor at either end by a stout bar of iron or steel which had been forced into the groove of the T, the track was virtually two long, unbroken rails for its whole length.

"No use tryin' to tear up them rails from the ties, Major," said an old railroader, with a touch of his cap. "The plagued things are all spliced together at the j'int's, and the only way to get

them off is to pry up the whole thing, rails, ties; and all, and then split the ties off from the rails when you 've got her upside down."

So, with fence-rails for levers, the men fell to work, prying and heave-I-ho-ing, until one side of the road, ties, track, and all, pulled and wrenched by thousands of strong arms, began to loosen and move, and was raised gradually higher and higher. Forced at last to a perpendicular, it was pushed over and laid upside down, with a mighty cheer from the long line of wreckers!

Once the thing was started, it was easy enough to roll miles and miles of it over without a break. And so brigade after brigade did roll it; tearing and splitting off the ties, and wrenching away the rails.

It was not enough, however, merely to destroy the track—the rails must be made forever useless as rails. Accordingly, the ties were piled in heaps, or built up as children build corn-cob houses, and then the heaps were fired. The rails were laid across the top of the burning pile, where they soon became red-hot in the middle, and bent themselves double by the weight of their ends, which hung out beyond the reach of the fire. In some cases, however, a grim and humorous conceit led to a more artistic use of the heated rails, for many of them were taken and carried to some tree hard by, and twisted two or three times around the trunk, while not a few of the men hit on the happy device of bending the rails, some into the shape of a U, and others into the shape of an S, and setting them up by pairs against the fences along the line, in order that, in this oft-repeated iron U S, it might be seen that Uncle Sam had been looking around in those parts.

When darkness came, the scene presented by that long line of burning ties was wild and weird. Rain and sleet had been falling all day, and there was frost as well, and we lay down at night with stiff limbs, aching bones, and chattering teeth. Everything was covered with a coating of ice; so that Andy and I crept under a wagon for shelter and a dry spot to lie down in. But the horses, tied to the wheels, gave us little sleep. Scarcely would we fall into a doze, when one of the horses would poke his nose between the wheels, or through the spokes, and whinny pitifully in our ears. And no wonder, either, we thought, when, crawling out at day-break, we found the poor creatures covered with a coating of ice, and their tails turned to great icicles. The trees looked very beautiful in their magnificent frost-work, but we were too cold and wet to admire anything, as our drums hoarsely beat the "assembly," and we set out for a two days' wet and weary march back to camp in front of Petersburg.

Both on the way down and on the retreat, we passed many fine farms or plantations. It was a new country to us, and no other Northern troops had passed through it. One consequence of this was that we were everywhere looked upon with wonder by the white inhabitants, and by the colored population as deliverers sent for their express benefit.

All along the line of march, both down and back, the overjoyed darkies flocked to us by hundreds, old and young, sick and well, men, women, and children. Whenever we came to a road or lane leading to a plantation, a crowd of darkies would be seen hurrying pell-mell down the lane toward us. And then they would take their places in the colored column that already tramped along the road in awe and wonderment beside "de sodjers." There were stout young darkies with bundles slung over their backs, old men hobbling along with canes, women in best bib and tucker with immense bundles on their heads, mothers with babes in their arms, and a barefooted brood trotting along at their heels; and now and then one would call out, anxiously, to some venturesome boy:

"Now, you Sam! Whar you goin' dar? You done gone git run ober by de sodjers yit, you will."

"Auntie, you've got a good many little folks to look after, have n't you?" some kindly soldier would say to one of the mothers.

"Ya-as, Cunnel, right smart o' chilluns I 'se got yere, but I 'se a-gwine up Norf an' can't leabe enny on 'em behind, sah."

Fully persuaded that the year of jubilee had come at last, the poor things joined us, from every plantation along the road, many of them mayhap leaving good masters for bad, and comfortable homes for no homes at all. Occasionally, however, we met some who would not leave. I remember one old, gray-headed, stoop-shouldered uncle who stood leaning over a gate, looking wide-eyed at the blue-coats and the great exodus of his people.

"Come along, Uncle," shouted one of the men.

"Come along—the year of jubilee is come!"

"No, sah. Dis yere chile's too ole. Reckon I better stay wid ole Mars'r."

When we halted at night-fall in a cotton-field, around us was gathered a great throng of colored people, houseless, homeless, well-nigh dead with fatigue, and with nothing to eat. Near where we pitched our tent, for instance, was a poor negro woman with six little children, of whom the oldest was apparently not more than eight or nine years of age—the whole forlorn family crouched shivering together in the rain and sleet. Andy and I thought, as we were driving in our tent-pins:

"That 's pretty hard, now, is n't it? Could n't we somehow get a shelter and something to eat for the poor souls?"

It was not long before we had set up a rude but serviceable shelter, and thrown in a blanket and built a fire in front for them, and set Dinah to cooking coffee and frying bacon for her famishing brood.

Never shall I forget how comical those little darkies looked as they sat cross-legged about the fire, watching the frying-pan and coffee-pot with great, eager eyes!

Dinah, as she cooked, and poked the fire betimes, told Andy and me how she had deserted the old home at the plantation—a home which no doubt she afterward wished she had never left.

an' leabe us all 'lone, an' so when we see de sodjers comin' we done cl'ar out too,—ki-yi!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

WE had just come out of what is known as the "Second Hatcher's Run" fight, somewhere about the middle of February, 1865. The company, which was now reduced to a mere handful of men, was standing about a smoking fire in the woods, discussing the engagement and relating adventures, when some one came in from brigade headquarters, shouting the following message: "Say, Boys, good news! They told me over at head-



THE CHARGE ON THE CAKES.

"When we heerd dat de Yankees was a-comin'," said she, "de folks all git ready fer to leabe. Ole Mars' John, he ride out de road dis way, an' young Mars' Harry, he ride out de road dat way, fer to watch if dey was a-comin'; and den ebbery now an' den one or udder on 'em 'd come a-ridin' up to de house an' say, 'Did ye see anyt'ing on 'em yit? Did ye hear whar dey is now?' An' den one mawning, down come young Mars' Harry a-ridin' his hoss at a gallop—'Git out o' dis! Git out o' dis! De Yankees is a-comin'! De Yankees is a-comin'!' and den all de folks done gone cl'ar out

quarters that we are to be sent North to relieve the 'regulars' somewhere."

Ha! ha! ha! That was an old story—too old to be good, and too good to be true. For a year and more we had been hearing that same good news,—“Going to Baltimore,” “Going to Washington,” and so forth, and we always ended with going into battle instead, or off on some long raid.

So we did n't much heed the tidings. We were too old birds to be caught with chaff.

But, in spite of our incredulity, the next morning we were marched down to General Grant's

branch of the Petersburg Railway, loaded on box-cars, and carried to City Point, where we at once embarked on two huge steamers, which we found awaiting us.

For two days and nights we were cooped up in those miserable boats. We had no fire, and we suffered from the cold. We had no water for thirty-six hours, and, of course, no coffee, and what is life to a soldier without coffee? All were seasick, too, for the weather was rough; and so, what with

"Dem sodjers, dar, must be done gone starved, dat 's sartin. Nebber seed sech hungry men in all my bawn days,—nebber!"

After supper we were lodged in a great upper room of a large building—bunks ranged around the four sides, and in the middle an open space, which was soon turned to account, for one of the boys strung up his fiddle, which he had carried on his knapsack for full two years, on every march, and through every battle we had been in, and we



THE WELCOME HOME.

hunger and thirst, cold and seasickness, we landed one evening at Baltimore more dead than alive.

No sooner were we well down the gang-plank than the crowd of apple and pie women that stood on the wharf made quick sales and large profits. Then we marched away to a "soldiers' retreat" and were fed. Fed! We never tasted so grand a supper as that before nor since—"salt horse," dry bread, and coffee! The darkies that carried around the great cans of the latter were kept pretty busy for a while, I can tell you; and they must have thought:

proceeded to celebrate our "change of front" with music and dancing until the small hours of the night.

Down through the streets of Baltimore we march in the morning, with our blackened and tattered flags a-flying, mustering only one hundred and eighty men out of the one thousand who marched through those same streets nearly three years ago. We take the cars (box or cattle cars, with no fire, and the snow outside a foot deep), and steam away for two days and a night to a certain city in the far distant North. At midnight we

pass within two miles of my own home, and I think the folks there would n't be sleeping quite so soundly if they could know how near I am to them.

And—for there is no need I should prolong matters any further—after some months of garrison duty in a Northern city, the great and good news came at last one day that Peace was declared and the great war was over! The young readers of ST. NICHOLAS can scarcely imagine what joy instantly burst forth all over the land. Bells were rung all day long, bonfires burned, and people paraded the streets half the night, and everybody was glad beyond possibility of expression. And among the joyful thousands all over the land, the Boys in Blue were probably the gladdest of all, for was n't the war over now, and would n't "Johnny come marching home"?

But before getting home, we bid our comrades in arms good-bye, for the regiment was composed of companies from different parts of the State, and we must part, in all probability never to see one another again. And a more hearty, rough and ready, affectionate good-bye there never was in all this wide world. In the rooms of one of the hotels at the State capital we were gathered, waiting for our respective trains; knapsacks slung, Sharp's rifles at a "right-shoulder shift" or a "carry"; songs were sung, hands shaken, or rather wrung; loud, hearty "God bless you, old fellows," resounded, and many were the toasts and the healths that were drunk before the men parted for good and all. And then, at last, we were off for the train, "Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom!"

Of the thirteen men who had gone out from our little village, but three had lived to get home together. Reaching the village in the stage, at dusk one evening in June, we found gathered at the hotel where the stage stopped, a great crowd of our school-fellows and friends, who had come to meet us. We almost feared to step down among them, lest they should quite tear us to pieces

with shaking of hands. The stage had scarcely stopped when I heard a well-known voice calling:

"Harry! Are *you* there?"

"Yes, Father! Here I am!"

"God bless you, my boy!"

And pushing his way through the crowd, my father plunges into the stage, not able to wait until it has driven around to the house, and if his voice is husky with emotion, as he often repeats "God bless you, my boy!" and gets his arm around my neck, is it any wonder?

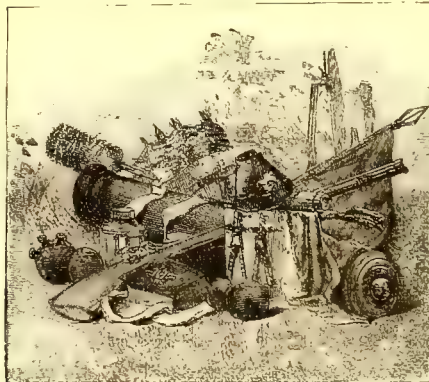
But my dog Rollo can't get into the stage, and so he runs barking after it, and is the first to greet me at the gate, and jumps up at me with his great paws on my shoulders. Does he know me? I rather think he does!

Then Mother and Sisters come around, and they must needs call for a lamp and hold it close to my face, and look me all over from head to foot, while Father is saying to himself again and again, "God bless you, my boy!"

Although I knew that my name was never forgotten in the evening prayer all the while I was away, yet not once, perhaps, in all that time was Father's voice so choked in utterance as when now, his heart overflowing, he came to give thanks for my safe return. And when I lay down that night in a clean white bed, for the first time in three long years, I thanked God for Peace and Home.

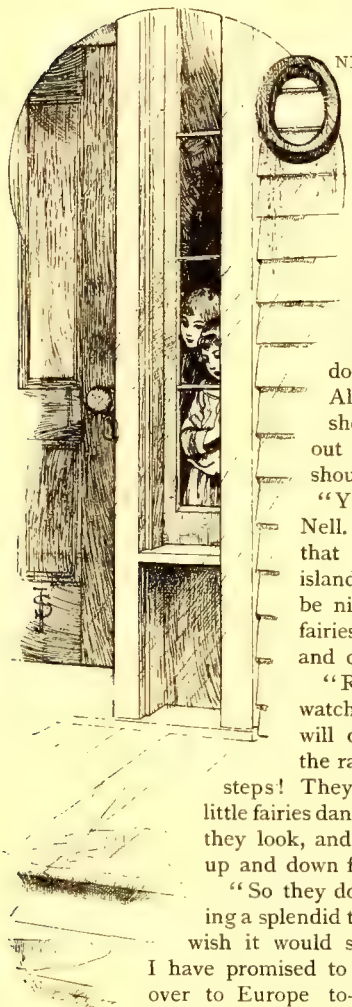
And—Andy? Why—the Lord bless him and his!—he's a soldier still. For, having laid aside the blue, he put on the black, being a sober, steady-going Presbyterian parson now, somewhere up in York State. I have n't seen him for years; but when we do meet, once in a great while, there is such a wringing of hands as makes us both wince until the tears start, and we sit up talking over old times so far into the night that the good folk of the house wonder whether we shall ever get to—

THE END.



A TRAGEDY IN THE GARRET.

BY GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON.



NE wet afternoon, two little girls stood by the window of a large country-house and watched the rain as it fell.

"What nice little brooks and rivers it makes along the road, does n't it?" said Alice. "How I should like to go out and sail boats, should n't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Nell. "And do see that cunning little island. Would n't it be nice if some tiny fairies would come and dance on it?"

"Real nice. Let's watch and see if they will come. Oh, see the rain-drops on the

steps! They're exactly like little fairies dancing. How jolly they look, and don't they bob up and down fast?"

"So they do; they're having a splendid time, but I really wish it would stop raining, as I have promised to take my family over to Europe to-day, and now they can't go. Where did you say

you would take yours?"

"Mine?" answered Alice. "Oh, I said I would take them to the country, somewhere; the baby is n't at all well. Do you know," she added, in a tone of deep anxiety, "her head's 'most off—somehow I can't make it stick on, and I have to keep her in bed all the time, for fear it will come off altogether."

"Poor, dear child," said Nell. "Let's go and see about them: it's time they were up."

"Where are you going, children?" said Mamma.

"Up into the garret, to play paper-dolls. You

don't want us for anything, do you?" and they peered between the balusters at their mother in the hall below, hoping the answer would be "no." She did not disappoint them, and they were soon in the large, old-fashioned garret where they had spent so many happy hours.

On one side was an extensive array of dolls which the little girls had made for themselves. They had cut from the fashion-journals a number of stylish-looking girls and boys, and pasted them on card-board to make them stiff. All kinds of dresses were devised for them. Pieces of pretty paper, such as the bright gilt bands encircling packages of envelopes, the lace paper in cigar-boxes, and bright blue-and-orange glazed paper that came from the stores where their mother bought fancy goods, were eagerly seized by the children, and converted into brilliant wardrobes.

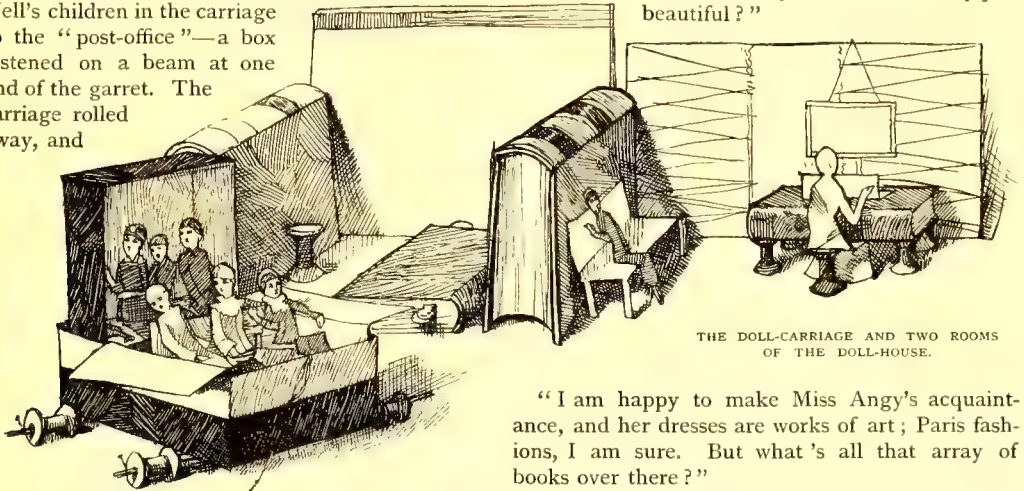
An older sister—Nan—whose doll days were supposed to be over,—for she went to school, and was engaged with lessons or reading most of the time,—used to visit the garret housekeepers occasionally and suggest improvements, and, being of an artistic turn of mind, she sometimes delighted their hearts by making wonders of dresses for the dolls, or painting the faces and hair of any new members of the family.

There were two dormer windows in this garret. Alice had made her house in one, and Nell had one just like it in the other window, and these houses were triumphs of art in the girls' eyes, and certainly displayed no little ingenuity. Some old books were stood up on end, making a succession of square rooms, which were duly furnished. The floor of "the parlor" was carpeted with some green cloth found in the rag-bag. Sofas and chairs were made of pasteboard and painted brown. A "piano" was a block of smooth wood left by the carpenter from some repairs,—white and black keys were painted on it; and empty spools were used as legs. A large black spool did service as a stove. On the walls of the rooms were hung pictures, with strips of gilt paper pasted around them like frames.

Now, it had taken many days to collect and manufacture all these things, and the adage that working for an object makes the object more precious, was certainly verified in this instance. Each and every doll was dearer to the little girls' hearts on account of the thought and trouble expended upon it.

Every evening the dolls were "put to bed," and then they looked very queer, because, for safe keeping, they were placed between the leaves of books, with their heads sticking out, "to breathe," as Alice said, and they were sometimes not "waked up" until the following afternoon.

"Well, dears, how have you slept to-day?" said the girls, as they took the dolls tenderly from the books and proceeded to dress them, after which they were taken into the dining-room for breakfast. The meal ended, Alice's boy, Rob, was sent "next door" to ride with Nell's children in the carriage to the "post-office"—a box fastened on a beam at one end of the garret. The carriage rolled away, and



THE DOLL-CARRIAGE AND TWO ROOMS OF THE DOLL-HOUSE.

when it stopped, the dolls were jumped out and made to get the letters posted by Alice the previous afternoon, and supposed to be from the dolls' fathers, who were traveling. Then the carriage came rattling home, only to be sent off again on another errand.

So the play went on; the rain outside was forgotten, and the girls lived for the time in a little world of their own; and a bright little world it was. Invitations to visit each other, excursions, picnics, followed in quick succession. Days, and even weeks, were made to pass quickly by, and the conversation was unceasing.

A ball was given in Alice's house, and great excitement reigned for a time. The dolls were dressed in their Sunday best, and were danced about, while the little girls sang the music at the top of their voices. Suddenly a curly brown head was thrust up the stair-way, and a boyish voice said:

"What are you two midgets up to?"

"Oh!" gasped Alice, her voice breaking into a frightened squeak. "How you did scare us!"

"We are having a ball," said Nell.

"I should think you were—quite a *bawl*, I should say." And coming all the way up, Ned began a survey of the playthings.

Proud of their visitor, the little girls gladly displayed their possessions, for they and Cousin Ned were famous friends.

"This one," said Alice, "is Angelina. I made her dresses myself. Are n't they just beautiful?"

"I am happy to make Miss Angy's acquaintance, and her dresses are works of art; Paris fashions, I am sure. But what's all that array of books over there?"

"Those are houses! This one is mine, and that one over there is Nell's."

"This is the baby. You see, I have to keep her in bed all the time, 'cause her head's 'most off. What do you think I had better do with her?" asked Alice, bringing out the young sufferer and showing her to Ned with much concern.

"Well," said Ned, "I am afraid she is a gone case; you can't cure a broken neck; better throw her away."

"Throw her away!" cried Alice, in a horrified tone. "You don't seem to know what you are talking about, Ned Allen! S'pose your head was 'most off, would you like to have some one say that about you, just as if they did n't care?"

"Well, little one," laughed Ned, "you need n't be so indignant. I suppose if I were in the same fix myself, I should n't care much what they did with me. But I see it has stopped raining, so I must be off. Good-bye."

"Suppose we go, too, and take the children," said Alice. "It will do them good, they've been in the house so long."

So they took all their dolls, and asked their mamma if they might go out. Not without some pleading and promises to be careful, to put on

overshoes and not to get wet, did their mother consent to let them go.

"Hello!" cried Ned, as he saw them coming toward the brook. "Do you want to give those dolls a sail?"

Alice looked doubtful as she saw the brook, much swollen by the heavy shower, rushing along over the stones.

But Nell said: "Yes, indeed, it will be splendid; they have n't had one for a long time."

"Well, bundle them in. I am going to sail the boat all the way down the brook," said Ned.

After much consultation, and trembling for fear the wind might blow them away, or the frail craft be wrecked among the breakers, Alice consented to let her dolls go. "But—do be careful of the whirlpools," she said, as she reluctantly handed Angelina to Ned.

All went famously for a while. The little boat sailed bravely down the stream, and the dolls appeared to enjoy the voyage immensely, as they were quite still. Ned steered it safely around the large stones, and the little girls followed it along the banks of the brook. But almost at the journey's end, Miss Angelina must have begun to suffer from the tossing of the waves, for without any warning she leaned over the side and toppled into the water.

"Don't, oh, please don't let

less young lady, as she whirled about in an eddy of the swift current.

"Here, fish her out with this stick," cried Nell,—for the doll had gone beyond Ned's reach.

After many unsuccessful attempts, she was finally rescued, all wet and dripping, her pretty dress quite limp.

"Her clothes are spoiled, but otherwise she 's all right," said Ned.

"Put her on the stones in the sunshine, and she 'll be dry in no time, and then she can have another ride."

"Oh, no! I think we had better go into the



"OH, OUR DOLLIES! OUR DOLLIES!" WAILED THE LITTLE GIRLS.

her drown!" cried Alice, clasping her hands in something very like agony, while Ned stopped the boat and leaned over the brook to rescue the luck-

house now; don't you, Nell?" said Alice, quite mournful over her pet's disaster.

"Yes," said Nell. "I suppose we ought to, for

it must be about time for dinner." So, taking the other dolls from the boat, and thanking Ned for the sail, they scampered back to their garret, in order to put their dolls away safely. But they had scarcely reached the top floor, when Nan called them to come down to hear about an invitation.

"What 's it for—where 's it to?" asked the little girls, as they followed their sister.

"It is to a magic-lantern exhibition; we are to wear our white dresses, and go in the carriage."

In the preparations that followed, the dolls were forgotten, and the little girls, happy in the enjoyments of the party, never dreamed of the woes that befell their precious families. All the evening the poor dolls sat patiently waiting. No one came to put them into their beds.

The night grew dark and darker. They never moved, nor even breathed, from fright. All around them they heard mysterious noises; then a dreadful hairy animal made his appearance, and seizing poor Angelina by the head, dragged her away, to

the speechless horror of her sisters. Soon terrible confusion reigned. Instead of one monster, there seemed to be thousands. The furniture was tossed about and destroyed; the walls were knocked down, and the poor dolls dragged here and there, or torn asunder by their merciless captors, the rats, who carried them down dark holes, and stored them away to feast upon at leisure.

Thus in a few moments were destroyed the hopes and pleasures of weeks of childish life.

Next morning, Alice and Nell went up to their play-room, as usual, full of anticipations for a pleasant time, and pussy skipped gayly after them. But their sorrow can only be imagined as they saw the ruins of the once happy homes.

"Oh, our dollies! our dollies! Where are they?" wailed the little girls, in heart-broken accents. Pussy echoed their grief, but there was for answer only the silence of desolation. Not one doll was left to tell the tale.

THE SELFISH OYSTER.

BY GEORGE J. WEBSTER.

THERE once was a selfish old Oyster,
Who lived like a monk in a cloister,
Safely housed in his shell,
Like the monk in his cell,
Though the bivalve's apartment was moister.

Anchored tight in the mud of the bay
This lazy old party did stay.
Nor cared he to roam
Very far from his home;
For exertion, he thought, did not pay.

And you will be wondering, I think,
What he did for his victuals and drink.
Well, the Oyster was sly,
And when young crabs came by,
He would catch them as quick as a wink.

Then in him the poor crabs had to stay,
Till in time they had melted away.
So the Oyster got fatter,
And the crabs—but no matter—
For crabs have no souls, people say.

"And oho!" said the Oyster, said he:
"What a lucky old party I be!
Like a king in his pride
I wait here, and the tide
Every day brings my living to me."

But there came a grim Star-fish, who spied,
Our friend lying flat on his side;
For the greedy old sinner
Had just had his dinner,
And now could not run had he tried.

With a spring to the Oyster he came,
And he threw his five arms round the same.
He shut off his breath,
And he squeezed him to death.
Then he ate him, nor felt any shame.

The point of this story, my dears,
Just "as plain as a pikestaff" appears.
But please give attention,
While briefly I mention
The moral again, for your ears.

Don't be greedy and live but to eat,
Caring only for bread and for meat;
Nor selfishly dwell
All alone in your shell,—
Don't be oysters, in short, I repeat.

But you'll find it much better for you
To be kind, and unselfish, and true;
Then you'll not lack a friend
Your cause to defend,
When a Star-fish rolls into your view.



THREE foolish fairies flew far and flew high,
 One showery April day,
 To see how the rain-drops came down from the sky,
 But alack, they lost their way!

Three frightened fairies sat down in a row,
 On the rainbow that glittered so gay;
 And there they are sitting, for all that I know,
 Lamenting their folly to-day.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOUSE PICNIC.

THE house picnic proved a complete success. In the first place, not only the original thirty came, but other boys and girls whose names had been added to the list; secondly, a lovely snow-storm, one of the bright, dry kind, had come during the night, and evidently had "come to stay"; thirdly, the guests made it a frolic from the very first, and every sleigh-load driven to the door by Jack, came in singing and cheering; fourthly, Uncle George, as Dorry said, was "splendid," Jack was "good as gold," and Liddy was "too lovely for anything"; fifthly, the house, from top to bottom, was bright, home-like, and beautiful,—flowers sprang up in unexpected places, delightful surprises abounded; and, lastly, hardly anything was broken, not a single child was killed, and the house was n't burned to the ground—all of which Liddy and Jack agreed was "simply mirac'lus!"

Such a wonderful day as that is hard to describe. Imagine the scene. Great square halls on the first and second floors; broad stair-ways; fine open rooms; pleasant fires; beautiful flowers; boys and girls flitting, gathering everywhere, from garret to kitchen,—now scattered, now crowded, now listening to stories, now running, now hiding, now gazing at an impromptu "performance," now sitting in a demure circle, with a napkin on every lap—you know why; now playing games, now having a race on the broad, freshly cleared piazza, that extended along three sides of the mansion; now giving three cheers for Uncle George, and then beginning all over again. It lasted more than ten hours, yet nobody was tired (until the next day!), and all the guests declared, in one way or another, that it was the very nicest time they ever had known in all their lives. Donald and Dorothy were delightful as host and hostess. They enjoyed everything, were on the alert for every one's pleasure, and by their good-humor, courtesy, and graceful manners, unconsciously set an example to all the picnickers. Uncle George,—ah, now I know what to say! You have known him heretofore as a man of grave responsibility,—troubled with an anxiety which to you, perhaps, has been uncomfortably mysterious. But Uncle George, at the house picnic, was quite a different man. He threw care to the winds, proposed

games, invented capital "forfeits," sprang surprises upon the guests, laughed and played like a splendid boy, and, better yet, wore his "glow-look" nearly all the time.

"How handsome Mr. Reed is!" thought more than one young guest. "They say his brother Wolcott was handsomer still. What wonder Don and Dorry are so good-looking. Ho! what are we going to do now?"

Then would follow a merry, well-ordered rush to this or that part of the house, according to the special attraction of the moment. But, really, it is quite impossible for any one to describe the day properly. The only way is to give you a few notes from observations taken on the spot.

We'll begin with the kitchen—Kassy's empire. There she stands, a queen in a calico gown. But Dorothy has the scepter. It is a big wooden spoon. She and a dozen other girls are crowding about the big cooking-stove. All have large towels pinned over their dresses, after the fashion of Topsy's apron—close to the throat, tight around the skirt, and the arms left free. What in the world are they making? What but molasses candy! It is nearly done. It ought to be, after the boiling and the stirring that the girls in turn have given it. Finally, some one holds forward a pan of cold water. Dorothy, carefully dipping out a spoonful of the fragrant syrup, drops it into the water. It sizzles; it stiffens—hurrah! the candy is ready to be taken from the fire.

Cool enough now. "Come, boys! come, girls!" cries Uncle. "Here, put on your aprons, every one of you!" cries Liddy, with her mouth full of pins, and her arms loaded with the coarse towel-aprons which she—knowing soul!—has specially prepared for the occasion.—"Sakes! be careful! Don't burn yourselves!"

But who hears? They are pulling the candy already. Boys and girls in pairs, with hands daintily washed and greased, are taking soft lumps of the cooling mass, drawing them out into great, long, shining ribbons, doubling and drawing them out again until they get lighter and lighter in color, and finally the beautiful golden strands are declared ready for more artistic handling. Then follow royal fun and rivalry, each young confectioner trying to outdo the other. Some twist the soft candy into sticks and lay them aside to cool; some braid it charmingly; others make little walking-canes; others cut it into caramels,—one and all

indulging meantime in flavorsome morsels, and finally shouting with delight over Donald's masterpiece, which he has placed upon the table for inspection, and which that rather sticky young gentleman calls



THE MAID OF ORLEANS!

"Ha! ha!" shouts Daniel Danby. "Pretty good! But supposing it had n't been made of Orleans! Guess there are other kinds." But that sarcastic and well-informed young gentleman is hardly heard in the laughing commotion.

Ah, what a washing of hands! For the fun of the thing, Uncle George has caused warm water to be put into a great tub, which stands upon the wash-bench, and now the candy-pullers take their turn in a close ring about it, all frantically feeling and struggling for the soap, which repeatedly bobs to the surface, only to be dashed out of sight again by some desperate little hand.

While this merry crowd of cooks and pullers are working and frolicking in the kitchen, a few of the company may be found in other parts of the old mansion, amusing themselves in their own fashion. Some of the very young guests are in the upper rooms playing childish games; and one or two older ones who, as it happens, see quite enough of the kitchen in their own homes, prefer to enjoy themselves now in the finer apartments.

We'll look into Mr. Reed's study, the door of

which stands slightly ajar. Amanda Danby is there alone. She is sitting in the master's big chair with a volume of poems in her hand—forgetting the party, forgetting that she has laboriously smoothed her curly hair for the occasion, forgetting that she is wearing her precious drab merino—her mother's wedding gown—now made over for the fourth time, forgetting the new collar and pretty blue bow at her throat (Dorothy's gifts), conscious only that

"The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar."

Amanda smiles to herself as she turns the leaf, feeling that after all there is a great deal of life and spirit in the world, and that dish-pans, pots, and kettles are mere phantoms of the imagination. The verse runs on so smoothly, too. She could write whole books of poetry herself if she only had gone somewhere and improved herself. Then, as she reads on, the great, comfortable arm-chair, the soft carpet, the well-filled book-shelves, and the subdued light give her a vague, delightful sense of having improved herself already.

Let us look into the other rooms. No one in the parlor. The back sitting-room, too, is deserted. The dining-room is empty and locked; but high up on the garret-stairs sit three wide-eyed, open-mouthed youngsters listening to Ben Buster.

"True?" he is saying, "of course it's true; I knew the boy myself—Joe Gunther, smart fellow. He's on a ranch, now, out in Californy. I'll tell you how it was: He was living with a settler named Brown, 'way off in Utah. Brown had three men besides Joe to help him,—sort of partnership, I b'lieve, raising cattle. It was a desolate place, and the Indians were troublesome. Brown nor his men never went outside the hut without a loaded gun, and they kept several more in the hut, always loaded, ready for an attack. One morning, long before daylight, Joe heard a rumpus. He was in bed—none of your cots, but a bunk, like a shelf, fastened to the inside of the stockade walls."

"What do you mean by stockade walls?" asks one of the listeners.

"Why, walls made out of logs standing upright—it was only a hut, you see; no laths, nor plaster, nor any such nonsense. Well, Joe knew by what he heard that old man Brown was inside, firing from the door at the Indians—did n't know where the other two were,—killed, may be,—and so Joe gets up on his knees and looks through

a crevice of the stockade wall, and sees the chief crawling stealthily around the hut to get in at the only window and attack the old man! A loaded gun—double-barrel—was hanging on the wall right near Joe. What did he do but take it, put the muzzle through the chink, and let go at the fellow; discharged both barrels clean at him. ‘You will, will you?’ he yelled out, as the Indian fell; and I declare, if the other Indians were n’t so scared and mystified by the sudden voice, and the chief killed, out of the very walls, as it seemed to them, that they turned and scampered. Joe rushed out to old man Brown, and there he was with his two partners at the door, not one of the three scratched, and the chief was lying there by the stockade wall, just as he fell.

“Joe did n’t care to go near him, for by this time he began to feel rather weak in the joints. But the most wonderful part of all is to come yet. That Indian chief was only wounded, after all. They thought he was killed; and while the three men and Joe were in the hut, planning what they should do next,—for they were sure the red-skins would come back in greater force to get the body of their chief,—I declare if that old Indian did n’t up and go about his business. Brown and Joe and all of them searched the forest well that day and the next, but they never found him. Joe had made his mark, though, and he was in more than one scrimmage with the Indians after that.”

“It’s a shame to kill Indians!” at last exclaims one of Ben’s awe-stricken listeners. “My father says they’ve been imposed upon and abused by the white folks. He says we ought to teach them instead of killing them.”

“That’s so,” says another of the trio, nodding emphatically. “My father says so, too.”

“Oh, does he?” returns Ben Buster, in mild wrath, “who does n’t? But this was a fair fight. What are you going to do when they’re doin’ the killing, eh? Open your book and hear them a spelling-lesson? Guess not. Ask ’em questions in ’rithmetic when they’re helping themselves to your scalp? Oh, of course.”

All of which would be very impressive and very convincing to the young hearers, did not a small boy at this moment come suddenly rushing across the hall, shouting—

“Ho! Candy! I smell merlasses candy. They’re making it. Come on.”

And down they run—all but Ben, who prefers to go through the house in search of adventures. He opens a door, sees a small ring of prettily dressed little girls and boys, hand in hand, singing:

“Oats, pease, beans, and barley grows,
You nor I nor nobody knows
Where oats, pease, beans, and barley grows.”

He beats a hasty retreat. Signs of commotion come from a bedroom on the other side of the hall, but Ben, hearing Fandy’s familiar voice there, turns aside and goes slowly down-stairs, feeling rather bored since there is no one to listen to his stories.

A moment afterward he is in the kitchen, laughing with the rest at Donald’s expressive masterpiece, but secretly resolving never to go into company again until he can have a frock-coat. The blue cloth jacket and trousers, bought with his last year’s savings, somehow do not seem to him as fine as they did when he put them on earlier in the day, though he is an independent youth, not easily made dissatisfied with his appearance. For the first time in his life he rather envies Daniel David and Ellen Elizabeth, who look remarkably well on this occasion, being dressed in clothes that once were Donald’s and Dorothy’s. This is no unusual effect. For Lydia, with Mr. Reed’s hearty sanction, has long been in the habit of slyly handing garments to Mrs. Danby, with the flattering assurance that as the dear D’s grow like weeds, it will be an act of real kindness if Mrs. Danby will turn the clothes to good account, and Mrs. Danby always has complied.

Talking of the Danbys, perhaps this is a fitting time to explain the commotion that Ben heard in Mr. Reed’s bedroom.

A moment before, and in the midst of certain lively planning, a middle-sized boy, named Thomas Budd, had strayed from the candy-pulling scene and appeared at the threshold of this apartment, where Charity Danby, little Isabella Danby, Fandy, and three or four others were assembled.

“All right!” shouted Fandy excitedly, as Master Budd entered; “you can play, too, Tommy Budd. Now Charity Cora, look out for Isabella! We’re going to have my new game.”

“Oh, please do, Cora! quick!” cried little Helen Danby. “Fandy’s made it up all hisself, and he’s goin’ to teach it to us.”

“That’s right,” said Fandy, approvingly, as Charity Cora hastily lifted her three-year-old sister from the floor; “take her ’way off. It’s a awful dang’rous game. She might get killed!”

Very naturally, Cora, with little Isabel in her arms, stood near the door to see what was going to happen.

“Now, chil’reen,” cried Fandy, “take your places all over. Pete, you’re a lion; Sammy, you’re a big wolf; Helen, you’re a wild cat; Gory, you’re a elephant; and Tommy, you’ll have to be (let’s see, what other animal is there?) Oh! yes; you must be a kangaroo! and I’m a great big hunter-man, with a gun an’ a so-word!”

So saying, the great big man took the long brass-handled shovel and poker from the brass stand by the fire-place, and struck an attitude.

"Now, chil'ren, you must all go 'round, a-howling and going on like what you all are, and I'll pounce on you fass as I can, an' kill you. When I shoot, you must fall right down: and when I chop off your heads with my big so-word, you must roar awful."

"Hah! Where's the game in that?" cried Gory, scornfully.

"Why—let's see," said Fandy, rather puzzled.

Baby Isabel, who must have been born to be a lion-tamer, looked on in great glee; and Cora tried not to feel frightened.

Fandy made a capital hunter; he shot right and left, and sawed off the heads of the slain like a good fellow, until at last there were four dead animals under the bed, all lying curled up just as still as mice.

There was only one more animal to kill, and that was Tom, the kangaroo.

Bang! went Fandy's gun—the shovel end pressed in style against his shoulder—bang!



"THE CANDY-PULLING" [SEE PAGE 469.]

"Oh! yes; the one I kill first is *it*—that's the game."

"All right," spoke up Tommy Budd, "and then that one takes the gun and sword and hunts. That's first-rate. Let's begin."

But Fandy objected to this.

"No, no," he said, "I've got to do all the killin', 'coz it's my game. I'll tell you what! The ones that gets killed are dead animals—and all the dead animals can go under the bed!"

"That'll do," they shouted; and the game began. Such roaring and baying, growling and shouting, were never heard in human habitation before.

But the kangaroo did n't fall.

Fandy took more careful aim, and fired again.

Bang!

Still the kangaroo hopped about, as frisky as ever.

"Bang! I tell you! Don't you hear me say bang? Why don't you go dead?"

"You have n't hit me yet," retorted the kangaroo, taking wonderful leaps. "Look out! Pretty soon I'll jump on you and smash you!"

"No, you wont, neither!" cries the hunter, growing very red and taking fresh aim.

Bang!

Unlucky shot! The kangaroo was on him in an instant.

"Now, sir," growls the kangaroo, butting the overthrown hunter with his head, "what's the next part of this game? Who beats?"

"I do!" gasped Fandy. "Get off me."

This was too much for the dead animals under the bed. They began to laugh.

Cora laughed as heartily as any, and so did half a dozen big boys and girls who by this time had assembled in the open door-way.

"Stop laughin'," shouted Fandy, still struggling under the kangaroo, "an' all you under the bed come out. Don't you know when all the animals 'cept one is killed, that's the end of the game? Let's play somethin' else."

"Where'd you get that?" he added, as soon as he was a free man—partly to change the subject, and partly because a boy whom he knew suddenly appeared eating a piece of molasses candy.

"Down-stairs. We've been making loads of it," was the muffled reply.

A hint was enough. It is hardly necessary to say that in a twinkling, lion, tiger, wild cat, wolf, elephant, and hunter had joined the crowd in the kitchen, and were feasting ecstatically upon caramels and molasses sticks.

"Whatever shall I do, Mr. George, sir," said the distressed Liddy, "to stop the eating? They'll be sick, sir, every mother's child of them, if they keep on."

"Tell them to wash their hands and faces and come to the parlor. We'll have the picture-gallery game now," said Mr. Reed.

Accordingly, scouts were sent through the house to bring the company together. Meantime, Sailor Jack, in his best clothes, was hard at work clearing the decks for action, as he expressed it.

All were in the parlor and seated at last. That is, all excepting Uncle George and eight or ten who hardly could be missed from such a roomful. Jack had arranged the chairs in several long rows, facing the great sliding-doors that separated the front parlor from the back sitting-room, and on these were seated subdued and expectant boys and girls, all gazing at the closed doors, while the youngest of the guests sat on the floor in front of the chairs, half-frightened, half-delighted at the prospect of "seeing something."

By this time the feathery snow-storm had ceased, and a flood of afternoon sunlight was pouring into the large room. Whispered comments upon the change of weather arose, coupled with remarks that there would be coasting next day, anyhow; then came other remarks, and light laughter, with occasional clapping of hands, when suddenly

Mr. Reed appeared at the side entrance which led into the hall:

"YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! You are now to see a live picture-gallery, and we ask for your criticism upon the pictures, begging you to be merciful in your remarks, and not to be too funny while you try to make the pictures laugh. For, you must know, if any picture in our gallery is guilty of even a smile, it must instantly pop out of sight, leaving its frame empty. When all the frames are thus deserted, we shall expect some of you to fill them again. In fact, each picture in the present exhibition is to select his or her substitute for the next one."

At this, some of the boys looked troubled, and some of the girls tittered, but one and all clapped in hearty applause of Mr. Reed's little speech.

Then came the tinkle of a bell to say that all was ready; Ed Tyler and Donald pushed back the sliding doors, and there, in the great square door-way, was the picture-gallery. To be strictly correct, we must call this gallery a gray wall, apparently hung from top to bottom with fine portraits in broad gilt frames, and all looking wonderfully life-like and *unnatural*; for when a live portrait must not laugh, how can it feel at ease?

At first the spectators were too surprised to speak. Then came a murmur of admiration, with cries of "good, good" from the boys and "how lovely" from the girls, while Liddy, by the parlor door, clasped her hands in silent rapture at the beautiful show.

Beautiful, indeed, it was. All the portraits were as fresh and glowing as though they had been "painted yesterday." The drawing was perfect, the coloring exquisite, and so well were the pictures lighted, so cunningly provided with dark backgrounds, that they seemed really to be paintings. Dorry, in a prim Quaker cap and muslin neckerchief, was prettier than ever. Josie Manning, in red cloak and hood, made a charming gypsy; little Fandy, with his brown eyes and rosy cheeks, was a remarkably handsome portrait of himself; and a sallow, black-haired youth, with a paper-cutter in his clenched fist, scowled admirably as a brigand. The other pictures, though content to be simply faces trying not to smile, were really very bright and effective, and a credit to any artist.

"Well!" exclaimed Uncle, after a moment, "what have the critics to say? What do you think of—of the gypsy, for instance? Who will buy it?"

"I won't!" shouted a funny little fellow in knickerbockers. "It's a chromo."

The gypsy twitched very slightly, and all the other pictures put on increased solemnity of ex-

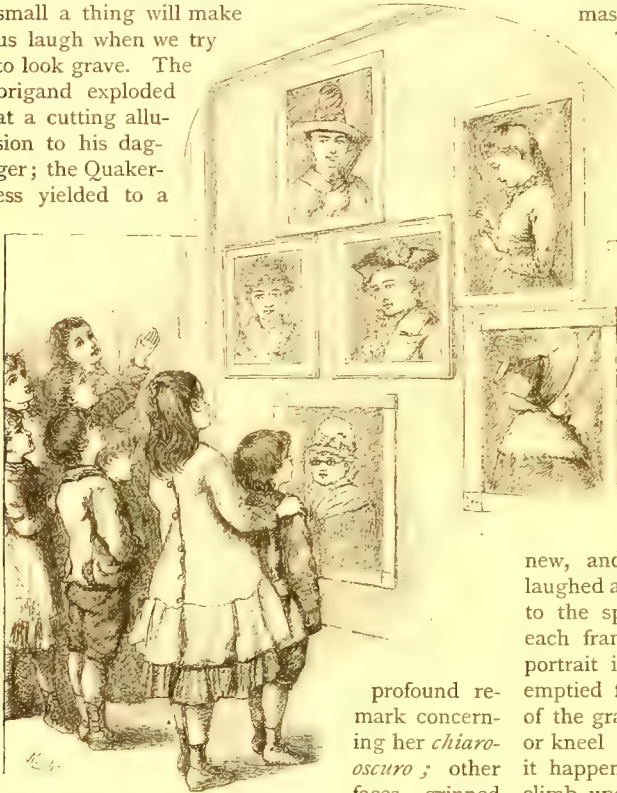
pression, for they felt that their time, too, was coming.

"Do you throw in the frame?" asked some one else.

"Is n't that right eye a little out?" said a girl who was taking drawing-lessons.

This made the picture laugh, and presto! the frame was empty.

After this, though the remarks made were not brilliant nor irresistibly funny, the picture-gallery soon suffered severe losses. So small a thing will make us laugh when we try to look grave. The brigand exploded at a cutting allusion to his dagger; the Quakeress yielded to a



THE LAST VIEW OF THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

profound remark concerning her *chiaro-oscuro*; other faces grinned the instant they were specially

alluded to, and finally, Fandy's portrait was the only one left in its frame. That bright little countenance stared into the room so defiantly that even Uncle George tried, with the rest, to conquer it.

In vain critics criticised—the portrait was deaf. In vain they tried to be as funny as they could; it was obdurate. In vain they shouted at it, laughed at it. Not a smile. Fandy was a youth of principle, and he felt bound in honor to do his duty. Then the boys called the picture, names. It was a monkey, a tramp, a kitten, an eel, a hop-a-toad. Everybody tried to think of something too funny for him to resist. Finally, Donald said:

"No, it's not an animal at all—let's see—what *does* it look like, any way? Ah, it's a target; don't you see the bull's-eye?"

Not a smile.

"Bring a pot of varnish," cried Ed Tyler; "the picture is so dull we'll shine it up a little and see what that will do."

Suddenly a childish howl was heard, to everybody's surprise, for little three-year-old Isabel had been quite forgotten.

"A-ow, a-ow! Tate Fan'y down. What's 'e masser wis Fan'y? Me want Fan'y."

The little sister unconsciously triumphed where every one else had tried and failed. Fandy laughed with the rest, and instantly disappeared, as though he had been blown out like a candle. In another moment he was in the parlor, comforting Isabel to the best of his ability, casting saucy glances at the rest of the company meanwhile, with a merry shake of the head, as if to say: "You thought you could make me laugh, did you? No, sir, you could n't."

Now while the folding doors were closed, a new set of pictures was made; the bell tinkled again, and the game went on as before.

There hung the same six frames on the same places upon the gray cloth wall, but the portraits were new, and very effective, though some of them laughed as soon as the opened doors revealed them to the spectators. This time, by way of variety, each frame as soon as vacated was given a new portrait in full view of the company. When the emptied frame happened to be on the lower part of the gray wall, the new picture had only to stand or kneel upon the carpet behind the frame, but if it happened to be higher up, he was obliged to climb upon a chair or table, or even a ladder, whichever might be necessary to enable him to present himself at the proper place. For this gray wall, you must know, was but a large straight curtain of dark cotton stuff, without any fullness, stretched tightly across the door-way behind the sliding doors, and with large square or oblong pieces cut out of it here and there. Each open space thus left was bordered on all sides with a strip of gilt paper, thus forming an empty picture-frame. Don and Dorry had made the whole thing themselves the day before, and they were therefore very happy at the success of the picture-gallery and the fun it created. They had ingeniously provided the highest pictures with small, dark curtains, fastened above the back of the

frames and hanging loosely enough to be drawn behind the living pictures, so as to form backgrounds. A draped clothes-horse answered the same purpose for the lower pictures. All of this explanation and more was given by Don and Dorry at the house picnic to eager listeners who wished to get up exactly such a picture-gallery at their own homes some evening; but while they were talking about it somebody at the piano struck up a march—"Mendelssohn's Wedding March"—and almost before they knew it the guests found themselves marching to the music two by two in a procession across the great square hall, now lighted by a bright blaze in its open fire-place.

Donald and Dorry joined the merry line, wondering what was about to happen—when to their great surprise (ah, that sly Uncle George! and that innocent Liddy!) the double doors leading into the dining-room were flung open, and there, sparkling in the light of a hundred wax-candles, was a collation fit for Cinderella and all her royal court. I shall not attempt to describe it, for fear of forgetting to name some of the good things. Imagine what you will, and I do believe there was something just like it or quite as good upon that delightful table, so beautiful with its airy, fairy-like structures of candied fruits, frostings, and flowers; its jagged rock of ice where chickens and turtles, made of ice-cream, were resting on every peak and cranny; its gold-tinted jellies, and its snowy temples. Soon, fairy-work and temple yielded to ruthless boys, who crowded around with genteel eagerness to serve the girls with platefuls of delicacies, quite ignoring the rolling eyeballs of two little colored gentlemen who had been sent up from town with the feast, and who had fully expected to do the honors. Meanwhile Liddy, in black silk gown and the Swiss muslin apron which Dorry had bought her in the city, was looking after the youngest guests, resolved that the little dears should not disgrace her motherly care by eating too much, or by taking the wrong things.

"Not that anything on that table could hurt a chicken," she said softly to Charity Cora, as she gave a bit of sponge-cake and a saucer of *blanc-mange* to little Isabella—"Mr. George and I looked out for that; but their dear little stomachs are so risky, you know, one can't be too careful. That 's the reason we were so particular to serve out sandwiches and substantial early in the day, you know. But sakes! there 's that molasses candy! I can't help worrying about that."

Charity Cora made no reply beyond a pleasant nod, for, in truth, conversation had no charms for her just then. If Donald had found you, hungry reader, modestly hidden in a corner, and with a

masterly bow had handed you that well-laden plate, would you have felt like talking to Liddy?

But Liddy did n't mind. She was too happy with her own thoughts to notice trifles. Besides, Jack was at that moment putting a fresh log on the hall fire, and that gave her an opportunity to ask him if he ever had seen young folks "having a delighteder time."

"*Vener, Mistress Blum!* Never!" was his emphatic, all-sufficient response.

At this very moment, Gory Danby, all unconscious of the feast upstairs, was having his own private table in the kitchen. Having grown hungry for his usual supper of bread and milk, he had stolen in upon Kassy and begged for it so manfully that she was unable to resist him. Imagine his surprise when, drowsily taking his last mouthful, he saw Fandy rush into the room with a plate full of white grapes.



GORY'S PRIVATE TABLE

"Gory Danby!" exclaimed that disgusted brother, "I 'm 'shamed of you! What you stuffin' yourse'f with supper for when there 's a *party* upstairs? Splendid things, all made of sugar! Pull off that bib, now, an' come up!"

Again the march struck up. Feasting was over. The boys and girls, led by Uncle George, who seemed the happiest boy of all, went back to the parlor, which, meanwhile, had been re-arranged, and there Uncle George, producing a great plump tissue-paper bag, hung it from the chandelier that was suspended from the middle of the parlor ceiling. I should like to tell you about this chandelier, how it was covered with hundreds of long, three-sided glass dangles that swung, glittered, and flashed in splendid style, now that all its wax-candles were lighted: but that would interrupt the account of the paper bag. This bag was full of something, they were sure. Uncle George blindfolded Josie Manning with a handkerchief, and putting a long stick in her hand, told her to turn around three times and then strike the bag with the stick.

"Stand back, everybody," cried Donald, as she

made the last turn. "Now, hit hard, Josie! Hard enough to break it!"

Josie did hit hard. But she hit the air just where the bag did n't hang, and then the rest laughed and shouted and begged to be blindfolded, sure that they could do it. Mr. Reed gave each a chance in turn, but each failed as absurdly as Josie. Finally, by acclamation, the bandage was put over Dorothy's dancing eyes, though she was sure she never, never could — and lo! after revolving like a lovely Chinese top, the damsel, with a spring and one long, vigorous stroke, tore the bag open from one side to the other. Down fell the contents upon the floor — pink mottoes, white mottoes, blue mottoes, and mottoes of gold and silver paper all fringed and scalloped and tied with ribbons, and every one of them plump with sugar-almonds or some good kind of candy. How the guests rushed and scrambled for them — how Fandy Danby fairly rolled over the other boys in his delight, and how the young folks tore open the pretty papers, put the candy into their pockets, and shyly handed or sent the printed mottoes to each other! Fandy, in his excitement, handed a couplet to a pretty little girl with yellow hair, and then seeing her pout as she looked at it, ran over to her again with a quick "Let me see 't. What does it say?" She held out the little bit of paper without letting it go, and Fandy, seizing it at the other end, read laboriously and in laughing dismay:

"You-are-the-nicest-boy-I-know,
And-this-is-just-to-tell-you-so."

He recovered himself instantly, however, and wagging his handsome little head at her, exclaimed emphatically:

"Girl, *girl*, don't you see, I meant girl! It's plepostrous to think I meant boy — cause you aint one, don't you see. Mottoes is awful foolish, any way. Come over in the hall and see the gol'-fishes swimmin' in the 'quarium," — and off they ran together, as happy as birds.

Then came a dance — the Lancers. Two-thirds of the young company, including Don and Dorry, attended the village dancing-school, and one and all "just doted on the Lancers," as Josie Manning said. Uncle George, knowing this, had surprised the D's by secretly engaging two players — for piano-forte and violin — and their well-marked time and spirited playing put added life into even the lithe young forms that flitted through the rooms. Charity looked on in rapt delight, the more so as kind Sailor Jack already had carried the sleepy and well-bundled Isabel home to her mother.

One or two more dances finished off this amuse-

ment, and then, after a few moments of rest, came a startling and mysterious order to prepare for the

THANK-YOU GAME!

"What in the world is that?" asked the young folk of Don and Dorry, and their host and hostess candidly admitted that they had n't the slightest idea what it was. They never had heard of it before.

"Well, then, how can we play it?" insisted the little spokespeople.

"I don't know," answered Dorry, looking in a puzzled way at the door.

"All join hands and form a circle!" cried a voice.

Every one arose, and soon the circle stood expectant.

"Your dear great-great fairy godmother is coming to see you," continued the voice. "She is slightly deaf, but you must not mind that."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the laughing circle, "not in the least."

"She brings her white gnome with her," said the invisible speaker, "and don't let him know your names or he will get you into trouble."

"No, no, no!" cried the circle wildly.

A slight stirring was heard in the hall, the doors opened, and in walked the fairy godmother and her white gnome.

She was a tall, much bent old woman, in a ruffled cap, a peaked hat, and a long red cloak. He, the gnome, wore red trousers and red sleeves. The rest of his body was dressed in a white pillow-case with arm-holes cut in it. It was gathered at his belt; gathered also by a red ribbon tied around the throat; the corners of the pillow-case tied with narrow ribbon formed his ears, and there was a white bandage over the eyes, and a round opening for his mouth. The godmother dragged in a large sack, and the gnome bore a stick with bells at the end.

"Let me into the ring, dears," squeaked the fairy godmother.

"Let me into the ring, dears," growled the white gnome.

The circle obeyed.

"Now, my dears," squeaked the fairy godmother, "I've brought you a bagful of lovely things, but, you must know, I am under an enchantment. All I can do is to let you each take out a gift when your turn comes, but when you send me a 'Thank-you,' don't let my white gnome know who it is, for if he guesses your name you must put the gift back without opening the paper. But if he guesses the wrong name, then you may keep the gift. So now begin, one at a time. Keep the

magic circle moving until my gnome knocks three times."

Around went the circle, eager with fun and expectation. Suddenly the blinded gnome pounded three times with his stick, and then pointed it straight in front of him, jingling the little bells. Tommy Budd was the happy youth pointed at.

"Help yourself, my dear," squeaked the fairy godmother as she held the sack toward him. He plunged his arm into the opening and brought out a neat paper parcel.

"Hey! What did you say, dear?" she squeaked. "Take hold of the stick."

Tommy seized the end of the stick, and said, in a hoarse tone:

"Thank you, ma'am."

"That's John Stevens," growled the gnome.

"Put it back! put it back!"

But it was n't John Stevens, and so Tommy kept the parcel.

The circle moved again. The gnome knocked three times, and this time the stick pointed to Dorry. She tried to be polite, and direct her neighbor's hand to it, but the godmother would not hear of that.

"Help yourself, child," she squeaked, and Dorry did. The paper parcel which she drew from the sack was so tempting and pretty, all tied with ribbon, that she really tried very hard to disguise her "Thank you," but the gnome was too sharp for her.

"No, no!" he growled. "That's Dorothy Reed. Put it back! put it back!"

And poor Dorry dropped the pretty parcel into the bag again.

So the merry game went on; some escaped detection and saved their gifts; some were detected and lost them; but the godmother would not suffer those who had parcels to try again, and therefore, in the course of the game, those who failed at first succeeded after a while. When all had parcels, and the bag was nearly empty, what did that old fairy do but straighten up, throw off her hat, cap, false face, and cloak, and if it was n't Uncle George himself, very red in the face, and very glad to be out of his prison. Instantly one and all discovered that they had known all along it was Mr. Reed.

"Ha! ha!" they laughed; "and now," starting in pursuit—"let's see who the white gnome is!"

They caught him at the foot of the stairs, and were not very much astonished when Ed Tyler came to light.

"That is a splendid game!" declared some. "Grand!" cried others. "Fine," "first-rate," "glorious," "capital," "as good as Christmas," said the rest. Then they opened their parcels, and there was great rejoicing.

Uncle George, as Liddy declared, was n't a

gentleman to do things by halves, and he certainly had distinguished himself in the Thank-you game. Every gift was worth having. There were lovely bonbon-boxes, pretty trinkets, penknives, silver lead-pencils, paint-boxes, puzzles, thimbles, and scissors, and dozens of other nice things.

What delighted "Oh, oh's!" and merry "ha, ha's!" rang through that big parlor. The boys who had thimbles, and the girls who had balls, had great fun displaying their prizes, and trying to "trade." After a deal of laughter and merry bargaining, the gifts became properly distributed, and then the piano and violin significantly played "Home, Sweet Home!" Soon sleigh-bells were jingling outside; Jack was stamping his feet to knock the snow off his boots. Mr. McSwiver, too, was there, driving in the Manning farm-sled, filled with straw, and several turn-outs from the village were speeding chuck-a-ty chuck, cling, clang, jingle-y-jing, along the broad carriage-way.

Ah! what a bundling-up time. What scrambling for tippets, shawls, hoods, and cloaks; what laughter and frolic; what "good-byes" and "good-byes"; what honest "thank-you's" to Mr. Reed, and what shouting and singing and hurrahing, as the noisy sleigh-loads glided away, and above all, what an

"Oh, you dear, dear, dear Uncle George!" from Dorry, as she and Donald, standing by Mr. Reed's side, heard the last sleigh jingle, jingle from the door.

And then they went right to bed, slept sweetly, and dreamed till morning of the house picnic? Not so. Do you think the D's could settle down so quietly as that? True, Uncle George soon went to his room. Liddy and Jack went their respective ways, after "ridding up," as she expressed it, and fastening the windows. Nora and Kassy trudged sleepily to bed, the musicians and colored waiters were comfortably put away for the night. But Donald and Dorothy, wide awake as two robins, were holding a whispered but animated conversation in Dorry's room.

"Was n't it a wonderful success, Don?"

"Never saw anything like it," said Donald. "Every one was delighted; Uncle's a regular prince. He was the life of everything, too. But what is it? What did you want to show me?"

"I don't know, myself, yet," she answered. "It fell out of an old trunk that we've never looked into or even seen before; at least, I have n't. Some of the boys dragged it out from under the farthest roof-end of the garret. It upset and opened. Robby Cutler picked up the things and tumbled them in again in a hurry; but I saw the end of a parcel and pulled it out, and ran down

here to see what it was. But my room was full of girls (it was when nearly all of you boys were out in the barn, you know), and so I just threw it into that drawer. Somehow, I felt nervous about looking at it alone."

"Fetch it out," said Donald.

She did so. They opened it together. It contained only two or three old copy-books.

"They're Uncle George's when he was a little boy," exclaimed Dorry, in a tone of interest, as she leaned over Donald, but yet with a shade of disappointment in her tone; for what is an old copy-book?

"It's not copy-writing at all," said Don, peering into the first one—"why, it's a diary!" and turning to look at the cover again, he read, "'Kate Reed.' Why, it's Aunt Kate's!"

"Aunt Kate's diary? Oh, Don, it can't be!" cried Dorry, as, pale with excitement, she attempted to take it from her brother's hands.

"No, Dorry," he said, firmly; "we must tie it up again. Diaries are private; we must speak to Uncle about it before we read a word."

"So we must, I suppose," assented Dorry, reluctantly. "But I can't sleep a wink with it in here." Her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't cry, Dot; please don't," pleaded Don, putting his arm around her. "We've been so happy all day, and finding this ought to make you all the happier. It will tell us so much about Aunt Kate, you know."

"No, Don, it will not. I feel morally sure Uncle will never let us read it."

"For shame, Dorry. Just wait, and it will be all right. You found the book, and Uncle will be delighted, and we'll all read it together."

Dorry wiped her eyes.

"I don't know about that," she said, decidedly, and much to her brother's amazement. "I found it, and I want to think for myself what is best to be done about it. Aunt Kate did n't write it for everybody to read; we'll put it back in the bureau. My, how late it must be growing," she continued, with a shiver, as, laying the parcel in, she closed the drawer so softly that the hanging brass handles hardly moved. "Now, good-night, Donald."

"What a strange girl you are," he said, kissing her bright face. "Over a thing in an instant. Well, good-night, old lady."

"Good-night, old gentleman," said Dorry, soberly, as she closed the door.

(To be continued.)



TOO QUICK FOR EASTER—OUT OF THE SHELL.

LILL'S SEARCH.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

It was a dull, cloudy day, but Lill put on her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"I am going to find the silver lining of the clouds," said she.

"You will have to travel far, Child; you will get wet to the skin."

But Lill thought she could run between the drops, at a pinch; and away she went, over hills and through the woods and across little rivulets, without finding it. Once she thought she saw it gleaming in the distance, but when she reached it, it was only a mud-puddle. She asked of every one she met, "Have you seen the silver lining of the clouds?" but few had been so fortunate; many had never even heard of it; some thought she ought to borrow Jack's bean-stalk, if she was going after it, and others advised her to inquire of the Man in the Moon.

"I have seen it often," murmured the little stream that tumbled over a rocky bed. "In the summer-time, after the drought, my waters are often too scant to turn the mill-wheel, and the miller can grind no grain, and the little children go hungry to bed, till a great cloud comes up and shows its silver lining."

"We have seen it, too," whispered the trees together, "when our roots were thirsty and our leaves withered." And all the grasses sang its praises.

"I will spin you a silken ladder, to go in search of it," offered the garden-spider.

"If I could find out where the rainbow begins," said Lill, "that would carry me straight to cloud-land."

"Can you tell me where the rainbow begins?" she asked, knocking at a farm-house door.

"Yes, indeed," said the old farmer, looking over his spectacles; "it begins in neighbor Goodwin's meadow, yonder. I've hunted for it myself, when I was a boy and went bird-nesting, but I never caught up with it. Every year I meant to look it up, but now I'm too lame. But I've seen it, over yonder, these forty years."

Lill pushed on along the highway, without seeing the rainbow or the cloud's silver lining. But she met a peddler, who said he had them both in his pack, and would sell them cheap.

"As I was coming down the valley this morning, singing to myself, some saucy girl began to mock me. Tell me her name, and I'll show you the silver lining of all the clouds."

"Oh, dear!" cried Lill, "but I don't know the girls about here. May be I can find out, though. What else have you got in your pack, please?"

"I've a good stock, let me tell you; none of your tinsel gewgaws, but a serviceable lot nobody can afford to do without. Here's the seasons, to begin with. Here's your rainbows, single and double, and your showers, your fogs, and your frosts. I've a rare invoice of frost-work embroideries, just imported from the North Pole; and here are your northern lights, and your Christmases, and your Fourth of Julys, and your Thanksgivings, all stowed away in my pack."

"Are the yesterdays there, too?" asked Lill.

"I've got all the to-morrows."

"And the silver lining of the clouds?"

"Plenty of it; only find out the name of that wicked girl who dared to mock at old Father Time, and you shall see it."

Lill went on more quickly than before; she climbed the mountain and reached the valley, but she met no girls, only an old woman gathering fagots and a wood-chopper felling trees. "Hallo!" said he, and somebody answered, "Hallo!" but it was not Lill, and yet there was nobody else in sight.

"Have you seen the girl who mocks at people in the valley here?" asked Lill.

"Have I seen her?" repeated the wood-chopper. "The oldest inhabitant has never seen so much as her shadow. You know she's nothing but a voice."

"What a queer person!" said Lill. "Where does she live?"

"In a castle in the air, perhaps."

"It's growing dark; they'll be looking for me at home," said Lill. "I came out to find the silver lining of the cloud."

"You'll be just as likely to find it at home as anywhere," returned the wood-chopper.

And sure enough, when Lill opened her eyes next morning, there it was, shining on the hedges, sparkling on the meadows, hanging on the boughs of the plum-trees, in great white garlands of snow.



BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THERE was once a little princess who was pretty as a flower,
And in her day, a princess must needs live in a tower;
A tower has a look, you know, of majesty and power.

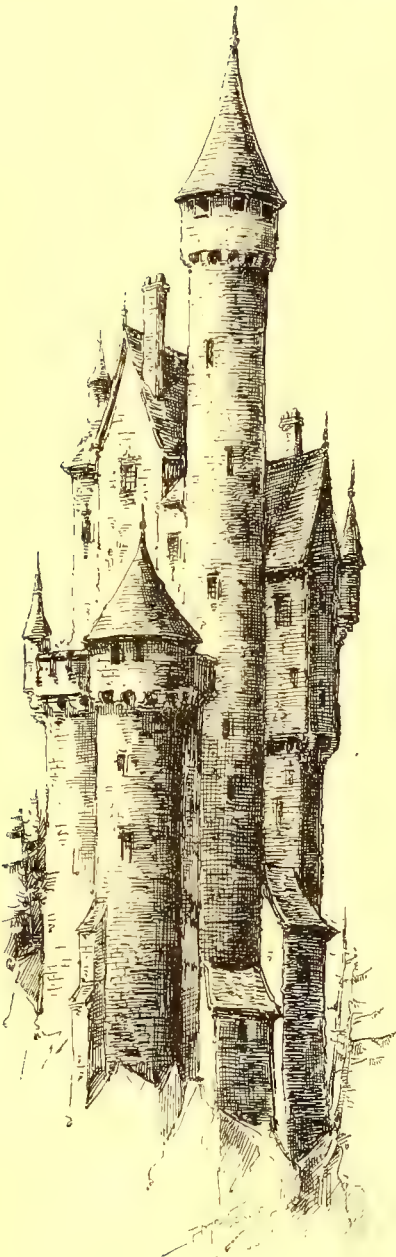
She had many royal suitors, but to all who sought her hand,
"I will wed," she said, "who brings me—I care not from what land—
A pocketful of water and a basketful of sand."

Men in those days were stupid; it was different from our day;
And when she made this strange demand, they knew not what to say,
So most of them said nothing, which, at that time, was their way.

Some argued thus: "A princess who would set this foolish task
Might ask us, next, to bring her some fire within a flask,
Or some thunder in a tea-pot—there 's no telling what she 'd ask!"

A few, more daring, tried it, but of course 't was but to fail,
For it was a tropic country, and their pockets were but frail;
But a number of them offered to bring water in a pail,

And if she wished for sand, they said they 'd bring it in a casket,
A casket set with precious stones—'t was foolishness to ask it,
That any one should even try to bring it in a basket!



These princes, to my thinking, had a great deal of excuse,
For they were but fragile things of reed, the baskets then in use,
And there rose a dreadful whisper, that the princess was a goose!

And that in spite of beauty, in spite of rank and pelf,
It seemed probable this princess would be laid upon the shelf,
And she began, poor darling! to think so of herself!

At this crisis came a stranger-prince, from far and foreign
land;

He had come, he said, on purpose to request
the princess' hand,

And then they found he 'd never heard of the
water and the sand!

Among all those who offered advice, that summer day,

Not a single one advised the prince in the
capital to stay,

No—they every one said earnestly, "You 'd
better go away."

But the prince was very different from
these people. Not a wink

Did he sleep that night for thinking.

"She 's as pretty as a pink!"

Ran his thoughts, and "Having offered,
is it princely thus to shrink?

"It is not caprice, I know it, whatever
they may say:

No, she wishes for a wooer whose
love can find a way

To the meaning of her problem, and
her heart—and I shall stay!"

So he thought and thought till morning;
then, with heart as light as
feather,

He hied him to a cobbler, and bought a piece
of leather.

The cobbler asked him what 't was for; he said
"It 's pleasant weather!"

Then he bought an osier basket—oh, these princes
are so rich!—

And a little ball of cobbler's wax, and a great big
ball of pitch;

He took them home, and locked his door, and straight began to stitch.

He had never learned to sew, of course, and did it clumsily;
He wore his thimble on his thumb, and missed one stitch in three,
And he stuck his royal fingers, too—yes, stuck them terribly!

But you see he 'd made his mind up, so at last the pouch was done;
He took the pitch, which, meanwhile, had been melting in the sun,
And smeared his osier basket, and *this* work was mere fun.



It is always a good plan, you know, beginning with the worst,
Of all one's tasks, the others will seem nothing to the first.
He chuckled, "With this pocket, one need never die of thirst!"

His second task was finished, and with eager, trembling haste,
The sand, which he had ready, he in the basket placed,
And he filled his pouch with water, and strapped it to his waist.

Then he hastened to the palace, and he saw the princess fair,
As she stood beneath a linden, with white rose-buds in her hair,
And he whispered, "Ah, I'll guard her. She shall never know a care."



A herald led him forward, and he knelt and kissed her hand,
Saying, "Fairest, sweetest lady, I have brought, at your command,
A pocketful of water and a basketful of sand!"

Of course the little princess was married to the prince.
And were they happy? Bless you, they 've been happy ever since!
And they live? Upon some hangings made of very ancient chintz.

But I am not sure—I fancy that once in a long while
I meet them, for I recognize the princess by her smile,
And the prince by deeds of valor, and a certain princely style.

THE WRONG MAN AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUBE.



I. BELOW: "I SAY, NED! DON'T FORGET THE TIME AND PLACE. AT JONES'S BARN AT TEN TO-NIGHT,—SHARP!"



II. ABOVE:—THE LISTENER SAYS TO HIMSELF: "I'LL BE THERE!"

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

STORY THE SECOND.

THE little company, gathered in Jarl Ronvald's castle hall, had enjoyed so much his story of Siegfried and the sword Balmung that they begged for another. In a few moments he assented to their request, and they settled themselves to listen.

The reverend man took his harp and ran his fingers rapidly over the strings, and drew forth music so sweet that those who heard it forgot, for a time, the story of Siegfried and the sword Balmung, and thought of nothing but the bewitching sounds. Then he sang of things great and good, and of things beautiful and true; of Odin, the earth's preserver, the giver of life, the foe of darkness and error; of the heaven-tower of Thor, the thunder-god, and of the Asa-bridge, all afire; of the elves, and the river-sprites, and the handsome hill-folk; and of the four dwarfs who hold up the blue sky-dome above the earth. Lastly, he sang of hidden treasures, and of giants and dragons, and of heroes and fair ladies and noble deeds, and

of the land of mists and shadows, and of a long and happy life and an honored old age.

When he had ended his song he laid his harp aside, and to the eager little company that sat around him he told the story of

THE HOARD OF THE SWARTHY ELVES.

LONG time ago, the Asa-folk were wont to leave their home on the heaven-towering Asgard mountain, and to visit the earth much oftener than now. Sometimes Odin, as a beggar, wandered from one country to another, craving charity; sometimes as a warrior, clad in coat-of-mail, he rode forth to battle against evil-doers; or, as a minstrel, he sang from door to door, and played sweet music in the halls of the great; or, as a huntsman, he dashed through fens and into forests, and climbed steep mountains in search of game. And again and again did the people entertain him unawares.

Once on a time he came to earth with Hœnir and Loki; and the three wandered through many

countries, distributing gifts wherever they went. Odin gave knowledge and strength; Hœnir gave gladness and good cheer; but Loki's gifts were deceit and strife, and a bad heart. At last, growing tired of the fellowship of men, they sought the solitude of the forest, and in the forms of huntsmen wandered among the wooded hills of Hunaland.

Late one afternoon they came to a mountain stream, at a place where it poured over a ledge of rocks and fell in clouds of spray into the valley below. As they stood and, with pleased eyes, gazed upon the water-fall, they saw near the bank an otter, lazily preparing to eat a salmon that he had caught. And Loki, ever bent on doing mischief, hurled a stone at the harmless beast and killed it. Then he boasted loudly that he had done a skillful deed; and he took both the otter and the fish which it had captured, and carried them with him as trophies of the day's success. At night-fall the hunters came to a farm-house in the valley, and asked for food and for shelter during the night.

"Shelter you shall have," said the farmer, whose name was Hreidmar. "But food have I none to give you. Surely, huntsmen of skill should not want for food, since the forest teems with game, and the streams are full of fish."

Then Loki threw upon the ground the otter and the fish, and said: "We have taken from forest and stream, at one blow, both flesh and fish. Give us but the shelter you promise, and we shall not trouble you for food."

The farmer gazed with horror upon the lifeless body of the otter, and cried out:

"This creature which you mistook for an otter, and which you have robbed and killed, is my son Oddar, who, for mere pastime, had taken the form of the furry beast. You are but thieves and murderers!"

Then he called aloud for help; and his two sons, Fafnir and Regin, sturdy, valiant kin of the dwarf-folk, rushed in, and, seizing upon the huntsmen, bound them hand and foot. For the three Asas, having taken the forms of men, had no more than human strength, and were unable to withstand their assailants. Then Odin and his fellows bemoaned their ill-luck, and Loki said: "Wherefore did we foolishly take upon ourselves the likenesses of puny men? Had I my own power once more, I would never part with it in exchange for man's weakness."

And Hœnir sighed, and said: "Now, indeed, will darkness win, and the cold breath of the Frost-giants will blast the fair handiwork of the sunlight and the heat. For the givers of life and light and warmth are helpless prisoners in the hands of these men."

"Surely," said Odin, "not even the highest are free from obedience to heaven's behests, or to the laws of right. I, whom men call the Preserver of Life, have lowered myself by being found in bad company; and, although I have done no other wrong, I suffer rightly for the doings of this mischief-maker, with whom I have stooped to have fellowship. For all are known, not so much by what they are, as by what they seem to be, and they share in the bad fame of their comrades. Now am I fallen from my high estate. Eternal right is higher than I; and, in the twilight of the gods, I shall meet the dread Fenriswolf;* but the world will be made new again, and then the shining Balder will rule in sunlight majesty forever."

Not long afterward, the Asas asked Hreidmar, their captor, what ransom they must pay to become free; and he, not knowing who they were, answered: "I must first know what ransom you are able to give."

"Anything you ask," hastily answered Loki.

Hreidmar then called his sons, and bade them strip the skin from the otter's body. When this was done, they brought the furry hide and spread it upon the ground; and Hreidmar said to the Asas: "Give me shining gold and precious stones enough to cover every part of this otter-skin. When you have paid this ransom, you shall have your freedom."

"That we will do," answered Odin; "but one of us must have leave to go and fetch the treasure. The other two will stay, fast bound, until day-dawn. If by that time the gold is not here, you may do with us as you list."

Hreidmar and the two young men, his sons, accepted Odin's offer, and, lots being cast, it fell to Loki to go and fetch the treasure.

When he had been unloosed from the cords that bound him, Loki donned the magic shoes, which had carried him over land and sea from the farthest limits of the mid-world, and went forth upon his errand. With the swiftness of light, he sped over the hills, and the wooded slopes, and the deep, gloomy valleys, and the fields and forests and sleeping hamlets, until he came to the place where dwelt the Swarthy Elves, and the cunning dwarf Andvari. There the river Rhine, no larger than a meadow-brook, breaks forth from beneath a mountain of ice, which the Frost-giants and blind old Hoder, king of the winter months, had raised long years before. For they had vainly hoped that thus they might imprison the river at its fountain-head. But the baby-brook had eaten its way beneath the frozen mass, and sprung out from its prison and gone on, leaping and smiling, and kiss-

* The early Norsemen believed the time would come when Odin should be slain by a monster called the Fenriswolf, and that then Balder, the pure, would reign over a sinless and happy world.

ing the sunlight, ever widening its course as it ran toward Burgundy and the sea.

Loki had come to this spot, because he knew that it was the home of the elves, and that great wealth of hidden treasures lay somewhere near. He scanned with careful eyes the mountain-side, and the deep, rocky caverns, and the dark gorge through which the little river rushed; but in the dim moonlight not a living being could he see, save a lazy salmon swimming in the quieter eddies of the

white-veiled Waves, playing in the moonlight near the shore. Of them he asked the way to Ægir's hall.

"Seven days' journey westward," said they, "beyond the green isle of Erin, is our father's hall. Seven days' journey northward, on the bleak Norwegian shore, is our father's hall." And they stopped not once in their play, but rippled and danced on the shelving beach, or dashed with force against the shore.



LOKI BEGS RAN TO LEND HIM HER MAGICAL NET.

stream. Any one but Loki would have lost all hope of finding treasure there, at least before the dawn of day. But his wits were quick, and his eyes were very sharp.

"One salmon has brought us into this trouble, and another shall help us out of it!" he cried.

Then, swift as thought, he sprang again into the air; and the magic shoes carried him, with greater speed than before, down the Rhine valley, and through Burgundy land and the low meadows, until he reached the shores of the great North Sea. He sought the halls of old Ægir, the ocean-king. But he wist not which way to go—whether across the North Sea toward Isenland, or along the narrow channel between Britainland and the main.

While he paused, uncertain whither to turn, he saw the pale-haired daughters of old Ægir, the

"Where is your mother, Ran, the Queen of Ocean?" asked Loki.

And they answered:

"In the deep sea-caves,
By the sounding shore:
In the dashing waves,
When the wild storms roar;
In her cold, green bowers,
In the northern fords,
She lurks and she glowers,
She grasps and she hoards,
And she spreads her strong net for her prey."

Loki waited not to hear more, but he sprang into the air, and the magic shoes carried him onward over the water in search of the Ocean-queen. He had not gone far when his sharp eyes espied her, lurking near a rocky shore, against which the breakers dashed with frightful fury.

Half-hidden in the deep, dark water, she lay waiting and watching, and she cunningly cast her net upon the waves, and reached out with her long, greedy fingers to seize whatever booty might come near her. When the wary Queen saw Loki, she hastily drew in her net, and tried to hide herself in the shadows of an overhanging rock. But Loki called her by name, and said:

"Sister Ran, fear not! I am your friend, Loki, whom once, as a guest, you served in the gold-lit halls of Ægir."

Then the Ocean-queen came out into the bright moonlight, and welcomed him to her domain, and asked: "Why does Loki thus wander alone, so far from Asgard, and over the trackless waters?"

And Loki answered: "I have heard of the net which you spread upon the waves, and from which no creature, once caught in its meshes, can ever escape. I have found a salmon where the Rhine-spring gushes from beneath the ice-mountain; but he is a cunning salmon, and no common skill can catch him. Come, I pray, with your wondrous net, and cast it into the stream where he lies. Do but take the cunning fish for me, and you shall have more gold than you have taken in a year from the wrecks of stranded vessels."

"I dare not go!" cried Ran. "A bound is set, beyond which I may not venture. If all the gold of earth were offered me, I could not go."

"Then, lend me your net!" entreated Loki. "Lend me your net, and I shall bring it back to-morrow, filled with gold."

"Much should I like your gold," answered Ran; "but I can not lend my net. If I should do so, I might lose the richest prize that has ever ventured into my domains. For three days a gold-rigged ship, bearing a princely crew with rich armor and abundant wealth, has been sailing carelessly over these seas. To-morrow I shall send my daughters and the bewitching mermaids to decoy the vessel among these rocks. And into my net the ship and the brave warriors and all their armor and gold shall fall. A rich prize will it be. No! I can not part with my net even for a single hour."

But Loki knew the power of flattering words.

"Beautiful Queen," said he, "there is no one on earth, nor even in Asgard, that can equal you in wisdom and foresight. But, I promise you, if you will but lend me your net until the morning dawns, the ship and the crew of which you speak shall be yours, and all their golden treasures shall deck your azure halls in the deep sea."

Then Ran carefully folded the net and gave it to Loki. "Remember your promise!" were the only words she said.

"An Asa never forgets," he answered. And he turned his face again toward Rhineland; and the magic shoes bore him aloft, and carried him in a moment back to the ice-mountain and the gorge and the infant river, which he had so lately left. The salmon still rested in its place, and had not moved during Loki's short absence.

Loki unfolded the net and cast it into the stream. The cunning fish tried hard to avoid being caught in its meshes. But, dart in whatever direction he might, he always met the skillfully woven cords; and these drew themselves around him and held him fast. Then Loki pulled the net up, out of the water, and grasped the helpless fish in his right hand. And lo! as he held the struggling creature high in air, it was no fish, but the cunning dwarf Andvari.

"Thou King of the Elves!" cried Loki, "thy cunning has not saved thee. Tell me, on thy life, where the hidden treasures lie."

The dwarf knew who it was that thus held him as in a vise, and he answered frankly, for it was his only hope of escape: "Turn over the stone upon which you stand. In the cavity beneath it, you will find the treasures you seek."

Then Loki put his shoulder to the rock and pushed with all his might. But it seemed as firm as the mountain, and would not be moved.

"Help me, thou cunning dwarf," cried he, "help me, and thou shalt have thy life."

Then the dwarf put his shoulder to the rock, and it turned over as if by magic, and underneath was a great store of gold and glittering diamonds, such as no man had ever seen. And Loki, in great haste, seized upon the hoard and placed it in the magic net which he had borrowed from the Ocean-queen. When he had taken it all, Andvari again put his shoulder to the rock, and it swung noiselessly back to its place.

"What is that upon thy finger?" suddenly cried Loki. "Wouldst keep back a part of the treasure? Give me the ring thou hast."

But the dwarf shook his head, and made answer:

"I have given you all the riches which the elves of these mountains have gathered since the world began. This ring I can not give you; for without its help we shall never be able to gather together more treasures."

And Loki grew angry at these words of the dwarf, and he seized the ring and tore it by force from Andvari's finger. It was in the form of a serpent coiled, with its tail in its mouth, and its ruby eyes glittered with an evil light. When the dwarf saw that Loki really meant to rob him of the ring, he cursed it and all who at any time should possess it, saying:

"May the ill-gotten treasure which you have seized to-night be your bane, and the bane of all who obtain it, either by fair means or by foul. And the ring which you have torn from my hand, may it entail upon the one who wears it, sickness and sorrow, and loss of friends, and a violent death!"

Loki was pleased with these words, and with the dark curses which the dwarf pronounced upon the gold. For he loved wrong-doing for wrong-doing's sake, and he knew that no curses could ever make his own life more cheerless than it always had been. So he thanked Andvari for his curses and his treasure, and throwing the magic net upon his shoulder, he sprang again into the air, and was carried swiftly back to Hunaland; and, just before the dawn appeared in the east, he alighted at the door of the farm-house where Odin and Hœnir still lay, bound with thongs and guarded by Fafnir and Regin.

Then the farmer brought the otter-skin, and spread it upon the ground; and lo! it grew and spread out on all sides, until it covered an acre of ground. And he cried out:

"Fulfill, now, your promise! Cover every hair of this hide with gold or with precious stones. If you fail to do this, then your lives, by your own agreement, are forfeited, and we shall do with you as we choose."

Odin took the magic net from Loki's shoulder, and opening it, he poured the treasures of the Swarthy Elves upon the otter-skin; and Loki spread the gold and jewels carefully and evenly over every part of the furry hide. But after every piece had been laid in its place, Hreidmar saw near the otter's mouth a single hair uncovered; and he declared that unless this hair, too, were covered, the bargain would be unfulfilled, and the treasure, as well as the lives of his prisoners, would be forfeited. And the Asas looked at one another in dismay; for not another piece of gold and not another precious stone could be found in the net, although they searched it over and over with the greatest care.

At last, Odin took from his bosom the ring which Loki had stolen from the dwarf; for he had been so highly pleased with its workmanship that he had hidden it, hoping it would not be needed to complete the payment of the ransom. And he laid the ring upon the uncovered hair, and, now, no portion of the otter's skin could be seen. And Fafnir and Regin, seeing that the ransom had been paid, loosed the shackles of Odin and Hœnir, and bade the three huntsmen go on their way.

Odin and Hœnir at once shook off their human disguises, and hastened with all speed back to

Asgard. But Loki tarried a little while, and said to the farmer and his sons:

"By your avarice and falsehood you have won for yourselves the Curse of the Earth, which lies before you. It shall be your bane; it shall be the bane of every one who holds it. It shall kindle strife between father and son, between brother and brother. It shall make you mean, selfish, brutal. It shall transform you into monsters. Such is gold, and such it shall ever be to its worshippers. And the ring which your greediness has secured for you, shall give to its possessor its own qualities. Grasping, snaky, cold, unfeeling shall he live; and through treachery shall he die!"

Then he turned and hastened northward toward the sea; for he wished to redeem the promise that he had made to the Ocean-queen, to return her magic net, and to decoy the richly laden ship into her clutches.

No sooner were the strange huntsmen well out of sight than Fafnir and Regin began to ask their father to divide the glittering hoard with them.

"By our strength," they said, "and through our advice, this great store has come into your hands. Let us place it in three equal heaps, and then let each take his share and go his way."

At this the farmer waxed very angry, and he loudly declared that he would keep all the treasure for himself, and that his sons should not have any portion of it whatever. So Fafnir and Regin, nursing their disappointment, went to the fields to watch their sheep; but their father sat down to guard his new-gotten treasure. And he took in his hand the glittering serpent-ring, and gazed into its cold, ruby eyes; and, as he gazed, all his thoughts were fixed upon his gold, and there was no room in his heart for love toward his fellow-men, nor for will to do deeds of kindness, nor for the worship of the great All-Father. And, as he continued to look at the snaky ring, behold, a dreadful change came over him. The warm, red blood, which until this time had leaped through his veins and given him life and strength and human feelings, became purple and cold and sluggish; and selfishness, like serpent-poison, took hold of his heart. Then, as he kept on gazing at the hoard which lay before him, he began to lose his human shape; his body lengthened into many scaly folds, and he coiled himself around his loved treasures—the very image of the ring upon which he had looked so earnestly.

When the day was drawing to a close, Fafnir came back from the fields with his herd of sheep, and thought to find his father guarding the treasure, as he had left him in the morning. But, in his stead, he saw a glittering snake, fast asleep, encircling the hoard like a huge, scaly ring of gold.

His first thought was that the monster had devoured his father; and, hastily drawing his sword, with one blow he severed the serpent's head from its body. And then, forgetting everything except the gleaming gold, he gathered up the hoard and fled with it, beyond the hills of Hunaland, until, on the seventh day, he came to a barren heath far from the homes of men. There he placed the treasure in one glittering heap; and he gazed with greedy eyes upon the fatal ring, until, at length, he, too, was changed into a great, cold monster—a huge and fearful dragon. And he donned the terrible Helmet of Dread, the like of which the world has never seen; and he coiled himself about his loved gold, and lay for ages upon the Glittering Heath, watching with sleepless eyes the heaped-up treasures of the Swarthy Elves.

When Regin, the younger of the two brothers, came back to his father's dwelling, and saw the dead serpent and the place where the treasure had lain, he knew that either his father or Fafnir had outwitted him, and carried the precious hoard away. And his heart was filled with bitterness and anger, and a strange fear came over him, and he left everything behind him and fled in haste from Hunaland. For a great many years he wandered from one land to another, gathering wisdom wherever he went, and teaching men the lore of the earlier days.

But a restless longing filled his soul—a longing to gaze once more upon the glittering hoard which his brother was guarding in the desert. Then, as an old, old man, he came to live with the Volsung folk, where he was known as the wisest of men, the most skillful of smiths, and the most pleasing of musicians. And it is said, in some of our

northern songs, that it was he, and not Mimer, who fostered and taught Siegfried.

The sound of the harper's voice ceased for a few moments; but soon he took his harp and played a wild melody, and sang a song of the sea. And the listeners seemed to hear the rushing waves as they beat against the shore, and the whistling winds, and the driving sleet, and the shriek of frightened sea-birds, and the calls of seamen in distress. And Ingeborg crept close to her father's side and trembled with fear; but Rollo's face lighted up with a glad smile, as of a strong man facing danger, for he longed to become a sea-king, and to brave the perils of the deep.

Then Leif, whose thoughts had not been drawn away from the story, said quietly:

"I think I can guess what became of the dragon. Father says that by putting two facts together we may often come to right conclusions in regard to other facts. So, putting the two stories together, I conclude that one of the first of Siegfried's good deeds was to slay Fafnir on the Glittering Heath."

"How very wise is our thinker!" cried Rollo.

"And he is right," said the jarl.

"But did Siegfried get all those treasures?" asked Ingeborg.

"Perhaps the thinker can put two other facts together, and draw a right conclusion on that point?" said Rollo, with a sly glance toward Leif.

"Not yet," answered Leif. "But I see from Father's smile that he is ready to tell us more about Siegfried, and I think if we listen closely we may learn from him what became of the treasures."

(To be continued.)

WATER POWER.

BY JOEL STACY.

"OH, listen to the water-mill!" I made it all myself,
Out of some odds and ends I found upon the tool-house shelf.

It's what they call an "overshot," and always works, of course,
If you have the luck of getting at a stream of any force.

The only trouble's this,—it's struck me only now,—
That when the folks see what I've done there 'll be a precious row;

And the style of punishment I 'll get, now, probable as not,
Will be, just like my water-wheel, a sort of overshot.

If 't would only keep on raining, —d' ye know? —I have a notion
This water-wheel of mine would make a good perpetual motion;

But the bother is, a fellow can't depend upon the weather,
For it never rains in April days for two half-hours together.

I wonder what I'd better do; it 's going to clear this minute!
Dear me! I wish I had n't! The very mischief 's in it!



If I take it down, they 'll all declare I 've gone and spoiled the pillar;
And if I leave it where it is, I 'll hear from Aunt Priscilla!

Phew! "Listen to the water-mill!" and hear it spin and spatter!
As long as I am having fun, perhaps it does n't matter;

For if I was n't doing this, there really is no knowing
What mischief I'd be up to: — Just hear that wheel a-going!

COMEDIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. S. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF NOD," ETC.

I. LORD MALAPERT OF MOONSHINE CASTLE.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

Lord Malapert.	Cicely.
The Seneschal.	Mariana.
Flick.	The Man in the Moon.
Maids of Honor.	Flock.
	Guards and Vassals.

[ARGUMENT: MISTRESS CICELY, from overmuch reading of fairy tales, dreams more of what she would like to be and like to have, than of what she is and has. A curious adventure recalls her to herself and shows her that contentment is better than wealth, and that what we are is often better than what we think we should like to be.]

COSTUMES, PROPERTIES, ETC.

LORD MALAPERT: Boy of 14. Fancy court suit, over which he wears, at first, a modern duster or ulster, and traveling-cap.

THE SENESCHAL OF THE CASTLE: Boy of 16. Sober-colored court suit, white wig and beard; long staff; heavy gilt chain on neck; belt and large bunch of keys. Pompous and important manner.

THE MAN IN THE MOON: Boy of 13. Dull-brown tights and stockings; short blouse; long cape; Phrygian cap; long beard; spectacles, cane, and bag; piece of cake for porridge.

CICELY: Bright girl of 11 or 12. Pretty modern dress.

MARIANA, AND THREE MAIDS OF HONOR: Girls of 12. Semi-fairy dresses; wings; wands; wreaths in hair.

FLICK AND FLOCK: Boys of 6 or 8. Fancy dresses if possible, or may be dressed as oriental mutes,—blackened skin; white suit.

FOR THE CHORUS OF GUARDS AND VASSALS: Fancy and fairy dresses.

THE SCENERY.

Stage set at first as garden scene. Imitation green mound or fancy garden chair at right toward front of scene. A heavy green curtain should hang behind this and across the stage; this curtain, parting at the time indicated, discloses the castle.

The castle can be made of paper or cloth on light frames. It should be castellated, with open door-way and steps in front. But as no one enters, the castle need not be strongly built. The stage setting can be left to the taste and facilities of the managers.

THE MUSIC.

Appropriate music should be played as accompaniment and during waits. The airs for the choruses can be selected by any one familiar with pretty or popular airs. So, too, if there are good singers in the cast, some solos can be arranged, and thus give variety to the performance.

THE PLAY.

[Low Music.]

CICELY discovered—or she may enter and seat herself—reading a book. Lost in reverie, she lets the book fall from her lap, and, clasping her hands behind her head, says (or sings) ruefully:

CICELY:

Oh, life is so dreary, and life is so dull,
And life is so weary withal;
Nor pleasures can cheer me, nor slumbers can lull,
Nor can I lost day-dreams recall.

The sun may shine brightly, the daisies may gleam,—

To me, though, it mattereth not.
The winds that blow lightly oft sour the cream,
And the sun on the daisies is sour.

I sigh for the hopeless; I yearn for a sphere;
I am waiting for something to come.
Our dolls are but sawdust, and life 's but a tear;
I am sick of the world's prosy hum.

No prince comes to wake me—all glittering and tall;
No fairies will rise at my need.
Oh, come, Prince, and take me from dull duty's thrall!
Ah, no? Then I 'll dream as I read.

[*Reads aloud.*] "Then the Prince, all glittering in his silver suit, walked rapidly up the palace corridors, past the guards and soldiers, past the vassals and retainers, past the courtiers, the lords and the ladies, past the King and the Queen—all fast asleep—to where on a golden couch the beautiful Princess lay, wrapped in a death-like slumber. Marveling much at her wondrous beauty, the Prince bent over the closed lids and, all trembling with eagerness, kissed the half-opened lips.

"With brazen clangor the palace clock struck the hour of noon. There was a start, a murmur, a sudden awakening. King, Queen, and court threw off their century sleep, and passed to their several duties. But the Princess, meeting the beaming eyes of the brave and handsome Prince, recognized at once the hero of her dream, and greeted him with an entrancing smile. Then, rising quickly from her couch, a charming blush suffusing her beautiful face, she took his hand, and leading him to the King, her father, said:

"Behold, my Lord, the husband whom the fairies have sent me!"

"And the King, looking upon the young Prince, loved him so exceedingly that he gave them both his blessing.

"So the gallant Prince and the beautiful Princess were married with great pomp and ceremony, and lived happily together ever after."

CICELY sits in reverie a moment, and then says, sadly:

Heigh ho, so the world goes!

How dreary my years!

What bliss if the fables were true!

But the world is so dull

With its hopes and its fears—

I will sleep and will dream, Prince, of you.

[*Sleeps.*]

[*Enter LORD MALAPERT, in traveling costume; carpet-bag in one hand, compass in the other.*

LORD M.:

This way my fairy compass points;
This way the stars have led;

This way [*sees CICELY*]—ah, yes, the stars
are right—

There rests a maiden's head.

What ho, my trusty servitors!

[*Enter FLICK with rifle, and FLOCK with fishing-rod.*]

My vassals tried and true!

Bear quickly off my carpet-bag,

My rod and rifle, too.

Here mortal game lies handier

Than fish, or bird, or deer.

Wait till you hear my whistle call,

Then haste ye quickly here.

[*FLICK and FLOCK exeunt with bag, rod, etc.*]

LORD M., *investigating*:

A girl? A pearl! And I am sent
To set her life in tune.

To soothe her with my blandishment

And take her—to the Moon.

For only there (so fairy lore

This truth doth well profess)

Can earth's confirmed repiners find

Their highest happiness.

Now, Fairy Guardians, while I kneel

Before this sleeping maid,

In silvery streams

Pour o'er her dreams

Your moonstruck serenade.

[*Kneels at head of couch.*]

[*See prefatory note about music.*]

CHORUS, *behind the curtain*:

Where moonbeams glow

On hills of snow,

And twinkling star-lamps flutter;

Where moonbeams pale,

In azure, sail

Beyond the uttermost utter;

There, Dreamer fair,

On golden stair,

Wide opes the palace portal;

And at the gates

The Prince awaits

His mooning, maiden mortal.

Pale moon,

Sail, moon,

To the uttermost utter;

Soon shine,

Moon, shine,

Where the star-lamps flutter.

LORD MALAPERT, *rising*:

Now, fairy spell,

Work true and well,

Let earth-born needs forsake her;

O Lady Moon,

Our lives attune,

As by this kiss I wake her!

[*Kisses her.*]

CICELY, *starting*:

Oh, what was that?

LORD M.:

'T was I.

CICELY:

Why, who are you?

LORD M., *bowing low*:

Your fond admirer.

CICELY:

Ah, my dream is true!

LORD M.:

Behold your slave——!

At home, both peer and vassal.

[*Throws off duster, and displays his princely costume.*]

Hail me—Lord Malapert of Moonshine Castle!

CICELY:

O-o-oh! And you've come——?

LORD M.:

To bear you far away,

Where over azure seas

The moonbeams play;

And all our lives shall be one twilight story,

While o'er our palace streams the Moon's pale glory.

CICELY:

What! Can I leave this earth, so dull and prosy,

For palace halls and life all fair and rosy?

LORD M.:

Ay, that you can, and find your humblest vassal

In me—Lord Malapert of Moonshine Castle.

[*Bows.*]

CICELY:

Then am I ready. To the Moon I'll flee,

Dearest Lord Malapert, to rule with thee.

How shall we go?

LORD M.:

Not in the steam-cars tropic,

With quarters cramped and comforts microscopic;

Not by slow stages nor unsafe balloon

Shall we attain our palace in the Moon;

But by his private air-line will your vassal

Bear Lady Malapert to Moonshine Castle.

[*Whistles.*]

What ho, my trusty servitors!

Bring rifle, rod, and bag;

Come hither, Flick; come hither, Flock.

Let not your footsteps lag.

[*Enter FLICK and FLOCK bearing the Magic Carpet—a bright piece of carpeting some three feet square, with long cord and fancy tassels at upper left-hand and right-hand corners.*]

'T is well. Now, spread upon the earth

Your wondrous roll; and soon

We'll on our Magic Carpet soar

Serenely to the Moon.

[*They unroll the carpet. LORD MALAPERT conducts CICELY, who seats herself upon the carpet, while he kneels beside her, and FLICK and FLOCK stand behind, each at a corner, and hold the tassels. Arrange the group in as pretty a tableau as possible.*]

LORD M. :

Now Flick, now Flock, your stations take;
 Hold each a steering-tassel;
 While Lord and Lady Malapert
 Mount up to Moonshine Castle.

[*Tableau.*]

[CHORUS begins behind the curtain. Curtain slowly parts, disclosing Moonshine Castle with GUARDS, VASSALS, and MAIDS of HONOR prettily grouped in front; SENESCHAL in middle.

CHORUS OF WELCOME :

[See Music Note.]

Where the twilight hues are flushing
 All the sky with amber light,
 Where the winds are rushing, rushing,
 Through the portals of the night;
 There, the dying sunset paling,
 With our moonbeams weird and wan,
 Joy we o'er the daylight failing,
 As our welcome echoes on.
 Hail ye! Hail ye!
 Welcome home!
 Lord and lady, welcome home!

[As the chorus ceases, LORD MALAPERT conducts CICELY to a seat at left, and FLICK and FLOCK gather up the carpet.

LORD M., *standing by CICELY's side* :

Thus, fairest Cicely, doth every vassal
 Welcome the Malaperts to Moonshine Castle.

CICELY :

Oh, this is life! Good-bye to earth's dull duty.
 This is my palace; this my realm of beauty.

SENESCHAL, *with important manner, advancing and bowing low* :

Most noble lord and lady,
 Your humble Seneschal
 With pleasure bids you welcome
 To Moonshine Castle's hall.
 I speak for all the Moon-folk
 Our words of hearty cheer.
 On this, your glad home-coming,
 Your vassals' greeting hear : —
 Where mighty Tycho's * summits
 Uplift their peaks of snow,
 Where gray Serenitatis *
 In moonlight gleams below;
 From where great Sinus Iridum
 Its highland bulwark rears,
 To where on Mare Crisium *
 The verdure-belt appears;
 From rock and plain and crater,
 From caverns vast and deep,
 From town and hall and castle,
 And lava-covered steep,
 The notes of joy upswelling
 In sounding chorus come,
 To lord and lady telling
 A happy welcome home.
 Within, the banquet waits you;
 Without, the moonbeam flirts;
 Welcome to Moonshine Castle,
 Home of the Malaperts!

* Mountains, plains, and valleys in the Moon.

LORD M. :

Thanks, worthy Seneschal;
 But, ere we seek the hall,
 I must affairs of state
 In council contemplate.
 Tell me, I pray you, then,
 Wisest of serving-men,
 Can you no maiden fair
 (Child of the moonlight rare)
 Into a maid convert
 For Lady Malapert?

SENESCHAL, *pointing to MARIANA* :

Here 's Mariana,—with her sisters three.

LORD M. :

Your Maids of Honor, dearest Cicely.

CICELY :

Thanks to your lordship for your care of me.

SENESCHAL :

Go, maidens all;
 Wait on your lady fair.

[*They stand behind CICELY's chair.*]

MARIANA :

Gladly the task we 'll share.

SENESCHAL, *bowing to CICELY* :

None can with her compare!

CICELY, *with dignity* :

Thanks, Seneschal.

LORD M. :

Here, with your ladies, wait,
 While the affairs of state
 Briefly I now debate
 In council hall.

CICELY :

Stay not too long, I pray!

LORD M., *kissing her hand* :

Adieu!

SENESCHAL :

My lady may
 Here with much comfort stay.

CICELY :

Thanks, Seneschal.

[*Exeunt SENESCHAL and all but MAIDS OF HONOR and FLICK and FLOCK.*

CICELY :

I have my wish! Now am I queen at last;
 How dismal seem the duties of the past.
 Here may I reign in joy; here *all* I hold—
 Fair Mariana, does it not seem cold?

MARIANA :

Oh, no, my lady,—warm, it seems to me.
 Our rare Moon climate can not milder be.

CICELY :

I feel quite chilly; kindly throw your shawl
 Over my shoulders.

MARIANA:

I have none at all.

CICELY:

No shawls nor wraps?

MARIANA:

Why, dearest lady, no.

We need no wrappings as do you below.

Here heat and cold to us seem not to matter.

We feel no changes.

CICELY:

How my teeth do chatter!

And I am hungry. Ladies, I entreat,

Kindly procure me something good to eat.

MARIANA, *puzzled*:

To eat? Why, dearest lady, what is that?

CICELY, *in despair*:

Oh, what is what?

MARIANA:

To eat?

CICELY:

Why, every *cat*

Knows that to eat is to stay hunger's craving.

MARIANA, *complacently*:

We know no hunger.

CICELY, *indignantly*:

How you are behaving!

Of course you eat; why, you *must* eat to live.

MARIANA:

We feast our eyes, but naught our bodies give.

CICELY:

Oh, I shall die! What 's in the banquet-hall?

MARIANA:

Here Flick, quick, Flock—run for the Seneschal!

SENESCHAL, *entering hurriedly*:

What now?

MARIANA:

Our lady 's dying of despair.

CICELY:

Show me, O Seneschal, your bill of fare.

SENESCHAL:

The *ménu* for the banquet? Here!

[*Produces roll.*]

CICELY:

Oh, read!

What does it offer? Let me know with speed!

SENESCHAL, *with gusto, reading ménu*:

Ahem! First: Moonbeams served on amber ice.

Next: Lunar rainbows—for each guest a slice.

Then—liquid moonshine, crowned with frozen sauce,

With cups of night-dew make a luscious course.

And—for dessert: bright starlight, clear and cold,

With rays of moonlight served on plates of gold.

CICELY, *shivering*:

Oh, horrible! Oh, for our kitchen table!

SENESCHAL:

I trust your ladyship to feast is able.

CICELY, *pettishly*:

No, I am starving.

MARIANA:

Starving?

SENESCHAL:

Quickly cut her—

MARIANA:

A slice of moonshine?

CICELY:

No—of bread and butter!

Oh, is there nothing in the Moon to eat?

SENESCHAL, *pointing to ménu*:

Why, is there nothing in this princely treat?

CICELY, *disgusted*:

What? Frozen moonbeams heaped on icy hummocks!

MARIANA, *indignantly*:

We feast our eyes; you earth-folk—cram your stomachs!

CICELY:

Would I were *on* the earth! I 'm cold and starving:
I 'd give my palace to see Papa carving.

MARIANA:

What can we do?

CICELY:

Go call my lord.

MARIANA:

What, what, my lady? From the council-board?

SENESCHAL:

Fairies and Moon-folk all have work to do.

We have our duties quite as well as you.

Pray be content—forget your earth-born cravings.

CICELY:

I 'm cold and hungry—can I live on *shavings*?

Slices of moonbeams may for fairies do.

Oh, for the meanest home-dish—hash or stew!

MARIANA:

There 's a man in the Moon,

So I 've heard people say,

Who once went to the earth

By a roundabout way,

And perhaps he may know—

CICELY, *interrupting*:

Oh, then, Flock, and then Flick,

Find the man, I implore,

And return with him. Quick!

[*Sinks back in her chair. Exeunt FLICK and FLOCK.*]

MARIANA, *to SENESCHAL, both coming forward*:

There, worthy Seneschal;

That 's what I said.

Mortals and Moon-folk

Should never be wed;

What with their earth-born cravings and misgivings,
They *can't* appreciate our higher livings;
Why, the Moon's meanest slave and humblest vassal
Is fitter far to rule in Moonshine Castle.

SENESCHAL:

Peace, Mariana! Question not the cause.
The fairies tell us, in their simple laws,
That those dissatisfied with earth, must be
By bitter lessons taught the truth to see.
Contentment, so they say, than wealth is better;
He who would read must first learn every letter.

[Enter FLICK and FLOCK, with the MAN IN THE MOON.]

CICELY:

Well, Flick; well, Flock; found you the one you went for?

FLICK and FLOCK, together:

Ah, yes, my lady; here 's the man you sent for.

MAN IN THE MOON:

I 'm the Man in the Moon,
Who once went down too soon.
To inquire the way to Norwich;
And I found, I may say,
Nothing nice on the way
But a morsel of cold plum-porridge.
For the Man in the South,
Who had just burnt his mouth
By eating this cold plum-porridge,
Said: "The earth is no good;
I 'd return, if I could,—
You 'll never be happy in Norwich."
So, back to the Moon
I returned very soon,
Nor troubled myself about Norwich;
But the Man in the South—
Who had just burnt his mouth—
Made me take off his cold plum-porridge.

CICELY:

Give me a piece!

SENESCHAL:

Cease, lady, cease;
For here 's my lord returning.

LORD M.:

Why, Cicely!
What 's this I see?

CICELY, *running toward him*:

For porridge I am yearning.

LORD M.:

I thought your earth-born needs had fled,
When to the Moon we scurried.

CICELY, *petulantly*:

Would I were back on earth again,—
I 'd never more be worried.

LORD M.:

What! Leave your palace and your court
For dull earth's duller duties?

CICELY:

Ah, yes! In them there 's more of sport
Than 'midst your moonlight beauties.

I thought to find supreme delight
In this ethereal station;
I 'm hungry, cold, and homesick in
Your unsubstantial nation.
You feast on shades and shadows here—
You 've neither warmth nor feeling.
Oh, send me back to earth again!
My grief there 's no concealing.

LORD M.:

[*Weeps.*]

You 're here, my dear; and fairy laws
Admit of no reversal;
The fairies meant your discontent
To be the *last* rehearsal.
Here you have come, here must you stay,—
'T is ordered so, and fated;
So, dry your tears—in forty years
You *may* be acclimated.

CICELY:

Forty years! Dear, oh, dear!
What words do I hear?—

But, please, may n't he give me some porridge?

MAN IN THE MOON, *confidentially* to LORD M.:

I 'm the Man in the Moon,
Who once went down too soon
To inquire the way to Norwich—

LORD M., *waving him off*:

Oh, I 've heard that before;
You 're a tedious old bore,
With your story of cold plum-porridge.

CICELY:

Bid him give me a piece,
That my hunger may cease.

MAN IN THE MOON:

Here 's a slice, lady, brought from Norwich.

CHORUS OF WARNING:

[See Music Note.]

Stay, stay, stay!
Turn her hand away!
Whoso eats the porridge leaves our moonlit halls.
Pray, pray, pray,
Send the man away;
If she eats the porridge, down to earth she falls.

CICELY, *snatching porridge and taking a bite*:

I have eaten! I 'm free!
How rejoiced I shall be
When down to the earth I am dropping!
Oh! I 'm dizzy! I freeze!
Good-bye, Moon-folk! Now, please,
Let me tumble straight home without stopping.

[*Falls into LORD M.'s arms—asleep.*]

LORD M.:

Here, Flock; here, Flick;
The carpet! Quick!

[FLICK and FLOCK *spread Magic Carpet in center-front.*]

Take each a steering-tassel.
Down, down, we go,
To earth below;
Good-bye to Moonshine Castle.

[*Tableau as before. LORD M. supporting CICELY, while the curtain closes during the following chorus:*

CHORUS OF FAREWELL:

[See Music Note.]

From the moonlight
Through the starlight,
From the twilight to the day;
Ever falling, falling, falling.
To the sunlight and the day—
Fare thee well, for ever, ever;
Mortal may not wed with fay.
Find content in duty's calling;
Mortal may not wed with fay.
Fare thee well, for ever, ever;
Mortal may not wed with fay.

[*Curtain closes.*]

LORD M.:

Now, Flick; now, Flock; the couch prepare;
We'll lay the sleeping maiden there,
And, hastening fast away,
We'll search for other dreaming maids,
Who sigh for princes, courts, and glades,
And weep because the vision fades
While duty comes to stay.

[*Leads CICELY, still asleep, to couch or bank.*]

Rest, Maiden, in your home once more;
Content with life, seek not to soar,
But love and patience evermore
Still to your work be bringing.
For daily duty brightly done

Is half life's battle bravely won;
Through parting clouds will break the sun
And set the birds a-singing.

What ho! my trusty servitors,
My vassals tried and true!
Come follow, follow, follow me—
We've other work to do.
For duty comes, as duty must,
To Prince as well as vassal.
Wake, Maiden! Vanish Malapert,
The Lord of Moonshine Castle!
[*Exeunt LORD M., FLICK and FLOCK.*]

CICELY, *waking*:

Am I awake? Oh, what a dream!
It seems so strange and queer
To be — Where am I? Oh, how nice
To know that home is here!

[*Advances.*]

Well, life is life, and work is work,
And I will try to do
Whatever work life brings to me,
And to myself be true.
I think that from this summer dream
I've learned this lesson well:
Contentment is life's sweetest sauce

[*Bell rings.*]

There goes the dinner-bell! [*Joyfully.*]

[*Exit.*]

[CURTAIN.]



EASTER CARD—DRAWN BY ADDIE LEDYARD.

TAKING A WALK IN JAPAN.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

ON THIS page is a pict-ure of a mer-chant of Ja-pan out for a walk with his lit-tle girl.

What have they un-der their feet?

These queer things are wood-en clogs, which they use be-cause it is bad weath-er and the streets are mud-dy. In Ja-pan there are no brick, or board, or flag-stone side-walks such as we have in our cit-ies; so the Ja-pan-ese put on clogs, which are four inch-es high and keep the feet clean. When they go home, *o tot-sû san* (pa-pa) and *mu-su-mé* (daugh-ter) will leave their clogs at the door out-side, and walk in-to the house in their stock-ing-feet.

See the odd shape in which the socks are made. The great toe has a bag all to it-self. The oth-er four toes have an-oth-er. The sock is like a mit-ten. Just think of a mit-ten on the foot. The Ger-mans call a glove a "hand-shoe," and a thim-ble a "fin-ger-hat." The Jap-a-nese call the big toe the "foot-thumb," and the small toes "foot-fin-gers." The chil-dren play with the ba-by's pink-brown feet and sing a song while count-ing the toes, as we do; but in Ja-pan, the toes are not "pigs go-ing to mar-ket,"—they are mon-keys, fox-es, or oth-er fun-ny an-i-mals.

The lit-tle girl's name is O-da-ma, which means "Jew-el." Lit-tle Jew-el is on-ly six years old. See how her fore-head is shaved off, like her pa-pa's, whose queue lies on top of his head. See what long, flow-ing sleeves both have. O-da-ma's pock-et is in her sleeve. She keeps her treas-ures there. The out-er side is sewed up, but the in-ner side is o-pen, and she can eas-ily put her hand in to get things out.

See how she holds on to her fa-ther's lit-tle fin-ger. She looks half a-fraid of us, or of the man who has tak-en her pict-ure for us. No won-der her fa-ther has named her "Jew-el"; for he loves her very much, and thinks she is the bright-est, pret-ti-est lit-tle girl in the world.





DEAR VER-Y LIT-TLE FOLK: Ask your old-er broth-ers and sis-ters to write for you nice lit-tle stor-ies, in eas-y words, a-bout a-ny or each one of the pret-ty pic-tures on this page, and send them to SAINT NICHOLAS. We will print in your pages the best two of these stor-ies that come to us be-fore the First of May.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my Spring Beauties! Very glad to see so many bright faces. Thought it was sunshine, but I see it's going to rain. Never mind; it will clear off before we finish the subject of

BABY SPIDERS AT PLAY.

A WELL-KNOWN writer, in telling of the habits of the spider, gives an account of a bit of spider-play that your Jack happens never to have seen. He says that the young of many kinds of spiders have a funny way of amusing themselves on a fine day in the fall. They will climb to some high place, like a fence-post, stand on their tip-toes, and turn their bodies up in the air with the spinnerets open. The wind soon blows a thread from the spinnerets, and it gets longer and longer till it is strong enough to bear up the spider—two or three yards long; then the little creatures let go their hold, grasp the thread with their feet, and away they go into the air for a sail.

Now, has any of you, my friends, ever seen this baby-performance? If so, write to Jack about it. If not, be sure to keep a sharp lookout in the future.

AN ADOPTED CHIPMUNK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am ten years old and want to tell you of something funny. My mamma found in the woods a little ball with a kind of fuzz on it. It was alive, and had little, tiny eyes, like beads. She did not know what it was. It had just been born, and its mamma had gone away to get something for it to eat, I guess. Well, Mamma put it in her pocket, and took it home. Then she found out it was a chipmunk probably not two hours old. Mamma fed it with a spoon, brought it up, and after a little time it grew to be a small squirrel. It knew no other mamma except my mamma, and acted just like a child. It slept at nights curled up in the pocket of Papa's dressing-gown, and at daylight would go to Mamma in bed, and poke her nose with one of its paws to wake her up. Then it would scamper about and frolic, and play like a kitten. It knew more than any dog. When Mamma used to sew or mend, it would perch itself on her shoulder and sometimes on top of her head, stand up on its hind legs and crack nuts, and sometimes stretch out and go to sleep there. Then it would get mischievous, and suddenly put one of its little paws down and pull Mamma's thread

out of her needle. Sometimes it would sit on the window-sill, and if it got frightened at the sight of pussy in the yard, or at anything else, it would squeal, and scamper off to Mamma as fast as its little legs could carry it. Then it knew it was safe. In the early spring, when the bugs began to crawl, it went out of the window one morning early, before Mamma was awake, but its enemy, the cat, caught it. It squealed for Mamma, but before she could reach it, poor little "Chippy," as we called it, was killed. We buried it in a box in the garden.

EDDIE A. LEET.

GROWING YOUNG AGAIN.

SOME animals change their outer coats once a year, and come forth in new and glossy clothing, as I've seen the pretty village girls do at Easter time. The eagle gets a fresh set of feathers, the royal stag grows newer and handsomer antlers, and the Lady Earth puts on her spring garment of green, and decks herself with delicate flowers, and smiles up at the blue sky, and looks so beautiful that the sun beams admiringly upon her, and all night the stars twinkle their bright eyes at her in delight. And your Jack, too, renews his youth and feels a warmer and sweeter air about him, when the boys and girls of the Red School-house begin to haunt the brook-side and the woods again, and scamper over the meadow, and send up shouts and ringing laughter that set the birds a-caroling in their perches swinging in the sun.

But I've heard say, my dears, that human folk, some of them, have a way of staying young all the time; and it appears to your Jack that their plan must be even better than growing young again. What puzzles me is how they do it. Perhaps one of you will come softly up to my pulpit one of these days, and whisper the secret to me.

THE CAT-CLOCK.

THIS, of course, is not a clock for cats. What cat, excepting Puss-in-Boots, ever cared to stop purring or to open her eyes, merely to learn the time of day? No; this was a cat that served as a clock.

One day, when the French traveler, the Abbé Huc, was journeying in China, he stopped a boy by the way-side, and asked him the time.

"Well, sir," said the lad,—but I suppose he said it in Chinese,—"it is too cloudy to tell by the sun, but if you'll wait a moment—" and away he darted into a hut near by. He soon came back, carrying in his arms a fine, lazy-looking cat. Gently pushing up her eyelids with his fingers, he said: "Look here, sir; you see, it is not noon yet!"

But the good Abbé did not "see." However, he thanked the boy and walked on, wondering how in China a cat's eyes could help to tell the time. A few days afterward he was told that the pupils of a cat's eyes become narrow toward noon-day, when each of them is like a fine line up and down the eye, and that after twelve o'clock the pupils grow large again.

This may or may not be the case, my dears, with cats that live elsewhere than in China, and it would be well to take good care of your own eyes if you intend to look into the time-telling powers of your pet pussies,—for a cat may be a good clock, and yet not be good-tempered.

SIEMPRE VIVA.

DEAR JACK: I am told that, in crossing the "deserts" of Arizona or New Mexico, or Southern Nevada, you may see little round masses rolled about by the wind, over the sandy plain. They are each as large, perhaps, as a very small orange, and look like balls of tangled moss. If a thunder-shower should come,—a rare boon in those deserts,—you would see the next day a large number of bright green places, as large as breakfast plates, all about you on the sand. These are what were yesterday the balls, all dry and withered. The dry balls are often brought away by travelers, as curiosities, to surprise their friends at home. In San Francisco you may buy them readily in the shops.

Put one on a plate, and fill the plate with water, and then watch the change. It is not immediate, but, after a time, you see the ball begin to uncurl and spread out, and while it is doing this it grows green. In the course of a few hours your plate is covered with a flat, exquisitely shaped and divided plant, as bright as may be.

Pour off the water, and in two days you have again your brown, mossy ball. Strange,—is n't it?—but it is true. These plants grow only in such deserts, and need no roots going down into the ground. The Mexicans call them *Siempre Viva*, which means Always Living; as some of our plants and flowers, which do not wither, are called Everlasting, or, in the greenhouses, Immortelles.

W. O. A.

A LONG FAST.

DID you ever notice how slowly a snail moves, just as if he were afraid the shell-house on his back would tumble off if he were not careful? Well, I'll tell you a secret. It is because he knows he has plenty of time! Snails are none of your short-lived animals. They grow to a good old age, considering their small size; and, what is more, they can go so long without eating anything (I mean anything that human eyes can see) that they seem always to have any amount of leisure on their hands. I'm told that a Mr. Simons, of Dublin, a Fellow of the Royal Society, had some snails in their shells in his cabinet that lived more than twenty years without being fed, or appearing to eat anything at all. There they staid, always on their good behavior, quiet and orderly as any other of the "specimens." But they may have had their own opinion of Mr. Simons as a host, after all.

WHOLESOME MEDICINE.

DEACON GREEN was pacing thoughtfully up and down the path in my meadow, one fair evening lately, when he bumped against little Nelly Brown.

She was studying some lesson from her open book as she stumbled along. The little maid was even paler than she usually becomes toward school-examination time; but the Deacon softly laid his hand on her head, bade her shut her book, gave her a kind word and a smile, and sent her home with the knot smoothed out of her brow.

The next time he came down the path he met the dear Little School-ma'am, and she was stepping briskly along, her cheeks as rosy as the sunset. Said he:

"That little pale-faced Nelly Brown has just gone by. She studies too hard, I'm afraid. I wish you could give her the recipe by which you keep so well and cheery in spite of your hard work."

"Well, I will," said she, her face all smiling, like my dimpled brook where the red rose droops over it. "It's *festina lente*, as you know, that works

the charm." Then she tripped away westward into the glow that topped the hill.

"Ah!" said the Deacon, as he stopped to watch her. "It's *festina lente* and good-will combined,* I think. But it's a very pleasant kind of medicine just to look at you; there's not a doubt of that." And then he walked away with a light step.

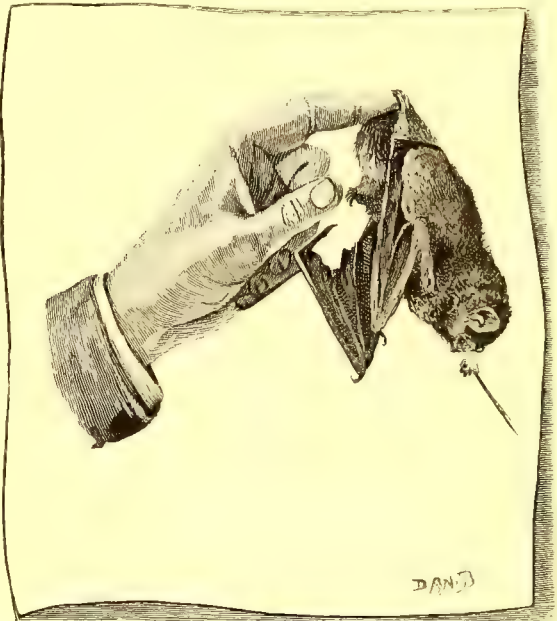
A GILDED LIBRARY.

DEAR JACK: I wonder if the dear Little School-ma'am who tells you so many things ever heard of the strange way that books are placed in the library of the Escorial of Spain. In the first place, the books are bound alike and gilded on the edges. Then the names are placed on the gilt, and the edges turned out in the shelves, which makes a very gay show—all gilding. G. T.

Thanks! friend G. T. The Little School-ma'am says she had not heard of this. Now, who can tell Jack more about this wonderful Escorial, or Escorial, as the Little School-ma'am calls it?

FEEDING AN ODD PET.

THE pet was a bat, a creature half-mouse, half-bird. But it looked so much like almost any-



thing else, that the gentleman who caught it called to his companion, saying: "Come and see the big moth I have captured!"

This bat was kept for some time in a room, and was fed with meat chopped into tiny pieces and offered to it on a bonnet-pin—as in the picture.

One day the maid picked up the poor little thing by mistake among some scraps, thinking it was a wad of old paper. Just as she was about to throw it into the fire, the bat flew off, scaring her dreadfully. At last a big, lazy bull-frog, which was kept in the same room, swallowed the poor bat, and that was the last of it.

[* See "*Festina Lente*," by Thomas Hughes, in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1877,—and "*Good-will*," by J. T. Trowbridge, in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1877.—Ed.]

REPORT CONCERNING THE HISTORICAL "PI."

NEW YORK, February 24, 1882.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS: The deed is done. At last all the solutions of the "Historical Pi" have been examined, and the Committee, after most carefully considering and weighing their comparative merits, is ready to report. Being one of the Committee myself, I freely confess that it has done its work remarkably well, and in spite of conflicting elements the result evinces fair play and a high sense of honor. The fact is, my friend Timothy Plunkett is almost too tender-hearted to be on any Committee; then the blessed Little School-ma'am is so fearfully intelligent and exact that no error can escape her. Being justice personified, the little lady shakes an emphatic "No" when Brother Plunkett pleads in behalf of a well-written solution, with only three or four omissions, one or two additions, and a few misspelt words. I can not help feeling she is right, until he adds, impressively, that the competitor is a poor little working-girl with an invalid mother—or else a self-taught orphan—or perhaps a Western farm-boy, who is busy in the fields and has only four months' schooling in the winter—or a lad away off in Scotland, who made ten solutions of the Pi before he succeeded in getting this special result—and so on, as the case may be. Then over I go to Brother Plunkett's side, until at last my vote is rendered null and void by my being left in the minority, since "an historical Pi" always should be corrected in strict accord with the conditions set forth in Deacon Green's original offer.*

Fortunately there is the Roll of Honor, and a few of these children who have done wonders, considering the peculiar difficulties under which they worked, have been voted a place on it. But for this I do believe Brother Plunkett would have withdrawn from the Committee. Alas, even the Roll of Honor can not satisfy us, for to put in every name that we would be glad to insert, would make the list entirely too long to be printed in this magazine.

In conclusion, let me thank you, one and all, my dear young friends, for your help and the great interest you have taken. You have made us very proud and happy. The one hundred new dollar-bills shall go, at once, to the one hundred successful competitors, with the compliments of the committee. Your obedient servant,

SILAS GREEN.

THE PI CORRECTED.

We propose to mention here a few of the world's great generals, inventors, discoverers, poets, and men of noted deeds.

Hannibal was born at Carthage, which city was so hated by Cato that he rarely made a speech without saying: "Carthage must be destroyed!" Of other noted generals, Julius Cæsar was a Roman; Frederick the Great was a Prussian; Napoleon Bonaparte was a Corsican; and Ulysses S. Grant is an American.

It is believed that Galileo invented the telescope and discovered the satellites of Jupiter and the revolution of the earth; that Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation and William Harvey the circulation of the blood; that James Watt invented the steam-engine; George Stephenson, the locomotive; Robert Fulton, the steam-boat; Samuel Morse, the telegraph; John Ericsson, the monitor; Elias Howe, the sewing-machine; Eli Whitney, the cotton-gin; and Charles Darwin, the naturalist, the theory of The Descent of Man.

Among poets, the greatest in all history is Shakespeare; while Goethe ranks highest in the poetry of Germany, and Dante in that of Italy. Tennyson and Browning are famous English poets of our day.

Many men have performed special feats. Alexander conquered and rode Bucephalus, the most fiery, if not the fastest, horse of ancient times; Blondin frequently crossed the Niagara River on the tight-rope; and Dr. Tanner claims to have lived forty days without eating.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

Almost three thousand solutions were sent in, and not only was every State and Territory of our own country represented, but also England, Scotland, Ireland, Nova Scotia, Canada, and British Columbia. In sifting this mass of contributions, it quickly became evident that scores of bright boys and girls had closed their cyclopedias, or gram-

mars, or spelling-books too soon in their kindly efforts to help the Deacon out of his trouble, and so had left his bit of history still sadly awry.

On the other hand, however, the Committee were astonished to find how thorough and determined had been the work of those who evidently meant to win, and the race between these ran so close, that solutions containing only a few errors were soon left behind. When it came to the final summing-up, there proved to be only nineteen, indeed, which had not a single error; but there were sixty-one which contained but *one* mistake, and these two groups left but a score of spaces on the prize-list for the best twenty of those which contained *two* mistakes. After comparing and arguing and balloting, the twenty named in the third of the following lists were unanimously agreed upon—with the proviso that a Roll of Honor should be appended.

Let any should feel that even the slightest injustice has been done, it should be understood that in all cases the most liberal allowances were made that were possible, considering the conditions of the Deacon's offer, and the closeness of the competition. The mere order of arrangement of facts and names, no matter how varied, was never counted a mistake, provided that the solution was accurate and complete as to all the facts and names themselves, and correct in punctuation, spelling, and in clearly defining the discoveries and the inventions. Yet, in many cases, deviations that otherwise might have seemed trivial had to be counted errors when compared with an absolutely perfect restoration of the Pi.

Aside from mistakes of spelling, grammar, and punctuation, the most frequent errors in the solutions were: (1) a wrong use of the words *invented* and *discovered* (which were often carelessly confounded and even used more times than they occurred in the Pi); (2) the use of "the fastest if not the most fiery" concerning Bucephalus, instead of "the most fiery if not the fastest"; (3) the omission of words that were given in the Pi, or the insertion of words that did not appear in the Deacon's original.

In conclusion, it only remains to be said that the Committee heartily agrees with the many who have said in their letters that, even if they should fail to win the prize, they have gained much more than the worth of a dollar in the pleasure and profit received through their efforts to restore the Pi.

PRIZE WINNERS.

The following nineteen sent restorations without a single error:

Mary G. Webster.	Henrietta P. Priestley.
Harry L. Reed.	Frank B. Ladd.
Philip S. Abbot.	Kate S. Vincent.
Harry H. Rousseau.	Clara J. Child.
Edwin H. Gaggin.	Robert A. Gally.
Edson D. Hale.	Rosa S. Jewell.
Mary J. Knox.	Charles S. Kellogg.
Emma D. Mallory.	Kittie Warren.
L. C. Baker.	Foster M. Follert.

Frank W. Tuttle.

The restorations sent by the following contained only one error:

Constance M. Carter.	Claude L. Wheeler.	May T. Harwood.
Annie B. Chapman.	Genie Trask.	May F. Williard.
Willie H. Page.	Milly S. Rann.	Annie B. Jones.
Alice Nelson.	William L. Simms.	Annie Forstall.
John C. Allen.	Fanny Pierce.	Francis L. Palmer.
M. Alice Chase.	Carrie H. Thompson.	Alice Maud King.
Cecil K. Bancroft.	Olcott O. Partridge.	William H. Adams.
F. Story Conant.	Willis K. Denison.	Frank C. Nourse.
Edith L. Clapp.	Paul W. England.	Libbie S. Day.
Alice W. Clark.	Howard C. Tracy.	Bertha W. Beman.
May Gore.	Minnie Warner.	Nellie J. Parker.
Jennie D. Lovell.	E. Ludlow Gould.	Russell Raynor.
S. Libbie Stewart.	Isabella Roelker.	Eugene Loren Waldo.
Harry W. George.	J. B. Nichols.	R. T. Hack.
Mary D. Allis.	Marc W. Comstock.	Ed. H. Waldo.
Cora L. Armstrong.	Charles A. Hanna.	Maud M. Lamb.
C. J. Atwater.	Nellie Beebe.	Thad. S. Lane.
Roscoe B. Kendig.	Mayne Longstreth.	Mary E. Hitchcock.
Philip B. Jennings.	Mattie Parker.	Addie L. Gardiner.
Decatur Pulford.	Winfield R. Smith.	Annie L. Chapin.
	Charles H. Ellingwood.	

Of those whose restorations contained only two errors, the fol-

* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1881, page 180, and for March, 1882, page 415.

lowing sent the best, and they, therefore, were chosen to fill up the list of the hundred prize-solutions:

F. H. Garrison. George Moore. Lola A. McDaniel.
W. S. Slack. Wilson L. Fairbanks. Daisy B. Hazelton.

Alice C. Twining. Warren R. Schenck. Jane Bennett.
John W. Graham. Arthur W. Brown. Harry Mather.
Willie S. Renshaw. Emma H. Babcock. Mary A. Stillman.
Irene Kuhn. India Irvine. Nicholas P. Jones.
C. Whipple Johnson. Hattie T. Remington.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Charles H. Wood—Harry Beatty—Richard C. Payson—Maud Angell—Katherine E. Woodward—Alvin L. Nourse—Walter D. Daskam—F. H. Allen—W. J. Dean—George R. Brandon—Hallowell Vaughan—Mollie Marcus—Clara W. Smith—Alice G. Lantigan—Jenny M. Wickes—Beatrice Brown—Alice Mitchell—C. Whipple Johnson—Freddie Shirley—Edith R. Hall—John C. Clark—Leon Otley Pindar—Ed. P. Williams—Amy Slade—Nellie H. Smedberg—Charley E. Niles—Walter C. Metcalf—Cornelia C. Green—Kittie E. Burnham—Nettie A. Ives—Hugh Burns—Willie H. Van Allen—Joseph Leeming—Barton Longacre—G. Willie Barker—Frank L. Eppes—George F. D. Traak—J. W. Grant—George L. Keyes—J. S. Tennant—David L. Huntington—Charlie P. Redfield—Edna Mary Marsh—Fred. C. McDonald—Charles F. Richardson—F. T. Rudy—Fred. Macnish—Roscoe C. E. Brown—Harry Whitman—Frances M. Brown—Kittie E. Horton—Amy Mothershead—Agnes Parker—Addie W. Cross—John L. McCalman—Willis C. Helm—Mary Grace Graham—Nellie Granbery—Ada B. Chaney—Heber A. McKean—Franklin N. Strader—May H. Wingate—Emma E. Hancock—Ary H. Currier—Louisa M. Wingate—Lucy V. Mackrille—Florence Washburn—B. P. Holbrook—Jostie Milliken—Fred. Metcalf—Mary H. Bradley—Lewis S. Haslam—Lucy D. Harmstead—A. E. Warren—Mary F. Jones—Jennie Chamberlain—Mary L. Otis—Ella Dolbear—Arthur C. Cowles—R. M. Hoyt—Sallie W. Rhea—Ellen Chase—Clare Jervey—Julia A. Green—Louise Corbett—Walter H. Reynolds—Anna W. Bumstead—M. Ed. Rannels—Sarah M. Longstreth—S. A. Skinner—Agnes S. Kramer—Bridget Reilly—Mabel Remington—Joseph C. Merrill—Minnie E. Phelps—Agnes G. Welsh—Alice J. Green—Sam. F. Houston—Edith V. Kreiner—Maria Gambrell—Mary L. Walsh—Julia Grieve—Eliz. A. Ely—Edith Merriam—Lillie L. Pinneo—Agnes G. Day—Nettie Stevens—Mary G. and Laura G. Jones—H. J. Farrington—Bessie C. Davis—William M. Emery—Hattie F. Remington—May H. Carman—Hattie W. Eane—Josephine S. Sullivan—William F. Akin—C. C. Bulkley—Lucy Wheat—Grace Farr—M. Helen Marsh—Fred. S. Banks—William W. Ames—Louise Andrews—Wirt Smith—Florence Van Gaasbeek—Fred. A. Stevens—Bell B. Prior—Alex. T. Moore—W. G. Lamb—Arvilla S. Cole—Susan L. Flesche—Ethel A. Rockwood—Columba C. Spalding—Minnie Williams—Nettie Pinley—Mamie B. Bacon—Fannie Fearn—Arthur F. Evans—Horace P. Dinsmoor—Charles F. Karsboom—Eight pupils of St. Paul's School, Washington Territory—Dannie D. Sharp—Mary L. Lovibond—Ellen B. Atwater—Roy D. Beman—Herbert L. Clapp—Helen Ursula Lockwood—Maggie Butler—Kittie Smith—Minnie Larkin—Nellie O'Dea—Stasia Hickey—Annie Eagan—E. Morsbrugger.

THE LETTER-BOX.

FOR lack of space, the Agassiz Association report is necessarily omitted this month, but a full report will appear in the May number.

mony has attended the bringing of the elephant to Bangkok, and the location of a home for it near the royal palace. Rewards and promotion have been conferred upon those who were the immediate means of placing the king in possession. The much-feted animal has been tiled, and has had appropriated for its use utensils that indicate high rank. A stately palace has been assigned as its future home, and a set of attendants is charged with the duty of waiting upon it. The only fear now is that the exceptional animal may be killed by the unnatural attentions it will receive."

And now, read this letter from a little girl who, with her comrades, has been making studies in the history and customs of Siam:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I belong to a missionary society called "Lilies of the Field." We have chosen Siam as our mission to work for, and in our study of the country and its people, we find many strange things. For instance, they name their months after animals, such as dogs and cats;—and their superstitions compel them to marry only those born in the same month;—so a man born in the dog-month dare not marry a woman born in the cat-month. Another strange habit of theirs is to blacken their teeth with a paste made of the betel-nut, "because," they say, "foreigners and monkeys have white teeth and we don't want them." There are other curious things which I learn, but have not time to write now. I will close now by saying that I am one of four happy little girls who attend school in "Bellevue Tower," and use the ST. NICHOLAS magazine instead of a Reader.—Your devoted admirer, G. M. N.

"SCHOOL-BOY."—Yes.

In connection with Mrs. Diaz's entertaining "Story of Wangse Pah and the White Elephant," printed in the present number, our readers will be interested in the following account of a veritable capture of a white elephant. We copy from a newspaper recently issued:

"The whole of Siam was lately excited over the capture of a white elephant and his transportation to Bangkok, the capital city. The Siam *Weekly Advertiser* has the following in regard to the affair: 'The great event of the week to the native community has been the demonstrations the King of Siam has made in consequence of his coming into possession of a white elephant. The Siamese believe that good and noble spirits inhabit the forms of white animals. The white elephant being the largest of white animals is thought to be the abode of some particularly pure and majestic spirit. The man who found this exceptional animal of an unusual color has been handsomely rewarded and promoted. Much cere-

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In Mr. Baldwin's story of "Northern Myths," in the December number, it is said that "Persephone (Summer) was stolen from her mother Demetre (the Earth) by Hermes, who took her to Hades." But in Nösselt's Mythology, which I study, it says "Persephone had been stolen by Pluto, the god of Hades."

I should like to know which is right, as I am much interested in Mythology.

Yours respectfully,

M. M. C., twelve years old.

The author of the article referred to by "M. M. C." answers as follows:

"The sentence to which this correspondent refers should read: 'But they probably told how Pluto had stolen Persephone (the Summer) from her mother Demetre (the Earth), and had carried her in a chariot, drawn by four coal-black steeds, to that gloomy land of his.' This is as it was written in the first rough draft of the 'Fore-

word': but inexcusable carelessness and haste in copying, coupled with the recollection that it was Hermes who brought Persephone back to Demetre, led to the error, which, unfortunately, was again overlooked in reading the proof."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers tell me the origin of the "Man in the Moon"? And why is he supposed to be made of green cheese? The moon is not in the least green; on the contrary, it is, as we all know, "silvery," as the poets say. I suppose the fable about there being a man in the moon is about as old as Mother Goose, is it not?—Yours, sincerely, "MOONBEAM."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In looking through ST. NICHOLAS for 1881, I found, in the May number, in an article by Mrs. Oliphant entitled "Mary, Queen of Scots," the following sentence: "Mary's grandfather, James IV., was called, Sir Walter Scott tells us, in the 'Lady of the Lake'—of which this romantic, gallant knight and monarch is the hero—the 'Commons' King,'" etc. But it was Mary's father, James V., who was called the "Commons' King," and who is the hero of the "Lady of the Lake." When he laments the loss of his "gallant grey," he says:

"I little thought when first thy rein,
I slacked upon the banks of Seine."

Now, James IV. was never in France, but James V. paid a long visit there in 1536-37, when he married Madame Magdalene of France, daughter of Francis I.; and as Lindsay, of Piscottie, names "twenty vera bonnie steeds" as among the gifts bestowed by Francis on his royal son-in-law, it may be fairly supposed that the "gallant grey" was one of that number.

He obtained the name of the Commons' King from the severity with which he punished those chiefs and nobles who robbed and oppressed their weaker neighbors. In 1529, he went with an army of ten thousand men through Ettrick Forest, where no poor man could live unless he paid tribute for the protection of some noble, and did justice on the oppressors. He hanged Sir Piers Cockburn, who had prepared a feast for him, over the gate of his own castle of Henderland. He executed, also, Adam Scott, of Tushielow, called "King of the Border," and the famous Johnnie Armstrong, with thirty-six companions. After which, says Lindsay, of Piscottie, he kept ten thousand sheep in Ettrick Forest as safe as if they were in his own park in Fifeshire, and all through his reign "the rush-bush kept the cow."

He carried his preference of the commonalty to such an extent as to make Oliver Sinclair general of the army he sent against England in 1541-42, and thereby caused the disgraceful defeat of "Salway Moss," where the proud nobles refused to fight under a man of no rank, and surrendered without striking a blow; and so keenly was the shame felt by the high-spirited king, that it caused his death.

His dislike of the Douglasses, who were ruined and banished by him, was caused by the treatment he had received from them during his minority, and the annoyance caused him by the conduct of his mother's second husband, the Earl of Angus.—I remain, respectfully, etc., SOPHIE S. HUNGERFORD.

In behalf of thousands of boys and girls who have read with deep interest Mr. Kieffer's admirable "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," we give extracts from three of the many pleasant letters which the "Recollections" have drawn from veterans in various parts of the country.

The first letter was originally addressed to Mr. Kieffer, but with his consent and that of the writer, we are permitted to print it here:

FORT WAYNE STATION, INDIANA, January 9, 1882.

REV. HARRY M. KIEFFER.

My Dear Sir: Through the kindness of the editor of ST. NICHOLAS I have been furnished with your address. My object in asking for it was to thank you, from the very bottom of my heart, for the vivid and truthful descriptions of camp and battle-field scenes which you are now placing before the young folk of America in your "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," through the medium of the good ST. NICHOLAS. My attention was first called to them by my little son Frank (twelve years old), who often asks me to tell him stories of my own army experiences. He was much interested in your description of the battle of Gettysburg in the January number.

He said: "Papa, some one is writing in my ST. NICHOLAS about his experiences in the army, and he, like you, was a boy when he enlisted." To please the child, I began with the first article in November ST. NICHOLAS and read them through. I was so struck with the graphic and vivid descriptions that I was at once convinced it was no fancy sketch, but the actual experience of one who had been there. I could not believe that any one who had not passed through the actual experiences of army life could so faith-

fully describe them. Some days after this, I attended a reunion of the Eighty-eighth Regiment Indiana Volunteers, held at this place, upon the anniversary of the battle of Stone River. Being called upon for a speech, I spoke of the part my own regiment (the Forty-fourth Indiana) took in the engagement, and then referred to the articles in ST. NICHOLAS as being the most vivid and life-like of all descriptions of army life I had ever read. I related the incidents you had depicted—old John Burns, the recapture of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment's flag, and so forth. When I had closed, Comrade John C. Kensill arose and said that, from what I had just told them, he knew that the writer in the ST. NICHOLAS must have been a member of his regiment (the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Bucktail Brigade), as he (Kensill) was the one who had led the charge which resulted in the recapture of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment's flag. He then told the story of the battle of Gettysburg in such a manner as to convince me that you both must have belonged to the same regiment. This incident added to my interest in the "Recollections," and induced me to seek your address and write to you.

Although the armies in which we served were wide apart, yet the incidents of camp-life and battle-field vary only in the *personnel* and the locality.

I enlisted in 1861, at the age of sixteen, and served through the entire war, being mustered out September, 1865. Of the original members of my regiment that took the field in 1861, only one hundred and nineteen returned in 1865. Our dead sleep upon almost every battle-field of the West. Our battle-flag bears the names of Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Stone River, Chickamauga, and others. We, the survivors, gather together once a year, usually upon the anniversary of one of our battle-days, to renew our associations, review our battles, sing our old army-songs, and have a good time. This we hope to continue to do until some time in the twentieth century, when the last old gray-headed veteran shall have ceased to answer to roll-call. Then the Forty-fourth Regiment Indiana Veteran Volunteers will be finally disbanded on this shore. May they all meet above!

And now, in closing, again I thank you for placing before the youth of our country so truthful a statement of what their fathers did to preserve the nation. Thanks for the "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," and thanks to the good ST. NICHOLAS for being the medium of so wide a circulation.—Yours truly,

SAM. B. SWEET,
Late of Co. C., 44th Regt. Ind. Vols.

The second letter is from an "old First Corps man," who received two bullets through his hip in the big charge, on the third day at Gettysburg, and who now is in one of the Departments at Washington. He says:

DEAR MR. KIEFFER: I take the ST. NICHOLAS for my daughter, and casually took it up while smoking my "night-cap" pipe last evening, and I assure you I read it twice over, and it brought back the old times so vividly that the chimes rang out midnight before my reverie was ended. . . . You remember how well the One Hundred and Fifty-first Regiment (my old regiment) and the Twentieth New York held the left that first day, and I trust you will kindly accept the thanks of an unknown comrade for the story you have told so well.

And here is just a word from the gentleman who, it seems, enlisted our "Drummer-boy," and whose letter is here printed without Mr. Kieffer's knowledge:

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: . . . The writer takes pleasure in saying that he enlisted the "Drummer-boy" whose "Recollections" are so graphically and touchingly described in your monthly. Harry M. Kieffer, of Company D, One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (Bucktail Regiment), was personally as popular with the boys in the company and regiment as are his contributions to the ST. NICHOLAS. A brave soldier, an exemplary, noble youth, a worthy son of pious parents. And he is to-day an influential, zealous, able worker as a minister in one of the leading churches of Eastern Pennsylvania.—Respectfully yours,

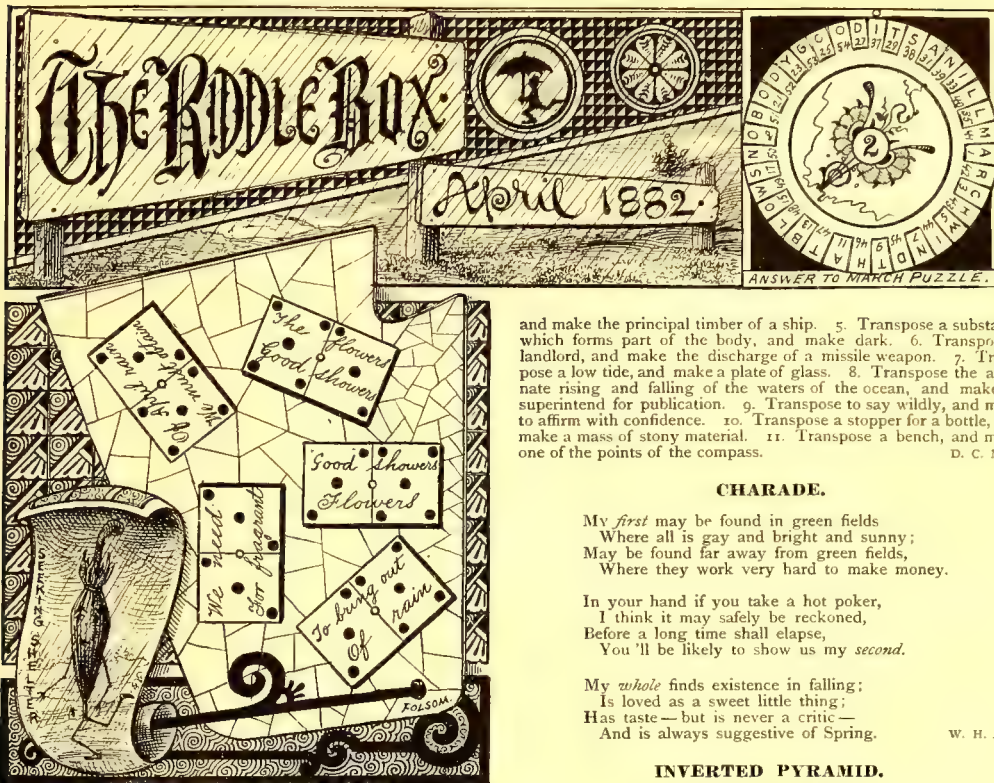
H. W. CROTZER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the "Letter-box" of the February number of the ST. NICHOLAS I found a request for "Marsh-mallow Paste," and as I have one I inclose it.

MARSH-MALLOW PASTE.

Dissolve one pound of clean white gum arabic in one quart of water; strain, and add one pound of refined sugar; place over a fire, stirring continually until the sirup is dissolved and the mixture has become of the consistency of honey; next add the whites of eight eggs, previously beaten; stir the mixture all the time until it loses its thickness and does not adhere to the finger; flavor with rose or anything you like; pour into a tin or box dusted with powdered starch; when cool, divide into small squares or strips.—Yours truly,

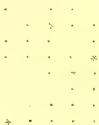
CLARA E. WARD.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

MAKE duplicates of the five dominos represented in the drawing. Arrange them so that the halves of the dominos will match in the number of spots. By thus matching them, see how many different readings can be made of the April couplet written upon them.

DIAGONALS.



DIAGONALS: One who is imposed upon. ACROSS: 1. Plentiful. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. A blackbird. 4. Delicate. 5. Jeopardy. 6. Cunning. 7. To scowl. 8. A subject. 9. A flowering shrub. DVCIE.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in mend, but not in tear;
My second in tune, but not in air;
My third is in silver, but not in gold;
My fourth is in valiant, but not in bold;
My fifth is in jacket, but not in vest;
My whole makes merry, and soothes to rest.

DVCIE.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

WHEN the transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the made words, placed in the order here given, will name a famous dramatist who was born and who died on the same date in April.
1. Transpose a flat, circular plate, and make a chain used to fasten a wagon-wheel, to prevent its turning when descending a steep hill.
2. Transpose a covering for the foot, and make stockings.
3. Transpose to bewilder, and make a carpenter's tool for chipping.
4. Transpose a plant regarded by Welshmen as a national emblem,

and make the principal timber of a ship. 5. Transpose a substance which forms part of the body, and make dark. 6. Transpose a landlord, and make the discharge of a missile weapon. 7. Transpose a low tide, and make a plate of glass. 8. Transpose the alternate rising and falling of the waters of the ocean, and make to superintend for publication. 9. Transpose to say wildly, and make to affirm with confidence. 10. Transpose a stopper for a bottle, and make a mass of stony material. 11. Transpose a bench, and make one of the points of the compass. D. C. M.

CHARADE.

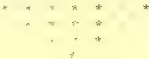
My first may be found in green fields
Where all is gay and bright and sunny;
May be found far away from green fields,
Where they work very hard to make money.

In your hand if you take a hot poker,
I think it may safely be reckoned,
Before a long time shall elapse,
You'll be likely to show us my second.

My whole finds existence in falling;
Is loved as a sweet little thing;
Has taste—but is never a critic—
And is always suggestive of Spring.

W. H. A.

INVERTED PYRAMID.



ACROSS: 1. Inclined to favor unreasonably. 2. To move in a military manner. 3. A kind of pastry. 4. In April. DOWNWARD: 1. In April. 2. A much used verb. 3. To knock. 4. A brief journey. 5. An article harvested in cold weather. 6. An exclamation. 7. In April. F. A. W.

EASY DIAMOND.

1. In Nilometer. 2. A young boy. 3. A language used by the ancients. 4. To delve. 5. In Nilometer. FAYE NEIL.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

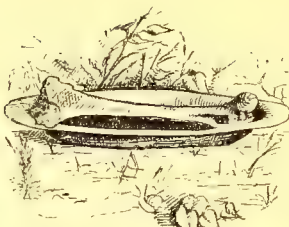
TAKE five words of equal length from the following sentences; when these are rightly selected and placed, one below another, the two central rows of letters, reading downward, will spell two words which are often heard at this time of the year.
Once upon a time there was a young girl who constructed a raft and also a canoe. "I can now fill one or the other with provisions," said he, "and take a little jaunt down the river." M. V. W.

RABBIT PUZZLE.

DRAW a picture of three earless rabbits and three rabbit-ears in such a way that each rabbit shall have two ears.

SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-two letters, and am a quotation from "Hamlet."
My 12-5-9-30-15-24-4 is one to whom his father gave good advice, as he was about to start on his travels. My 8-3-7-11-5 "never told her love." My 6-30-31-1-1-23 was "the noblest Roman of them all." My 14-13-2-19-25-11-20 "loved not wisely but too well." My 10-18-29-7-22-17-20 is the noblest friend mentioned by Shakespeare. My 16-32-20-14 is a heroine who was falsely accused. My 26-11-5-21 is what Portia discovered in the bond. My 27-28-12-25-10-30-17-20 helped Portia. M. W. G.



THE pictorial puzzle on this page is based upon part of a nursery-rhyme. The pictures represent the last words of four of the lines of one verse. What is the verse?

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A staff. 2. A place of constant residence. 3. What Hamlet said was "out of joint." 4. A word formerly used to signify advice or counsel. DOWN: 1. One hundred. 2. An exclamation. 3. A word expressing denial. 4. A ruler. 5. Three-sevenths of a precious stone. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. The end of a circle.



J. S. TENNANT.

METAGRAMS.

I. WHOLE, I am a small vessel. Change my initial letter each time, and I successively become obscure, an exclamation, a bird, a target, and an extensive garden.

II. Whole, I signify to partake of the principal meal of the day.

Change my initial letter each time, and I successively become imposing, cows, a slender cord, an excavation, a number, a kind of tree, part of a fork, a trailing plant, and the juice of grapes.

III. Whole, an old lady once bestowed me on a favorite. Change my initial letter each time and I become the fruit of the fir, accomplished, departed, a fine stone for sharpening instruments, single, not any, and a sound.

IV. Whole, I am an animal. Change my initial letter each time and I become cherished, dread, harness, to heed, an unhappy king, close by, a fruit, to raise, to rend, to assume, and a measure of time.

MARION E.

PHONETIC SPELLING-LESSON.

COMBINE two letters of the alphabet in such a way that, when spoken, they form a word. *Example:* A girl's name. *Answer:* K T (Katy).

1. A climbing plant. 2. A kind of material used for dresses. 3. Not difficult. 4. To try. 5. Void. 6. To surpass. 7. A county of England. 8. To covet. 9. A river of Asia. 10. Set in order. 11. A nocturnal quadruped. 12. An architectural molding. E. C. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES. Circular Puzzle: See head-piece for this month. Easy Rebus: Pennsylvania. Monogram: Cyclone.

LADDER. Andrew Jackson; James Garfield. Cross-words: 1. Nora. 2. RatE. 3. WinG. 4. AfaR. 5. Kohl (noor). 6. OpaL.

A KETTLE OF FISH. 1. Perch. 2. Pike. 3. Shad (ow). 4. Her- ring. 5. Sole. 6. Chub. 7. Smelt. 8. Sheepshead. 9. Dolphin. 10. Halibut. 11. Whiting. 12. Lamprey.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS. I. 1. L. 2. PEn. 3. LeMon. 4. NoW.

N. II. 1. T. 2. ARm. 3. TrEes. 4. MET. 5. S.

HEADS AND TAILS. 1. Cart. 2. Clamp. 3. Ebony. 4. Wink.

5. Fire. 6. CowL.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials: Middlemarch. Finals: George

Eliot. CROSS-WORDS: 1. MannerinG. 2. ImpedE. 3. DidO.

4. DisasteR. 5. LoG. 6. EducatE. 7. MenageriE. 8. AdmiralL.

9. RabbI. 10. CameO. 11. HamleT.

DEFECTIVE PROVERB. Keep things for seven years and you will find uses for them. — CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Circus.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 20, from C. F. Horne — George Salter — Aidyl Airocin Trebor — P. S. Clarkson — J. S. Tennant — "Kid" — "Macaulay" — Martha and Eva de la Guerra, — and Florence Leslie Kyte.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 20, from Marion S. Dumont, 1 — Livingston Ham, 2 — Harry, 1 — Edith McKeever, and Amy Elliott, 9 — Saidie Hall, 8 — Grace H., 4 — Lulu Allen, 2 — Charles Townsend, 3 — Mary B. Tarr, 2 — Georgia Harlan, 10 — Skipper, 13 — Will H. Post, 4 — Willie Walker, 6 — Anna Mallon, 8 — Bessie Robins, 2 — Grace H. Semmes, 2 — Lillian V. Leach, 1 — J. T. Sarra, 7 — J. H. Norris, 3 — Louise Gilman, 8 — G. Beals, 3 — Paul England, 2 — Faye Neil and Sister, 3 — Professor and Co., 9 — Helen M., 5 — "Bidie," 4 — "Two Dromios," 13 — Sanford B. Martin, 1 — Minnie B. Murray, 6 — Katie L. Freeland, 2 — Lulu G. Crabbe, 6 — Frankie Crawford, 4 — Blanche Coppock, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 12 — G. H. Semmes, 2 — Florence Wilcox, 10 — J. Perry Seward, 3 — May Beadle, 9 — Isabel Bingay, 8 — Mattie Winkler, 7 — Dot and Lot, 13 — Margaret W. Stickney, 1 — Weston Stickney, 5 — Carrie C. Oliver, 4 — Lalla E. Croft, 2 — "Zaita," 4 — Anna and Alice, 11 — Lizzie Fyler, 4 — D. W. Roberts, 3 — M. B. Alexander, 5 — Blanche and Grace Parry, 8 — Fred Carragan, 6 — Rosa and Mamie, 2 — Jennie E. Cutler, 4 — "Star," 10 — Jack and Tommy, 6 — "Minnie Ha Ha," 10 — Clara and her Aunt, 12 — "Rory O'More," 3 — Mattie Gilbert Colt, 1 — A. M. S., 3 — Willie Serrell, 2 — Bessie C. Rogers, 4 — Nellie Caldwell, 11 — Genie Callmeyer, 12 — "Warren," 4 — Jennie and Bessie, 5 — Mabel Ray McCurdy, 8 — D. B. Shumway, 7 — "Two Subscribers," 13 — Marion Booth, 5 — Phil I. Pine, 5 — X. Y. Z., 6 — Ethel C. L. Weeks, 8 — Daisy and Buttercup, 10 — Madge and Katie Robertson, 12 — "Queen Bess," 13 — Adele and Delia, 9 — Algine Tassin, 8 — Edward Dana Sabine, 1 — J. C. Winne, 1 — Maude and Sadie, 3 — O. B. and C. F. Judson, 10 — Charlie W. Power, 11 — Anna and Arthur, 3 — W. M. Kingsley, 11 — Nemo, Jr., 7 — Alice Maud Kyte, 8 — Appleton H., 11 — Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 10 — Robert B. Arry, 3 — Myra C. Holbrook, 12 — Lulu Graves, 7 — Lyde W. McKinney, 13 — Sallie Viles, 13 — Enid Mary Smith, 1 — Campbell, 3 — Marguerite, 6 — Hester M. Frere Powell, 9 — Clara L. Northway, 9. Numerals denote number of puzzles solved.





